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PUNCH

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JANUARY—JUNE, 1903.



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PUNCH'S ALMANACK
1903
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BERNARD PARTRIDGE.

THE COLLECTOR.

He seated himself opposite me, and ordered a bun and a glass of milk. Directly he spoke I remembered where it was that I had seen him before. It had been at Bow Street, and he had been charged with causing a crowd to collect in Long Acre to the disturbance of the traffic. The magistrate, I remembered, had remarked, irritated apparently rather than interested at the coincidence, that he had already appeared before him on the same charge on two previous occasions. I determined if possible to draw him into conversation. Waiting until his attention was attracted elsewhere, I knocked his bun neatly on to the floor. By this method, at the cost of a penny (for a fresh bun), it is possible to make a friend for life. In the present case even that expense was unnecessary. He picked up the bun, dusted it, observed that really it was as good as new, and proceeded forthwith to keep the wolf from the door.

"Yes, I paid the fine," said he, in answer to a tentative question. "You will agree with me that the magistrate was brusque?"

"Exceedingly so."

"And unnecessarily so. He complained after seeing me three times. Most of our London magistrates have seen me more times than they can remember."

"Indeed?" I said.

"Yes. And always for the same thing."

"You amaze me," I said. "You seem to be very unlucky."

"Pardon me, Sir, pardon me, but I am quite the reverse. I am probably one of the most successful collectors now living."

"Collector?" I said interrogatively.

"Of crowds."

"Then do you mean to say that you collect these crowds on purpose?"

"Undoubtedly, Sir, undoubtedly. And why not, Sir, why not? In what way is such a hobby inferior to philatelism or the collection of autographs? But there—excuse my warmth. The consistent inability of my fellowman to appreciate my tastes has, I fear, rendered me somewhat irritable."

I murmured, "Not at all."

"I have always been fond of crowds," he went on, "but during the earlier portion of my life I was singularly unfortunate with them. The only really substantial crowd I saw up to my thirtieth year was on the occasion of my being run over by a hansom. The request of a doctor that they would give me air attracted thousands. I have seldom seen so fine a gathering. After that I wished to be perpetually the centre of a crowd, and not seeing my way to being run over again I began to think. If crowds would not collect of themselves, why should I not collect crowds? You follow me?"

"Perfectly. Mahomet had a similar difficulty, and came to a similar arrangement with the mountain."

"Exactly. I have now perhaps the finest collection in the world."

"But how do you preserve your specimens?" I asked. "You can hardly paste a crowd into an album."

"I have an assistant. His part in the work is purely mechanical. He presses the button. I do the rest."

"Ah, you photograph them?"

"My assistant does. I am, of course, too occupied with the necessary brain work. Now this," he went on, producing an album from under his chair, "is one of my earlier specimens, and, so I always consider, one of the gems of my collection. I began at ten o'clock sharp by mentioning to an errand boy that I had dropped a sovereign. At a quarter past my assistant photographed us in the position you see. Now here is a later picture. The former is a trifle the finer specimen as regards mere bulk, but this is my favourite. You will observe me in the centre, as usual. I got that specimen simply by standing still and looking with interest into the empyrean. An artistic triumph, I think, Sir. I think so."

He rose at this point.

"I should very much like to see you at work, Sir," I said.

"Certainly," said he, "certainly. Of course you will understand that this is not a serious effort. I shall not include it among my specimens. It is simply an object-lesson."

I remained in the doorway. It was then half-past four. My companion stood in the centre of the pavement, and began to look earnestly through a small grating. At a quarter to six the street was tolerably empty again, and I started for home. I looked round for my friend, the collector. He was moving off in the opposite direction with a policeman.



INEXPRESSIBLE.

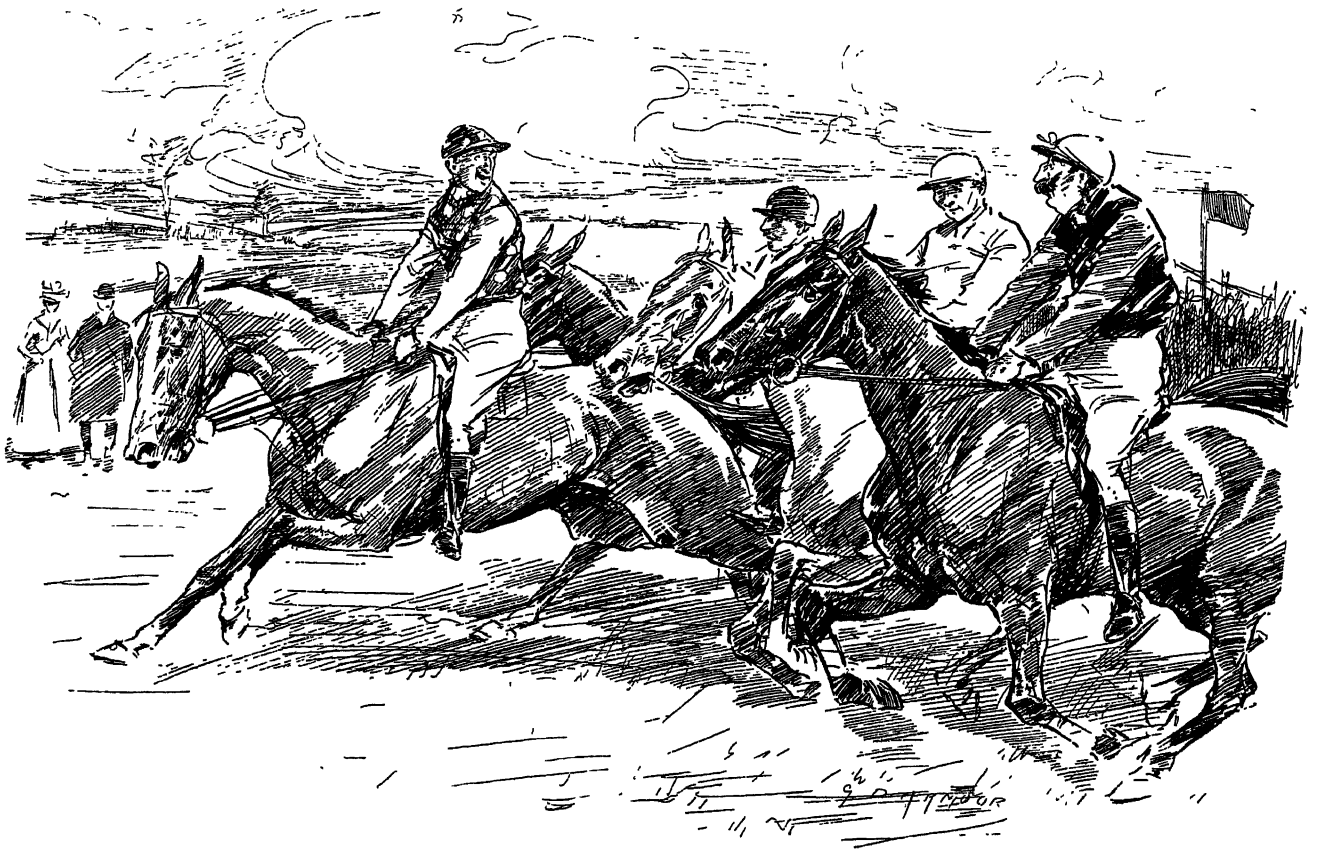
Master Jack (son of M.F.H., much upset by hard weather). "Go skating with you! Not if I know it. May be all very well for you Women and those Curate chaps—but we Hunting Men, by George!!!"

CONSTANCY.

Ankle dainty, figure trim,
Light of foot as any fay;
Phyllis was so lithe of limb,
As it seemed, but yesterday.
Years ago I breathed that vow:
There is more of Phyllis now!

Shall my love be wanting found?
Shall I even feel annoyed
Though my dear one be as round
As a ball of celluloid?
What and if my love be fat,
Shall I love her less for that?


JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL
MAY
JUNE
NOT TO BE TAKEN
1ST NIGHT
SPRING
SUMMER
AUTUMN
WINTER
GOOD FRIDAY
KING'S BIRTHDAY
03
Thomas Maybank



THE HUNT STEEPLE-CHASE SEASON.

(*Insult to Injury.*)

Amateur Jockey (*indignantly*). "CONFOUND IT, SIR, YOU CROSSED ME AT THE CORNER!"

Professional. "BLESS YE, NO! I WAS ONLY LOOKIN' ROUND TO SEE IF YOU WAS STILL IN SIGHT."

HINTS FOR AMATEUR LECTURERS.

Of Qualifications.—If you are a B.A., or an F.S.A., or anything distinguishable by letters from the rest of mankind, it is just as well to let the audience know it, as some of them are sure to be of an impressionable turn of mind: but it is not essential. It is far more to the point that you should have taken at some time a fortnight's holiday in some unknown country, such as Switzerland or Cornwall. That indubitably will give you what is called a *locus standi*. (Perhaps you might like to take a note of this expression: it can easily be worked into your lecture as a description of, say, a custom-house, or a mountain-top, and would give it just that tincture of scholarship necessary to differentiate you from the ordinary Cook's tourist.)

Of Titles.—These are now made in this style: Round the Moon on a Motor; Fiord and Forest: a Fortnight in the Land of Freya and the *Fram;* Some Dervishes and a Donkey, or Dreams in the Desert. (Titles to suit all lectures can be prepared at very short notice. State letter of alphabet required.)

Of Style.—What is commonly known as "instruction combined with amusement" should be your aim. It is attained with the minimum of effort in a mildly scientific lecture with experiments, half of which result in accordance with the lecturer's intentions, and the other half behave differently. Failing these, whenever you are in danger of being too instructive, it is a good plan to let your notes, written on as many separate pieces of paper as possible, fall off the reading stand and flutter about the platform.

Of Magic Lanterns.—These are very popular, not only on account of the extremely comic and uncomplimentary silhouette of yourself that will appear on the screen whenever you step into the magic circle, but also because the necessary lowering of the lights permits of a little innocent flirtation at the back of the room. A few slides representing yourself having lunch upon a rock, or undergoing other privations, will have a good effect, as showing that you are a *bonâ fide* traveller. Don't worry about the competence of the lanternist. If you are yourself deficient in humour you should be grateful to him for occasionally presenting a picture upside down.

Of the Introduction.—This, of course, is effected by your chairman. If you can contrive to collide with him as you cross the platform to the seat that you are to occupy during his introductory remarks, it will put the audience in good humour at the outset, besides probably causing him to forget the little lecture on your subject he meant to deliver on his own account. If you are unable to compass this (and it needs practice to make it appear an accident and not an assault) and he begins his discourse, you must endeavour to seem unconscious that he is telling the audience the very anecdote with which you usually open. Should he really have the audacity to be funny and get the first laugh, you will be obliged to smile too, out of courtesy: but do it in a superior sort of way, as who should say, "This is vastly amusing, good people, but just wait till I start." And, indeed, having presumably come there to hear you, they will probably do this. Whether they will all wait till you finish—but that is another story.



Mabel. "WE ALWAYS DO THIS WHEN MATER'S OUT, UNCLE. SAVES ALL THE BOTHER OF TALKING. RIPPING IDEA, ISN'T IT?"



Hodge (in reply to appeal for help). "THEE TAK' MY ADVOICE, MEASTER, AN' LEAVE UN' THERE!"

UNPOPULAR HISTORY.

According to a recent exponent of unpopular historical views, "the verdict of the world on a public character, as well as on moral worth in general and its opposite, represents only too often the verdict or the opinion of class prejudice and ignorance. It is, in fact, a fairly safe plan to ascertain for oneself 'what most people think' on such questions, and then assume the opposite to be true." *Mr. Punch* here anticipates the methods of the scientific historian of our own times:—

. . . . . We have already shown in a previous chapter that apathy, indolence and the lack of personal magnetism, were the salient features in the character of William Ewart Gladstone. In striking contrast with this ineffective politician—the beau ideal of the unscientific historian—is the brilliant galaxy of statesmen who are responsible for the colossal army reforms of 1902. At their head sat the strenuous Arthur Balfour, whose fire and enthusiasm infected all his followers and made the country feel a confidence to which it had long been a stranger. The diffidence and tact of his colleague at the Colonial Office, Joseph Chamberlain, acted as a wholesome check on any rash dreams of empire, while the well-known unity of his political career gave to all his utterances a force of which his modest demeanour and gentle delivery might otherwise well have robbed them. The War Office itself was adorned by the able administration of St. John Brodrick; while all looked confidently towards George Wyndham as Secretary for Ireland for a satisfactory solution of the Irish question. With Gerald Balfour at the Board of Trade all fear of the decline of London as a commercial port was temporarily banished; and the whole country felt that in their Minister of Education, Lord Londonderry, the Government had secured the services of an expert well equipped to carry out the traditions of the office.

Against the strongest Government of modern times was pitted a firm and united Opposition under the effective leadership of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. "Swift resolve and determined execution" was his political maxim, and he was never known to sacrifice conviction to expediency. Among his followers, Sir Edward Grey, H. H. Asquith, and Sir Henry Fowler vied with each other in loyalty to their leader, whose endeavours to preserve the unity of the party they ably seconded. The practical side of Liberalism was exemplified in the person of John Morley, in whom, however, the sober historian has to note a natural incapacity to tell the truth. No account of contemporary politics would be complete that omitted to mention the name of A. P. Primrose, Earl of Rosebery; but the importance then attached by the world to all his utterances will at once suggest to the scientific historian that an exceptionally weak and useless politician was concealed by the veneer of a polished orator.



FLATTERY—WITH AN OBJECT.

Jocasta (with an axe of her own to grind, ingratiatingly). "Oh yes, Papa, it does suit you. I never saw you look so nice in anything before!"

A RETROSPECT.

["Primitive man appears to have been capable of all mental processes."—*Brit. Ass.*]

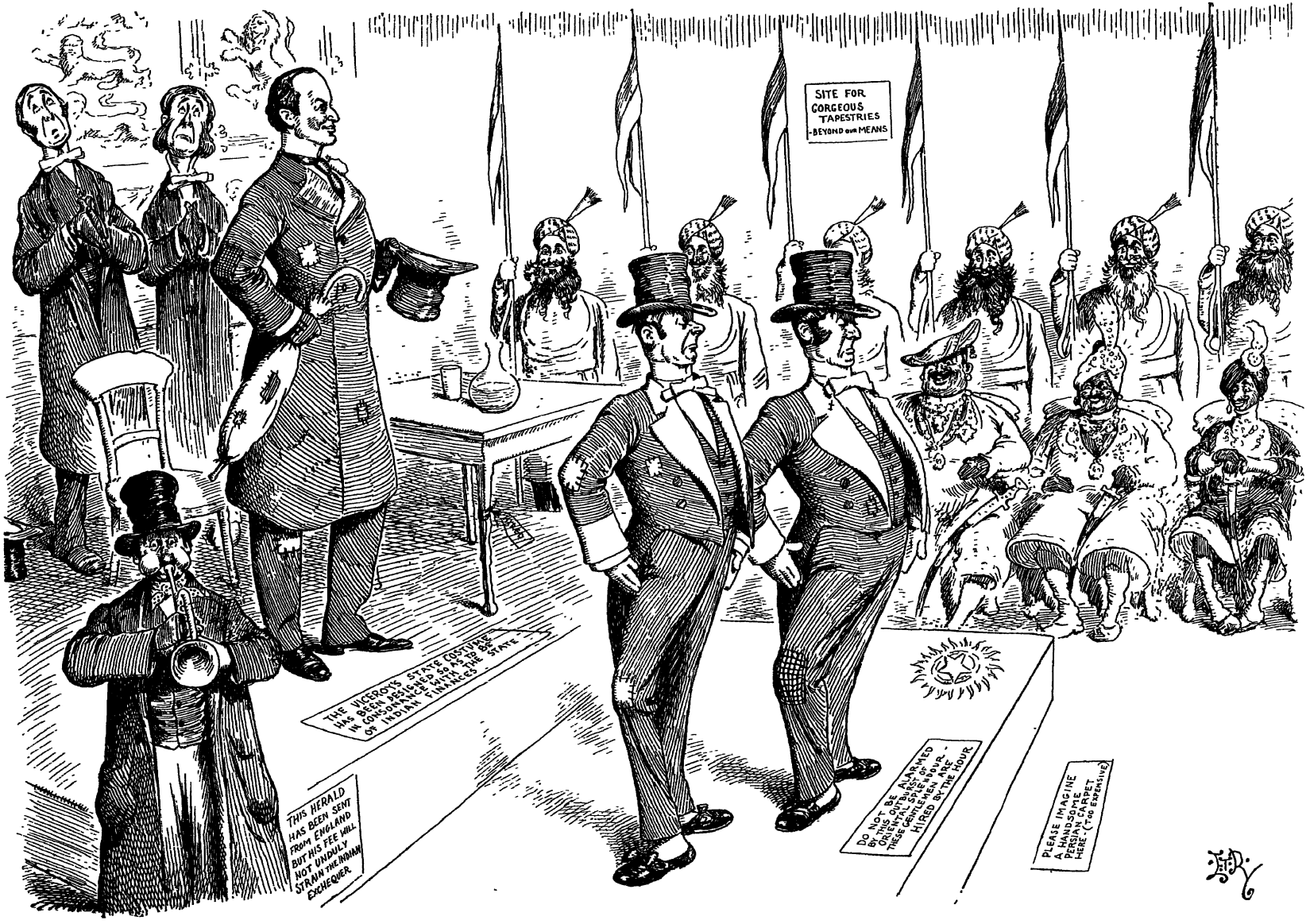
Dim figure of a distant age,
Science your shape would disengage—
With all the charms that grace you—
Out of the dust, and scrape and purge
The fragments off, as you emerge,
That cover and deface you.

As clearer thus you come to view,
And as the focus grows more true,
Finding the semblance strike us
Of our own features mirrored there,
We fain would ask you, if you were
In other matters like us.

Had you your Morgans Pliocene
Who cornered stone?—your authors, keen
To boom each fresh upheaval?
Were stone-age geese, too, always swans?
And (in the days when brass was bronze)
Was rolling logs primæval?

And did your problems answer crave?—
"Should women work?"—"Can poor men save?"—
"Should kissing be abolished?"—
Did flint-age Tories brand as fools
Upstarts, whose bronze new-fangled tools
Their period demolished?

We, forced by candour to allow
Men of your age were much as now,
And neither less nor greater,
Galled when our sons their sires depose,
May hope another age—who knows?—
Will do us justice later.



A CORONATION "DURBAR" À LA "DAILY NEWS."

(A Suggestion for Madame Tussaud's.)

[The *Daily News*, in view of the distressful state of India, recently published a vehement and wildly worded attack on Lord Curzon on the ground of the extravagance and oriental splendour of the forthcoming Durbar. Our Artist has done his best to meet this objection, and flatters himself that no similar complaint can be made of the above festivities.]



Enthusiastic Little Model. "OH, THAT *IS* PRETTY! THERE 'S ME AND THERE 'S MY DOLLY! OH, AND NOW I SEE WHY YOU MADE ME WEAR A BLUE SASH AND MY DOLLY WEAR A PINK SASH!"

Artist. "WHY?"

E. L. M. "WHY, BECAUSE *NOW* PEOPLE CAN SEE WHICH IS ME AND WHICH IS MY DOLLY!"

MY GUIDE, PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND.

WHO was it, when I felt so ill,
And bored to death by draught and pill,
Rebuked my doctor's tardy skill?—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who was it to the rescue came,
When work or pleasure seemed the same
To harassed mind or weary frame?—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who was it pointed out the route
To various health-resorts might suit
My shattered nerve or gouty foot?—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who led to baths and sulphur wells?
Who let me know the best hotels,
Where I could dine with other swells?—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who, when my fancy urged me far,
Set in my heaven that happy star
To indicate a "dining car"—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who, when my o'erwrought nerves would long
To leave the haunts of ping and pong,
Pointed me to the "Continong"—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who was it, when my reeling brain
Refused to trace th' ambiguous train,
Invited me to try again?—
My *Bradshaw!*

Who, when I trembled on the brink
Of madness—scarce could see or think—
Supplied at last the missing link?—
My *Bradshaw!*

Fortune may crumble into bits!
Friends come and go by starts and fits!
There 's one thing never fails me—it 's
My *Bradshaw!*

BALLAD OF THE LADY HOCKEY PLAYER.

[A correspondent to a daily paper points out that ladies seldom play hockey from pure love of sport and exercise, but rather because they know that on the hockey field they may meet masculine acquaintances.]

OH, the autumn wind is blowing down the long suburban streets,
Where the houses all have noble-sounding names,
And the hostess of the middle-class arranges little treats
In the way of small "at homes" with parlour games.
But I weary, if you please,
Of such goings on as these;
I am sick of bagatelle and I object to "florin teas."

I 've been "out" for many seasons—well, it may be three or four,
And I 'm thoroughly disgusted with myself;
For the painful fact begins to dawn upon me, more and more,
There 's a chance I may be left upon the shelf.
Though I 'm anxious for a "hub,"
I can't get one—there 's the rub,
So in frantic desperation I have joined a hockey club.

And to-day I 'm so excited that I feel inclined to scream,
But a certain sense of modesty prevails;
For this very afternoon I am to play against a team
That will be composed of eligible males.
Though I do not care two pins
Which side loses, or which wins,
I may get some introductions if I hit 'em on the shins.

Let me don my war-paint quickly—'tis a simple, chaste affair;
With a cricket cap my auburn locks are crowned;
There are boots three sizes larger than I usually wear,
And a skirt six inches further off the ground.
Though the hearts of men are steeled,
To my charms they 're sure to yield,
When in costume so coquettish I go prancing down the field.

Though my knowledge of the game is rather hazy, let me state,
Yet I certainly intend to make things hum;
A romantic situation one can easily create—
Say by fainting in the middle of a "scrum."
Oh, my joy I can't control,
For I think, upon the whole,
Though our side may be defeated, *I* at length shall reach my goal.



A QUIET VILLAGE.

AUTRES TEMPS, AUTRES MŒURS.

In musing o'er the distant days
  Ere crinoline was wholly banished,
Ere problems superseded plays,
  Ere chignons and macadam vanished,
I marvel how our sires contrived
  To win themselves a name in story
Before those crowning boons arrived
  That lend our age its lasting glory.

Unstirred by Kipling's clarion tones
  They led a life of chronic coma,
They neither heard the motor's moans
  Nor sniffed its exquisite aroma.
Their phraseology displayed
  As yet no scientific leaning,
Nor was the term 'appendix' made
  To bear its fearsome inner meaning.

As for their views on hygiene,
  Why nothing surely could be vaguer;
They were not fed on margarine
  Or garbed in wool by Dr. Jaeger,
With claret or brown sherry flown
  Their freshmen would affront the Proctor,
For whisky was almost unknown,
  And no one drank Berncastler Doctor.

They hadn't matinées—so-called—
  They saw a play and not a hat-show,
And people, on becoming bald,
  Were still denied recourse to Tatcho.
Unstimulated by Ping-pong,
  They lacked an indoor recreation,
Nor uttered "Now we shan't be long"
  To decorate their conversation.

They could not worship *Sherlock Holmes*,
  For his inventor was not ready:
They knew not Alfred Austin's pomes,
  Or lager beer or Mrs. Eddy.
Drear was the lot, *minus* the *Mail*,
  Of soldier, sailor, ploughboy, tinker;
And worse, whenever they grew pale,
  They had no pills to make them pinker.

Simply because they lived too soon,
  They neither rode abroad on Humbers,
Nor joyed to hear the gentle coon
  Proclaim his love in honeyed numbers.
From realism removed afar,
  They had a simple taste in fiction,
The James they read was G. P. R.,
  Not Henry of the Delphic diction.

Girls were unmuscular and meek
  When they were drawn by Mrs. Gaskell,
Not yet with driver nor with cleek
  Did they propel the bounding Haskell.
They did not live alone in flats,
  Play hockey, shoot, and swim like otters,
Evince surprise by crying "Rats!"
  Or call their male acquaintance "rotters."

Drab was the age and unillumed
  By Wilhelm's meteoric capers;
There were no boomsters to be boomed
  In any of the morning papers;



Brown (who has gone on ahead, to friend who has fallen head first into a furze bush). "COME UP HERE, OLD CHAP. I 'M SURE THE VIEW IS BETTER THAN WHERE YOU ARE!"

Cricket was still a childish game,
  And not a penman's serious study,
Nor yet had football leapt to fame
  By making those who played it muddy.

Last, if they ventured forth from home
  To seek surroundings less unsightly,
They took three days to get to Rome—
  We see th' *Eternal City* nightly.
They merely touched in volumes three
  Life's superficial fringe and frillings
At thirty-one-and-six, but we
  Hob-nob with Satan for six shillings.

"De Omnibus . . . Re . . 'Bus."

Sidesman (to Old Gentleman arriving late in church). No vacant seat, Sir. I 'm afraid you will have to stand.

Old Gentleman (absent-mindedly). Oh, that 's all right. I daresay someone will be getting off in a few minutes.

REFLECTION BY A LEARNED JUDGE TRYING A BREACH OF PROMISE CASE.—Man proposes, but—doesn't always carry out his avowed intention.



Extract from Mabel's Correspondence.—"OUR 'LADIES AND GENTLEMEN' MATCH WASN'T REPORTED IN THE LOCAL RAG, AFTER ALL. YOU SEE, DICKY SINCLAIR, WHO BATTED AWFULLY WELL, HIT A TREMENDOUS SWIPE, AND RAN EIGHT BEFORE THEY HAD THE SENSE TO CALL 'LOST BALL,' AND THEN SAT ON THE STUMPS TO RECOVER HIS WIND, AND WAS, OF COURSE, GIVEN OUT. BUT WE ALL AGREED THAT 'SAT ON THE WICKET' WOULD LOOK TOO IDIOTIC IN PRINT."



A FORLORN HOPE.

Captain O'Dowd (of the Firm of O'Dowd and Jones, Stock-Jobbers). "WHAT'LL I DO NOW? IT'S BEYOND ME JUMPIN' POWERS, AN' IF I WADE I'LL BE WET TO THE WAIST." *(To Private Halloran, who in civil life is a stockbroker's clerk)* "HERE, HALLORAN, I WANT A CARRY OVER. YOU DO IT FOR ME, AN' I'LL NOT FORGET IT TO YOU, ME LAD."

Private Halloran. "SORRY I CAN'T, CAPTAIN. YOU KNOW CARRYIN'-OVER DAY IS NOT TILL THE SIXTEENTH, AN' THIS IS ONLY THE SEVENTH!"

SCOUTING IN PEACE TIME.

BEEN reading Baden Powell's *Aids to Scouting*. Most useful, interesting work. Prefaced by announcement that corrected proofs accompanied last despatches got through Boer lines from Mafeking. Circumstance almost makes one feel a soldier. Can hear the boom of battle, can catch the clang of the drum, can taste the flavour of bully-beef slightly underdone.

That mere fancy. Personally am nothing if not practical. Resolve to do a little scouting. As B. P. remarks, "it is a useful practice to learn the art of concealing yourself in peace time, when a failure or two at first will not cost you your life."

Thing to do is to see how close you can come to people without their noticing you. B. P. gives thrilling example of experiment on this line. Got up a tree and watched how many passers-by spotted him. "I did not hide myself," he writes, "but merely sat still. Of fifty-four men who walked past me in the space of two hours, only eleven looked up and saw me."

Here 's a chance. At 14, Acacia Gardens, Clapham Road, there is, as in all others of the row, a tree in front garden. Will do a bit of scouting; half holiday on Saturday afternoon. That the opportunity. Lots of people about; difficulty is to get up tree unobserved. Here 's where instinct of born Scout comes in. Just before tea-time stroll out in casual manner; reconnoitre; come upon spoor of the milkman; three drops of milk at irregular distances apart, varying from three inches to ten and a-half.

Deduction: Milkman has arrived, delivered his quota of alleged milk, pocketed his weekly charges. (*Because* on closer investigation I found a single spot of milk on the steps. Milkman, completing his business, had turned about, said "Good afternoon"—this, I admit, is conjecture—and hooked on the edge of his can the tin contrivance with which he illusively measures the milk. Whence the fallen drop.)

He started to walk towards the gate with the can in his right hand. (*Because* the solitary drop of milk was on the left side of the steps looking towards the door.) Holding the week's money in his left hand, he walked down the flagged passage till midway. Being in the habit of carrying his money in his right-hand pocket, he shifted the can to his left hand, at the same time removing the 1s. 3½*d.* just received. In the action of rapid transference the drops of milk were jerked off the measuring thing and fell on the pavement as described.

Pleased with the success of this adaptation of B. P.'s rules for observation and deduction, I carefully examined situation surrounding the tree.

Deduction: It is winter time. (*Because* there were no leaves on the tree.) The trunk ran sheer upward for a distance of five feet, then the branches spread in a fashion that added element of danger to delight of scouting. The branches were rather slight for the support of a person weighing fourteen stone in his stocking feet. That only made the thing more real. When you're scouting you can't choose the girth of a tree's branches. Thing to do is to shin up the trunk and get among the branches before you are observed.

Fancy I see movement in blind of front parlour opposite. Remember what B. P. says on this point: "When you see a distant head bob down behind shelter, or any other suspicious object, do not stop and look at it, but go on with your movement and occupation so as not to rouse suspicion that you have seen anything." Lean my elbows on garden gate; whistle a bar from the "*Housekeeper and the Bee.*" To all



"*Because* he wore heavy boots."

appearances I am looking down Clapham Road. Really I have got my eye on parlour window opposite.

Deduction: A servant maid is lurking there. (*Because* I see the top of a cap with a blue ribbon.) At the end of five minutes she, hopelessly deceived, withdrew. Last thing in her mind was suspicion that a middle-aged, somewhat portly wharfinger was about to shin up a tree in his front garden in Clapham Road on a Saturday afternoon.

Now's my time. No one at the moment about to pass. Making feint to right rear, as if about to enter front door, dash at the tree. Find shinning up the trunk of a plane tree not so easy to do as to talk about. After violent exercise, resulting in rupture of trouser knee, manage it just as policeman reaches No. 14 on his beat.

Deduction: Knew he was a policeman before he hove in sight. (*Because* he wore heavy boots and tramped with deliberate step, calculated to give warning to unprincipled persons engaged upon nefarious pursuits.)

"In danger," B. P. writes, "lie close to the ground so that you can see anyone moving against the stars." Unfortunately am at this moment six feet off the ground, being, in short, to some extent, up a tree; moreover the stars are not yet out. However, this of no consequence. Policeman, with head erect, his eye fixed on distant Clapham Common, walks past with reverberating tread.

Cautiously work my way higher up; ominous creaking of branches; here and there a twig breaks. Find what seems pretty stout branch. Lean my back against it; remain absolutely still. Try and look as much as possible a branch of a plane tree. Soldier comes along wearing South African medal. Here 's critical case; probably done some scouting himself on the veld; trained to observation; fortunately is "keeping company"; too intent on charms of his companion to cast an eye on a £10—or, to be more accurate, a 14-stun—householder up a tree.

Am beating B. P. at his own game. Not been here anything like two hours, though to tell the truth it is beginning to feel very like it; 123 people passed, not one seen me. Comes along a small boy with over-loaded basket on his arm.

Deduction: Is the emissary of a baker. (*Because* I see the loaves in his basket.) Stops by our railing; consults MS. book; evidently looking up next address on his round. I hardly breathe; a mistake in tactics, leading to explosive cough. Boy looks up; all is lost save honour.

"Hullo, Guvner," he cries, "what are yer birdnesting about?"

I silently form on my lips the adjuration, "Go away!" On the contrary, he stops; gets into the middle of the road to obtain fuller view; crowd begins to gather; don't remember anything from B. P. conveying instructions how to proceed in this particular dilemma; think over a scheme; meditation broken in upon by cry from open front door in rear.

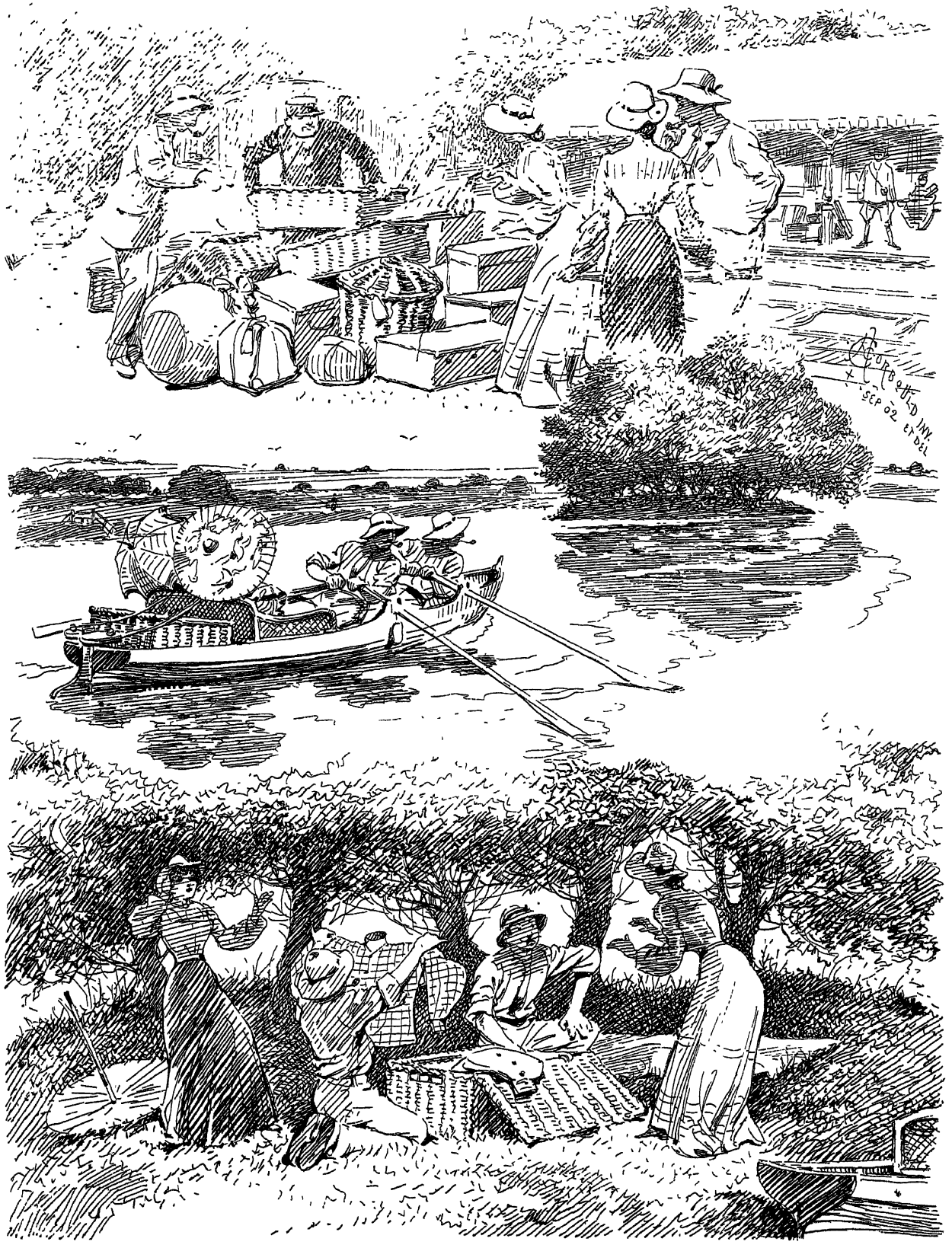
"Good gracious, Augustus John, what are you doing there?"

'Tis the voice of my wife. I knew she 'd complain. As I turned round to explain matters there was a sharp crack, and I was sitting on the ground.

Deduction: The branch had broken. (*Because* I was on the ground.) Also I was the object of ridicule. (*Because* my wife and Our Only General—wages £14 a year, and washing put out—were hauling me to my feet, whilst a now considerable crowd jeered over the railings, and heads projected from windows testified to the interest created among our neighbours by the incident.)

Practice of scouting in peace time intermitted.

Because——.



"'TWIXT CUP AND LIP," &c.

Extract from Letter from Kitty to Beatrice.—"* * * On arrival at our Station we pointed out *our* Hamper, without even looking at the label—Tom and I knew it so well, we thought; He going so far as to declare he'd 'spot it in a thousand'—and after a four mile walk on a hot country road, to where our boat was, and a good fifteen mile pull, we arrived at Tom's prearranged 'sweet spot'—so quiet—and not a house within miles—and after laying the cloth on the grass—*now* for *our* Hamper——'Oh! I say!!' burst from the four of us——it wasn't *our* Hamper at all—but a sample lot of Ladies' Blouses——!!!"

THE FIFTH TEST MATCH.

A Memory.

'Tis the 13th of August, 1902;
I go, and, parting with my shilling, view
An eager crowd, discussing, *inter alia*,
The prospects of the foemen from Australia.
Here Bill announces, redolent of porter,
They can't be beat—at least they didn't orter:
But 'Arry thinks they need a little stiffenin';
'E personally would 'ave put George Giffen in.
There, in the stand, the obvious city gent,
Puffing Havanas to his heart's content,
Discourses of the latest rise in Atcheson:—
But hush! all tongues are silenced, for the match is on.
Alas! of runs the board is well-nigh barren,
When Saunders gets a beauty past McLaren.
Saunders doth next (at twisters who so skilled?) slay
("Bowl" wouldn't rhyme, unfortunately) Tyldesley.
The score's but nine, when lo! the Boy from Ballaarat
(Or somewhere thereabouts) dismisses Palairet.
The sun of hope tends rather night- than dayward
When Braund to the Pavilion follows Hayward.
Five wickets down for nine-and-forty runs!
Alas, my countrymen!—But now the fun 's
Commencing: soon, I ween, the most penurious
Won't grudge their bobs, so fast 'twill be and furious.
For they shall see One-fifty-seven—no less—up
Ere the Colonials get rid of Jessop,
Or fortune recompense their fell attacks on
The Honourable Frederick Stanley Jackson,
Whose feats must glad the heart o' that proud senator,
His scarcely less illustrious progenitor.
Lo! the crowd thrills enthusiastic, rapt in
Awed admiration of the "Gloucester Captin."
Ye gods! the tempest, cyclone, storm and hurricane!
Up goes his bat (the handle made of Surrey cane),
Away the ball flies soaring like a comet, or
A rocket, o'er pavilion and gasometer.
Meanwhile the wary Jackson keeps his wicket up—
One-fifty runs! Hurrah! The scorers stick it up.
But Jackson falls—then Jessop. Peradventure he
Will never make a more blood-curdling century.
Sixty to win. Hirst batting. Sure no crock would
Withstand Hugh Trumble long. Ah! out goes Lockwood.
Lilley comes in. Well played! Oh, Hirst 's a hero,—
But Lilley's out. Buck up! *Dum spiro spero.*
Now Rhodes. Yes, he *can* bat. Did someone miss him? O-o-oh!
A tie! Well hit! We 've won! Bravo! BravissimO!



HALCYON PROSPECTS.

Romantic Bride (ecstatically). "SUCH A WASTE OF WATERS ALMOST APPALS ME!"
Prudent Husband (fondly). "WHAT A DEAR LITTLE ECONOMIST IT IS!"

"FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE."

MR. WILLIAM SYKES is still confined to his room at Holloway, but hopes to be about again in the course of a few years.

We hear that Mr. Ricardo Turpin intends wintering in the South. He proposes to pursue his studies at the Portland School of Sculpture.

Mr. P. Thimblerigg, Q.T., continues to be a member of a large house party at one of the Royal residences. Needless to say the gathering includes several "smart" men.

Captain Ascot Kempton-Welsher, who, it will be remembered, some time ago gave up his large turf interests, will, we understand, be unable to attend the Delhi Durbar.


AUGUST
SEPTEMBER
OCTOBER
NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
FOG
H. Thomas Maylon

TWO ON A TOUR.

"CAN you tell me which is Croft Lochay?"

The smith leant on his pitchfork—he had been up at the hay—and eyed Gwendolen and myself with friendly interest.

"Ye 'll be the gentry from London Mistress McDiarmat is expectin'?"

"And which is the way to her house?"

"Well," said the smith, shading his eyes as he peered up at the Ben, "ye can't see it rightly from here, as it lies behind yon knowe. It 's a whole year whatever since I hev not been up myself; but if you follow the burn——"

I glanced at Gwen and saw that she shared my satisfaction. To cross the edge of civilisation had for months past been our hearts' desire; and to have achieved a jumping-off place only approachable by a burn exceeded our wildest ambitions.

We thanked the smith, and set off on our expedition up the mountain side.

"We twa hae paidlit in the burn," sang Gwendolen as she skipped like a goat from stone to stone. "O Jack, isn't it too primitive and delightful!"

"Rather," said I, inhaling great draughts of the mountain air.

"Aren't you hungry?"

"Rather," I repeated. "Wonder what there 'll be to eat."

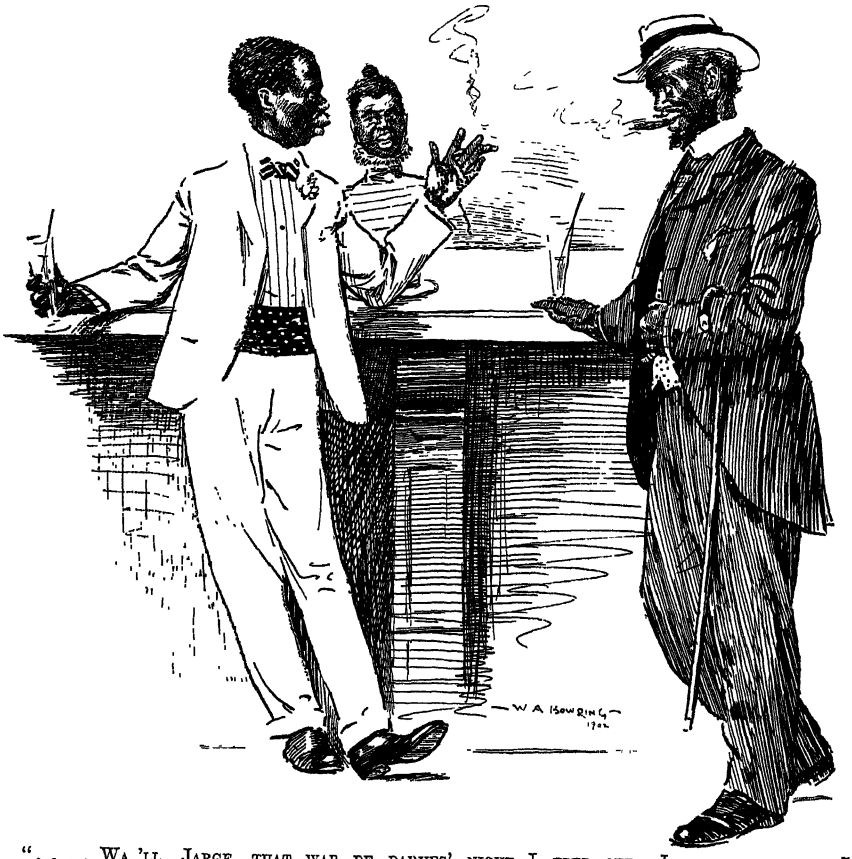
"Oh, I don't care what it is. Anything will be delicious. Is that the house, do you think?"

I looked up and saw above us a low white-washed shanty covered with thatch which was kept in its place by a network of laths. A few heavy stones were evidently designed to keep the roof from blowing off in winter storms.

"No," said Gwen. "That must be the cowhouse byre, don't you call it?"

"I 'm not so sure," said I.

While we were still uncertain, a figure came to the door and bade us welcome.



". . . . WA 'LL, JARGE, THAT WAR DE DARKES' NIGHT I EBER SEE. IT WAR DAT DARK I COULDN' SEE MA HAND IN FRONT OB ME!"

"Come in, come in. Ye 'll be tired with the travelling, and ye 'll like to see the rooms."

We acquiesced, and Mistress McDiarmat led the way into the cow-house.

"Shoo!" she cried as she opened the door of the bedroom. "Get away, Speckle! The hens *will* lay their bit egg on the bed, Sir."

"What fresh eggs we shall get!" cried Gwen, delighted with this fresh proof of rusticity and with the Gaelic gutturals with which Mistress McDiarmat emphasized her remarks to Speckle.

The "other end" was furnished with two hard chairs, a table and a bed.

"Fancy a bed in the dining-room and hens in your bed!" said Gwen, in the highest of spirits. "And here comes tea! Eggs and bacon—Ah! how lovely they smell, and how much nicer than horrid, stodgy dinners! And oatcakes—and jelly—and the lightest feathery scones! O Jack, isn't it heavenly?"

"Rather," I agreed, beginning the meal with tremendous gusto. The eggs and bacon disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, and then we fell to on the light feathery scones. "Wish we hadn't wasted a fortnight's time and money in ruinous Highland hotels. Wonder what Schiehallion thinks of hot baths and late dinners, not to speak of waiters and wine-lists."

"I suppose," remarked Gwendolen, "one *could* get a bath at the Temperance Inn we passed on the road?"

"Baths!" cried I. "Why, my dear, one only has to go and sit under the neighbouring waterfall."

Gwen did not laugh, and looking up I saw she had stopped in the middle of a scone on which she had embarked with great appetite.

"Try an oat-cake," I suggested.

"No, thanks," said Gwen.

"A little more jelly?"

Gwen shook her head.

I finished my meal in silence and pulled out my pipe.

"Going to smoke in here?" asked Gwen.

"It 's raining outside, my dear."

"Oh, very well. But remember this is my bedroom. I decline to sleep with hens."

I put the pipe away and prepared for conversation.

"Can't you sit still?" asked Gwen after a long pause.

"This chair is very hard, dear."

"So is mine."

"Don't you think we might sit on the bed?"

"Certainly not. I shouldn't sleep a wink if we disarranged the clothes, and only an expert can re-make a chaff bed."

"Wish we had something to read," I remarked, after another long pause.

"Do you expect a circulating library on the top of Ben-y-Gloe?"

I began to realise that Gwen was no longer in a conversational mood, and made no further efforts to break the silence. Half-an-hour later Gwen came across the room and laid her hand on my shoulder. "What are you reading, dear?" she asked.

"I find we can get a train from Struan to-morrow afternoon which catches the London connection at Perth when the train 's not more than two hours late."

"We can't risk that. Isn 't there a train in the morning?"

"It would mean leaving this at five."

"So much the better. O Jack, if I eat another meal like that it will be fatal. To think we shall be back in dear old Chelsea to-morrow!"



PLAIN *Tourist (to Oldest Inhabitant).* "AND WHAT IS THE POPULATION OF THIS VILLAGE?"
Oldest Inhabitant. "WELL, ZUR, THERE 'S ME—AND—" (*Long pause.*) "WELL, ZUR, I DON'T 'ZACTLY KNOW 'OW MANY MORE THEY BE!"

PROGRESS AND PAGEANTRY.

I SUPPOSE I must have fallen asleep rather unexpectedly after the Coronation or the Illuminations, or else the Shah's progress, or perhaps the reception of the Boer Generals, or it may have been after the City Procession, but one forgets. It was daylight, and, to my surprise, I found myself reclining against the palings of St. James's Park. I yawned and looked about me, wondering slightly at the excess of emotion which had betrayed me into a slumber so public. However, I perceived that I was not alone; all around were other sleepers extended in attitudes of careless ease and breathing with stertorous freedom. I regretted to observe that most of them held bottles clutched firmly in their unconscious hands. I have always been something of a socialist, and it vexed me that at the very moment of my awaking I should be brought face to face with life's inequalities in this way. Why should they have bottles while I had none?

I raised myself into a sitting posture that I might better consider the ethical justice of taking for myself such of the bottles as might appear least empty, and while I was deep in thought a man approached me. His round felt hat was drawn down over his right eye, but from the gleam in his left I could see that he was not the least intelligent of London's citizens.

"Here in good time," said he.

"In excellent time," I replied; "what time is it?"

"A quarter-past four," he said, "and the troops don't begin to line the streets till five."

"Line the streets!" I repeated. He looked at me keenly.

"I believe you 're drunk," he said.

"No, I 'm not," I answered. "What do they want to line the streets for again?"

"Great Jones!" he cried. "Where have you been then, if you 're not drunk?"

"Abroad," I said at a venture. "Central Africa, shooting lions for years."

"No wonder you feel a bit out of it," he said. "Why to-day is the finest procession of the week."

I collected my faculties.

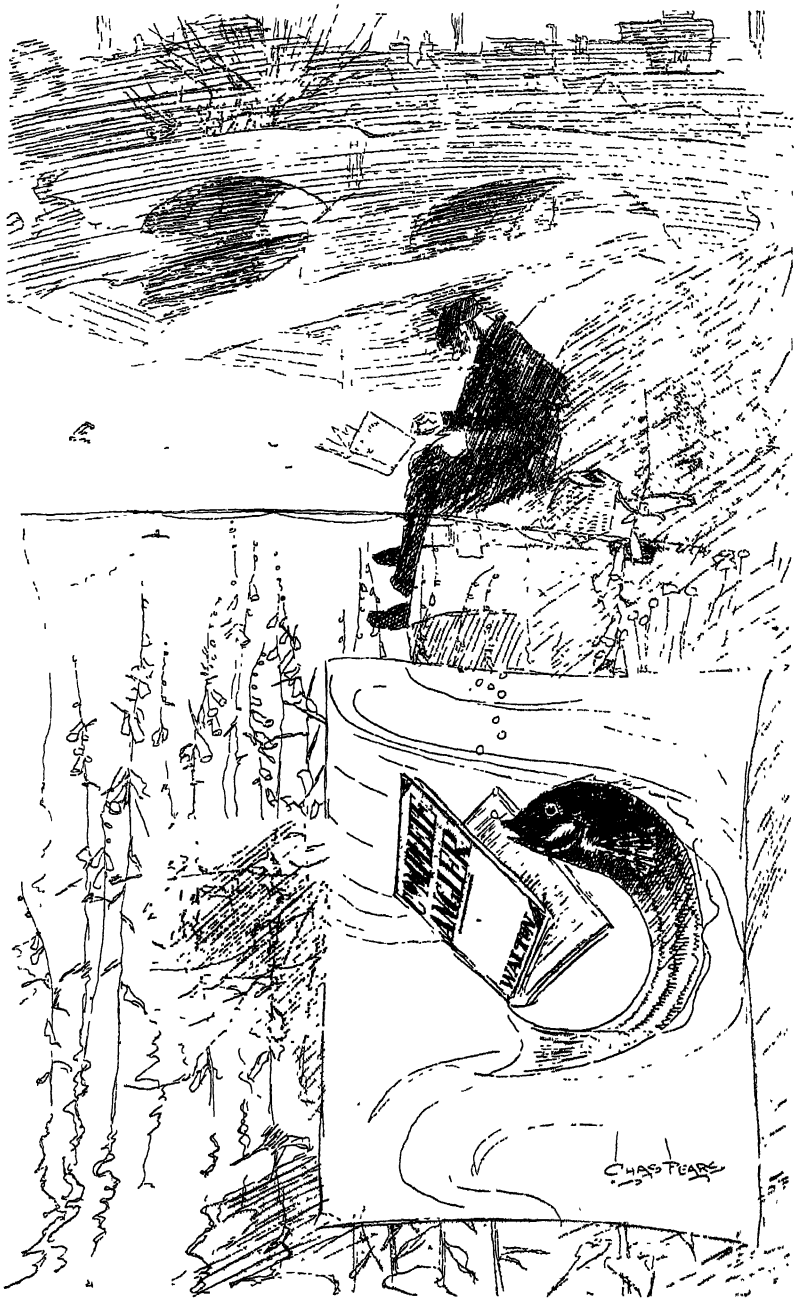
"What is the procession for then?" I asked.

He whistled, but answered, civilly enough, "Why, Lady Smith is returning from the Continent to-day."

I collected my faculties again.

"Why should she have a procession?" I demanded. "Who is Lady Smith?"

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I never thought of asking. But what does it matter? The procession 's the thing."



PISCATOR IN POPPYLAND AND THE QUEER FISH.

OUT OF PISCATOR'S HAND, WHO 'S FAST ASLEEP,
FALLS IN THE RIVER GOOD OLD IZAAK'S BOOK,
WHICH A FISH READING BIDS HIS FRIENDS, DOWN DEEP,
WITH 'BATED BREATH AVOID THE BAITED HOOK.

"Pardon me a moment," said I, "while I think it out."

After a few minutes I spoke again. "Did I understand you to say the finest procession of the *week?*"

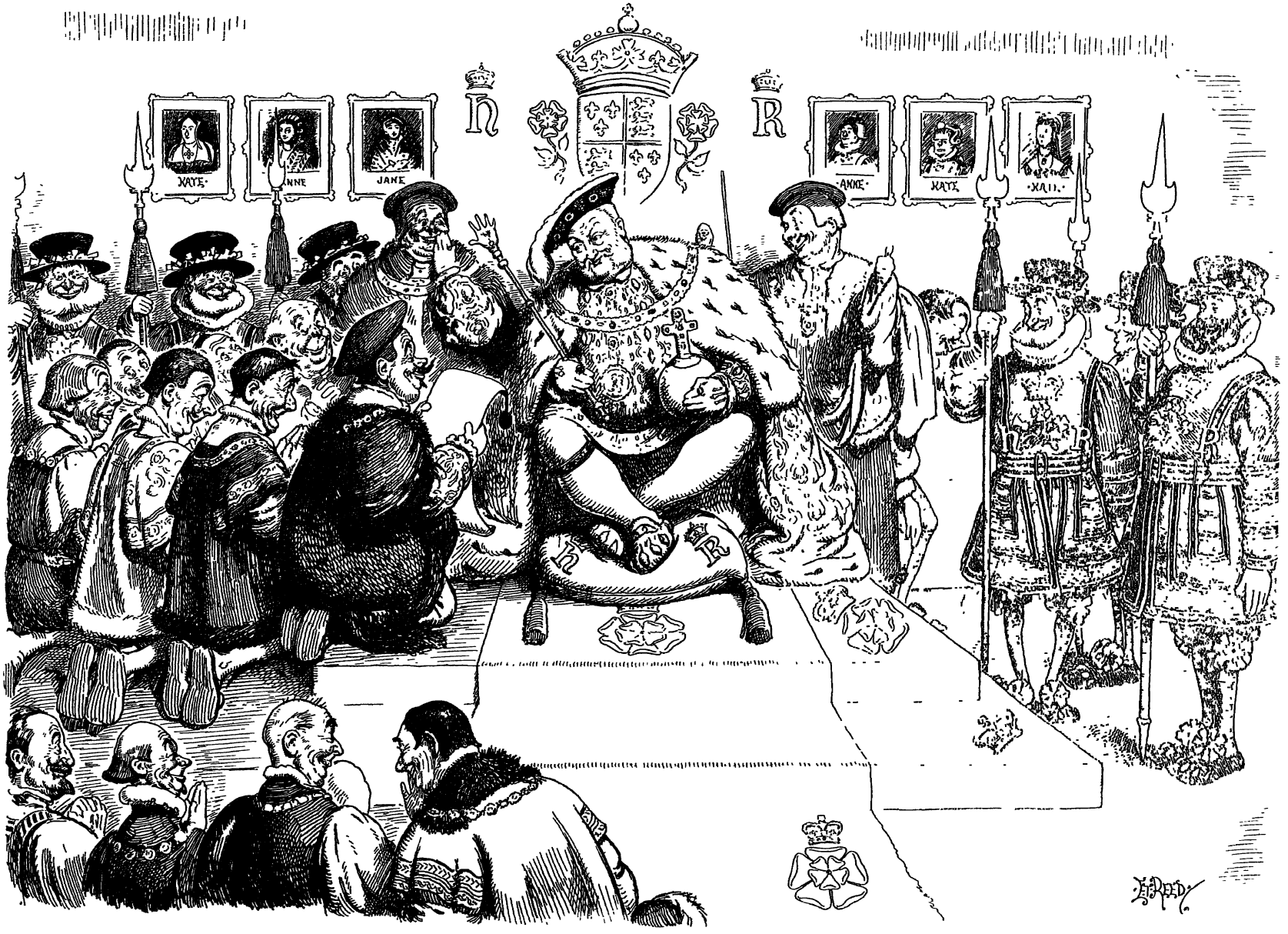
"Quite right," he replied. "Of course you don't know. We have three processions a week now. Can't have more, unfortunately, the army won't stand it."

I thought again.

"You will think it an odd question," I said; "but would you mind telling me what year this is? In Central Africa we don't take much account of time. We estimate it in lions—so many lions make a month and so on, and if you don't get any lions it doesn't count."

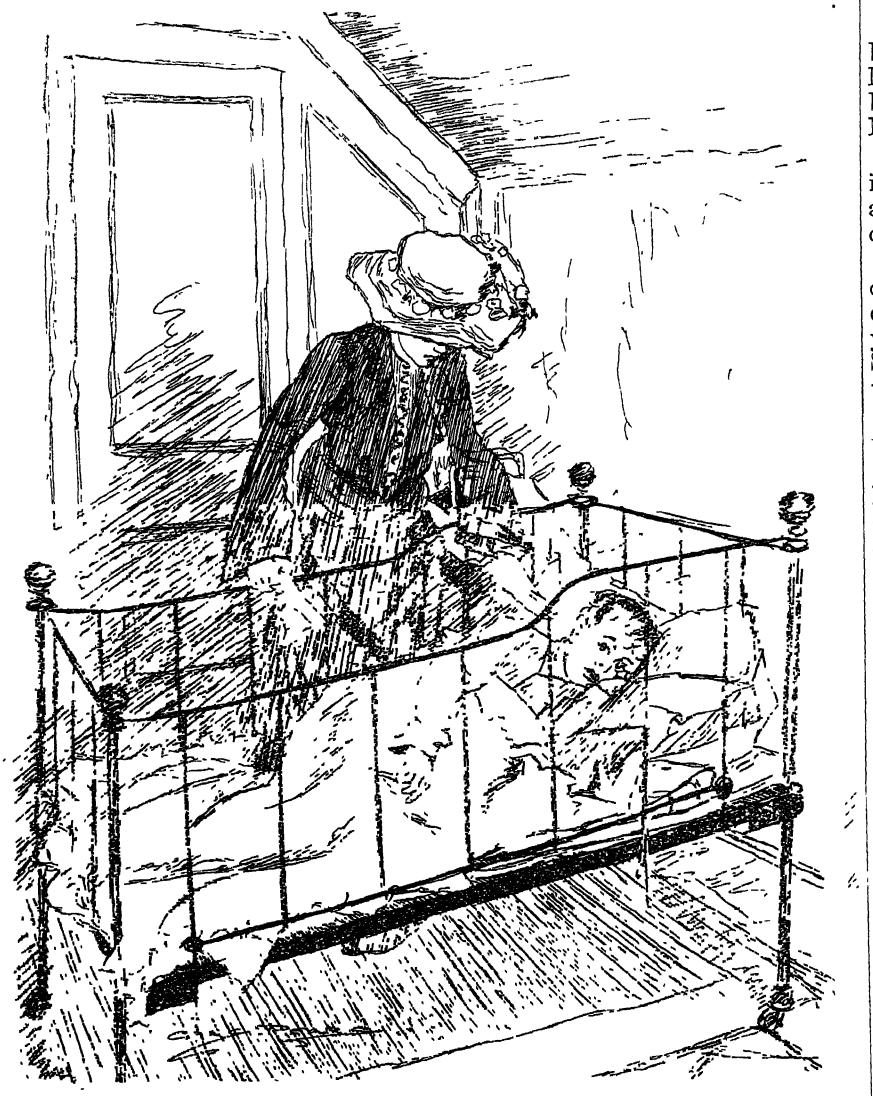
"Oh!" said he. "Well, this is nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-two."

"I seem to remember these stands,"



UNRECORDED HISTORY.

A SMALL BUT REPRESENTATIVE DEPUTATION WAITS ON KING HENRY THE EIGHTH TO INFORM HIM OF HIS ELECTION AS AN HONORARY LIFE-MEMBER OF THE *BACHELORS' CLUB*



Mother (to little boy, who has been sent to bed as a punishment). "NOW, TOMMY, DARLING, I'LL FORGIVE YOU, AND YOU MAY GET UP AND GO WITH ME TO AUNTIE'S TO TEA."

Tommy (in tones eloquent of injured innocence). "NO, THANK YOU, MOTHER. I'M VERY COMFORTABLE HERE, THANK YOU."

I said. "Weren't they up before I went to Africa?"

"Yes," he answered, "they've been up sixty years. I know that, because we had rather a good procession last week to celebrate their diamond jubilee. It's a curious thing, but I've heard my father say that when they were first erected there were hardly any processions—not more than one a month."

"You don't say so," I returned.

"A fact," he continued; "but, as you see, England has gone ahead since then, and now there isn't a country in the world, or any combination of countries, that can touch us for processions."

He looked at his watch. "By Jove, it's nearly time to get into a place. It becomes more difficult to find standing room every week, and I can't afford a season ticket for one of the stands."

"Are they expensive?" I asked.

"No," he said, "not what you could call expensive. You can pick one up now and then for five thousand pounds, and even when there isn't a procession you can always have your seat and sit in it, you know. But a seat only comes into the market now and then. Most of them are taken on longish leases. Well, I must hurry. Hope you'll get some sort of view."

REPORT OF THE MASTERS OF BRUSHW HOUSE, AND CHARAKTERS.

Christmas.

Dr. Th. Rasher.—Not a bad ole chap, but stupid at times. Should work harder and run round the field before brekfust. Can and must grow thiner. Nikname, Tubbey.

H. Mole (Stawk).—Must do some sums in the hollydays. The ansers are not all wrong in the books. A disapointing character.

Rev. J. Chanter (Rook).—Must get over looking out words in the Greek dikshunary in class. It corrups the yewth. Had better not smoke so much. Says denying makes manly boys. Has two helps of everything himself.

E. Browne, B.A. (Spoon).—Must not waist so much time with Miss Rasher.

Mr. Evans (Pecker).—He is a sneek. His maners are disgusting and he dussent ware flanels. He is good at explosions and smels.

Samuel Gibbs, M.A. (Sloper).—Not a bad sort but talks too much about Anglo-Saxon delevations.

Mr. Farrar (Oil).—He is a beast. We rot him in Prep. He gets red. Should grow a shorter neck, and Bibbsmi says golf collurs are bad form now.

General Remarks.—The Staff must improve their punktuality at early schooll, and we want another athleet. The Head master should have our brekfust and send us his once a weak. There is too much work being done for the helth of the boys, and the footer XI. is pore. (*Singed*) HENRY BLOUNT.

RETURNED LETTERS.

Though, scornful maid, at morn and eve
"Returns" my letter-box encumber,
I'm not accustomed to receive
At one fell swoop so huge a number;
When editors, more prompt than wise,
Please with rejections to offend me,
Their missives come as "single spies,"
But you a whole battalion send me!

I turn the fading sheets that tell
The doleful tale of vanished favour;
The sentiments read rather well,
They have a literary flavour.
Perhaps you thought they'd serve anew
When I indite another's praises,
Forgetting how I quite eschew
Vain repetition, hackneyed phrases!

Why you returned them 's hard to see—
Although I wrote them, *con amore*,
They 're not of further use to me,
But you—that 's quite another story!
Suppose some day by strong desire
For fame in fiction you are smitten,
Here 's fuel for romance's fire,
A lover's speeches ready written!



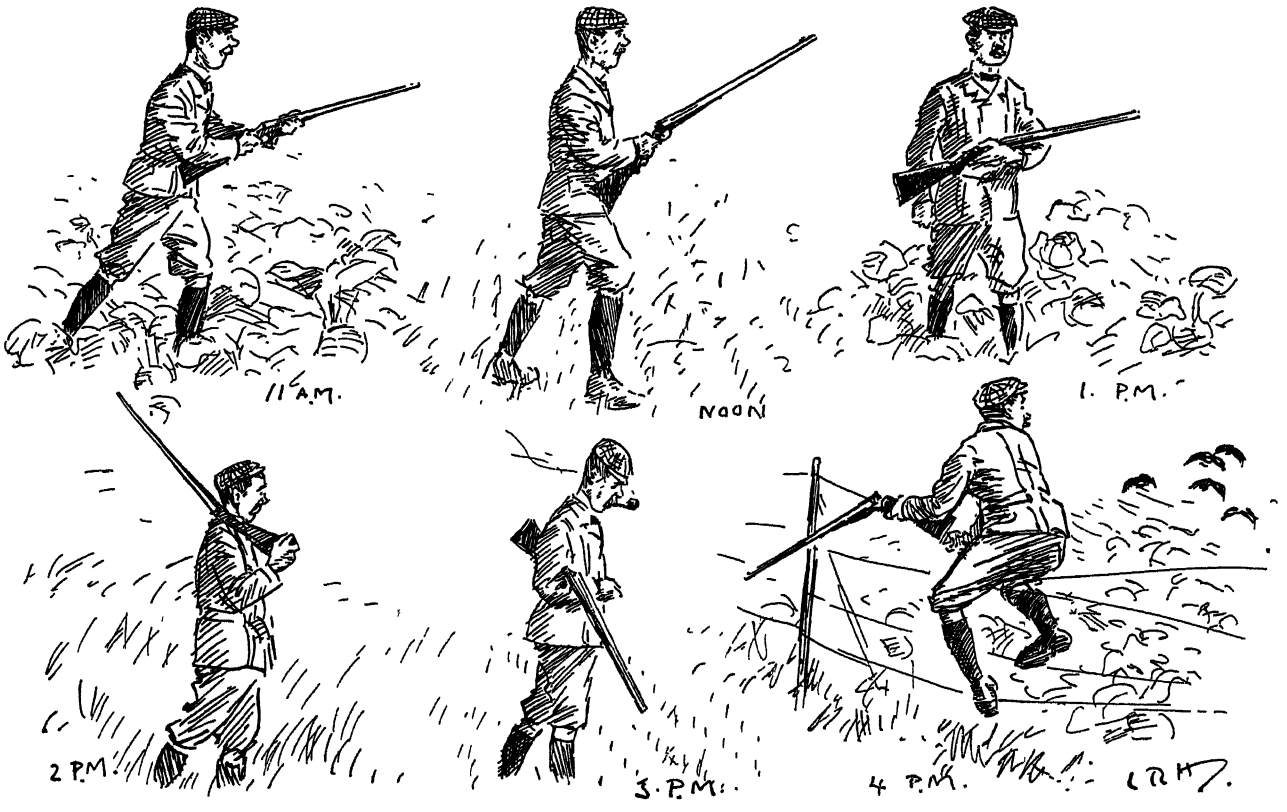
GOLF À LA WATTEAU—AND OTHERWISE.



How a warrantable Stag from Exmoor was hotly pressed through Minehead, took the New Pier (without paying toll), and finally "got away" per Excursion Steamer.



Extract from Mabel's Correspondence.—"WE HAD A SCRATCH GAME WITH THE 'BLACK AND BLUE' CLUB YESTERDAY, BUT HAD AN AWFUL JOB TO GET ANY MEN. ENID'S BROTHER AND A FRIEND OF HIS TURNED UP AT THE LAST MOMENT; BUT THEY DIDN'T DO MUCH EXCEPT CALL 'OFFSIDE' OR 'FOUL' EVERY OTHER MINUTE, AND THEY WERE BOTH AS NERVOUS AS CATS!"



FITZ-JONES'S ONLY DAY.



"COME ALONG, MR. BINKS. MAUDIE AND I WANT YOU TO GIVE US EACH A HAND, AND TAKE US DOWN THE POND. THE ICE IS RIPPING, AND WE'LL JUST FLY!"

[*Delight of Binks, who is on the ice for the first time; however—*



HE DOES HIS BEST!

IN PARTIBUS TRANSMARINIS.

[The Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain and other patriots will spend their Christmas in, or about, some of the various "Britains beyond the Seas."]

DEAR *Punch*,—When Christmas comes again,
That season fraught with annual frolic,
When eyes are bright and hearts are fain,
And courage stout to deal with colic;

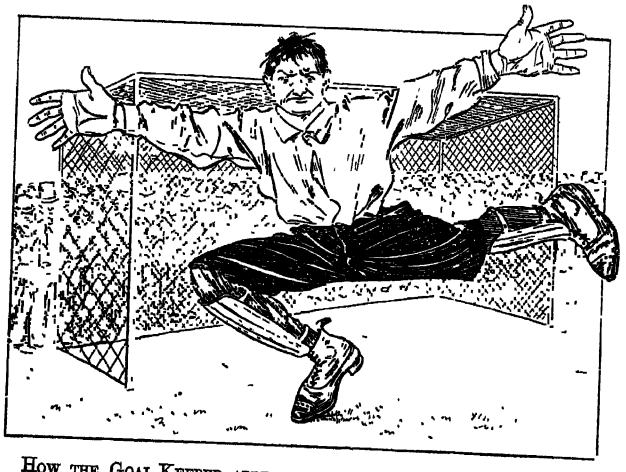
As by the sumptuous board you sit,
All debonair and even perky,
Amid the flow of wine and wit
And grosser joys like beef or turkey;

Forget not us whom honour draws
Far from the scenes of native beauty,
Nobly to serve elsewhere the cause
Of exigent Imperial duty!

Whether we seek that Southern Rand
To mould confusion into jelly,
Or make for India's coral strand
To amplify the fêtes of Delhi;—

Whether we spend our Christmas Day
Already plunged in local crises,
Or, still upon the outward way,
Explore the high, but seldom dry, seas;

Ah! think of us where'er we speed
On our respective paths of prowess,
Your Raven-Hill, your E. T. Reed,
Joseph and, at your service, O. S.



HOW THE GOAL-KEEPER APPEARS TO THE OPPOSING FORWARD, WHO IS ABOUT TO SHOOT.



AND HOW THE GOAL-KEEPER *FEELS* WHEN THE OPPOSING FORWARD IS ABOUT TO SHOOT.



MONSIEUR LENOYAU'S FIRST FOX HUNT WITH OUR HOUNDS.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS, EXCEPT IN TABLEAU No. 4.

TO INEZ.

INEZ, whose sweet look and smile
With their witcheries enchant me,
Linger by my side awhile!
Nay, the boon you will not grant me.
Still my suit you take amiss—
Still you—as I follow after
Begging for a modest kiss—
Run away with merry laughter.

Ah! then, grant me this, at least,
Leave to care for you, and bless you,
I would grudge you not life's feast,
Nor with cares of mine distress you.
Time shall be your friend (my foe!)
For, while I am—to my sorrow—
Five-and-forty, you, you know,
Are not two until to-morrow.

THE SAGE AND THE ONION.

AN Onion, meeting his old friend, the Sage, offered to accompany him wherever he happened to be going.



"Go away," said the Sage. "I cannot take you to-day, as I am about to call on some particular people, and the perfume you have about you would be unpleasant to them. Besides," he added, turning away, "your taste in most things I do not care for, and can no longer put up with!"

THE POLICEMAN AND THE PUDDING.

A POLICEMAN, entering a kitchen, saw a Pudding seated on the table, looking a little cut up.

"Cheer up, young fellow," said he. "I know there is a deal that is good in you, so I cannot bear to see you wasting yourself in here. I shall take you up, therefore, and run you in, lest you fall into the hands of those that care for you less than I."

The Pudding, growing cold, called loudly for the cook, who, entering the kitchen, and thinking with pride how



good it had become under her care, severely reproved the Policeman, and, by laying down the Law, put an end to the Pudding's fright.

THE MAIDEN AND THE MINCE-PIE.

A RICH Mince-pie fell in love with a young maiden and, encouraged by her soft glances, asked her to marry him. The Maiden answered: although she liked him, she knew too well the stuff



he was made of, and that they never *could* agree.

THE TYRANT AND THE TURKEY.

A TYRANT meeting a well-fed Turkey, asked it to his house to join him at his Christmas dinner, adding that it would be much warmer inside. well-dressed and properly stuffed, and should be made the most of by himself and



family, if it would "consent to go down." The Turkey replied that he had no doubt he would go down right enough, but he wasn't a Goose.

A VAIN APPEAL.

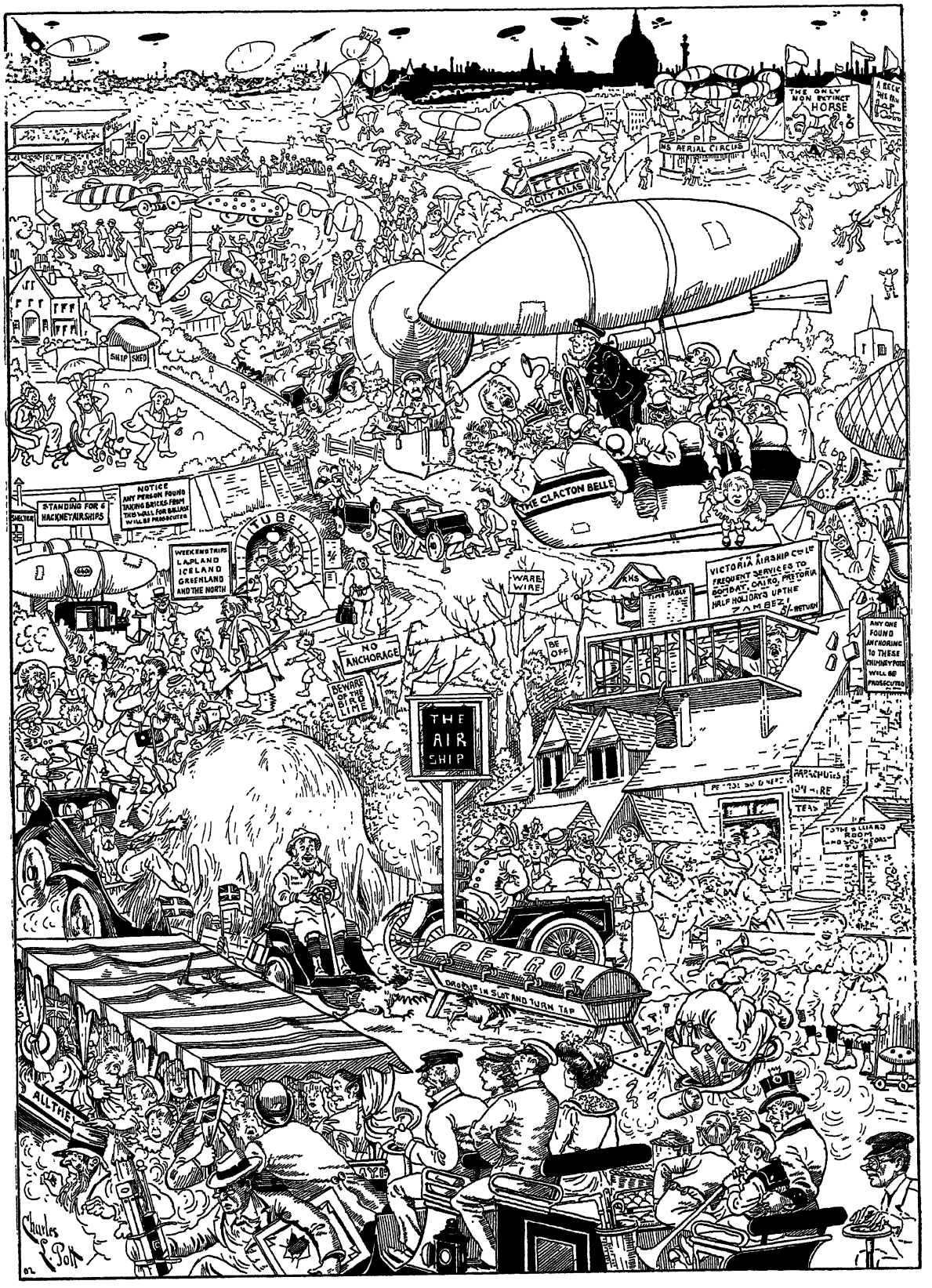
[It is stated that the cigarette habit is gaining such a hold on young ladies of the present day that it bids fair to outweigh all other considerations.]

Now, Angelina, put it down.
Let me entreat you not to smoke it;
You dread your Edwin's lightest frown,
Or so you say—well, don't provoke it.
No—no—I'm serious just now,
Great weight to every word attaches.
What's that you ask me? *Anyhow*
To pass the matches!

You shall have chocolates to eat
Of every possible description;
Those rosy lips are much too sweet
To soil with Yankee or Egyptian.
Your smiles with trinkets I'll entice
Or silly frillies made of chiffon,
Till once again you say I'm nice
And not a griffon.

Among those violet-scented curls
The smell of stale tobacco lingers,
And oh! to think my best of girls
Should go about with yellow fingers.
Are you aware that stain will spread
Right up your arm and past your shoulder
And ruin . . . What was that you said?
You'll use a holder!

No, Angelina, I insist—!
Come, darling . . . what, you're surely joking?
You are not anxious to be kissed!
You'd sooner give up me than smoking!
So be it . . . take your cigarette
And smoke it, love and homage scorning,
But suffer me, with much regret,
To say "Good-morning!"



THE PEACEFUL ENGLISH LANE OF THE FUTURE.

(By our Prophetic Artist.)



A FORETASTE.

Nervous Passenger. "WHAT *IS* THAT HORRIBLE JAR I FEEL EVERY NOW AND THEN, DRIVER?"

Jarvey. "SURE, YER HONNER, AN' IT'S ONLY THE LITTLE MARE PLAYIN' WID THE CAR! WAIT TILL WE COME TO KNOCKAHERRY HILL, YOU 'LL BE AFTHER FEELIN' HER *KICK* THEN, SORR!"

THE REPRIEVE.

It chanced upon a summer eve
(Such times are very sentimental)
I flirted foolishly—believe
'Twas accidental!

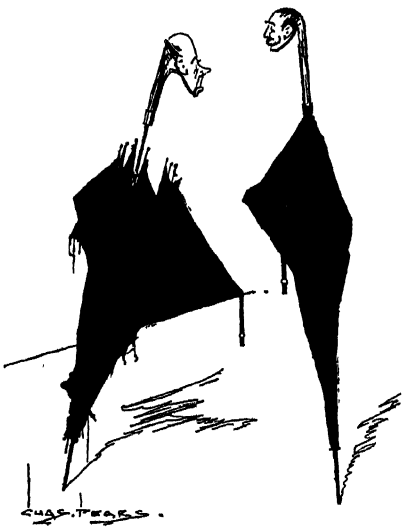
A summer night inclines to melt
One's caution—*vide* case of Milly,
And when she murmured, "Yes," I felt
Extremely silly.

Indeed, I lacked sufficient "brass"
To state how quickly I repented;
Yet how I longed to tell the lass
I hadn't meant it!

Thank Heaven, she sent for me next day,
And hoped I 'd be to her "a brother,"
But thought it only right to say,
She "loved another."

Yet I—tho' filled with sudden glee—
Upon her feelings duly traded,
And swore "Life 's now a blank to me,
Its sunshine faded."

And tho' 'twas only tit for tat
I raved at her and called her brutal,
While she—she deems me martyr—that
Of course is footle!



First Umbrella. "I FEEL THOROUGHLY WORN OUT."

Second Umbrella. "YES, YOU DON'T LOOK UP TO MUCH. GOOD-BYE. I HOPE YOU 'LL SOON BE QUITE RECOVERED."

TO MY BANKING ACCOUNT.

By Our Miserly Contributor.

Let soulful, long-haired bards indite
To Chloe or to Amaryllis
Romantic verse that scans all right,
While pens in which a warlike thrill is
To patriotic deeds excite.

But I will be content with less
Romance, although a subtle passion
Consumes me when I thus address,
In rather contemplative fashion,
The source of so much happiness.

For, truth to tell, on you depends
My joy in life all joys excelling.
No pleasure kindly Fortune sends
So great as when I see you swelling
With the half-yearly dividends.

I gloat upon your figure fair,—
What maiden has a figure fairer?—
If now and then you have to spare
A small amount to "Self or Bearer,"
Your balance quickly I repair.

I could (but listeners might yawn
And soon begin to slumber lightly)
Extol your charms from eve till dawn.
E'en should I overdraw them slightly,
May you be never overdrawn!



AT THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

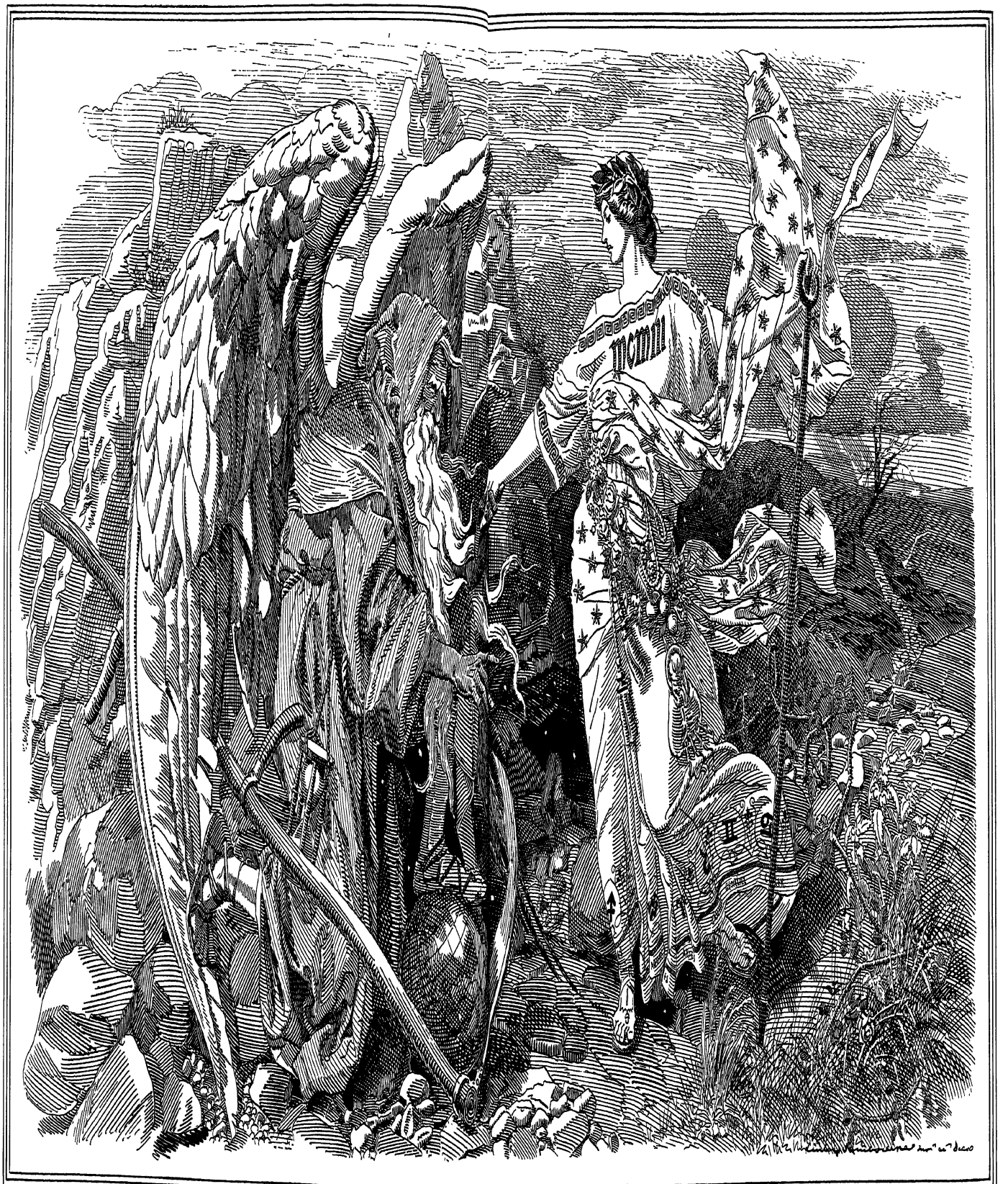
Uncle George. "DON'T OVER-EAT YOURSELF, JIMMY, MY BOY. I NEVER DID WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE."
Jimmy (sotto voce). "WHEN DID YOU BEGIN, THEN?"



PEACE CROWNS THE OLD YEAR.

Puck, New York, 1893

"TIME WILL TELL."

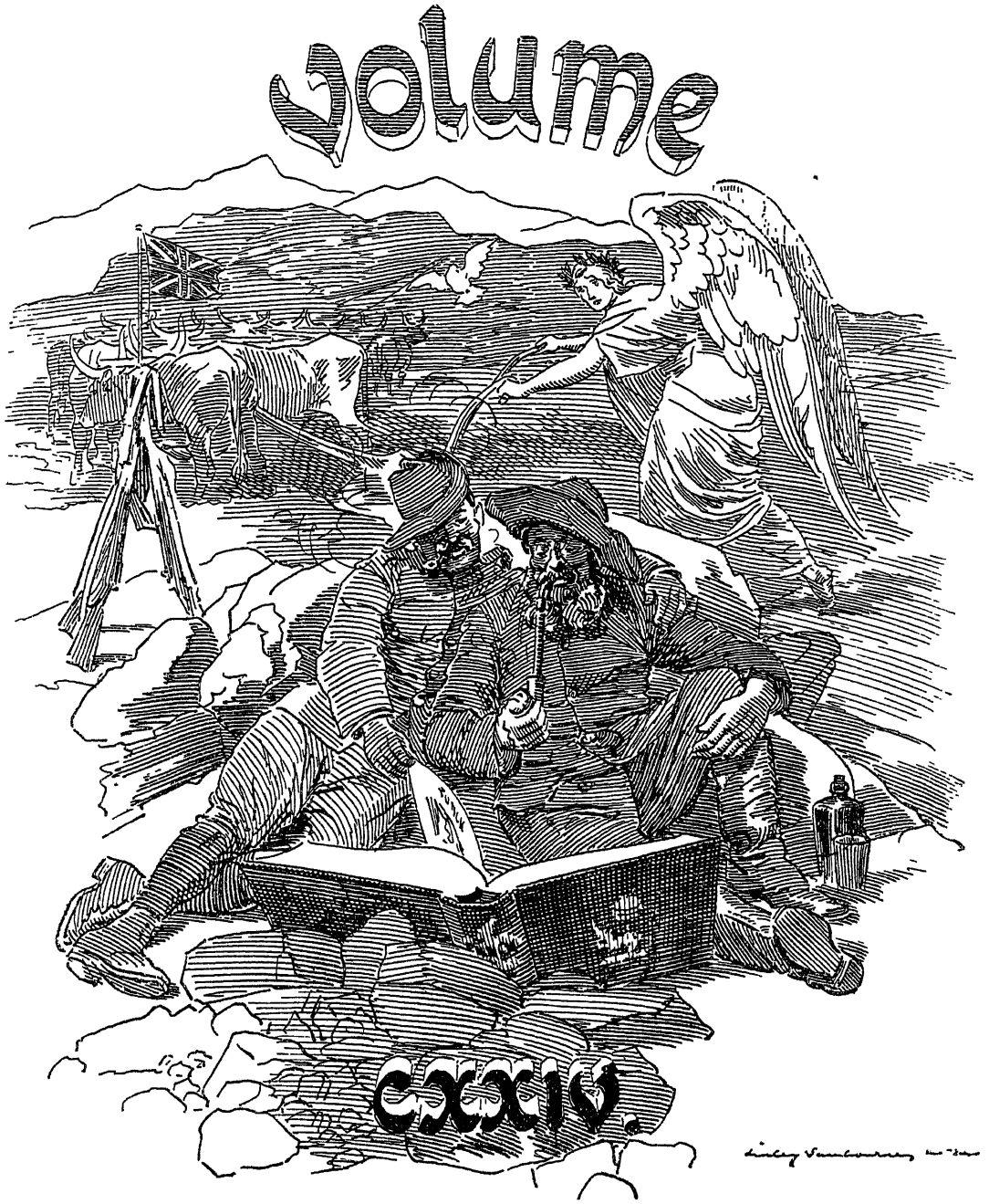


What fortune waits your feet, my pretty maid?
What tangled hopes and fears before you lie?
Old Time, within whose hand your hand is laid—
He knows no more than I.

Not all his lore avails to help him here;
He only knows that beauty's born to die;
Meanwhile he likes to hold your hand, my dear;
Of course! and so should I.

O "Time will tell"—in time, that is to say,
Then when the need to know has flitted by;
He'll tell your fortune—just a year to-day;
And so, I hope, may I.

O. S.



MR. JABBERJEE AND THE DURBAR.

To Honble Sir — Punch, K.C.I.E., B.A., F.R.Z.S. . .
(Please add initials to liking). H. J. B.

HONORED AND INDULGENT FATHER!

Eighteen calendar months have now rolled their relentless wheels over this unassuming head since I last had the honour to illuminate your notorious periodical with the lubrications of my brain, since which date, in consequence of publication in voluminous form of a first-class Society Novel, I am become a permanency on Fame's dizzy pinnacle and the Celebrity at Home.

Once again with proud obsequiousness I crawl to your august footstool, and, embracing your distinguished feet with the easy assurance of an old crony, I entreat you, as the only elm I have to climb, to plant a spoke in my Wheel of Fortune.

The case, Highly respectable Sir, is as follows: I am consumed with an uncontrollable hankering to receive an official invite to the Delhi Durbar for the celebration of the King-Emperor's Coronation. No sooner did the gladsome tidings of Royal Recovery reach my enchanted ears than I immediately manifested the unfeigned jollity of a Sandboy, and let off several large fireworks in the vicinity of my family mansion, which was profusely adorned with divers oil-lamps and appropriate mottoes of own composition.

Not that I would base my claims to consideration on such paltry and flimsy foundations as these—which are merely mentioned as a guarantee of loyal sentiments.

But, from certain leading articles in the London *Times*

and other native prints, I gather that it is Honble Viceroy CURZON's wise and long-headed policy to welcome as guests, not only Princes and Chiefs and Civil and Military knobs, but *in additum* all possessing any representative quality whatever.

To quote the Viceroyalty's own words *verbatim*, "Provinces and States see little and know little of one another. Princes who live in the South have rarely, if ever, in their lives seen or visited the States of the North. There is many a man in Madras who has never seen the Punjab, or even in Bombay who is wholly ignorant of Bengal."

What a pity that such standoffishness should be suffered to continue! I do not puff myself into princely proportions—although generally accorded such brevet rank while a West End resident of Ladbroke Hill, Bayswater—still I shall venture to affirm that, as the leading representative of Native home-made Literature, I deserve rather to be kindly patted on the head than severely ignored and buried in a napkin, as at present.

Also I am full as a vetch with reliable and fairly accurate information upon all Bengali topics, and, if included in this magnificent *omnium gatherum*, would willingly embrace the opportunity of passing the time of day and exchanging ideas on the give and take system with any Sikh or Maratha grandee not too eaten up by antiquated prejudices to converse with me on terms of mutual amenity and affability.

You will therefore kindly—without any preliminary beating the bush that is proverbially a superfluity in the case of good wine—at once point out to whatever Excellency is superintending the doling out of invitation tickets what a calamitous *faux pas* and awful howler he will infallibly perpetrate should he leave this insignificant self to blow unseen.

Now I am to wheeze intelligence into your private ear which will come as the pleasant surprise. I am no longer a mere Native Novelist—but am already blossomed out into the budding Dramatist!

For it so happened that, a short time ago, I came upon a rather well-written novelette by a certain Mrs. SHELLY, containing the history of a young European foreign student called *Frankenstein*, who employed his leisure hours in constructing a large-sized Monster, which subsequently became a devilish nuisance.

Upon this indubitably far-fetched idea I have—after making alterations and additions so as to render it suitable to the footlamps that shed their fierce light upon theatrical socks and buskins—founded a very fine drama in blank verses with prosaic intervals, in the style rendered popular by the late WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's sweetest child—or Honble BACON, according to latest authorities.

It is my intention to submit selected specimens of this magnificent composition for publication in your esteemed journal, in the humble confidence that they will produce a sensation of gaping wonderment in all who read them, and that I shall instantaneously be inundated with urgent entreaties from prominent London acting managers that they are to have the first refusal of such a lucky hit.

But I must warn any such ambitious tragedians that they cannot represent so colossal a character as the Monster in a competent manner, unless they are thoroughly *au faits* in walking on rather high stilts.

I have said enough to wet the public appetite for what is certain to turn out a literary tit-bit of no mediocre flavour, and—provided you on your part consent to work the oracle with Honble Lords CURZON and KITCHENER to obtain for me a front (or even a second-rank) seat at the Delhi Durbar—you will be at liberty to publish sample scenes from my Tragedy at ordinary trade prices.

Thanking you in advance for these and all other favours to come.

I have the honour to remain,

Your most loyal and servile Friend,

HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.

(*Author of "Jottings and Titlings," "A Bayard from Bengal," "Frankenstein and his Promethian, a Tragic Drama," &c., &c., &c.*)

P S.—In the present confused state of Copyright Law I am not aware if it is *de rigeur* to procure the formal consent of the above-mentioned Mrs. SHELLY to the dramatification of her able effort. If so, kindly do the needful on my behalf, and inform her that the advertisement she will obtain by the production of such a play will form a most remunerative *quid pro quo*.

LATEST QUOTATIONS FROM THE CITY (OF DELHI).

(*Sent by Mr. Thomas Atkins.*)

"THE DURBAR."

THE king gave order that his town should keep
High festival.
Sir Edwin Arnold (*The Light of Asia*, Bk. I., line 96).

***

I met a hundred men on the road to Delhi, and they were all brothers.—*Native Proverb.*

***

Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers.
Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk. V., line 601).

***

One, two, three, four, or ten, and then by tens
To hundreds, thousands.
Sir Edwin Arnold (*The Light of Asia*, Bk II., line 201).

***

There were noblemen in coronets, and military cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were baronets by dozens.—*W. S. Gilbert* (*Ferdinando and Elvira*).

***

Gods meet gods and justle.—*Dryden and Lee.*

***

The gorgeous East with richest hand
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold.
Milton (*Paradise Lost*, Bk. II., line 4).

***

Never in my life saw I so many fine clothes . . . embroideries and rich gold stuff.
Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu's Letters.

***

The hearts of princes kiss obedience.
Shakspeare (*Henry VIII.*, iii. 2).

***

And let us all hope that blissful things
May come of alliance with darky kings.
W. S. Gilbert (*The Three Kings of Chickeraboo*).

AN ADMIRABLE CRICHTON INDEED.—The following advertisement has recently appeared more than once in the *Observer and Chronicle for Hants and Dorset*:—

"AS BUTLER, or man and wife, or temporary dinners, e'c. Aged 29. Height 5 ft. 7 in. Good Characters, English. Disengaged.——"

Here indeed is a man capable of filling a long-felt want!

MR. PUNCH AT THE DURBAR

A DAY DREAM OF DELHI.



THOMAS MAYBANK

THE DELHI DURBAR.

(AIR—*Bonny Dundee.*)

To the Chiefs and the Princes 'twas CURZON who spoke,
"Ere this show is well over we 're like to be broke;
But the date has been fixed, so from near and from far
We must up and away to the Delhi Durbar.
So fill up the howdah and fling the rupee;
Give your turbans a toss for your Emp'ror and me:
With Lord K. as a comet and me as the star
There 'll be lots of good light at the Delhi Durbar!"

He has climbed to his seat, and he looks mighty bold
In the flame of his scarlet, the gleam of his gold.
And it 's Ho! for our RAJ, and it 's Pooh for the CZAR,
When Lord CURZON sets out for the Delhi Durbar.

There 's the thunder of guns, there 's a roar of applause,
There 's the glint of dark eyes flashing brightly through gauze;
And there 's many a Press-man inditing his par
To the fame of Lord C. and the Delhi Durbar.

Oh, the RAJAH speaks up, and it 's "Bring me my sacks:
I 've the money to spend, and I 'll spend it in lakhs.
Let my palace bide empty, my gates stand ajar,
For I 'm off, I and mine, to the Delhi Durbar."

And the Ryot takes stock of his fields and his rice;
He has sorted his savings and counted the price.—
'Tis a year of no rent for the grim Zemindar
When the Ryot looks in at the Delhi Durbar.

Then up with the standard and let it fly free,
And salute it, salute it, with thirty times three!
And shout, each civilian, and soldier, and tar,
With the rest of our world, for the Delhi Durbar!
"So fill up the howdah and fling the rupee;
Give your turbans a toss for your Emp'ror and me:
With Lord K. as a comet and me as the star
There 'll be lots of good light at the Delhi Durbar!"

"TIS."

THE KIPLING PROCESSION.

AN important feature of the Durbar ceremonies which seems to have escaped notice was the grand Kipling Procession. It was only fitting that one whose name and fame is so much associated with our Indian Empire should have a prominent position in the celebrations, and it will be seen from the following details that the Procession was on a scale of unparalleled magnificence.

The order of the stately progress was as follows:—

Captains COURAGEOUS.

A Phantom Rickshaw containing Mr. KIPLING's laurels.

A cart bearing an exhibition tank in which is discovered Mr. SWINBURNE swimming in samples of the Seven Seas.

Soldiers Three.

The Oaf bearing the Mud.

The Chief Jingo bearing the Banjo.

The Fool bearing the Flannel.

The Cat who walked by himself.

Bodyguard of Stalky & Co.

A Duke's Son. A Cook's Son. A Son of a Hundred Kings.

No. 1 Big Gun Carriage drawn by The Camel (led by Mr. STEPHEN PHILLIPS), The Baby Elephant (led by Mr. THOS. HARDY), The Python Rock Snake (led by Mr. J. M. BARRIE), and The Crocodile (led by Mr. WM. WATSON), and containing

Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN. Mrs. JANE OAKLEY.

Detachment (very much detached) of Absent-minded Beggars.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Dr. FITCHETT is the marine of historical episode writing; *Per mare per terras* is his motto. Having painted in glowing colours scenes and men connected with the army on land, in *Nelson and his Captains* (SMITH, ELDER) he goes down to the sea in ships and does business in the great waters. Excellent business it is, too, the sea and the sailor supplying a more picturesque background than is found on the commonplace Continent. My Baronite, having read all Dr. FITCHETT's tales of battle on land, thinks his best work is his sea piece. The character study of NELSON realises the man—his physical weakness, his angularity, his one eye, his one arm, his shrill voice when excited, his somewhat feminine disposition, his dauntless daring, his supreme genius—more clearly than is accomplished in larger tomes. His captains were worthy of his companionship, being inspired by his influence, animated by his example. Saxon and Celt reading the glowing narrative, will feel proud to know it 's all true.

In *The New Century Library* (NELSON AND SONS) the Baron greets with pleasure and approval the appearance, in easily portable volume size, of *Tom Burke* by LEVER, SCOTT's *Ivanhoe*, DICKENS's *Hard Times* and *Christmas Stories*, THACKERAY's *Book of Snobs* (immortal work!) and his *Contributions to Punch*. Dipping into this last book the Baron finds how the 19th day of October, 1841 is recorded as the date of "the Fat Contributor's great adventure at the Pyramids and *Punch's* enthronisation there." Thus writes WILLIAM MAKEPEACE in his own inimitable style, "I pasted the great placard of *Punch* on the Pyramid of Cheops. I did it. The Fat Contributor did it. If I die, it could not be undone. If I perish I have not lived in vain." And in the year of grace 1902, in the twelfth month and the fourteenth day of the month, two of *Mr. Punch's* young men

"Took a boat and went to sea,"

and proceeded (as did the "F. C." per the P. & O.'s "magnificent steamship *Burrumpooter*," only this was not the name of the vessel that carried our Punchious missioners) to India. They did not, however, delay *en route* for the purpose of ascending the Great Pyramid, and reporting whether or no there may still be any record on the summit, or on the way thereto, of the historic visit of the Fat Contributor. He himself has declared, "one placard I pasted on the first landing-place (who knows how long Arab rapacity will respect the sacred hieroglyphic?)." Imagine "the Fat Contributor" at the Durbar! How delightful he would have been! And what a meeting between him and dear old *Colonel Newcome*, while *Jos Sedley*, fuming, would be waiting tiffin for a *partie carrée*. Who would be the fourth at that table, a lady or a gentleman? Fill up the place how you will. Only, if there be any hesitation as to who might be "the properest person," let *Jos Sedley* wait; give his seat to *Major Dobbin; Mr. Punch* will take the chair at that party, with cigar to follow; and to finish, a quiet Indian rubber. *Ehen fugaces!* Here 's to the pious and immortal memory of WILLIAM, *the* one and only THACKERAY!

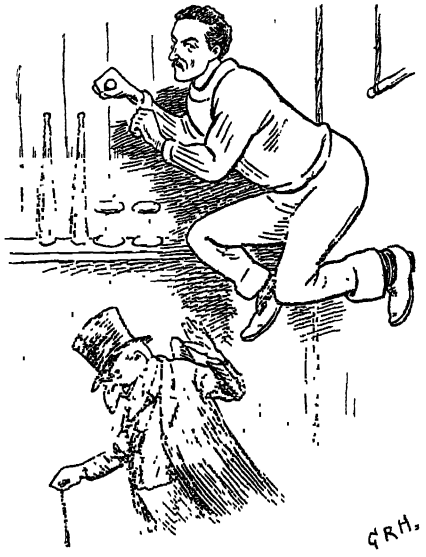
A Dog Day, by WALTER EMANUEL, pictured by CECIL ALDIN (HEINEMANN), is very amusing. But the best of all the tableaux is that of the uncommonly sly dog, the hero of these adventures, wistfully regarding a canary in a cage suspended well out of his reach. The motto should have been, "Such things are too high for me." Though, on consideration, this motto would have even better served a picture of a gentleman holding his nose when a grouse in a very "gamey" state had been placed before him by a waiter impervious to nice distinctions in scents and flavours.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

X.—MR. C. B. FRY.

ON entering Mr. FRY's gymnasium we found him so absorbed in a game of Wibbley Wob that he was entirely unconscious of our presence. This gave us an opportunity to examine the room, which reflected at every turn the tastes and accomplishments of its gifted occupant. Pens and cricket-pads, note-books and footballs, dumb-bells and blotting-pads, parallel bars and press-cuttings, running shoes and encyclopædias, shorts and shorthand notes strewed the apartment. Over the mantelpiece was a portrait of the Sussex Indian Prince inscribed "To the best bat of the day, from a better," and on



"Mr. Fry leaped lightly over our head."

the door was pinned the ten thousand and fourteenth photograph of Mr. FRY at the wicket.

When we had proceeded thus far in our investigation the game of Wibbley Wob terminated, and Mr. FRY leaped lightly over our head, bidding us welcome as he passed. While still in mid air he changed his mind and leaped back again. After running up one wall, along the ceiling, and down the other wall, he offered us a chair and subsided gracefully into another.

"This is my Ping-Pong hour," he remarked, looking at his watch, "but I'll give it to you instead."

"Do you play games all day?" we asked.

"All day," he answered. "I begin with a Blankley exerciser. Then I row for an hour, bat for an hour at the nets in the back garden, run for an hour, jump for an hour, and play football for an hour. That brings me to lunch. After lunch I play Wibbley Wob, Ping-Pong and Parlour Croquet, and generally



"This is my Ping-Pong hour"

spend an hour at the photographer's This is essential, for you may have perhaps observed that I look quite different every time you see me. Then comes tea. After tea I exercise on the bars, vault, turn somersaults, and use the Indian Clubs. In the evening I play Tiddly Winks, Spillikins, Bumble-puppy and Bridge."

"But when do you write?"

"Oh, I write all the time. I never use more than one hand for games; I write with the other. While I was playing Wibbley Wob just now I was simultaneously engaged on my weekly Corinthian column for the *Builder*."



"Oh, I write all the time."

"Can you tell us anything about yourself, Mr. FRY? Your name, for example, how did you get that?"

"Well, the FRYS are mostly Quakers, and I trace my descent to the inventor of cocoa-nut matting. I was called C. B. after CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. One of my first jumps was over his fence. Then, as you know, when only thirteen years old I charged a 17-stone man at Rugby football. He never recovered the shock. At Oxford I studied the classics profoundly, visited Greece in the 'Long' and received the freedom of Corinth."

"And what are your plans?"

"I have not decided yet whether to stand against Mr. RECKITT for the Brigg Division in the Blue interest, to edit the



"I was called C. B after Campbell-Bannerman. One of my first jumps was over his fence"

Times, or take seriously to Oology. It depends on how the ducks lay next cricket season."

"Who is your greatest hero in modern life?"

"RANJI."

"And what is your pet ideal?"

"To make 100 in both innings, get a substitute to field, and write an account of the match simultaneously for two papers. And now you must excuse me, as I have to give my son, already a promising centre forward though only four years old, a lesson in the use of the stylograph."

A Belated, but none the less Hearty, Welcome.

O Royal Baby Number Five,
Your trusty *Punch* salutes you;
In happy moment you arrive;
Wax fat, as babies should, and thrive,
And show that Earth-life suits you.

THE VICEROY AT HOME.

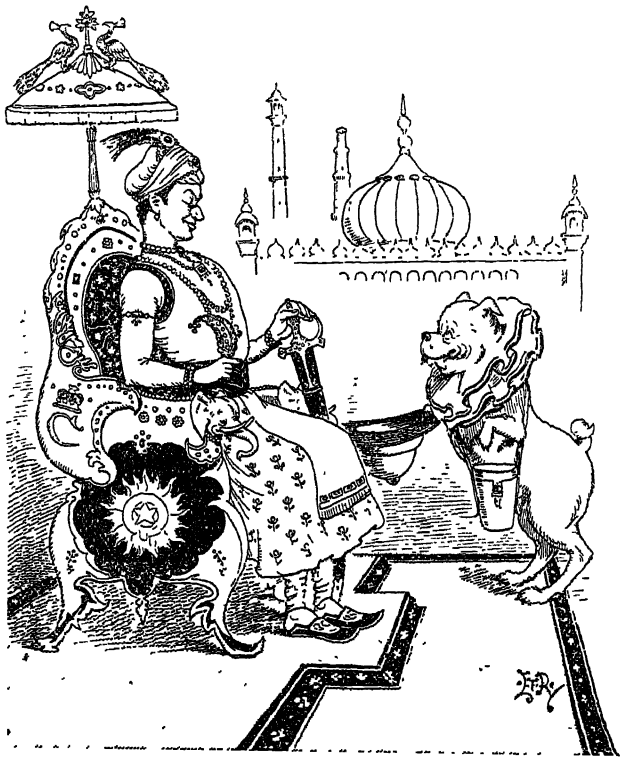
SIMLA, *Saturday.*

"SALAAM, Excellency."

"Get up, get up, TOBY. That 's all very well and proper with some of the people here. But I don't care about old friends kow-towing. And how did you leave things at Westminster? Is it true that BRODRICK goes down to the House in khaki, and insists upon Members opposite, when putting a question, approaching with military salute?"

"I haven't observed the habit. I looked in rather with intent of seeing how your Excellency is getting along, than with the purpose of talking about things at Westminster. Do you on the whole prefer Simla to Southport?"

"Yes," said the VICEROY, who I observe has grown a little stouter. "Since you put it that way, I can reply in the



TOBY, M.P. INTERVIEWS SHAH KHERZON OF KHED-EL-STAN AT DELHI.

affirmative. Simla stands higher than Southport, and there are no football clubs. Bazaars of course we have in India, but as they were opened before I came, I am spared that melancholy and expensive duty. I miss the excitement that periodically thrills Southport, of wondering whether the tide is coming in this week, or whether it is due the week after next; always a subject of lively conversation with my old constituents. Also we have no boats on wheels careening over the level sand under full sail. Still, we have the Himalayas, also the Elephants."

"I am sure," I said with courteous bow, learned at the courts in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane, "your Excellency will feel peculiarly at home with these, in diverse ways, colossal products of beneficent Nature."

The VICEROY eyed me sharply, as if suspecting I were engaged upon an enterprise which, concerning ordinary mortals, is known as pulling his leg.

Recognising my extreme sobriety of purpose, he replied, "The Himalayas are very well in their way, though sometimes I find myself longing for a glimpse of Primrose Hill. The elephant I certainly have taken to riding for an hour every morning. His trot is a little startling when you first experience it, and his canter recalls the Channel passage in a gale from the south-west. But it is inspiriting, I think I may say healthful. I intend, when I return to England, to bring an elephant with me and show the Liver Brigade the way round the Park."

"Has your Excellency any intention of presently illuminating London?"

"No, TOBY," said the VICEROY, a cloud settling on his Himalayan brow. "I hear the East a-calling, and I obey its mandate to remain, to the end—perhaps after.

> They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
> The Courts where JAMSHYD gloried and drank deep;
> And BAHRÁM, that great Hunter—the wild ass
> Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

What AKBAR and AURUNGZEBE commenced in the way of ruling India, I shall finish. India and I were made for each other. My heart's desire is that both shall benefit from the conjunction."

"From all I hear since I set foot on this storied land, I have reason to know that, as far as India is concerned, your Excellency has in large measure achieved your purpose. India was never so prosperous as it stands to-day, nor were its myriad multitudes happier or more contented. I happened to be in the House of Commons when Lord GEORGE HAMILTON brought in the Indian Budget. I fancy we rather gained the impression that the increasing prosperity marked through the last three years was directly due to the prescience and the personal administration of the Secretary of State."

"GEORGIE HAMILTON!" exclaimed the VICEROY, his regal right hand clutching the hilt of his scimitar.

With wonderful self-command he checked his flow of speech and toyed with the jewelled hilt, as if the swift action noted had been accidental and meaningless. Above his gilded chair, with its imperial crown-shaped canopy, hung a hand-painted daguerreotype of TIMUR the Tartar. (That great Conqueror, it will be remembered, flourished before the age of photography.) As the flush of passion momentarily mantled his brow, I was struck by the strong resemblance between the ruthless Tartar and GEORGE, first Baron CURZON of KEDLESTON, sometime Fellow of All Souls, Oxford.

The storm passed as rapidly as it had risen.

"Tell me about PRINCE ARTHUR," said the VICEROY, with winning smile and dulcet voice. "Did he really enjoy himself in Committee on the Education Bill, and was he pained when deserted by JOHN O' GORST, last of the Barons—or was it the Mohicans?"

"Of Vice-Presidents of the Council," I humbly suggest.

"Exactly," said the VICEROY, waving his hand with large manner indicative of habitual freedom from minor details of that character. "Of course ARTHUR would still have the exhilarating company of FINLAY, and I understand that ANSON, JOHN O' GORST'S successor, is a person of irrepressible humour. As you see, the House of Commons still interests me. But, after all, it 's a small place compared with India. Of course you 'll be at the Durbar? Fancy you 'll like to see me curvetting astride my elephant as I ride with escort of Princes through the Silver Street of Delhi to the Mori Gate. Good morning, and *au revoir*. How is the MEMBER FOR SARK?"

I was out in the courtyard under the brilliant sunlight of Indian Christmastide. It seemed semi-darkness after the brilliancy of the presence in which a moment earlier I stood.



FITZ-JONES, WHO BELIEVES, WHEN IN ROME, IN DOING AS ROME DOES, IS SUFFERING SLIGHTLY FROM ORIENTAL HOSPITALITY, AND CONSEQUENTLY EXPERIENCES THE ASIATIC VARIETY OF NIGHTMARE!



AT OUR OPENING MEET.

Stranger from over the water. "I GUESS YOU 'VE A MIGHTY SMART BUNCH OF DOGS THERE, M'LORD!"
Noble but crusty M.F.H. "THEN YOU GUESS WRONG, SIR. *THIS IS A PACK OF HOUNDS!*"

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has often been chaffed for paying too much attention to our soldiers' dress. Earl SELBORNE has now decided that there is to be uniform training for all branches of the Navy.

The conviction of Madame HUMBERT is by no means assured. She has pretty hands and feet.

The lady is already in training. According to the *Daily Mail* "she wore a tailor-made dress, and was visibly affected" on her arrival in Paris.

The late war with Venezuela did not bring much glory to any of the parties engaged in it, but we are astonished more was not made of the one British success that was scored. *H.M.S. Fantôme*, which grounded on a mud-bank, was successfully re-floated.

Meanwhile recent events have brought home to the Venezuelans the importance of possessing a strong navy, and an important programme has been prepared. Financial difficulties prevent a great deal being done at present, but orders have already been placed for a couple of outriggers.

Close upon the news of the treaty between Great Britain and Japan, and the arrangement between Great Britain and Germany, comes the announcement of an alliance between the Table Tennis Association and the Ping-Pong Association.

There were complaints here at Christmas-time that we were not having seasonable weather. It was all right in America. Among other nice seasonable occurrences on the other side of the Atlantic a trainful of passengers was buried twenty feet in the snow.

The custom of sending "Art Calendars" instead of cards as a New Year's greeting is spreading. It is scarcely a change for the better. As often as not the calendars are too big to go into one's waste-paper basket.

We are delighted to hear that Mr ANDREW CARNEGIE is making excellent progress. His condition is described as most hopeful. An interval of upwards of three weeks elapsed between his two last gifts of free libraries.

In these prosaic days it is always a pleasure to be able to draw attention to a pretty fancy. We learn from a Society paper that one of the latest fashions is for ladies to wear on their necks a row of black beetles, made of jet.

Attention was drawn a few weeks back in the Bankruptcy Court to the fact that times had recently been bad for Company promoters. The distress among them is said to be now more acute than ever. We hear of at least one who has been driven to accept a position in the pantomime of *The Forty Thieves*, and that, by an irony of fate, merely as a super.

An American poet, for a wager, acted as butler at a dinner party given by a lady millionaire, and completely took in his friends. He had never had a like success as a poet.

Paris, by the by, has discovered a 10-year-old poet whose first book has been published by LEMERRE. Her verses are stated to compare favourably with the work of the greatest English poets, but Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, it is said, has written to deny this.

A NEW YEAR'S RONDEL.

NINETEEN hundred and three
Ah! what have you in store?
Joys? or griefs to deplore,
Do your omens foresee?

Grey - where gold used to be;
One deep wrinkle the more;
Nineteen hundred and three
Ah! what have you in store?

When we, greeting with glee
Nineteen hundred and four,
Scan with sorrow your score,
What will then be your plea -
Nineteen hundred and three?



VIVAT IMPERATOR.



A NEW ROUND.

MISS 1903 DRIVES OFF.

THE WAR COMMISSION.

THE rumour that the War Commission intend to defer publication of their findings until after paying a visit to South Africa is hardly borne out by the appearance of the following Report, a copy of which lately reached us:—

1. *Resolved* that the Commission is definitely of the opinion that a war recently took place in South Africa.

2. *Resolved* that the finding of this Commission, on the evidence before it, is to the effect that the war was against the Boers.

3. *Resolved* that this Commission is of opinion that the forethought displayed by the Secretary of State for War and his official staff in recognising the outbreak of hostilities, is worthy of remark.

4. *Resolved* that this Commission views with grave suspicion the introduction of new methods into the Army. The Commission feels that it cannot too strongly endorse the perfect reliability of the methods which have hitherto been employed, and have proved so signally successful during the late War.

5. *Resolved* that in the opinion of this Commission the Boers used horses, and that this fact may possibly have involved some little inconvenience to the British troops.

6. *Resolved* that in the opinion of this Commission the Government's expectation of the capture of Pretoria by Christmas, 1899, was possibly somewhat premature.

7. *Resolved* that with regard to individual actions, in the opinion of this Commission a little more resource might possibly have been shown in the regrettable Spion Kop incident. That it appears to the Commission that a likely solution to the question as to how the incident occurred, is to be found in the fact that some slight misunderstanding arose between the various commanding officers. Misunderstandings, in the opinion of this Commission, are inimical to effective action.

8. *Resolved* that though, in the opinion of this Commission, any reflection upon the capacity of any of the commanding officers is to be deprecated, the Commission applauds the action of the Secretary of State for War in causing one or two Generals to retire. It would further observe, however, that had the Secretary for War thought fit to elevate these Generals to a higher position than any they had previously occupied, the elevation would have received the Commission's unqualified endorsement.

9. *Resolved* that though there were during the War several incidents of a regrettable nature, the explanations for which are not forthcoming, this Commission has perfect confidence that there were excellent reasons for these occurrences.



WIRELESS LOVE.

ALTHOUGH, sweet maid, 'tis often proved
The ways of love are hard and stony,
At least one obstacle 's removed,
Thanks to the triumph of MARCONI;
For him my heart, with joy elate,
Is wildly bubbling o'er with gratitude;
For now I can communicate
With you in any clime or latitude!

No more, dear heart, shall distance drown
The lover's hopes or damp his mettle;
But you shall flash your love from town
To me on Popocatepetl!

Once, *per* the pinions of the wind,
I feigned to send my protestations;
But waves of ether now I find
Are best for such communications!

I 'll send to you a message straight,
In honeyed phrases I 'll enwrap it;
Nor shall a rival lie in wait
Basely to intercept or tap it!
Though sojourning in alien tents,
I know there 's naught our love can smother,
If, like our hearts, our instruments
Are kept attuned to one another!

UP-TO-DATE PROVERB.—Better a barren greengage on the wall than a flourishing mortgage on the roof.

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

II.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

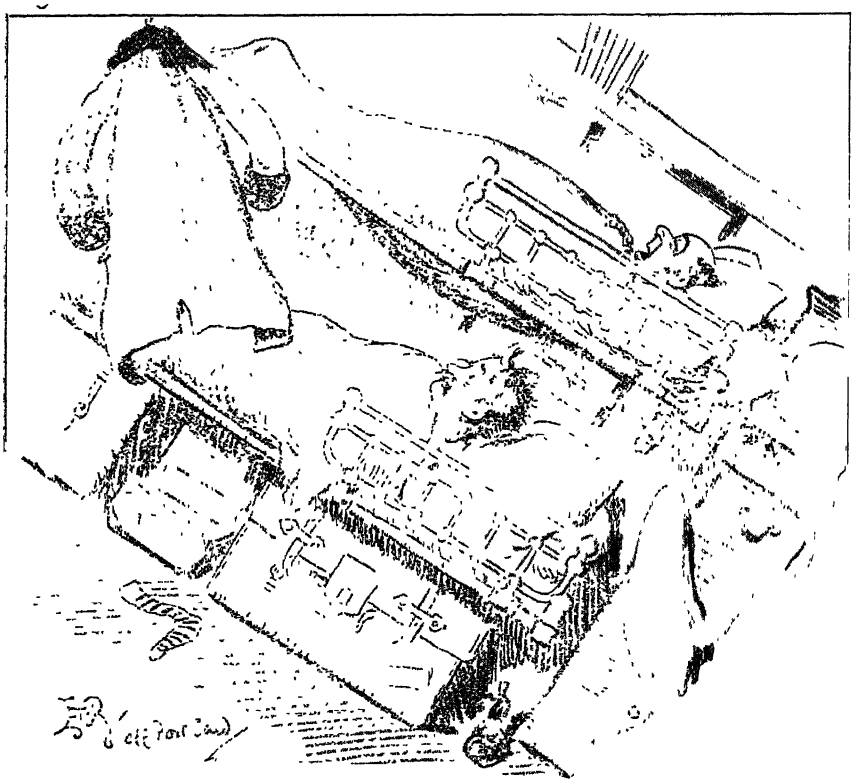
December 15th. Off Crete.—I have been making up a riddle to ask myself—Why is Marriage like the Mediterranean?—and at once guessed the answer as follows:—Because each is a lottery. At first I was pleased with this *jeu d'esprit*, and my good opinion of it was confirmed by a fellow-passenger; but I knew afterwards that it was neither funny nor true. Of course it is the question itself that is all wrong in supposing a comparison possible between mutable matter like the Mediterranean and a fixed abstraction like the married state. If I ever make another riddle on this so-called French lake I shall compare it with a maiden exceptionally fancy-free. Enjoying a reputation for perennial charm, her temper is distinguished by an inconstancy that makes some people positively ill. I am not of their number, but I can appreciate their feelings. No length of custom seems to stale her appalling variety. Her eyes, supposed of a changeless blue, take on by turns all tones of sullen grey and stormy green as her mood inclines. To-day I own that the blue eyes laugh without a stain; but only last Friday her expression and behaviour were of the most sinister. Yet her wooers are not to be put off by many rebuffs, though I know of no one who has ever gone beyond this preliminary dalliance except the Doges, and they only married into a branch of her family.

In the absence of European news I cannot say if anything has recently occurred to enhance the splendour of England's isolation; but I noticed as a significant fact that we slipped past between Corsica and Sardinia in the dead of night (the lights in the smoking-room being cautiously extinguished at 11 P.M.) and between Sicily and Calabria in the early dawn, before the batteries, if any, were awake. In the case of Crete—so negligible is the prestige of Turkey—we have been more courageous, steaming under the lee of its wild coast all the morning, and catching from time to time some siren echoes of the European concert. In speaking of Crete, I find myself in accord with the general view of the passengers as to the identity of this island, though a Canadian savant on board has expressed an opinion that it was not Crete after all, but just Candia.

A stirring event occurred shortly after breakfast this morning. The alarm bell rang up the crew for practice at boat stations. It was remarked that one of the Lascars displayed a quite unpardonable ignorance of the right method of hoisting a mast in an emergency. Everyone expressed satisfaction that this was only a pantomime rehearsal, and that our lives in no way depended, as yet, on this man's energy and professional skill. At the conclusion of his perfunctory labours, on which the First Officer passed some scathing comments from the bridge, I determined to make a closer study of the delinquent mariner, and was fortunate enough to find him, a few moments later, engaged in sketching privily the features of an Hereditary Prince. It was only then that, beneath the Oriental disguise which had defied the intelligence of the authorities, I recognised The Other Pilgrim!

I may add (since it is my intention to deviate as little as may be from the truth) that my account of the above episode is composed with the purpose of simplifying The Other Pilgrim's picture, and is based upon no sort of fact.

I have used the expression "Hereditary Prince." This, again, is a justifiable device. It serves to veil the individuality of a very distinguished person. I propose to adopt this method of concealment in the interests of self-preservation, as we have so many distinguished persons on board that I have been told that I ought to give to my journal the title of "*With Dukes to Delhi.*" Indeed, to-night, when the stars rushed out close on the last of the sunset, they almost instantly paled



RESIDENTIAL FLATS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

(WANTED, A VERTICAL.)



Disguised as a Lascar, I make furtive studies of Dukes.

their ineffectual fires before the galaxy of grace and breeding which met their seaward gaze. And though the issues of *Punch* which contain my observations on our voyage cannot reach India till the Durbar is over, there is always the fear of meeting many of my present fellow-passengers on the homeward journey, when these trifles, cast upon the waters, might return after many days to convict me of indiscretion.

So far we have hardly done justice to ourselves, being, in a measure, the sport of wind and wave. But "Ship us somewheres east of Suez——" and you shall see. Meantime there is an inclination to depreciate our resources, and one may hear a lady, whose baggage consists of thirty-five trunks, addressed by another, who travels with only thirty, in this way:—"No, my dear, I have brought absolutely nothing with me; just a couple of evening gowns and a tiara or two, and, perhaps, a few necklaces. When one is travelling, you know——. And then, in camp, it would be too tiresome having detectives about you all the time."

December 16. *Nearing Port Said.*—A new and tremendous sensation! Not only are we approaching what is undoubtedly part of the land of the ancient Pharaohs, but the very sea in this neighbourhood is hallowed by recent association with the Right Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN. Now for the first time since leaving Marseilles we are to touch at least the remote fringe of his wake. I will write more next week, but my heart is just now too full for words, and the luncheon-gong has sounded. O. S.

THE NEW "ROADS" SCHOLARS.

[A Scholarship in Road Locomotion or Cycle Engineering is to be offered to the Midland University.]

LIGHT of the Midlands! happy Birmingham!
Training alumni in that useful lore
Which Isis and which Cam
Eternally ignore!

Within thy groves co-educated youth
(Aspiring Boy with Academic Maid)
May realise how Truth
Goes hand-in-hand with Trade.

The market there they diligently watch,
Taught by thy Faculty of Commerce: there
All on the hop they catch
The fluctuating share:

There, in their callings several, Degrees
Butchers and Bakers annually take:
By studying for these
They learn to butch and bake.

But most he satisfies the craving mind,
The youth who wins 'mid his competing peers
A Scholarship, designed
For Cycle Engineers!

The studious boy whom some paternal shop
Has daily taught with profitable toil
'Mid chains and cranks to drop
The lubricating oil—

To him some sage of Coventry shall show
(Perchance) the principles by which you may
An Epic Cycle know
From Cycles of Cathay:

Or may the soaring fantasy suppose
Some student pale, on arts linguistic set,
Doing for Latin Prose
The C. T. C. Gazette?

Oh no! a language fortunately dead
In vain employs her blandishments on him:
Daily he 'll learn instead
What brakes control the rim:

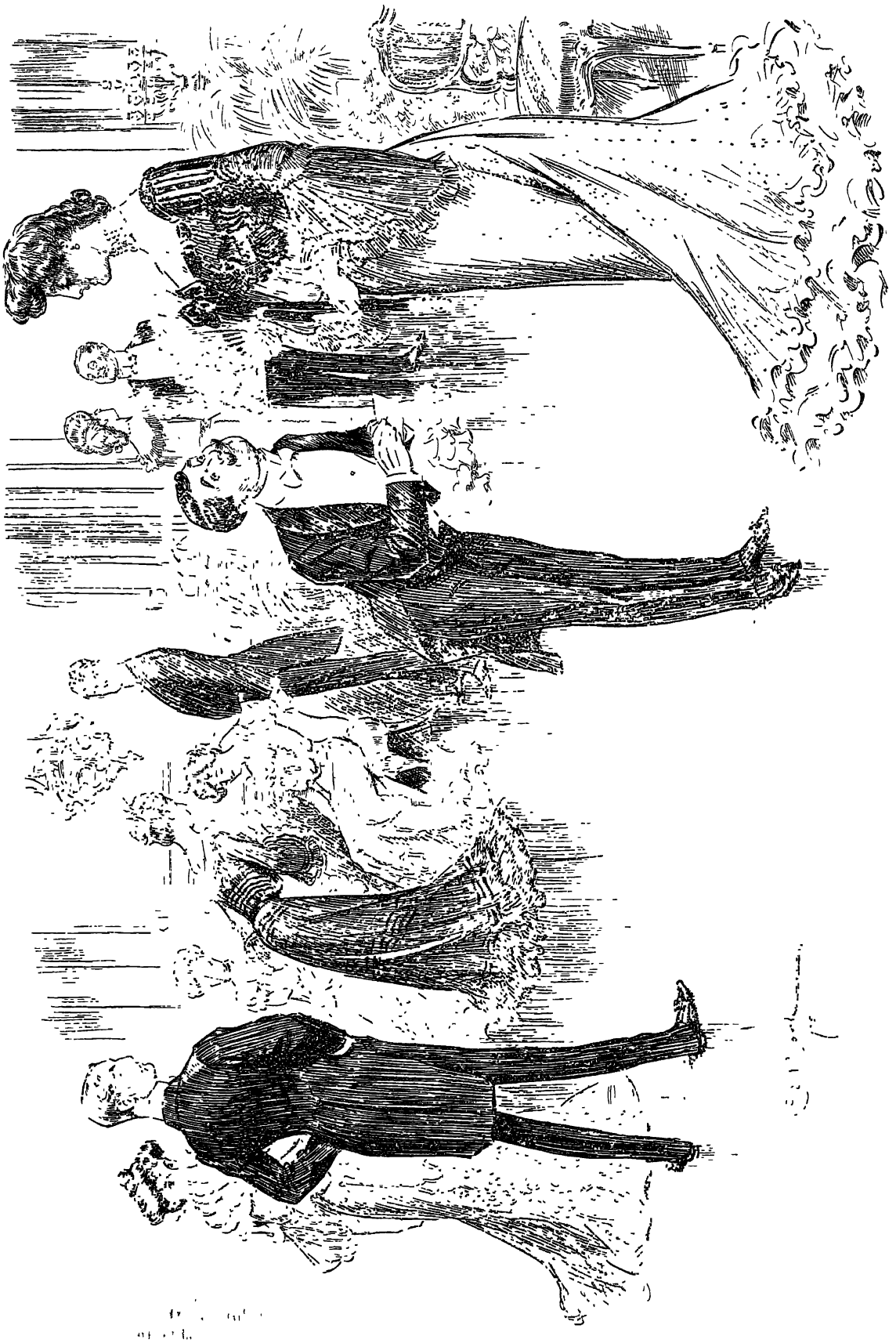
Treading the cinderpath of knowledge, he
Will realise the difference betwixt
Such wheels as circle free
And such as move, tho' fixt.

Why should the pedagogue and why the Don
With learning frivolous the mind fulfil?
Why waste our time upon
The Education Bill?

Books cause the brain quite needlessly to ache: [sphere
But O, the pastor's and the master's
Is this alone—to make
The Cycle Engineer!



Girl (new to India). "EXCUSE ME, BUT CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO KINKLE LODGE?"
He. "DON'T KNOW IT BY NAME. WHAT'S IT LIKE?"
Girl. "OH, WHITEWASHED—THATCHED ROOF—WITH A VERANDAH."
He (still unenlightened). "THEY 'RE ALL LIKE THAT. TELL ME WHO LIVES THERE. I'M SURE TO KNOW THEM."
Girl. "WHY I DO!"



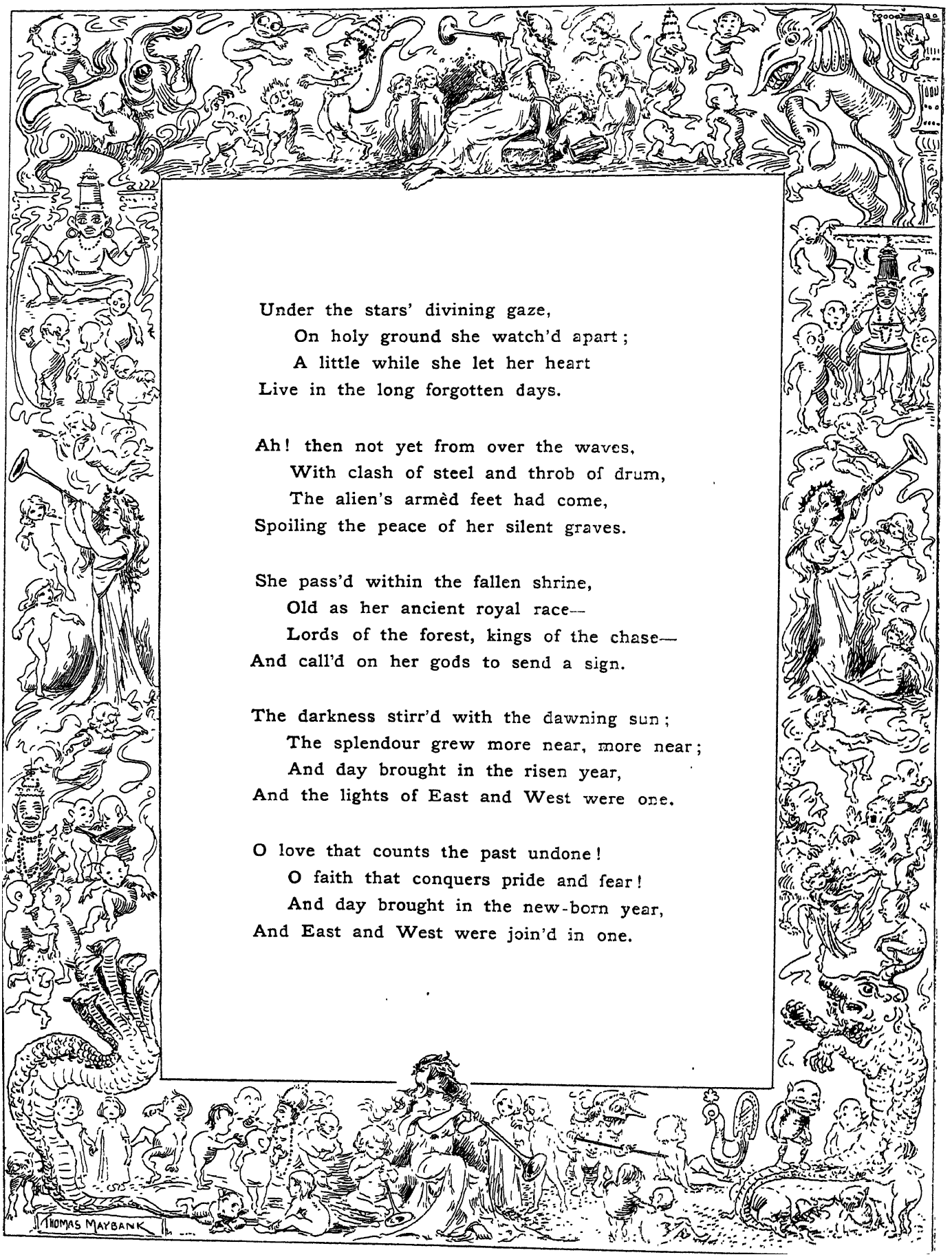
Little Dobbs (who is a good dancer, but has let his partner down with a crash). "THAT WAS MY VERY FIRST ACCIDENT. WILL YOU GIVE ME A DANCE?"

She (majestically). "CERTAINLY, WITH PLEASURE. I NEVER LET A MAN DOWN IN MY LIFE!"

PUNCH

A REVERIE OF TEE CASE

JAN. 7. 1903



Under the stars' divining gaze,
On holy ground she watch'd apart;
A little while she let her heart
Live in the long forgotten days.

Ah! then not yet from over the waves,
With clash of steel and throb of drum,
The alien's armèd feet had come,
Spoiling the peace of her silent graves.

She pass'd within the fallen shrine,
Old as her ancient royal race—
Lords of the forest, kings of the chase—
And call'd on her gods to send a sign.

The darkness stirr'd with the dawning sun;
The splendour grew more near, more near;
And day brought in the risen year,
And the lights of East and West were one.

O love that counts the past undone!
O faith that conquers pride and fear!
And day brought in the new-born year,
And East and West were join'd in one.



Lento, mesto. (♩=76.)

VOICE.

ACCOMPT.

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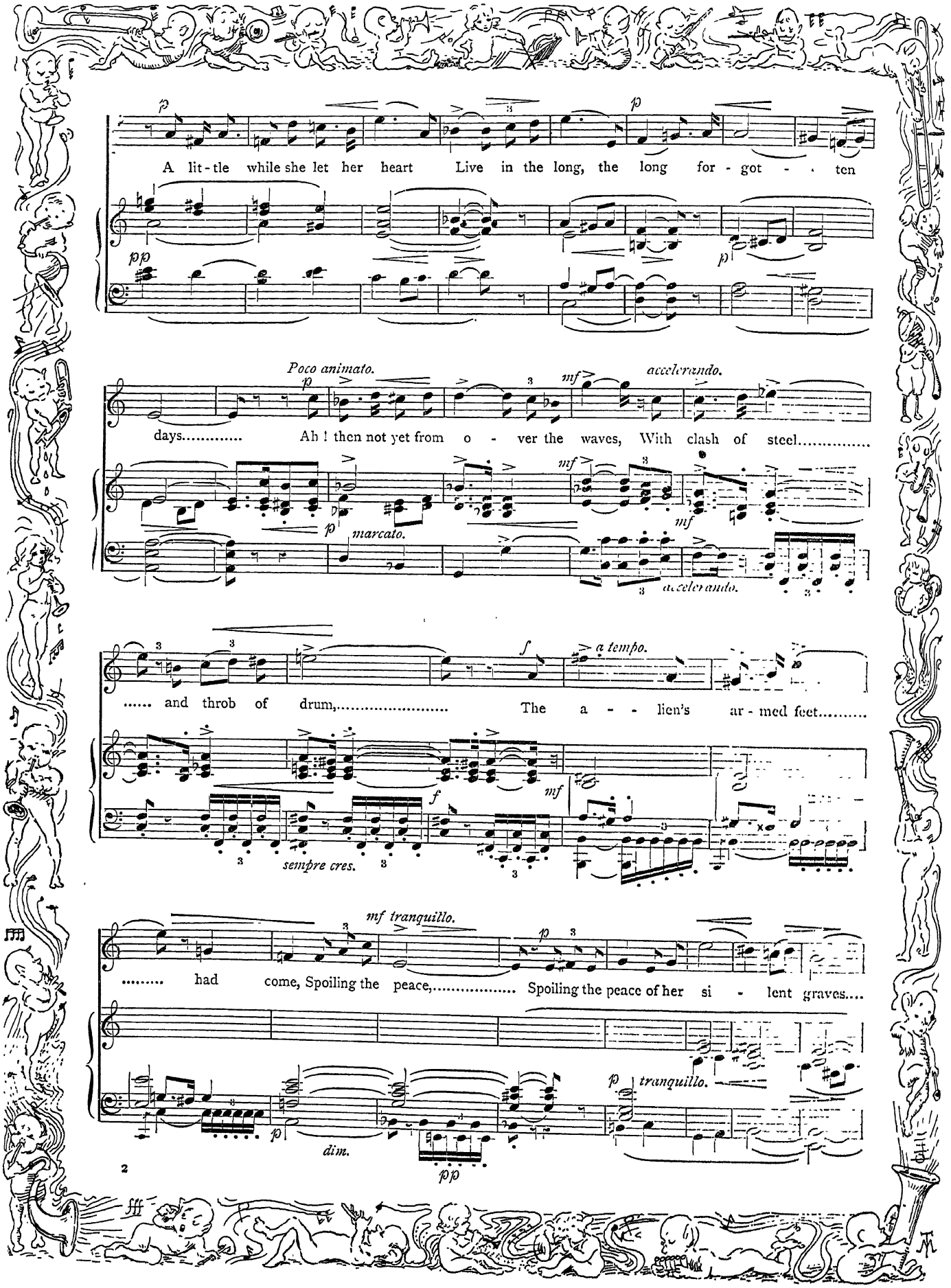
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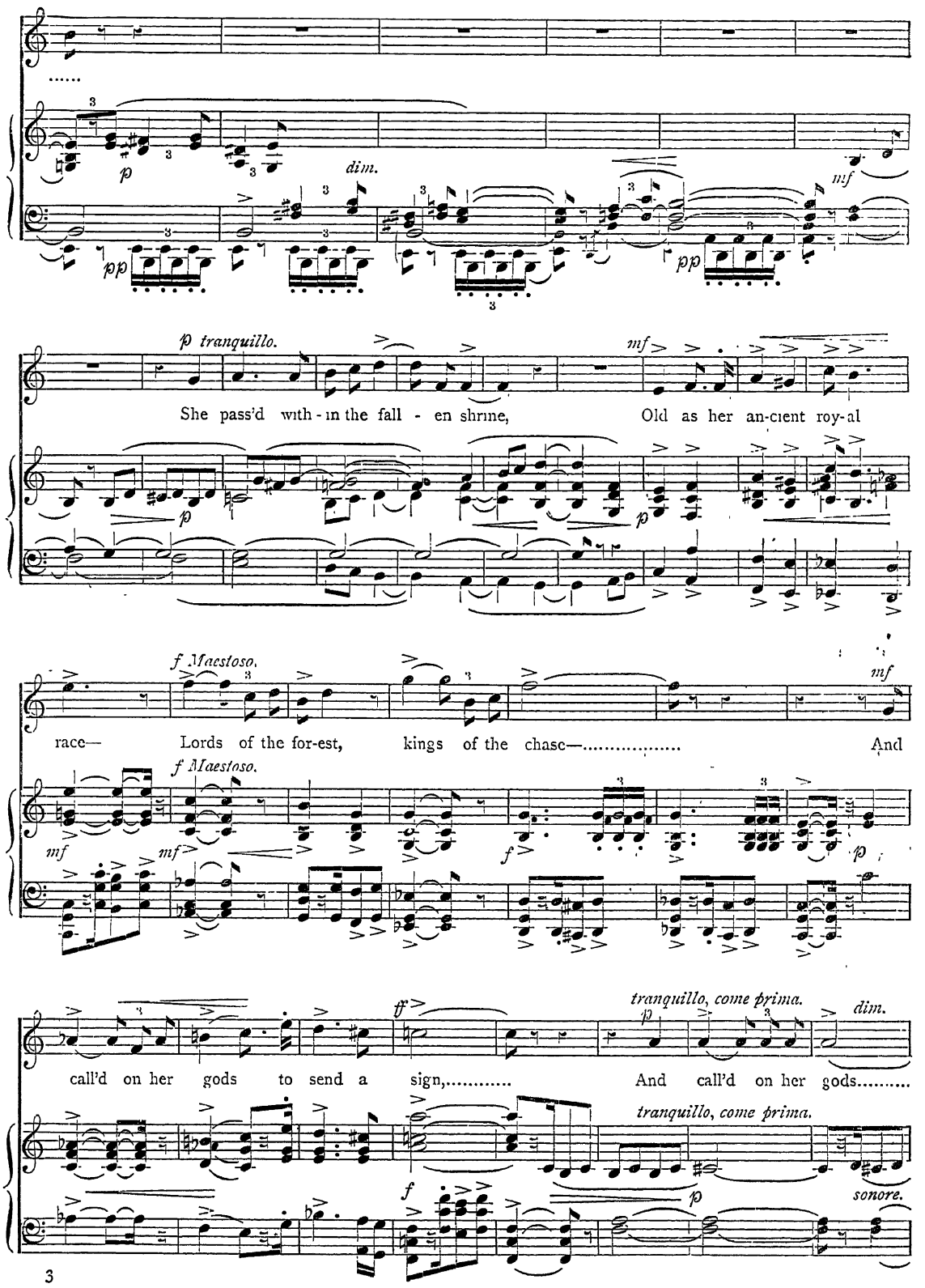
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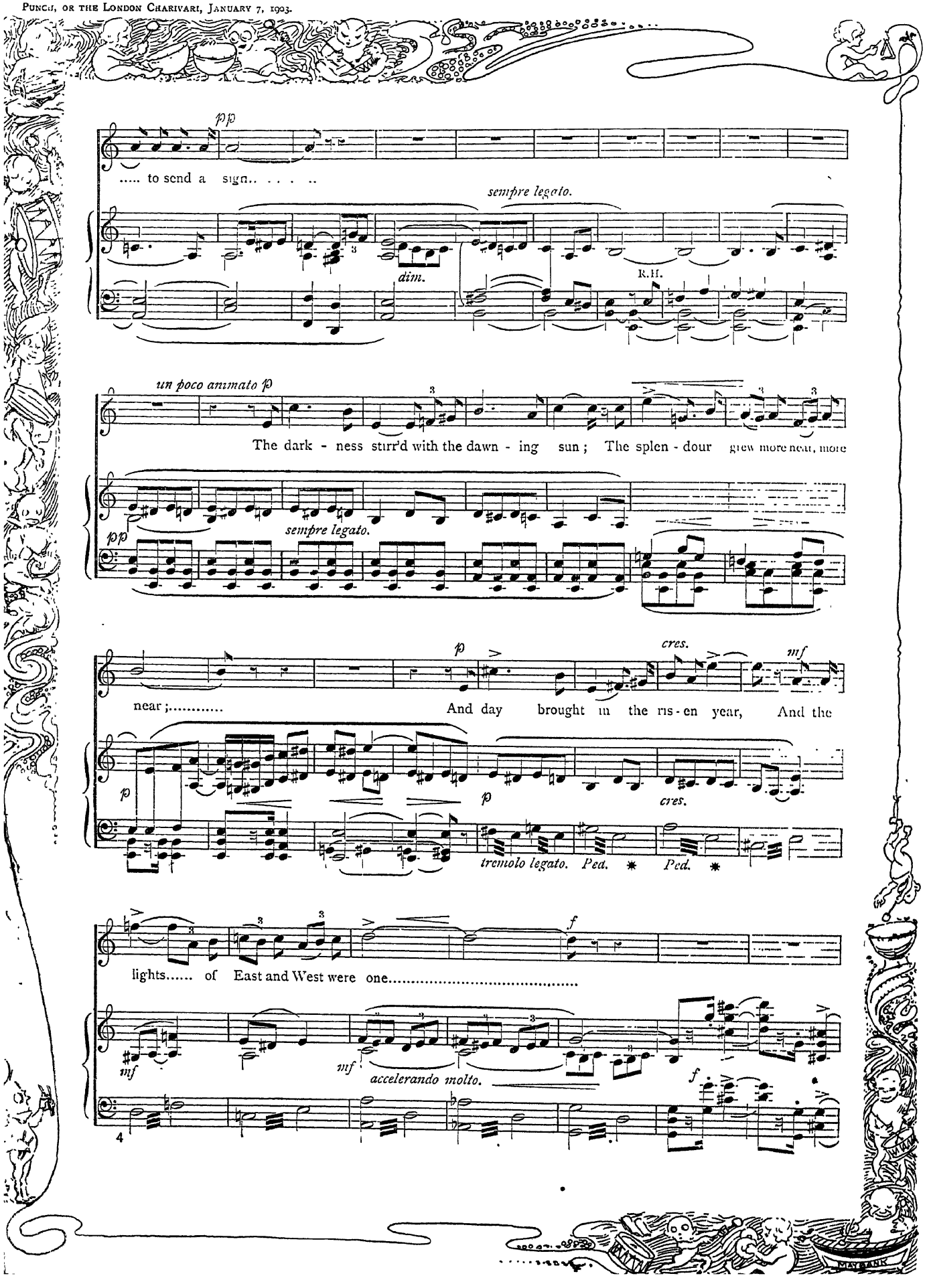
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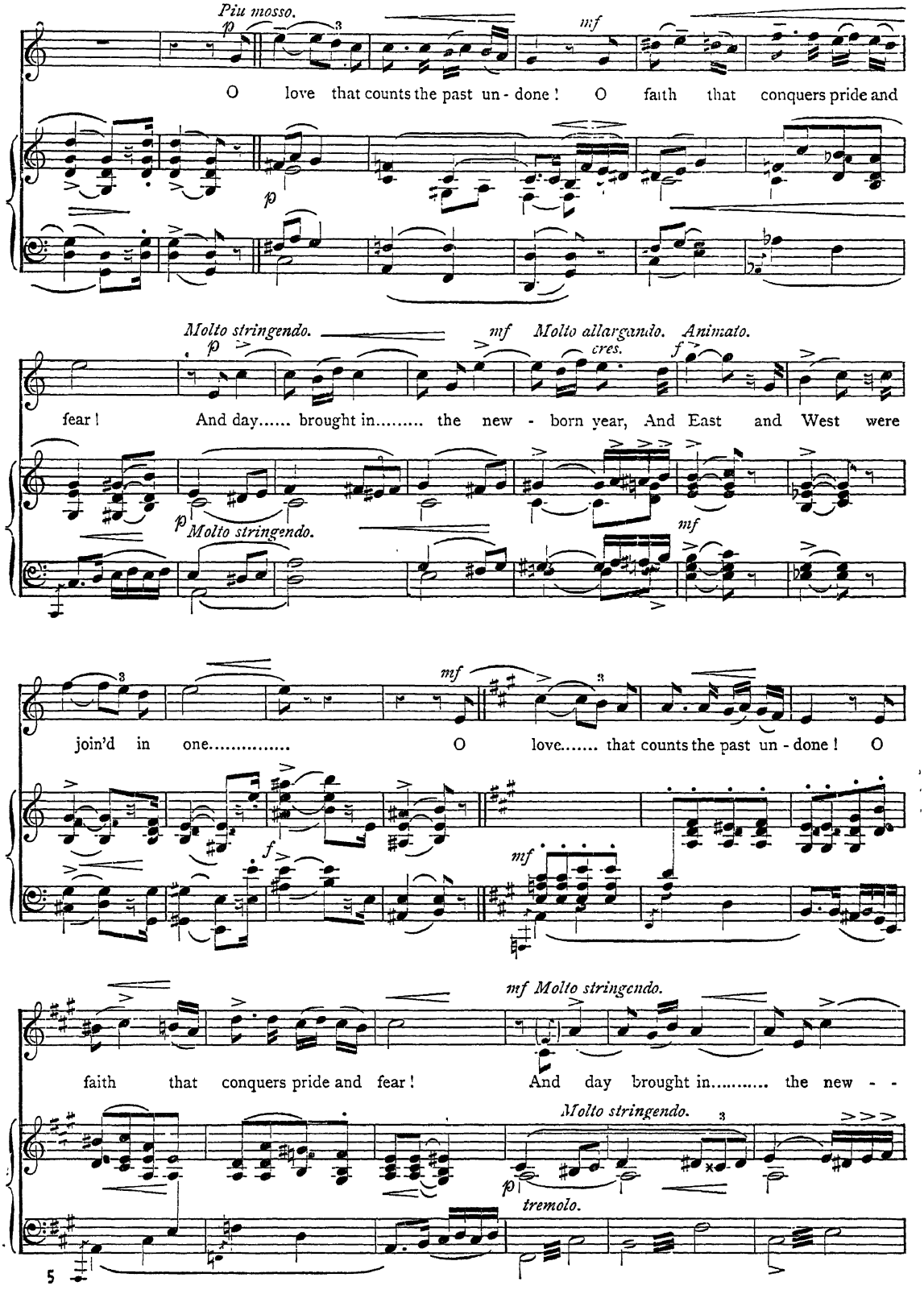
gaze, On ho - ly ground she watch'd..... a - part;.....
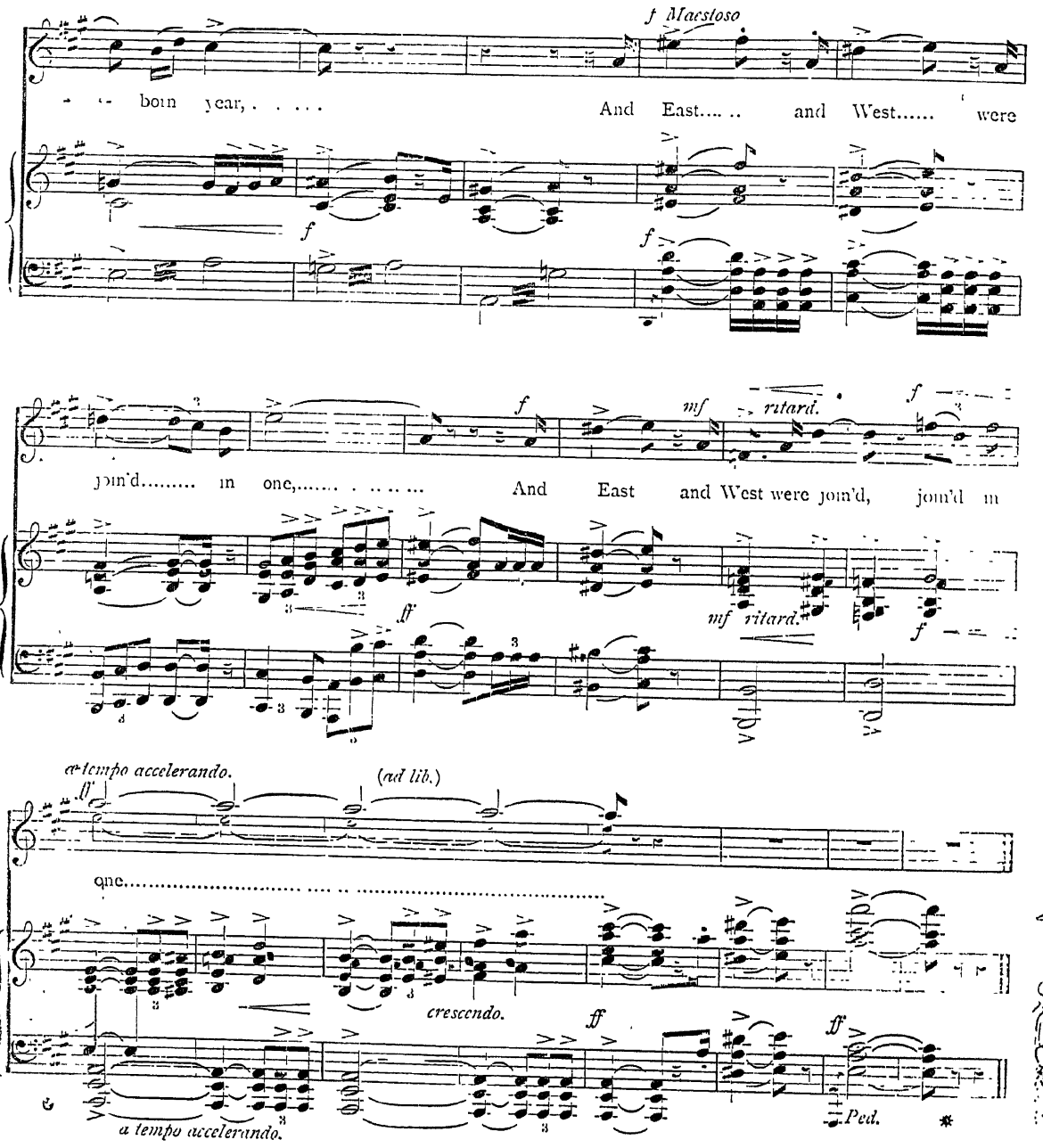
p *p* *dol.*


A lit-tle while she let her heart Live in the long, the long for-got-ten
Poco animato.
accelerando.
days..... Ah! then not yet from o-ver the waves, With clash of steel.....
marcato.
accelerando.
..... and throb of drum,..... The a-lien's ar-med feet.....
a tempo.
sempre cres.
mf tranquillo.
..... had come, Spoiling the peace,..... Spoiling the peace of her si-lent graves....
tranquillo.
dim.


p
dim.
pp
mf
p tranquillo.
She pass'd with - in the fall - en shrine,
Old as her an-cient roy-al
f Maestoso.
race—
Lords of the for-est,
kings of the chase—
And
tranquillo, come prima.
call'd on her gods to send a sign,
And call'd on her gods
sonore.


pp
..... to send a sign.. . . . ..
sempre legato.
dim.
R.H.
un poco animato p
The dark - ness stirr'd with the dawn - ing sun; The splen - dour grew more near, more
sempre legato.
pp
p
cres.
mf
near;..... And day brought in the ris - en year, And the
p
p
cres.
tremolo legato. Ped. * Ped. *
f
lights..... of East and West were one.....
mf
mf
accelerando molto.
f
4


Piu mosso.
p
mf
O love that counts the past un - done ! O faith that conquers pride and
p
Molto stringendo.
p
mf Molto allargando.
cres.
Animato.
f
fear ! And day..... brought in..... the new - born year, And East and West were
p
Molto stringendo.
mf
mf
join'd in one..... O love..... that counts the past un - done ! O
f
mf
mf Molto stringendo.
faith that conquers pride and fear ! And day brought in..... the new - -
Molto stringendo.
p
tremolo.



A. C. Mackenzie

T. MAYBANK

Bradbury, Agnew & Co., Ld., Printers, London and Tonbridge.

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.



IT is of course scarcely feasible to give here more than a mere synopsis or syllabub of leading scenes in a drama of such enormity. However, a single glass may be sometimes more than sufficient for the good judge of wine!

I have endeavoured to follow Mrs. SHELLY'S original text as slavishly as possible, and shall honourably award her credit for any speeches, incidents, &c., which are borrowed out of book. By this means I hope to avoid condemnation for any portions that may be open to criticism as lacking in plausibility, or even in the ordinary amenities of tragical requirements. H. B. J.

The Scene is Mr. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN'S *Laboratory Workcell in the University of Ingolstadt. It is sumptuously furnished with a large-sized Galvanical battery, crucibles, stuffed crocodiles, and other indispensable paraphernalias suitable to a young Scientific Student. At the back is an arras-curtain, hermetically closed.*

At the ascension of the curtain, FRISCHEN and LISCHEN (acting under capacity of servants or *Khansamas*) are hot busy with dusting household gods. They converse together loquaciously. "Why is Mr. FRANKENSTEIN so phenomenally addicted to brainwork as to deny himself the most mediocre spree?" "What is this funny and mysterious labour at which he is pegging away under a rose behind the arras?" &c. FRISCHEN is a dull, while LISCHEN is of jokish proclivities, and this introductory scene (which is *not* in the original) is intended not only to excite the beholders to uncontrollable merriment, but also render them agog with curiosity.

Then Mr. FRANKENSTEIN enters from behind the arras. He is of juvenile exterior, with a countenance sicklied o'er, like a pale cast. The band should play some tune or other on his appearance.

Mr. Frank. It is a dreary night in November—but I am shortly to behold the accomplishment of my toils!

[*Taken from book; the two* Menials *express polite exultation at such good news, and exit salaaming.*

After this two University Professors arrive, to pay a complimentary visit.

M. Krempe (*a squat, gruff-voiced, repulsive Natural Philosophy Professor*). Good evening. (*With a sly smile*) How are you getting on with *Paracelsus Agrippa* and *Cornelius Magnus?* You are squandering precious time on such exploded and piffling pundits.

M. Waldman (*a short, mild, erect Chemical Professor, with a few grey hairs on his temple, and those at back of head black, with a sweet voice—as in story*). Do not summon him over coals for such pursuits. He is already a *facile princeps* amongst our College-boys, and has discovered important improvements in chemical implements. (*See MS. for this statement*)

M. Krempe. No doubt he is soon to find out the Elixir of Life! [*He neighs contemptuously.*

Mr. F. (*aside*). They little suspect that I am engaged in the composition of a large-sized mechanism in flesh and blood! (*Aloud*) I have been trying my hand at raising ghosts and devils, but have hitherto met with no luck.

[*Taken from book.*

M. Krempe. You surprise me! But a little bird informed me that you have been spending days and nights in vaults and charnel-houses. [*Adopted from original text.*

Mr. F. (*reluctantly*). Such officious volatiles are not always mere *canards*. It is a *ben trovato*.

M. Waldman (*kindly*). Youth will have its fling. And even in a tomb it is possible to pick up useful information.

Mr. F. So I have found. For, by observing the natural decay and corruption of human bodies, I have analysed the *minutiæ* of sensation, discovered the causes of Life and Death, and am learning to bestow animation on lifeless matter. [*Another verbatim quotation from book.*

M. Waldman (*pleasantly*). Bravo! You are indeed the promising pupil!

M. Krempe (*sardonically*). May I ask whether he has any wool to show for such a magnificent cry?

Mr. F. Up to date the golden egg of my hopes is still to be hatched. I entreat you not to pester me with further inquiries, since even the mildest bookworm will turn if too severely pressed!

Both Professors. We are unwilling to flagellate such a willing horse by indiscreet cross-examinations.

[*They discourse for a while on the metaphysical secrets of the world, the Theory of the Unconditioned, and similar topics, before taking their leave with best wishes for some lucky windfall.*

Mr. F. then has a fine soliloquy, which (if I have time) I intend to polish up into blanker versification.

[*While he is reciting this the band is to blow some solemn airs.*

'Tis now the very witches' time of night, when churchyard graves give up their great conundrums! Behind yon arras lies the giant frame, with fibre, nerves, and muscles all complete, patched up from most inadequate materials. I fashioned it of Brobdingnagian size, finding it easier than to frame a Pigmy, and every feature is selected from authenticated Grecian statuaries—old PERICLES, and MICHEL-ANGELO, to make my mould of form quite *comme il faut*. Why linger longer? All is cut and dried! I've but to switch the electric current on, and, stimulated by the vital spark, my creature shuffles on its mortal coil—and I shall soon observe some lively symptoms!

[*Turns handle of Galvanical machine. Weird melancholy music is heard. For several minutes it appears as if he is but to milk a ram—but at length a blood-curdling sigh emerges through the draperies.*

Mr. F. (*overjoyed*). Toll-de-roll-loll! *Tant mieux!* Hip-hip-hip-hip! At last my monstrous chick hath burst his shell! I'm all on tenterhooks till I behold the net result of such a great Eureka!

[*He goes to the hangings, all of a twitter with excitement, and draws back the hangings. Instantaneously his eyes start from their spheres like stars, and his bedded hair is erected by an awfully alarming spectacle. A huge Monster, eight feet in stature, with dull yellowish orbs, long lustrous locks, straight black lips, pearly teeth, and a shrivelled complexion* (description faithfully

copied from book) *is seen standing in the moonrays—which will have to be provided artificially.*

N.b.—The tragedian who is to perform the Monster will of course be raised on stilts, and also wear a hideous mask, as customary in ancient classical dramas by ARISTOPHANES, ARISTOTELES & Co., or—in more modern times—with small London juveniles on 5th of Novr. anniversaries.—H. B. J.

[*The* Monster's *cheeks are wrinkled by a grin, as he jabbers in inarticulate style, as if trying to complain that he is in puris naturalibus and consequently cool as a custard. If preferred, he could be robed in some blanket or counterpane.*

With a cry of irrepressible funkiness Mr. F. *pulls the arras together, and excludes the grim-visaged scarecrow from the horrified visions of the spectators. Then he has another soliloquy, which may compare not unworthily with similar and rather over-rated passages in "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark."*

Mr. F. Angels and Clergymen of grace defend us! Was it a spirit that I saw before me? Did *I* create that hideous concern—worse than the wildest dreams of Poet DANTE? [*See book for this.*] I fear I have produced a sad *fiasco*, and all my rosy hopes of gaining *kudos* are nipped in bud by this most shocking frost! Oh, beetle-headed ninny that I've been! *Cui bono* to have wasted time and thought in the construction of a mere *bête noire!*

[*He staggers into a chair, weeping profusely. Presently, vociferous knockings are heard on the exterior of his door, at which he jumps about in paralysed dismay.*

[I beg that I may not be prematurely charged here with plagiaristic copying from the play of *Macbeth;* it will soon appear that I have treated the scene in very very different fashion.—H. B. J.]

[*The knockings are repeated. At last* Mr. F., *bucking himself together with a mighty effort, ejaculates faintly,* "*Come in!*"

Then—but the remainder of this First Act is too stupendously thrilling to be summarised in a bald perfunctory form. The palpitating reader is kindly requested to suspend his impatience for another week.

Any theatrical managers who are competent to construct a *Herculem ex pede* can secure acting rights at once by cabling terms to "JABBERJEE, Calcutta," and I respectfully inform them that all proposals will be attended to in strict chronological order. No reasonable offer refused.—H. B. J.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. V.—IN AMERICA.

THE late Mr. JAMES PAYN on coming to stay in a country house used always to address his host in the following words: "Please take me at once to see the stables, the horses, the cattle, the dogs and the greenhouses, and let's get it over." In a similar spirit my readers, I know, will wish me, in writing of America, to say at once, first, that blood is thicker than water (though it passes my comprehension to imagine why anyone should ever have thought that it was thinner, or why so obvious a platitude should have brought comfort and inspiration to so many reasonable human beings), and, secondly, that the peace and prosperity of mankind depend upon the continued friendship of the two great branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Having cleared out of the way these two inevitabilities, I can proceed to advise the travelling youth how he may best secure the affection and esteem of our sensitive but warm-hearted kinsfolk across the Atlantic.

I will assume that you are an average healthy well-developed young Englishman. You have been at a public school; possibly a University has hall-marked you with the mystical letters B.A. Presumably, therefore, you have been completely educated. The question, however, is not how well you can foil a bowler or scatter a batsman's wickets, or row, or kick an inflated pigskin, or write a copy of Latin Alcaics, or toy with pure mathematics—but rather, what do you know of America and the Americans? Some vague notions of the country and its inhabitants you have probably acquired. The former, you suppose, is large; the latter, you imagine, all talk through their noses and are busily engaged in capturing our ocean steamers and annihilating our commerce. You have heard somewhere—it's really wonderful how these scraps of useful knowledge will insist on penetrating into the most unlikely places—that America once belonged to England, and that then GEORGE WASHINGTON or General GRANT, or somebody with a name like that, came along and persuaded his unhappy countrymen to set up on their own account without a King, or a House of Lords, or a Lord Mayor, or palaces, or fox-hunting, or respectful peasants, or anything else that makes life not only tolerable but delightful in England. You have a general idea that American men are either millionaires or colonels or judges. In a way, of course, they are foreigners and yet they speak English—through the nose, *bien entendu.* You can't understand quite clearly why they should do this, foreigners for the most part talking either French or German, the former for choice, but in some obscure fashion you believe it is a compliment to your native land, an indirect acknowledgment of that superiority over all other nations which you know to be hers. You, therefore, feel on the whole kindly disposed towards America. There must be some substratum of good in a people who try their best to talk English.

As to American women, you are convinced they are all very tall and very beautiful; that they say amusing things in a droll peculiar way; that they call their father "Poppa," and their mother "Mumma," and that their society would be eminently desirable if they were not so disagreeably clever, and knew so much about books and history and poetry and foreign countries, and all the sort of tommy rot that only a few very advanced and unpleasant men in England ever trouble themselves to think of.

As to the country itself, why you've heard of New York, Boston and Chicago (the place where an animal goes in at one end of a shed as a pig and comes out at the other in about a minute's time as sausages); the rest of the land you believe to be prairie, with a few ranches dotted about it, and occasional cowboys and miners (though why the miners should be there you can't conceive), all of them wearing slouch hats and long leggings, and perpetually engaged, so to speak, in eking out a precarious livelihood by shooting one another with revolvers, or stabbing one another to death with bowie knives, or lynching negroes in the presence of immense mobs. It must be so, for a chap you know once met another chap who had been there, and who said that these things always happened. Besides, you've read books by a fellow called BRET HARTE, and others, in which such incidents are much dwelt upon.

Equipped therefore with this compendious knowledge of America, its people and its institutions, you land one fine day in New York with a mind only slightly shaken in its attitude of complacent tolerance by the Americans you have met on board, and by the Customs inspectors, who have compelled you with polite phrases to acknowledge yourself a British subject, and to make a declaration as to your personal luggage and belongings.

(*To be continued.*)

GOOD AUGURY FROM THE NEW ARCHBISHOP'S NAME.—DAVID'S son was SOLOMON the Wise.



WHAT PRICE PEACE?

HIBERNIA. "ARRAH NOW, MISTHER BULL, SURE THEY 'VE PROMISED TO BE GOOD LITTLE GOSSOONS, AN' NOT FIGHT ANNY MORE. WON'T YE GIVE THEM A THRIFLE TO PUT IN THEIR MONEY-BOXES?"

CONFESSIONS OF CRINOLINE.

[In presenting this specimen of literature *à la mode*, *Mr. Punch* wishes it to be understood that its authorship is a Profound Secret.]

To lay bare a woman's soul—that is why I have taken my pen in hand. To lay bare a woman's soul. There; I have said it twice; and if I said it ten times more, that would be twelve. Ah, dread mystery of arithmetic! Oh, grey, grim task of introspection!

Sometimes I wonder why I am so beautiful. Save for a chronic roseate flush at the end of my nose, I can find no flaw, no imperfection. And yet, beneath this fair and exquisite countenance, Greek-like in its perfect repose, lie potential blizzards of passion, compact of volcanic fires. Little do they suspect, those others! But to you, my reader, to you I will lay bare a woman's soul. That 's three times I 've said it.

I am staying in a big country house. They have given me the Blue Room; not altogether inappropriately, you will think, when you have read some of my book. It looks out into the garden, and in the garden the flowers grow—or would do if it were summer. In my room is a picture, and it is fastened to the wall by a nail and a piece of wire. On the mantelpiece are two vases. The dressing-table is close to the window, and there is a looking-glass on it. Why do I tell you all this? Really, I do not know, unless it is that you may understand my environment aright. Oh, opaline fog of existence!

My love-attack came on to-day while I was journeying here. (Once a day regularly I fall headlong in love, and never twice with the same man.) To-day's hero was a porter at Diddleton Junction. Seldom have I seen a more gracious presence than his. Here were no meagre outlines, no niggardly suggestions; it abounded, 'twas unstinted profuseness made visible. Fifteen stone at least he must have weighed. I asked him from which platform my train would leave. "Number Two," quoth he—and his voice was dulcet-sweet! My heart was his, I felt; his irretrievably. Thrice more, at intervals of a few minutes, I repeated to him my stupid question about the platform. Convention limits us to these trite commonplaces! And I could think of nothing else to say, unless I drew him to my arms and claimed him as my own, and the others might . . . pah! we are cowards, the best of us. Alack! My hero read not the unspoken love-message of my eyes. And when, soon after, for the seventh time I repeated my question—simply for the sheer joy of hearing his voice—he seemed vexed, and moved away. Of such tragic texture is life!

This afternoon I walked here from the station. The thought of my porter lingered yet; I could not bear the trivial talk of those driven here in carriages, my fellow-guests. Nought that I saw fitted my mood, until I chanced upon a dark and dirty duck-pond. Here was sympathy made concrete and visible! With a little yelp I rushed towards it, dangled my feet in its wave, its turbid wave, and raised my voice in strange, wild crooning . . . thus it was that the farmer found me. He said . . . no matter what. But I had found sympathy from the pond.

There is the dressing-bell. And my feet are wet! Oh, strange irony of things! I must lay bare a woman's sole! . . . .



COLD COMFORT.

Traveller (*waiting for Train already twenty minutes late*). "PORTER, WHEN DO YOU EXPECT THAT TRAIN TO COME IN?"

Porter. "CAN'T SAY, SIR. BUT THE LONGER YOU WAITS FOR IT, THE MORE SURE 'TIS TO COME IN THE NEXT MINUTE."

SERVED HOT.—Glowing illustrated account in *Sketch* last week of the Hon. C. S. ROLLS, "a motorist who combines wonderful 'dash' with superb skill." Ahem! Rolls and butter.

HYMEN AND THE HERRINGS.

["The success of the English herring fishing continues to have a remarkable effect on the matrimonial market. One Sunday the banns of no fewer than twenty-three fisher couples were published in Buckie parish church, Banffshire."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN the giddy little herrings are a-swimming in the sea,
Many fathoms overhead,
Every fisher lad is dreaming
Of the lass that he would wed,
And a-thinking and a-scheming.
But the happy day seems distant, for, arrange it as you will,
It is difficult to marry when your capital is nil.

When the foolish little herrings get entangled in the net
By the tail or by the nose
(But these matters I 'm not wise on),
All becomes *couleur de rose*
On the fisher lad's horizon;
And a distant sound of wedding bells seems wafted o'er the main,
As he feels the net each moment growing heavy with the strain.

When the gasping little herrings have been hauled upon the deck,
Into baskets they are shot,
And are packed away in dozens—
Such a miscellaneous lot,
With their uncles, aunts and cousins.
As he gloats upon the numbers, then the fisher lad 's aware
There 's a scent of orange blossom on the highly perfumed air.

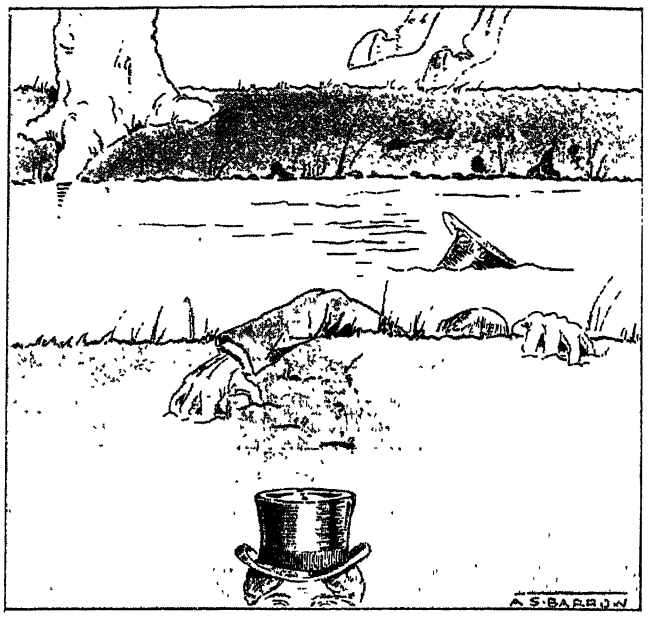
When the late lamented herrings have been safely brought to land,
And the market simply teems
With the tales of record capture,
Then away with idle dreams!
The reality is rapture.
So the fisher lad 's no longer undecided in his plans,
And he doesn't lose a single day in putting up the banns.

So the useful little herrings go their ordinary way,
Till upon a dish they 're laid,
And with knife and fork they 're sliced on.
But they 've helped a man and maid
Get the money to be spliced on.
So the next time you have herrings for your breakfast or your tea,
As you gently pick the bones out, you should murmur, "R. I. P."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Assistant Reader desires to call the attention of the English public to *Letters of a Self-made Merchant to his Son*, a book written by GEORGE LORRIMER and published by SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., of Boston, Mass. For dry caustic humour, pithy common-sense and good advice, relieved by excellent stories capitally told, the A. R. has not lately read anything that nearly equals these letters. They are supposed to be written by *John Graham*, head of the house of *Graham & Co.*, pork-packers in Chicago, familiarly known on 'Change as "*Old Gorgon Graham*," to his son *Pierrepont*, facetiously known to his intimates as "*Piggy*." They begin with the entrance of "*Piggy*" as a student at Harvard, and follow him through his extravagances, his debts, his efforts at reform, his start in his father's business, and his failures and successes, to an eventual prospect of happy matrimony and commercial prosperity. *Mr. Graham* may have been immersed in pork-packing, but he knew wonderfully well how to write racy English and how to get home every time on his son's weak points. It is to be hoped that the book will soon be published in England.

The Songs of Thomas Love Peacock, published in handy-volume form in the York Library Series (BRIMLEY JOHNSON), remind the Baron of the early George-Meredithian verse. PEACOCK, whether as a writer of verse or prose, never attained any considerable popularity; but in his descriptive style and his somewhat pedantic dialogue lay the germ—at least, so it has always appeared to the Baron—of the literary style gradually developed by the genius of MEREDITH. There is some affinity between the songs of "Father PROUT" and those of THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, as the latter, in the midst of his prose narrative, was wont to "drop into poetry," which amiable weakness gave considerable relief to even his most admiring readers. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



AN IMPRESSIONIST.

"'TIS NOT SO DEEP AS A WELL . . . . . , BUT 'TIS ENOUGH, 'TWILL SERVE."

THE DOMINANT NOTE.

OYSTERS are usually fed on sewage, and give typhoid fever.
Pork pies and all tinned foods give ptomaine poisoning.
Ale contains arsenic, and gives neuritis.
White bread contains arsenic.
Milk contains boracic acid.
Sugar gives gout.
The tannin in tea destroys the coats of the stomach.
Turkey is rich.
Pork takes five hours to digest.
No one knows how long plum pudding and mince pies take to digest.
Everything is likely to give indigestion.
Indigestion leads to chronic dyspepsia.
Whether you are poisoned or are suffering from chronic dyspepsia, you may become an inmate of twenty hospitals and consult fifty eminent physicians, but they will do you no good.
"Quackem's Pills" have cured millions, and would cure *you*.

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

THE Durbar has come and gone! No more is the cry of "Walk up! walk up, just a-goin' to begin!" heard in the land. Not "a nine days' wonder;" indeed, for the matter of that, scarcely an inside of a week's wonder. Swift and brilliant as a flash of lightning. *Et après? nous verrons.* The magnificent *tohu-bohu* is at an end, and "the Empire is Peace." The tents so striking are now struck; the properties and "appointments," in fact the "whole bag of tricks, *toute la boutique*," has been by now packed up. The costumes are once more stored away in the wardrobes whence they had been brought out, where they will remain ticketed, dated, and laid up in lavender until required for some future Durbar Drama. The carpenters have cleared the stage; the dancing girls have returned to their "marble halls"; grooms, ostlers, with handy-men, are sweeping up the saw-dust; the "supers" have been paid off, the baby elephant has returned to his cradle; the big elephants give a sigh of relief on being dismantled (for they all agreed that "caparisons are odorous"), and their trumpets sound a joyful note as they resume their ordinary avocations. All is over, shouting included; and, as the old song records of events after the decease of the crafty miller,—

"The world goes on the same as before."

The South African performance is in for a longer run, the principal character in it having long speeches that can't possibly be "cut." But not until *Mr. Punch's* Pilgrim Commissioners have finished their specially interesting and unique report will the last word concerning the Delhi Durbar have been uttered.

Vivat India! Vivat Imperator et Rex! "Sic transit gloria mundi!" And may our own shadow never be less!

SEASONABLE SALUTES.

TAKING Lord CURZON'S hint as to the orientalising of our institutions, it has been decided to acclimatise the Indian system of conferring honour by the medium of salutes. We understand that the following awards have been made:—

Dr. Clifford.—A permanent salute of nine angry canons.

Mr. Chamberlain.—A temporary salute of seventeen screw guns.

Lord Avebury.—A permanent salute of the hundred best maxims.

Mr. Louis Wain.—A salvo of Mausers.

Mr. Peter Robinson.—A permanent salute of innumerable pom-poms.

Messrs. Day and Martin.—A salute of thirteen Whitehead torpedoes.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—A very pretty wedding recently took place at the Registrar's, Whitechapel. The contracting parties were Mr. JOE CROWBAR, only son of the late JIM CROWBAR, who fell gallantly at Newgate, and Miss 'ARRIET SMITH. The bride, who wore as her only ornament a lovely black eye, a recent gift of the bridegroom, looked charming in her Worth (not much) gown, and hat with large feathers. After the ceremony the happy couple left by Underground Railway for King's Cross *en route* for Haggerston, where the honeymoon will be spent.

ANTIQUARIAN AND ARCHITECTURAL.—To Lord CURZON OF KEDLESTON belongs one of the oldest houses in the world. Kedleston Hall was built by ADAM! It was one of the very few only slightly affected (probably in the basement and cellars) by the Deluge. It is interesting to note in the *Daily Chronicle's* paragraph, last Saturday, on this subject that ADAM'S *prénom* was ROBERT. This is among "things not generally known."



With Apologies to Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty."

LOVE, IF THAT MUFF CAN BE SO LARGE,
HOW LARGE THOSE HIDDEN HANDS MUST BE!

A SORE POINT.

It was perfectly clear I was out of the running,
My mortification I could not disguise,
They paced in the shadow, the company shunning,
Soul leaping to soul, through their eloquent eyes.
Devotion of years had I lavished in vain,
But the luck took a turn—when he trod on her train.

There sounded a rip, as if stitches were slitting,
The lady herself was brought up with a jerk;
He smiled his excuses, facetiously fitting
The little mishap with a humorous quirk.
Poor innocent fool!—I emerged from my gloom,
For I read in her look his immutable doom.

Her peach-blossom face wore a look so malignant,
His dexterous epigram faltered and failed,
Her eye scattered lightnings forbidding, indignant,
His ardour was quenched and his countenance paled,
While she riddled his length with a fire of disdain,
From his head to his foot (on her gossamer train).

So—she took me instead—and our days pass serenely;
I look out for breakers and mind where I steer;
She sweeps o'er the carpet majestic and queenly,
I follow—a yard and a half in the rear;
My duties are heavy, but perfectly plain:
To work for her, love her, and keep off her train.

NEW EXPLETIVE FOR GOLFERS.—Assouan!

A VISIT TO THE POLEMICON.

(By our own Special Puff-Writer.)

I COULD hardly recognise the once dingy old establishment in Pall Mall when I again visited it under its new auspices. Where dulness and apathy had before reigned, now all was bustle and activity. Dusty and stuffy offices, where clerks had of old drowsed over the *Times*, or occasionally diverted themselves by criticising the record of some obscure Volunteer private, had given place to bright and airy departments, where shelves, counters, and even their very floors, groaned with wares and contrivances calculated to make the mouths of those whom they were intended to benefit water with anticipation. The whilom clerks themselves, at length aroused from their habitual lethargy, had been transformed into managers, cashiers, showmen, and what not, and were flitting about like so many bees, eager to show by their smartness and attention to duty, their appreciation of the new era of prosperity and usefulness that has recently set in.

By one of these I was received on presenting my credentials, with a smile of welcome.

"We are rather busy just now," he said, "but I can spare you ten minutes. We have just opened three new Departments. Perhaps you would prefer to see those?"

I assented, and followed my guide up the handsome staircase and along a number of spacious corridors, echoing to the feet of the busy throng who were constantly hurrying to and fro along them.

I noticed in passing the Art Tailoring Studio, through the door of which could be counted no less than fifty skilled specialists hard at work designing the monthly patterns for the braid and buttons of officers' uniforms. My conductor also pointed out to me an old gentleman sitting apparently wrapt in meditation in a corner, who, he told me, was exclusively employed in planning a suitable uniform for the head of the establishment; a work requiring much thought, and already the subject of a great deal of very interesting experiment.

The Hat Department, into which we next glanced, was, he informed me with some display of just pride, of peculiar interest as having been the nucleus round which the whole establishment as at present reconstituted had been built up.

The sight of "Spat and Puttee Department" on a glass door made me ask him if there was a Boot Department.

"No," he replied—I thought rather sadly; "at present there seems to be no great scope for originality in boots. But," he added, more cheerfully, "we have hopes."

"We have now come," he continued, opening a door, "to the first of our new Departments, the Furniture Gallery, stored, as you see, with all kinds of our Patent Army Furniture, of which the Gimcrackerei Gesellschaft of the Black Forest is now turning us out no less than three hundred kilometres all told. You will observe that our object is to combine the maximum appearance of elegance or utility with the minimum of cost. Here, for instance, is a piece of imitation mahogany under which any Commanding Officer might be proud to put his legs; and here, again, is a chest of drawers, any one of which will come out, if you only pull hard enough and the knobs hold. And even if they don't, it is of little consequence, all parts being interchangeable."

I expressed my admiration, and we proceeded to the adjoining Glass and China Department, where everything testified to a rigid observance of that truly British principle, that use is a thousand times better than ornament.

"The modern subaltern is more fortunate than his predecessors," I remarked, "in having this store to draw upon at prices suited to his slender purse."

My friend smiled.

"I think you misunderstand our methods," he said. "We do nothing so undignified or unprofitable as to compete with the ordinary shops in selling furniture. By the special and exclusive system of hiring which we have introduced we receive a high rate of interest on our original outlay, and, at the end, have still got the furniture. So you see to what advantage we can conduct our business."

"But you have to take the risk of breakages," I suggested.

"Only to a very trifling extent," was the reply. "Our Chief has been very careful to provide that every breakage shall be strictly examined into by at least a Court of Enquiry, and the larger ones, such as of a mess table or sideboard, would probably be made the subject of a District Court Martial. So, unless it can be proved that the article wilfully came in pieces of itself, it is not likely that in many cases the delinquent will not have to pay."

We next entered the Charger Hire Purchase Department. Naturally the chargers themselves cannot be kept here, but the room was hung round with spiritedly-drawn sections, elevations, and ground plans for the customer's guidance, and I learnt that a live specimen was to be seen at Carlton Mews, a short distance off.

"We have here," explained my cicerone, "a slightly different application of the hire system. The officer makes yearly payments until the total amount is equal to our estimate of the value of the charger, after which it becomes his own: so that he has the satisfaction, so dear to the heart of every true horseman, of ministering to the declining years of his four-footed favourite. And now you have seen everything."

"Are there no more Departments?" I asked.

"Not at present. But we shall shortly have our Saddlery Department, when we have secured a competent staff of inventors; and our Tinned Provision Department, by means of which great economies will be effected in messing, and a more useful class of officer thereby secured than we have at present."

"But what about the Departments for the organisation and administration of the Army that I have been told of?" I queried, in surprise.

My friend smiled again.

"You mustn't believe all you are told," he said. "Those are just our Chief's hobbies, with which he amuses himself in his leisure time. But we are all much too busy for such things here. Good-day!"

SOME DELHITERIOUS REMARKS.

DEL-HI! hi! hi! Back again? You needn't cut me so delhiberately!

So sorry—forgive the delhinquency!

Well, I suppose you found it delhightful?

Yes, I assure you—quite delhicious.

How did you manage to go—as a delhigate of some sort or other?

I went as a Press delhineator.

In Delhi when the Princes greet
Their Emperor with homage meet,
And loyalty's professions,
To him the scene more closely binds
All hearts, and makes upon all minds
In-*Delhi*-ble impressions.

I fancy you are suffering from delhiquescence of the brain!

Glad to be back again. Piccadelhi 's good enough for me!

Going to a concert to-night. Wish I could hear ADELHINA PATTI. Shall I doff my present Indian costume?

That 's a Delhi-kit question.

[*Exeunt.*

THANK GOODNESS!—Last Friday it was rumoured that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN had been shot. There was a report, but no pistol. *Vive* CHAMBERLAIN!

FOOD FOR THE MIND.

["Teach boys to cook. A man who cannot cook his own dinner is but half educated."—*Daily Mail*]

ON arriving at Choppun Taters, a sweetly picturesque little village, we inquired of an intelligent inhabitant the way to St. Savory's College. A walk of five minutes brought us to the headmaster's door. St. Savory's is a handsome stone building, resembling a pork-pie in shape, and decorated in the Gorgian style of architecture.

"Kindly step this way," said the Butler, as he answered our knock. We followed him. He halted before a door, through the keyhole of which floated an appetising smell of cooking.

"Er—if the headmaster is at lunch ——" we began.

"Not at all, Sir," replied the official. "The chef is merely correcting the Sixth Form Irish Stew."

"Come in," said a curiously muffled voice in answer to his knock, and we went in. The chef was standing at a long table, on which were ranged some thirty dishes of Irish stew. He wore a white cap and apron. As we entered he appeared to swallow something, and, turning to a bright, handsome lad of seventeen, remarked, "H'm. Better than last week, but still far from perfect. A false quantity of onions, and the entire composition inclined to be somewhat heavy. You may go."

"Perhaps, as you are engaged——" we began tentatively.

"No, no. Certainly not. Pray be seated. You wished, I believe, to hear something of our educational methods at St. Savory's. Of what use hitherto has a public-school education been to a boy? Well, yes, as you say, he has possibly learned to play with a straight bat. But what else? Nothing, Sir, nothing. All the Greek and Latin he learned he used to forget as soon as he left school. Quite so. Now we, on the other hand, instil knowledge that is really useful, and which cannot be forgotten. We have a large and able staff of under-chefs, and, beginning with theoretical work, the boys rise by regular gradations until, by the time they reach the sixth form, they are capable of turning out a very decent dinner indeed."

"You mentioned theoretical work?" we said. "What exactly——?"

"Ah, yes. Well, they read short histories, such as the history of the Stewit dynasty, for instance, and write occasional essays. 'The relations of Church and Steak' is a good stock subject. But it is our practical work on which we pride ourselves. You see, it pays them to do their best. A boy who systematically fails to satisfy the examiners has to stay in after school and eat his work. Very few boys need this corporal punishment twice."

"And the results?" I ventured.

"Wonderful. Simply wonderful. This year, which is neither above nor below our usual standard, we have won no less than fourteen important trophies at the Universities. I will not recount them all. Suffice it to say that at Cambridge JONES (a ripe scholar, JONES, one of the finest clear soup composers we have ever had at the school) won the Porkson prize for mutton cutlets, and SMITH the Gravy Scholarship. While in the Tripeos, as usual, the name of St. Savory's was well to the fore. As for our other triumphs, we have done well on the range. We were second in the contest for the Hashburton shield, and obtained the first five places in the Fry competition."

"Then," we said, "you would describe the new system as——"

"A colossal success. Go to the study of any of my boys. Once you would have found the shelves littered with dry Bohns. What do you find now? Meat. Good afternoon."



BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. I.

Brown (who takes a friend home to see his new purchase, and strikes a light to show it). "CONFOUND IT, THE BEASTLY THING'S STOPPED!"



TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.—No. 2.

"WHAT A BEASTLY UGLY HEAD THAT PONY HAS, TOMMY!"
Tommy. "DON'T FRET, OLD CHAP. THAT'S NOT THE END YOU'LL SEE MOST OF, ANYWAY."

CHARIVARIA.

WE regret to say that, owing to some remarks made by the VICEROY on the subject of Furniture in the course of the Durbar Celebrations, relations between the Tottenham Court and the Indian Court are somewhat strained.

There has been an engagement between the Revolutionists and the Government troops in Venezuela, and both sides claim the victory. It has been decided to refer the matter to the Hague, but meanwhile the War will go on.

The only news of importance from France this week is that ROMAIN DAURIGNAC is fond of omelettes, while FRÉDÉRIC HUMBERT has a preference for boiled eggs.

The Washington Post Office is putting a stop to the practice of manufacturers using President ROOSEVELT'S name and portrait to advertise patent medicines, cigars, &c., but an article entitled Selborne's Navy Mixture will shortly be supplied to our Fleet.

Nearly a thousand more books were published in 1902 than 1901. The chief increase of the year was in fiction. That was owing to the number of books on the War that were issued.

The Crown Agents for the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies are sending out a thousand railway labourers to South Africa. A number of domestic servants are also being engaged, and expect soon to be married.

The Duke of CONNAUGHT is popular wherever he goes, and, in India, he has been made the subject of generosity as magnificent as it is embarrassing. All the Indian Princes have been presented to him. It is not known what he will do with them.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, we learn, has been coloured by the Sun. This must be a welcome change after being blackened by the Star.

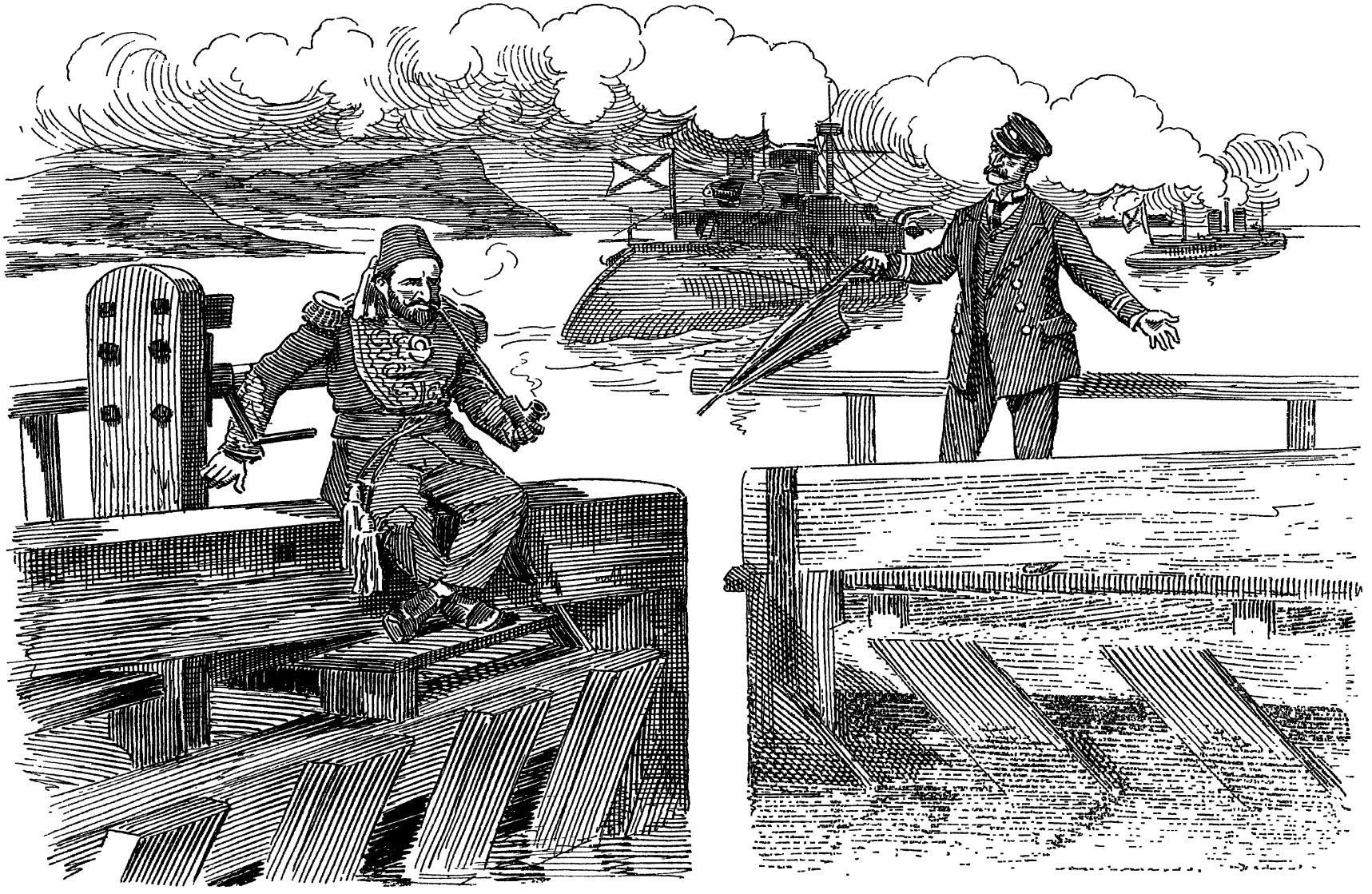
Those who say that Mr. HALL CAINE can never excite or amuse have received a nasty slap in the face. In an account of a dinner to the poor, promoted by the Dickens Fellowship, we read that "the crackers given by Mr. HALL CAINE, the novelist, were a cause of excitement and amusement."

Certain Irish politicians are panic-stricken. The report of the Irish Land Conference contains recommendations which, if carried out, are calculated to bring lasting contentment to Ireland.

It cannot be said that the Government is not thorough. Realising that the new Licensing Act will lead to a diminution in the consumption of strong drinks, and to a corresponding increase in demand for something less harmful, they are also responsible for a Water Bill.

The Education Bill's "R.I.P." or Epitaph.

Shade of Shakspeare. What would you like me to put on your tombstone?
Education Bill. The *divinities* will shape our ends
Rough *Hugh* them how we will.



THE DARDANELLES LOCK.

LORD L-NSD-WNE (*Conservancy Inspector*) "HOW DARE YOU LET *THEM* THROUGH? YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN IT WAS AGAINST THE RULES!"
SULTAN (*Lock-keeper*). "WELL, THEY WERE GOT UP AS PLEASURE BOATS. HOW WAS *I* TO KNOW?"
LORD L. (*mildly*). "WELL, DON'T YOU DO IT AGAIN, OR I SHALL BE QUITE CROSS WITH YOU"

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

III.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

Dec. 20. *In the Red Sea.*—A blessed calm has prevailed for many days, and the pathetic line which opens a little set of verses composed by a lady on board —"A few more Peers shall roll"—has lost much of its poignant force. At Port Said everything answered to expectation, from the donkeys named after Lord KITCHENER, LOTTIE COLLINS, and *Flying Fox*, to the Arab coalers, dusky by nature, duskier by their trade, swarming over the low barges and up the ship's sides like nothing so nearly as a troop of lost souls clambering in and out of Charon's infernal ferry. But an unrehearsed effect was the genial



Something jaunty in Panamas.

welcome given us by the officers of H.M.S. *Intrepid*, guardship at the Port, who hailed the Pilgrims' party out of the night as we were being rowed round their cruiser on our return from dining ashore, and insisted on making us free of the ship from binnacle to boiler room. A subsequent rumour alleging that they were only too glad to see anybody from the outside world because they were in quarantine (with the yellow flag flying unobserved in the darkness) was a cruel calumny upon as gallant and light-hearted a wardroom company as ever offered hospitality to errant squire and dame. To their health and our next merry meeting on the homeward track!

From Port Said to Sinai every local stage-property was shown us in sample. There was an encampment of Arabs (possibly Bedouins), a camel, a bitter lake, a mirage, a flamingo, an afterglow, a desert, and a pelican of the same. One suspected everywhere the ordering hand of Messrs. COOK AND SONS. As for the searchlight in our bows, the strange



glamour that it cast on common objects —the canal, the sand of the shelving shores, the prosaic dredger (touched by magic to the semblance of a glittering silver palace)—created out of the colourless scene a "faërie land forlorn," elusive, moving before us as we moved. Breathing warm air off the desert, we looked on a little Arctic world with its reaches of blue ice, and the sheen of snow on its edges. Or else we were somewhere past the ivory gate of dreams, in the "Land East of the Sun and West of the Moon." And when the real moon rose we were still unashamed of having tried to better the colouring of Nature, I think because we could here excuse ourselves, for once, on the plea of usefulness and even necessity.

This philosophic comment, advanced by myself, has so far been the most luminous observation that I have had



A Hotel Porter.

the good fortune to encounter in connection with the panorama of our voyage; taking rank, indeed, above the remark of a Peeress passed upon a pelican of the desert:—"Is *that* a pelican? Quaint bird, ain't it?"

But then the absorbing idleness of life on board leaves us unambitious and content. Still, we should be hardly human, in the English sense, if we did not bring some element of energetic sadness into our pleasures. Thus, we have at last begun to dance upon a chalked patch of upper deck, having first waited till the sultriness of the nights had made all forms of exertion intolerable. For we have now nearly run our southward course: and to-morrow the East will be calling with no land between. Yesterday the officers and stewards broke out, as by signal, into white ducks; and day by day we



An Oriental Reprobate. Port Said.

others are trying honestly to get ourselves orientalised.

> We mould our minds to suit the East;
> We stuff our brains with MURRAY;
> And school our baser parts to feast
> On curious forms of curry.

But the habits of the Orient are not to be learnt in a day, and we still make mistakes in the very elements of Eastern lore. For an instance—when one of the dominant race was told the other day that we were to have the punkahs at dinner that night, he showed a gross lack of culture in replying as follows:—"Ah, yes, the PUNKAHS! they joined the boat at Suez, didn't they?"

I cannot find any excuse for such an answer; but on the other hand I sympathise with the English lady who confused the menu with the printed list of passengers, placed before her at luncheon, and ordered some Bungeegee under the impression that it was an Indian pickle, instead of the name of a distinguished native in our midst.

Reverting to the punkahs, I must say that their first effect, so low are they

hung, is to induce symptoms of hysteria. Later, one feels less like Damocles, and more like an ordinary customer at the barber's. But they are picturesque and Oriental, and one would not willingly have the P. & O. play fast and loose with cherished traditions that belong to the unwritten part of their contract. But it would be absurd to suppose that they do their work as well as any electric fan-ventilator from Birmingham, or indeed are good for anything except to suggest coolness by pushing the warm air to and fro.

The white drill suits affected by the Oriental Connoisseur have this same air of coolness, though they are actually a stuffy form of dress, and must be worn simply to please the eyes of others. Personally I have deferred this discipline till I get to Delhi—the headquarters of altruism.

We are still more than five days off Bombay, and from now onwards our staple topic will be the rumoured dislocation of Indian railways. The scene which we shall compose at the Victoria terminus should, with luck, be one of unparalleled confusion. I hope to post my next in the very middle of it.

O. S.

LOVE LETTERS OF A BUSINESS MAN.

THE course of true love, though beset with almost insurmountable obstacles, often rewards the faithful lovers at the last with supreme happiness. But, alas! sometimes the said true love proves nought but a toboggan-slide leading to a precipice, into which the true lovers' hopes are hurled and dashed into atomic smithereens.

We have before us a volume of a "Business Man's Love Letters," a few extracts from which we give below. Reader, if you have a tear, prepare to shed it now! The burning passion which surges in the lover's heart, though embodied in phrases habitually used by a business man, is sure to touch your soul. But presently comes the pathetic ending, when she is no longer anything to him, and he—to use the imperfect but comprehensive vernacular—is to her as "dead as a door nail." Reader, read on!

I.

August 1, 1899.

DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—With reference to my visit last evening at the house of Mr. JOHN JORKINS, our mutual friend, when I had the pleasure of meeting you.

Having been much charmed by your conversation and general attractiveness, I beg to inquire whether you will allow me to cultivate the acquaintanceship further.

Awaiting the favour of your esteemed reply, Yours faithfully,

JOHN GREEN.

II.

August 3, 1899.

MY DEAR MISS SMYTHE,—I beg to acknowledge with many thanks receipt of your letter of even date, contents of which I note with much pleasure. I hope to call this evening at 7.15 P.M., when I trust to find you at home.

With kindest regards, I beg to remain, Yours very truly,

JOHN GREEN.

III.

August 21, 1899.

MY DEAREST EVELINA,—Referring to our conversation this evening when you consented to become my wife.

I beg to confirm the arrangement then made, and would suggest the wedding should take place within the ensuing six months. No doubt you will give the other necessary details your best consideration, and will communicate your views to me in due course.

Trusting there is every happiness before us, I remain,

Your darling Chickabiddy,

JOHN.

IV.

August 22, 1899.

MY OWNEST TOOTSEY-WOOTSEY,—Enclosed please find 22-carat gold engagement ring, set with thirteen diamonds and three rubies, receipt of which kindly acknowledge by return.

Trusting same will give every satisfaction, I am,

Your only lovey-dovey,

JOHNNY.

XXXXXX Kindly note kisses.

V.

November 24, 1899.

MY SWEETEST EVELINA,—I am duly in receipt of your letter of 20th inst., which I regret was not answered before owing to pressure of business.

In reply thereto I beg to state that I do love you dearly, and only you, and also no one else in all the world. Further I shall have much pleasure in continuing to love you for evermore, and no one else in all the world.

Trusting to see you this evening as usual and in good health.

I am, Your ownest own,

JOHN.

VI.

January 4, 1900.

TO MISS SMYTHE, MADAM,—In accordance with the intention expressed in my letter of yesterday, I duly forwarded addressed to you a parcel containing all letters, &c., received from you, and presume they have been safely delivered.

I have received to-day, per carrier, a parcel containing various letters which I have written to you from time to time. No doubt it was your intention to despatch the complete number written by me, but I notice one dated August 21 is not included. Will you kindly forward the letter in question by return, when I will send you a full receipt?

Yours faithfully, JOHN GREEN.

VII.

January 6, 1900.

TO MISS SMYTHE, MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday, and note your object in retaining my letter of August 21 last. As I intend to defend the issue in the case, I shall do as you request, and will leave all further communications to be made through my solicitors.

Yours, &c., JOHN GREEN.

VIII.

15, *Peace Court, Temple, E.C.*

MESSRS. BANG, CRASH & Co.,
9a, Quarrel Row, E.C.

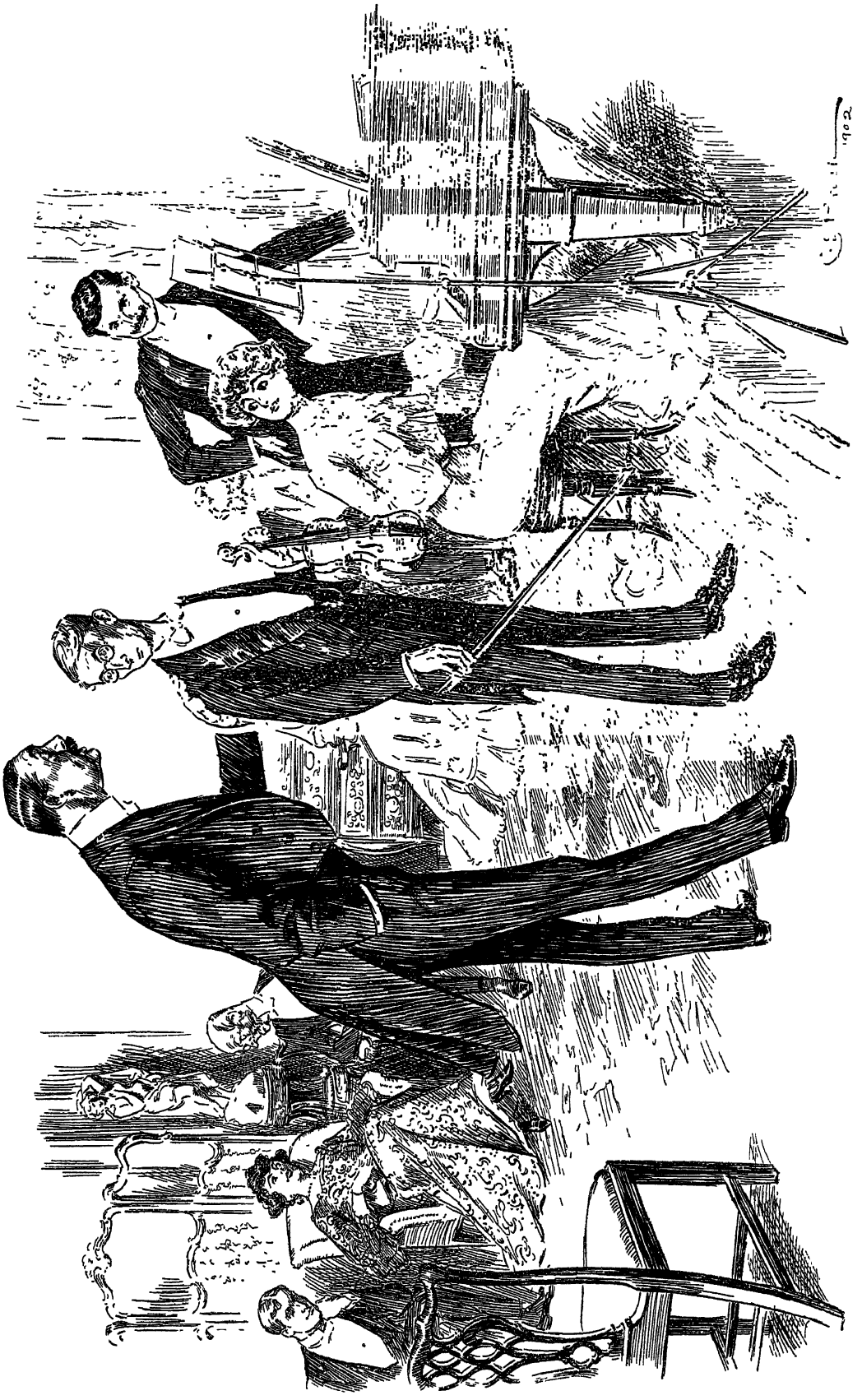
Smythe v. *Green.*

GENTLEMEN,—We are in receipt of your communication of yesterday's date, with which you enclose copy of letter dated August 21. We note that you state the document in question has been duly stamped at Somerset House, and are writing our client this evening with a view to offering your client terms, through you, to stay the proceedings which have been commenced.

Yours faithfully,
BLITHERS, BLATHERS, BLOTHERS & Co.

"THE TOPER'S WHO'S WHO."

IN view of the Drink Act Black List, the *St. James's Gazette* invites Mr. DOUGLAS SLADEN to edit a publication with a title similar to the above. It is a good idea, and we expect some interesting confessions as to the favourite mixtures and magistrates, convictions, public-ations, travels (in search of refreshment), pseudonyms or aliases, recreations, addresses (doss-houses and unions), clubs (goose, slate, &c.), and other autobiographical details which we are accustomed to study with delight in the pages of its prototype. Degrees (of inebriation), pedigree and origin (where ascertainable), birth-marks, with other signs of distinction and means of identification, orders (of the Boot, Workhouse Bath, Broad Arrow, and so forth), and tickets-of-leave will all find a place in this indispensable manual. We understand also that "Men of the Time" will be re-christened "Men who Have Done Time."



"I SAY, OLD CHAP, WOULD YOU MIND BRINGING YOUR FIDDLE DOWN TO OUR BICYCLE GYMKHANA, TO PLAY FOR THE MUSICAL CHAIRS, IN CASE THE BAND DOESN'T TURN UP?—OF COURSE I SHALL DO MY *VERY* BEST TO GET THE BAND."

"DE GOOSETIBUS NON DISPUTANDUM."

No question about it at all; and Manager Author COLLINS with author HICKORY WOOD by this time must feel quite certain that the Pantomime at "The Lane" is as great a success as ever; that for fun, plot, and Dan-Leno-isms, it is a real improvement on that of last year, though in mere gorgeousness of spectacle it is not up to some of its more brilliant predecessors. "For this relief much thanks" to "the little boy who lives *by* the Lane." Perhaps we may very gradually return to Pantomime in its most simple and, after all said, sung, and done, its most effective form. The harmony in colour, of costumes and scenery, in *Mother Goose*, is perfect, as also is the harmony in the orchestra under the spirited conductorship of JACOBUS GLOVERUS, whose hand (with bâton) in it, is evident throughout. "*On voit Ulysse dans cette affaire.*"

HERBERT CAMPBELL, as a sort of grinning Pickwickian "Fat Boy," is quite at home when representing *Jack*, the son of *Mother Goose* (DAN LENO), with whom he shares most of the "comic business," taking his proportion of it with Mr. ARTHUR CONQUEST as the affectionate, over-grown bird, "a great goose." Messrs. QUEEN and LE BRUN are much to the front as the fore-and-hind-legs of the inimitable donkey whose scenes with DAN LENO are deliciously eccentric. Words fail this scribe in his attempt to convey some idea of the wonderful "Transformation scene," where DAN LENO, the old, ugly, rheumatic *Mother Goose*, after drinking of the magic fountain, suddenly appears as the gay, giddy, fair-haired young thing, a gushing damsel, in whom even that wise child *Jack* does not recognise his own mother! This is *the* hit of the Pantomime, and very cleverly as a bit of stage-business is the re-transformation managed, from the "young thing" back to the "old dame," in sight of the audience.

Miss MARIE GEORGE, as *Gretchen*, is a most valuable addition, both to the singing and dancing and to such low-comedy acting as is required in a Christmas pantomime. This actress is a very clever little person, and, as her song of "*I would not be a lady*" shows, she possesses the true humour of pathos. *On dit* that she is "going to the halls." Surely there ought to be a great opening for her in musical pieces at the theatres?

Madame GRIGOLATI "wires in" with her graceful troupe, herself performing aërial wonders, taking a "flight of fancy," totally unconnected with any action in the story, in mid-air over stalls and pit, so that her performance may be described as "quite above the heads of a considerable portion of the audience."

Miss MADGE LESSING plays a pretty *Jill* to Miss MAUDE BEATTY as the Beattyfied *Colin*, with a sort of reminiscence of the "*Hush! bogey man*" song and other similar ditties with chorus and dance.

Mr. FRED EMNEY gets as much fun as possible into the doddering old *Mayor of Tapham*. Messrs. CAIRD and ZOLA are comic as a couple of eccentric Scots, representing "the long and short of it," or, presumably, "The Highlander and the Low-lander."

Miss ALMA JONES, as the good contralto fairy *Heartsease*, earns well-merited applause for her song (words of no importance, tune and voice everything), and all praise is due to the scenic artists Messrs. RYAN, MCCLEERY, BRUCE-SMITH, CANY and HENRY EMDEN.

Had the Harlequinade commenced at 10.15 we should have seen it; but as the "Early Closing Act" compelled us to leave at 11.15, in order to sup in comfort, we had to forego the pleasure of renewing acquaintance with our old friends *Harlequin* (TOM CUSDEN), *Columbine* (Miss CROMPTON), *Pantaloon* (CHARLES ROSS), *Clown* ("Whimsical WALKER"), and *Policeman* (ALFRED, not ARTHUR, COLLINS).



"THE TIP OF THE MORNING TO YOU!"

First Whip thanks him, and hums to himself, "WHEN OTHER TIPS, AND T'OTHER PARTS, THEN HE REMEMBERS *ME!*"

À propos of the Pantomime, it is to be hoped that the attention of Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS has been drawn to the description in the *Times* of Thursday, January 8, of the Kashmir Kontingent at the Delhi Durbar. How DRURIOLANUS MAXIMUS would have revelled in it! And what a magnificent manager of the whole Indian show he would have been with such materials at command! Giants, dwarfs, weird warriors, dancing girls, monsters! *Vive la Compagnie!* Only HERBERT CAMPBELL, MARIE GEORGE (with Dragon), and DAN LENO were wanting to complete the show, with *chef d'orchestre* Rajah JIMMRAWAK WITEKIDDIAH GLOVAR, glass in eye, bâton in hand, to conduct the massed bands of Brass and String playing music for the donkey specially composed by the Sultan of MOKELLA. Bhang! Tzing! Dance!

"Unanswerable Logic."

Little Girl (to Proud Grandfather). Grandad, didn't somebody say that our ancestors were monkeys?

Proud Grandfather. Yes, Pussy; why do you ask?

Little Girl. 'Cos it 's nonsense. Some day I 'll marry and be an ancestor, but I won't be a monkey.

A Question of Spelling.

"THERE 's sterling stuff yet in the Liberal Party,"
Announces Sir HENRY the hopeful and hearty.

Say the Liberal Leaguers, their banner unfurling,
"We 've doubts of the stuff, but it 's certainly Stirling."

AN elderly beau had been delivering himself of certain forcible home-truths when lecturing his nephew.

"Wonderful chap your uncle," observed a friend when the old gentleman had disappeared, "so well preserved!"

"I don't know so much about his being 'well preserved,'" growled the aggrieved nephew, "but he is unpleasantly candid."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XV.—PUNCH: A BACHELOR.

THERE is no mistaking the sounds proceeding from behind the little crowd that has gathered across the top of the next turning. Those vigorous blows, accompanied by that exultant nasal war-cry, can only be associated with the needy elder brother of the prosperous gentleman so complacently drawing pictures in the midst of a nightmare on the cover of this volume. I join the little group and soon become absorbed in the moving drama of life and death (principally death—which is very popular with the juvenile section of the audience) that is being enacted before me.

Punch, a tow-headed malefactor with a dental grin, has just in rollicking fashion beaten out the brains of three inquisitive but otherwise innocent strangers, and light-heartedly laid their remains head downwards across the window-ledge, which done, he observes, "Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" with a kind of reminiscent joviality, and pauses to give the audience a chance to have their laugh out. To him enters a fourth stranger, in all matters of character exactly resembling his predecessors, but bearing the distinction of a mahogany face.

"What 's this, what 's this?" cries Mahogany Face, eyeing a stationary mud-cart on the opposite side of the road with a fixed stare, but immediately afterwards butting the first corpse with his forehead, from which I gather that he refers to the corpse and not the mud-cart.

"Why, golly, he 's dead!" he exclaims (a conclusion to which he has come by rubbing his mahogany nose in the small of the deceased gentleman's back). "That makes one."

He moves on to the next corpse and again goes through the butting and rubbing process.

"Golly, that makes two!" he observes, and passing on repeats his unique diagnosis on corpse No. 3.

"Golly, that makes three!" he exclaims, and rising erect again fixes the mud-cart with a glassy stare.

"And that," squeaks Punch, quite unable to restrain his amusement as he delivers a fatally crushing blow with his cudgel on the back of the newcomer's head, "makes four!"

There can be no doubt of the success of this supreme stroke of wit. The audience is convulsed with amusement. The anæmic man with the hat is reaping a harvest of halfpence. At the same moment I feel a dig on my elbow, and glancing round find my attention called by an individual standing next to me, who for some reason—I am quite unable to state what—immediately gives me the impression of being connected with gasworks. He points with the stem of his clay pipe at the Punch and Judy Show.

"Where 's Judy?" he demands in an injured tone.

"I really don't know," I reply.

"Punch *an'* Judy they call it," he says, evidently labouring under a strong sense of unjust treatment. "Then where 's Judy?"

I venture to soothe him.

"Perhaps she 'll appear later," I suggest.

Gasworks regards me with marked disfavour.

"Later!" he exclaims with hostile disgust. "Later—huh!—later!"

Somewhat nervously I turn my attention to the show again. The four corpses have been spirited away by a mysterious hand in a direction which it were better not to particularise. The same mysterious hand, appearing on a level with the ground from underneath the hanging curtain, has grabbed Dog Toby, hitherto sitting on a heap of gravel, and barking superciliously at the audience. Punch is now engaged—in the absence of human victims—in cudgel practice on the person of Toby, responded to by that bored terrier by a series of mechanical snaps.

"Where 's Judy?" loudly breaks in Gasworks, who seems to regard it as a personal insult that wife-beating should be omitted from the entertainment. "Punch *an'* Judy, I thort yer called it."

The drama continues. The owner of Dog Toby, a deliberate citizen in



Mother. "I HEAR YOU 'VE BEEN SNOWBALLING, YOU NAUGHTY BOY!"
Willy. "WELL, WHO TOLD YOU?"
Mother. "A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME."
Willy. "SNEAK!"

mustard-coloured trousers, has entered to claim his property. Sophistical dialectics follow between him and Punch.

"How—can the dog—be yours, Sir," concludes Toby's owner, "if I—lost him?"

"How can the dog be yours, Sir," returns Punch with spasmodic sophistry, "if I found him?"

Toby's owner is evidently sensible that he has met his match in reasoning powers. But he continues with jerky resolution:

"It was a fort—night ago—last Tuesday—that I—lost 'im."

"It was a fortnight ago last Tuesday," returns Punch (somewhat undiplomatically, as it seems to me), "that I found 'im."

The deliberate citizen refusing to be convinced by argument, Punch again has recourse to the cudgel. I notice a diminution in the applause, and look about me in surprise. Then I find that Gasworks has left my side and penetrated deeper into the crowd, where he is sowing discontent.

"Where's Judy?" he demands in an aggressive shout; "woddyer wanter call it Punch *an'* Judy for?"

A good many of the crowd seem to realise the justice of this complaint.

"Yes, why ain't there no Judy?" inquires a woman with a black eye of a companion with a baby.

"Why?" cries Gasworks, emboldened by success. "Becos they cawn't *do* Judy. They ain't clever enough—that 's why."

"It ain't wot it used ter be, is it?" remarks the woman with the baby. "Why they *used* ter throw Judy's baby outer winder."

The woman with the black eye seems quite convinced as to the decadence of the drama, and several of the bystanders seem to be of the same way of thinking. The entertainment proceeds, though I cannot help noticing an unusual note of asperity in the tones of Punch and of a certain idiotic hangman with a head like a new sponge, who has accommodatingly called on the malefactor at his own residence with the gallows under his arm.

"Where 's Judy?" vociferates Gasworks in louder and louder tones, his eye roving round the audience for fresh proselytes.

"You 've come to 'ang me, 'ave yer? Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" observes Punch, but in tones of increasing truculence hardly in keeping with the jocund rascality of his character as hitherto presented.

"Yes, Punch, I 'm sorry ter say yer a goner," returns the hangman no less savagely.

"Why don't yer give us Judy?" yells Gasworks, by now at the head of a fairly numerous faction. Then suddenly, drunk with success, he advances to the show-box and leans against the side of it.

"Where's Judy?" he demands. "If yer cawnt do Judy, get on 'ome with yer show."

The anæmic man advances irresolutely. The crowd is divided in its sympathies. Dog Toby growls from his gravel-heap. Suddenly Punch, hangman and gallows disappear precipitously, and a bullet human head appears above the ledge.

"If yer *want* one on the conk," shouts the head, "jest say so. Cawnt yer let a man get a honest livin'?"

"H-onest livin'?" retorts Gasworks, with a scathing emphasis on the aspirate. "Wot—when yer cawnt do Judy? H-onest livin'! Impostiers *I* call yer."

There is a volcanic disturbance inside the show-box, a storm among the green baize curtains, and an unshaven man in dirty shirt-sleeves breaks out into the open.

"Narthen," he cries, "d'yer want one on the conk? Becos if yer do, jest say so."

Just in time (or out of it, according to the point of view) a policeman arrives. Gasworks and Bullet Head are parted.



BEFORE OUR FANCY DRESS BALL.

Muriel (as "An American Girl"—to her Aunt, who fancies herself tremendously as "Zaza.") "OH, AUNTY, WHAT A CAPITAL DRESS! WHAT IS IT? A *ZEBRA*?"

"Pass along there," says the policeman, elbowing the crowd dispassionately. "Come on," (to Bullet Head) "take the show away. Can't obstruct the road 'ere. Come on," (to Gasworks) "off yer go. That 's enough of it. Pass along there, please."

The crowd disperses reluctantly. Gasworks, triumphantly scathing, is driven off by the policeman. Bullet Head puts on his coat, and proceeds to tuck up the baize curtains round the legs of the show-box. The anæmic partner packs away the figures and straps them over his shoulders.

"Wanted one on the conk," observes Bullet Head reminiscently, and gets underneath the show-box. "Bridge."

I stand still and watch them depart, followed by Toby, still undisguisedly bored, in the direction of Hammersmith Broadway.

THE WEARING OF THE BLUE.—It was recently announced that "the Blue Ribbon among classical scholarships had fallen to a Bluecoat boy." With a slightly unmetrical alteration of the line, we may say

"O Fortunate puer, decidedly crede colori!"

Back the colour through life. Marry a pretty blue-stocking, and may your happiness last "till all 's blue"! Avoiding the excesses of Blue Ribbon-men, or of any other Ribbon-men, be ever "True Blue!" And should you, at any time, make a slip, get back to your right colour, and be "azure were!"

POLITE NAME FOR THOSE WHO HAVE A KNACK OF NOT STRICTLY ADHERING TO THE TRUTH.—"Reservists."

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

ACT FIRST (*continued*).



THE Reader will no doubt recollect that we left off at the very exciting episode of knockings at Mr. FRANKENSTEIN'S door. The audience is inevitably to imagine that said knocks are made by the Monster, and will be proportionately surprised when the knocker turns out to be Mr. HENRY CLERVAL, a romantically chivalrous friend of Mr. F.'s adolescence. This device, I must humbly submit, exhibits a rather profound knowledge of stagey effect.

Mr. Clerval (*entering*). What ho, my beloved friend! I am recently descended from Swiss diligence-dawk, and arrive as the Family Herald, with latest intelligence of the healths of Houble. SYNDICATE FRANKENSTEIN, your venerable parent, Miss ELIZABETH LAVENZA, your affianced cousin, and little darling WILLIAM, your brother.

[*This speech is of course for instruction of audience.* H. B. J.]

Mr. F. (*with a manifest effort*). You 're welcome as a Mayflower. What tidings have you of my ELIZABETH?

Mr. Clerv. She is following the aërial creations of the Poets as busily as ever. Her saintly soul still shines like a shrine-dedicated lamp, and she has the same sweet and celestial eyes. [*Taken from description in vol.*—H. B. J.]

Mr. F. That is good news, indeed! And how is little darling WILLIAM?

Mr. Clerv. Whenever little darling WILLIAM smiles, two minute dimples appear on each cheek, which are rude with healthiness. But your own are pale as dishclouts. This is the result of leading the solitary existence of a Pilgarlic!

Mr. F. (*glancing bashfully over his shoulders towards the arras*). I am not perhaps so solitary as I seem, my dear CLERVAL.

Mr. Clerv. No matter—it is not hygienic to live like toad-in-hole. I have comé to bring you back to family's bosom.

Mr. F. Excuse me—urgent private affairs detain me here. There is a rather big piece of work that I fear I cannot get away from. [*Here he does some more backward glances.*

Mr. Clerv. (*suspiciously*). Behind the arras? Oho! I commence already to smell a large rodent.

Mr. F. (*earnestly*). Your nose is too sharp by half. I assure you there is no rat behind the arras!

Mr. Clerv. I will soon see whether that is so or not.

[*He advances to the hangings.* Mr. F. *pushes him back, and there is a violent snip-snap for some minutes—till* CHERVAL *contrives to kick the beam and draw the curtains. . . . To the wonderment of both parties and all spectators, the* Monster *is seen to be an absentee, and the back premises are bare as a bone.*

Mr. F. (*aside, relieved*). The Demon has taken his hook! He did not recognise myself as the author of his existence! (*To* Mr. CLERVAL) You see, my cupboard is uninhabited by any skeleton. I have been engaged in a scientific experiment—but it has gone off in smoke like a flash in pan.

Mr. Clerv. (*shrewdly*). Then you are now at liberty to return to roost on your paternal roof-tree!

Mr. F. Be it so. I have been indulging too immoderately in midnight oil, and require to change the air.

Mr. Clerv. I will go at once and secure best seats for Switzerland. [*He goes out.*

Mr. F. (*with factitious gaiety*). I feel as gleeful as the careless grig! Let me assume my go-to-meeting garbage. (*He searches his wardrobe-chest.*) Oh, hoity toity! all my togs are gone! And in the coat-tail pockets copious notes of progress in my monstrous manufacture! What scoundrel hand has sneaked them unbeknown?

[*Here the figure of the* Monstrosity, *attired in the tight fit of* Mr. F.'s *travelling toggery, is seen to pass the window outside in the glaring moonlight.* Mr. F. *stares after it dumbfoundedly.*

Mr. F. He's got them on!—But after all, who cares? My notes are Greek to one who cannot read. No fear that he will ever find me out!

[*More knocks at door.* Mr. F. *is suddenly afflicted with brain fever, and falls down in a confused heap as* Mr. CLERVAL *returns.*

Mr. F. (*in the feeble accents of a delirious*). CLERVAL, my boyhood's friend, remember this. Should any Monster call, I 'm not at home!

[*As* Mr. C. *bends concernedly over him, the* Monster *re-appears, unobserved, at the window, and gazes in with fish-like optics as the Curtain descends, amidst vociferous hand-claps.*

ACT THE SECOND.

Several months have intervened. The scene is an open country, with a cottage inhabited by the virtuous DE LACEY Family. A dilapidated hovel is adjacent to the aforesaid cottage. It is daybreak, and the Monster enters. He is still wearing Mr. F.'s vestments [at least I cannot find that the talented authoress mentions that he has procured any roomier outfit], and carries a bundle of firewood.

The Monster (*aside*). This humble abode is tenanted by an amiable household called DE LACEY, and a young Arabian feminine of the name of SAFIE. They do not know as yet that I have occupied the neighbouring hovel for many months, and, by dint of assiduous eavesdroppings, have not only acquired the parts of speech, but a first-class education! [*This is strictly according to original story.*] As tit for tat, I deposit firewood clandestinely on their doorstep. They think it is the action of some benevolent fairy, but I shall reveal myself shortly as the good-natured friend. Soft! They are making a *sortie*. I will retire to my hovel and become all ears. [*He does so.*

FELIX conducts SAFIE, the fair Arabian, out of the cottage, and there is a conversation in which he describes (from original book) how he, his male parent, and sister AGATHA, came to leave Paris for such a distant and inferior tenement, and she in turn relates the reasons which brought her, a timid and female Turkish, all the way from Constantinople. This will not occupy more than half an hour, and without it I think the audience would perhaps fail to understand the presence of an Oriental damsel in a French family in Germany.

Then Miss SAFIE *says*, Thanks to your kind tutorship, I am now thoroughly proficient in Gallic colloquialisms and irregular verbiage.

Monster (*aside, in his hovel*). And so is this humble self, having been secretly the *tertium quid* in such private coachings!

Mr. Felix. And during the long winter evenings I was able to read aloud the entire Encyclopædia from cover to cover—*including* the Supplement.

Monster (*aside*). By overhearing same, I am become literally chockfull of general information!

Miss Agatha (*leads out old* Mr. DE LACEY—*a venerable and snowy-bearded blind*). Again our anonymous benefactor has bestowed upon us a bundle of firewood! How truly magnificent!

Old Mr. De L. A sad pity that such a good angel should refuse his address! But perhaps he is one of those who do good by stealing, and blush to find themselves notorious. I am longing to make his acquaintance.

Monster (*aside*). They are infernally encouraging!

Mr. Felix. Miss SAFIE, AGATHA, and self will now take a short walk to do some goat-milking. You will not, my Father, experience loneliness during our temporary absence?

Old Mr. De L. A virtuous Senile, my son, can never be in total solitude! [*The others go out, leaving him alone.*

Monster (*aside*). Now can I scrape his acquaintance pat! (*Comes out of hovel.*) Pardon this intrusion.

[*V. original text.*

Old Mr. De L. I am a very old blind and cannot see you—but you have a mellifluous, gentlemanly voice.

Monster. I am a poor *post-mortem* chap of very so-so antecedents, and regard you in the light of a Polar Star. Melancholy has marked me for her own with indelible ink, and the very birds and beasts do snivel sympathetically over my hard case!

Old Mr. De L. You are evidently in the peck of troubles. Do not fear to unloose your Gordian knot.

[*Here follows a somewhat lengthy colloquy. At the end of it* Mr. FELIX *and the two females come back.*

Mr. Felix (*thunderstruck*). Do I behold my venerated progenitor hobnobbing with a cadaverous Monster!

[*The ladies go into swoons.*

Old Mr. De L. I had no idea that I was conversing with a Leviathan. (*To* Monster) Be good enough to cut your stick immediately!

Monster. Though endowed with repulsive exterior, I am actuated by best intentions. Do not fob me off with a cold shoulder!

Felix. We cannot possibly associate with such unwieldy demons. Let us all fly from his loathsome presence!

[*They do.*

Monster. Stop! I have conceived a lively affection for you all. Please accept me as a Tame Cat and Family Friend! (*A gun is heard to bang in the distance, and hits the* Monster *on the arm.*) They have given me the cut direct—the unkindest cut of all! After this, I will perpetrate heaps of the lowest dregs of vice! I will commence by making yonder cottage a prey to the devouring element! (*He sets fire to it with matches.*) Is this a manuscript in my coat-tail pocket? How lucky that I am no longer an illiterate! Now to puzzle it out in the firelight. (*He reads MS.*) What! So I was manufactured by a Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, who is a resident of Geneva—a town in Switzerland where the timepieces come from, according to the Encyclopædia! Ho-ho! I will look him up! I will look him up!

This is the end of Scene 1. Sc. 2 will contain some rather moving episodes. No reasonable offers have reached me up to date, so I am leaving for London to buttonhole Honble. Sirs HENRY IRVING and BEERBOHM TERRY. I am informed that there is a certain Mr. DANIEL LENO, who is also a splendid tragedian, and shall probably engage him for one of the characters, if he turns out to be at all competent.

H. B. J.

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN says that he hopes that future Colonial Secretaries will visit the Colonies, and thus get an insight into the practical side of Colonial affairs. Why should not this admirable system be adopted by other Ministers of the Crown? May we not read in our newspapers of the future something like the following:—

The Marquis of LONDONDERRY, with a laudable desire to comprehend the workings of our educational system, took a class at Hackney Road Board School the other morning. From an interview with Mr. ROBERT JONES (Standard IV.) we gather that the noble Marquis's lesson in long division was received with much enthusiasm and orange peel. Mr. JONES added that, considering Lord LONDONDERRY's lack of experience, he wielded the cane with exquisite skill, and with practice would soon rival old SLADGER (the worthy head-master) himself.

The inhabitants of a Birmingham suburb were considerably surprised on Boxing Day morning to find Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN delivering their letters. His scientific postman's knock (which we understand he had practised for four hours at Highbury the previous day), the spirited way in which he rallied the maid-servants, and the keenness with which he collected the customary tips, all prove that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is a convert to the doctrine of efficiency. One incident only marred the day's proceedings. An inebriated householder, addressing the Postmaster General, asked if Mr. AUSTEN had called from Pa to pay his Old Age Pension.

We regret to announce that the Chancellor of the Exchequer is seriously indisposed. In his anxiety to understand the grievances of Income Tax payers, he undertook to collect a portion of that impost himself. Unhappily he revealed his identity to the first tax-payer he called upon, and was promptly kicked down a steep flight of stairs. It is gratifying to note that the tax-payer afterwards admitted that perhaps he had been hasty and inconsiderate, and thoughtfully conveyed Mr. RITCHIE to St. George's Hospital in his own carriage.

With a praiseworthy wish to test the efficiency of the Metropolitan Police, the Home Secretary successfully feigned drunkenness in Piccadilly. In ten minutes he found himself in a station cell, with his hat knocked over his eyes and a broken collar-bone. On being bailed out by a Home Office official, Mr. AKERS DOUGLAS expressed himself as highly pleased with the dexterous handling of Police Constable X 3492, and presented him with a framed and autographed portrait.

Mr. HANBURY has spent the Parliamentary recess in studying agricultural questions. He has practised, *inter alia*, hedging and ditching, milking the domestic cow, and the distribution of manure with the pitchfork. Owing to an unfortunate difference of opinion with a bull, Mr. HANBURY will be unable to fulfil his Parliamentary duties during the coming Session.

SHAKSPEARIAN MAXIM FOR MONTE CARLO—only that this Maxim (HIRAM his *prénom*) is not *for* but against Monte Carlo:—"The Play is (not) the thing." Avoid danger and stay away from Monte Blanc.

SUGGESTION FOR A MUSIC-HALL SONG (*to suit any Lionne Comique*).—"Wink at *me only* with one eye," &c., &c.



THE GREATER NEED.

MR. PUNCH. "EXCUSE ME, MR. BULL, BUT I THINK *THIS* IS WHERE THE MONEY IS MOST WANTED."

VALE!

GONE! Is it possible? Thus do the years
Steal from us all we could wish to retain.
All that is pleasant in life disappears,
Only the sorrows and worries remain.
What though a church on the spot where it stood,
Methodist church, be erected instead?
What though the object 's undoubtedly good?
Weep, for the Royal Aquarium 's dead.

Many 's the time I have pored o'er its sights,
Sights of which I at the least could not tire;
Watched on a dozen consecutive nights
BLONDIN the Great as he strolled on the wire.
Here was variety Time could not stale;
Oft and again have I eagerly run,
Now to set eyes on the Labrador Whale,
Now on the lady they shot from a gun.

Here I marked SLAVIN'S and SULLIVAN'S skill,
Notable experts in "counter" and "fib,"
Watched with a relish their world-famous "mill,"
Cheered when the cæstus came home on a rib.
Here, too, I learned that to some kangaroos
Skill has been given to spar with the hoof.
Here of an evening I 'd quake in my shoes,
Watching Miss LUKER dive down from the roof.

HOBSON his seal, Pongo's Simian face,
Zæo (the bane of a shocked L.C.C.),
SANDOW, the feminine bicycle race—
These were the sights that ecstaticised me.
Here saw I ROBERTS, the king of the cue,
Gazed on him daily, nor found it a bore,
Envied an eye so unerringly true.
Ah, that such visions shall charm me no more!

Still, when the logs are heaped cheerily high,
And in the chimney is howling the blast,
And when the beaker stands handily by,
I shall revisit the scenes of the past,
Muse o'er a pipe of the days that are dead,
Dream that once more I am able to scan
Closely the bird with the duplicate head,
Live once again with the Petrified Man.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

CERTAIN of finding a sensation akin to that provided by *The House on the Marsh*, and other romances by FLORENCE WARDEN, the Baron recently sat down to enjoy *An Outsider's Year* (JOHN LONG), which commences admirably with a promising trio of characters that were Mürgeresque in their bohemianism. But, alas and alack! within the first hundred pages the Baron became aware that he had hit upon "a light that failed," giving occasionally a little spurt. The slight story, with the aforesaid characters which on further acquaintance prove to be most ordinary and uninteresting, plods along with here and there a brief gleam of watery sunshine illuminating its path, until the end comes, and 'tis laid to rest, regretted as one of the "what-might-have-beens." With the little girl *Kate* in *Dombey*, the Baron says of Mrs. WARDEN, "FLORENCE is a favourite with everyone here, and deserves to be, I am sure," so the sooner she returns to her Dudley-Horne-Pemberton-Kitty-and-House-on-the-Marsh form the better.

The Baron is of opinion that the thanks of all golfers, from the Premier golfer down to the last of the T-caddies, will be due to Messrs. JOHN WALKER & Co. for their *Golfers'*



"MUMMY, DEAR, I THINK I SHALL BREAK THE LEGS OFF MY DUCK, 'COS I *DO* SO WANT IT TO BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN AND LAY AN EGG."

Diaries and *Match Books*, and if they had added, for the benefit of smokers, match-boxes, their work would have been supererogatively perfect. Considering the amount of pedestrian exercise involved in the pursuit of the Royal and Ancient Game, no more appropriate guide, illuminating the ground with his links, could have been found than WALKER. The Baron's attitude towards the game is much the same as was that of HERBERT, R.A. ("Mons. Hair-bair") towards the French language, when he said to a distinguished foreigner, "I do not speak your beau-ti-ful tongue, but I admire him." So the Baron plays not this lovely game, but he admires him—at a safe distance. THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Bootle-ful for Ever!

DURING the inquiry into the boundaries of Liverpool and Bootle, Sir HENRY LITTLEJOHN is reported as "laying stress on the impossibility of meat inspection" at the latter place, and in this he was corroborated by Doctors RAW and MARSDEN, who, on this meat subject, gave similar evidence, jointly, as was meet they should. "RAW" would be decidedly a happy name for a meat inspector, did it not suggest that he might so easily be done. If, as alleged by these scientific witnesses, Bootle is to be regarded as "a possible spot of contamination," it will cease to be a place for the once popular *Bootle's Baby*, who won't be taken there by its mother in this Strange Winter season.

A WANT WITHOUT A SUPPLY.—In consequence of Bivalvular Disease that so seriously affects the oysters, will not a committee of charitable persons start at once in London or elsewhere, an Oyster Hospital with, say, a hundred beds to begin with? Open to all, of course.

HIS FIRST AND LAST PLAY.

RALPH ESSENDEAN, *aged about fifty, is discovered at a writing-desk. He studies a newspaper, from which he reads aloud, thoughtfully:—"So that a successful play may bring its author anything from five to twenty thousand pounds." He lays down the paper, mutters "H'm!" and taking up a pencil bites it meditatively. Enter* Mrs. ESSENDEAN.

Mrs. Essendean (crossing to RALPH, *and, placing her hand on his shoulder, asks affectionately)* Well, dear, and how is the play getting on?

Ralph (irritably). You talk of the play, MATILDA, as though it were possible to write a four-act drama in ten minutes. The play is not getting on at all well, for the simple reason that I am only just thinking out the idea.

Mrs. Essendean (seating herself by the table). How nice, dear! And what *is* the idea?

Ralph (grimly). That is just what I am wondering about. Now if you will kindly retire to the kitchen and make an omelette, or discharge the cook, I shall be obliged.

[*Leans over his desk.*

Mrs. E. But, dear, I am sure the cook is a most excellent servant, and——

Ralph (turning round and speaking with repressed exasperation). That was simply my attempt at a humorous explanation of my wish to be alone, MATILDA.

Mrs. E. (smiling indulgently and rising). Well, dear, of course if it 's going to be a *funny* play I know you would like to be alone. (*Pausing at the open door.*) And will you read it to us after dinner? You know the WILLOUGHBY-SMYTHES will be here, and Mr. and Mrs. VALLANCE from the Bank are coming in afterwards. I am sure they would like to hear it.

Ralph (irritably). The play isn't written yet. (*Plaintively*) *Do* go!

Mrs. E. (sweetly). I 'm sure you 'd like to be alone. Don't keep dinner waiting.

[*Beams on him affectionately and exit.*

RALPH *gives a sigh of relief, rumples his hair, and then writes for a few minutes. Then pauses, leans back, biting his pencil, when the door is flung open, and a very good imitation of a whirlwind bursts into the room. The whirlwind is a robust person of forty, he has a large round red face fringed with sandy whiskers, and is one mass of health and happiness. He wears Norfolk jacket, knickerbockers, gaiters and thick boots, and carries a golfing bag. He slaps* RALPH *heartily on the back, and laughs boisterously.* RALPH *collapses.*

Tom (heartily). How are you? Going strong—what? Asked the wife for you, and she told me you were in here writing a play. Rippin' idea—what?

Ralph (worried, but striving to be pleasant and polite). What do you want, old chap?

Tom (cheerfully). Nothin' particular, only just to see how you were gettin' on—what? Do you good to have half an hour out, just a few holes—golf—what?

Ralph (with great self-restraint). Thanks, old man. Not now. You don't mind my asking you to leave me to myself a bit?

Tom (amiably, rising and picking up his bag). All right, old chap, you know best—what? Thought I 'd just look in—hey?—what? Well, I 'm off. (*Goes to door, thinks for a moment, and then turns round*) I say, I knew Thingummy's Acting Manager. If I can put in a word about your play—hey?—what?

Ralph (rises hurriedly. Shakes hands with TOM, *and skilfully manœuvres him into the passage, then calls after him).* Good-bye, old man, and many thanks. (*Closes the door and returns to his desk, grinding his teeth.*) Confound him! (*Takes up paper and writes a few lines, then reads aloud*) "PUFFINGTON puts the letter in his pocket and passes his hand through his hair. He groans 'O, why did I ever write those letters? I know FLOSSIE, and this means fifty pounds at least, and if ever my Mother-in-law gets to hear of it! O, lor! here she is.'" (*Puts down the paper and looks up at the ceiling.*) Now, speaking to myself as one man to another, I can't help thinking that this sort of thing has been done before. I seem to have heard it somewhere. I 'll—I 'll—try a fresh start. (*Writes hurriedly for a few minutes and then reads*) "Scene.—Fashionable watering place, the beach is crowded; on the Pier the band is playing a dreamy waltz. EDWIN and MAUD are discovered in an open boat. *Edwin.* You must be tired of rowing, sweetest, come and steer. *Maud.* Just as you like, darling. (*As they change seats the boat capsizes. After clinging for twenty minutes to the upturned keel, they are rescued by a passing steamer.*)." That 's all right for a "situation," but there seems a lack of dialogue. They can't very well talk while they are clinging to the boat; and what the deuce could they be talking about before? If I let them drown I should have to introduce fresh characters. Bother! (*Meditates with frowning brow*) Playwriting appears to present more difficulties than I thought. (*Takes up newspaper.*) "May bring in anything from five to twenty thousand pounds!" Sounds tempting, but I wonder how it's done?

[*Takes a cigar from the mantelpiece, lights it, and, seating himself near the fire, smokes thoughtfully. Gradually his head sinks back on to the top of the chair, the cigar drops from his relaxed fingers, and as he sleeps, the shadow of a smile breaks across his face. An hour elapses; he is still sleeping. Enter* Mrs. ESSENDEAN, *who brushes against the writing-table and sweeps the sheets of manuscript to the ground.*

Mrs. Essendean (crossing to RALPH *and lightly shaking him).* My dear, my dear, not dressed yet! Do you know the time—just the half-hour.

Ralph (starts up). Eh? (*Looks at the clock.*) Nearly half past, by Jove! I shan't be two seconds.

[*Rushes hastily from the room.*

Mrs. Essendean (picks up the extinguished cigar, and drops it daintily into the fire. Looks round the room and sees the littering manuscript). What an untidy old thing it is! (*Picks up the sheets, crumples them into a ball and throws them into the waste-paper basket.*) There, that looks better.

[*Gazes into the mirror, pats her hair, and exit.*

(*End of the Play.*)

ENCYCLOPÆDIC WHISKY.

[To the discussion on "Adulterated Whisky" now raging in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph* Dr. LENNOX MOORE contributes the suggestion that the ingredients of each bottle should be fully specified on the label. Such an education in chemical analysis, we venture to think, would prove too candid an eye-opener to the average consumer of the cheap and hitherto "silent" varieties on the market.]

ONE'S life is short, and, I would ask,
Could people face the tiresome task
Of mastering ev'ry learned label
That states with what each bottle's filled,
And whence and how and where distilled,
Ere reaching their convivial table?

Whisky! I used indeed to think
It was a simple sort of drink,
But now I 'm growing sadly wiser,
Reading the formidable list
Of matters that therein exist,
Detected by the analyser.

Sulphuric acid, maize (decayed),
Ptomaines, amines of every shade,
Potato, fusel-oil, molasses—
No more! the catalogue must end;
For such an omnium-gatherum blend
My intellect (*and* taste) surpasses!

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

GUINEAS don't grow on the copper beech.

In Egypt you strain at the camel and swallow the gnat.

One good turn deserves an *encore*.

WHO KILLED MRS. EDDY?

(Written after reading Mark Twain's article on Christian Science in the "North American Review.")

SINCE poison is bane,
And blows give us pain,
Who killed Mrs. EDDY?
"I," says MARK TWAIN,
"With laughter—not pain,
In the *N. A. Review*,
With jokes that were true,
And wit that was ready,
I killed Mrs. EDDY."

ARMY REFORM.

(Some Honeymoon Pastimes.)

WE hope that Mr. BRODRICK is having a pleasant holiday abroad. But if, even in those more sunny lands, there should be a wet day—seeing that Ping-Pong palls in time and that even Bridge becomes wearisome after ten or twelve hours—we are convinced that Mr. BRODRICK will turn eagerly to the great amusement of his life. We therefore suggest for him some delightful games, described as well as the civilian mind enables anyone to fathom these mysteries.

One of the best is the tunic game. You take a large piece of paper and a pencil, you close your eyes, and move the pencil over the paper. You then open your eyes, and send this design to the War Office as the new pattern for braid, or lace, on the sleeves, or the shoulders, or any other part of the tunic, which every officer must obtain within a week. The most amusing part of the game follows. You close your eyes again, and move the pencil in a different way. You then send this second pattern to the War Office, to be issued eight days after, as the one absolutely essential and inviolable pattern for every officer in every part of the British Empire. This is really a very funny game.

Another funny one is the frock-coat game, but this can only be played in connection with India or similar hot climates. You send instructions by one mail that every officer must immediately provide himself with a frock-coat, properly braided, and in every way correct. It would make the game much more laughable if you could include in the order a silk hat or a fur cap, a black cotton umbrella, and six pairs of black knitted woollen gloves. By the next mail you issue an order that any officer wearing, or even having in his possession, a frock-coat, will be required to resign his commission at once. This delightful pastime causes shrieks of laughter.

The khaki pattern game is rather an artistic one. You send for a little London mud—there is generally plenty in Piccadilly—and a shilling box of water-colours, and you mix all the colours in the box until you match the mud, and then you have found the best shade for the everyday working dress of the officer. But that is not the end of the game. The next day you send for a little more mud—this time from Pall Mall, where the mud is less dense, if the Ministers are more so—and you make another mixture, which is sure to be slightly different, and issue that as the one immutable and eternal shade of khaki. The advantage of this game is that you can go on endlessly, and the officers enjoy it quite as much as any of the others we have mentioned.

Of course there are some screamingly funny games with belts, and boots, and buttons, and many other things, but we have described enough for the present.



BROWN'S COUNTRY HOUSE.—No. 2.

Visitor. "WHAT ON *EARTH* DO YOU WANT WITH A TORTOISE?"
Mrs. Brown. "WELL, WHEN FRED HAD THAT FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT WITH HIS NEW MOTOR-CAR, HE SOLD IT, AND BOUGHT THE TORTOISE. SAYS IT SOOTHES HIS NERVES!"

A SEQUITUR.—Everybody has recently been delightedly interested in the reports of the celebration of "Lord DALMENY'S majority." The question that now occurs to many is, When shall we hear something satisfactory as to "Lord ROSEBERY'S majority?"

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(*New Style.*)

[HENRY HAMLET writes to the *Daily Mail*:—"For the last three years I have taken but two meals a day, 12 noon and 6 P.M. Result: clear brain, active body, in short, physical regeneration."]

LONG years ago in Denmark I
Was sick and sad and peaked and pined,
At length I know the reason why
I suffered this distress of mind.
I cried, "To be or not to be?"—
Because my daily meals were three!

Methought I saw my father's ghost
Stalking the battlements by night,
Even the sentry at his post
Declared he saw the self-same sight.
The reason will be clear to you—
Our meals were three instead of two.

Poor Uncle CLAUDIUS! I believed
That you my honoured sire had slain,
But now I know I was deceived,
And wish you were alive again.
The thirst for vengeance that one feels
Arises from too many meals.

OPHELIA perished in despair
When my digestion would not mend;
My dietetic errors were
The cause of poor POLONIUS' end.
I ran that harmless dotard through
Because my meals were more than two!

How happy, therefore, they who fix
Their minds on hygienic laws!
Two meals a day—at twelve and six—
Of every virtue are the cause.
This regimen, begun in time,
Will save you from a life of crime!

MORE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

I.

THE night is wild and wet. It makes faces at me—which is rude. So does a small boy from over the garden wall: the latter even goes so far as to put his thumb to the end of his nose and spread his fingers out. I expostulate with my umbrella. He leaves hurriedly.

Then my father's Secretary comes out of the house singing "*The Bedouin's Love Song.*" Having a few minutes to spare, he proposes to me. He looks like a cross between a Greek god and a Bowery costermonger. He has been reading *The Life of Robinson Crusoe* to father. I don't like curly men, but the Secretary is curly. He is also creepy.

The rain is ceaseless. My waterproof is wet. I tell him so. All he replies is:—

"What-a-proof of its unworthiness!"

The man who could perpetrate a grey-whiskered chestnut like that, and try to pass it off upon a Wilderness Girl—what *is* a Wilderness Girl, by the way?—as original, deserves any fate: even that of becoming my husband.

He coughs and clears his throat.

"You are cob—I mean 'a little hoarse,'" I say.

"Rot!" he ejaculates scornfully.

And he laughs—laughs like the noise of tearing calico—laughs like a nutmeg-grater on duty.

We go into the house, and I put on my ruby gown.

DEAR MR. HELOSE,—I fail to see why I should be snapped up in this way—however, as I have no other offer on hand, I suppose we may as well marry.

Sincerely yours, ELLA MENT.

June 25.

Where shall I find a name for that which has befallen me? If I call it joy I shrink away from the word, and if I call it fear, that would be a lie pure and simple.

"*You—have—promised—a—*MAN—*that—you—would—become—his—wife.*"

Nobody in the world has ever done such a thing before. But the Wilderness Girl doesn't mind this.

Mr. HELOSE'S hair does curl beautifully.

November 5.

Why is the world so Guy to-day?—I mean, "so gay to-day." Forgive the slip—the date—November 5—is responsible. It is because I am married, and no less than nine of my old flames turned up at the ceremony. It was nervous work when we came to those mystic words anent "giving this woman away." However, of course, none of them *did*. They are all absolutely trustworthy.

I keep on writing my husband notes. I have already sent him eleven this morning, and he is showing unmistakable signs of having had enough of it: but I go on all the same.

TO MY HUSBAND,—I do not think we have been apart three hours these fifteen days, and now you say you mean to strike, and claim a half-holiday on Saturdays. Be it so. I will employ the time in writing even more letters to you. This one I will pin on your Sunday trousers, so take care, dear DAN, how you sit down in church. To rise from your place suddenly, with a wild war-whoop, as you absorbed the business end of the pin, would probably result in your being promptly fired out by the verger for disturbing the meeting.

We have gone to live with Father. Father mildly expostulated, and suggested we should take a house of our own, but we magnanimously refused, and told him we would live with him until he petered out—poor Father!

DAN is at his office; feeling unhappy, I telephoned him this morning—

Are you there?

Yes—who is it?

I am unhappy.

Well?

Well, that's all.

Oh—all right—I 'll make a note of it. Ring off, please.

(*To be continued.*)

BACCHICS.

[In *The Story of the Vine*, Mr G. R. EMERSON sings the praise of Bacchus. What can surpass champagne "in tingling the torpid blood of the coward," or, "in adding a lustre to the charm of beauty and in imparting to the pale cheek a blush that rivals the Eastern sky, heralding to the waking West the arrival of the solar god? . . . What did not the culture of the Greeks owe to the stimulus of wine?"]

WHAT is the wine where bubbles dance
More bright than maiden's merry glance?
What sparkles like the sun-lit rain?
Champagne.

What nectar this, that should be quaffed
By deathless gods—diviner draught
Than Zeus himself did ever drain?
Champagne.

What would have gilt the gold refined
Of ÆSCHYLUS'S master-mind
And lighted all his dazzling train?
Champagne.

What would have thrown a perfume yet
More sweet upon the violet
Of PERICLES'S matchless reign?
Champagne.

What would have lent the Romans strength
To spread yet more the breadth and length
Of their imperial domain?
Champagne.

What makes the chicken-hearted brave,
And clamour for a hero's grave,
And scoff at scars with proud disdain?
Champagne.

What brings a soft and rosy flush
To cheek that can no longer blush?
What makes my MARY ANN not plain?
Champagne.

What makes the dullard wise, and fit
To crack a joke with men of wit?
What gives the minor poet brain?
Champagne.

What makes me talk? What can explain
So glib and garrulous a strain?
Methinks I hear the old refrain—
Champagne.

BY AN AWFUL BOER.—Summary of the Chamberlainian speeches: "*Vox, et Pretoria . . . . nihil.*"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. V.—IN AMERICA.

(Concluded.)

LAST week I landed you safely in the Home of the Free, and by this time you will have been able to turn round and find your legs, as it were, and accustom yourself to the society of this strange and on the whole delightful people who, with the English language on their lips, carry the heart of a Frenchman on their sleeves, and have deep down in their breasts another heart of their own, a heart compact of fine pride and generous feeling, and gusts of sensitive resentment and shrinking reticence that no Spanish Hidalgo could match. It is a curious mixture, but there it is, and the sooner you come to recognise it the better it will be for your welfare in the country you are visiting.

Perhaps the first thing to be done is to accustom yourself to the idea that Americans have of the average Englishman. Everybody knows what you think of yourself. You are the only man in the world, the measure of perfection, the standard of the greater virtues, the rule by which excellence in the art of living and of behaving oneself is to be tested. You have never really thought about this: you have gently but firmly assumed it to be true and, not only true, but recognised as true by every other nation. You are clever, polished, brilliant, well-versed in the art of dress and the great points of conduct—in a word you 're a model. That 's your idea. Put it away from you, get rid of it, bury it deep underground and don't resurrect it until you 're back in Liverpool. The Americans are a polite people, but you can't be long in their society or read their newspapers and periodicals with ordinary attention before you discover that their idea of our matchless nation doesn't exactly square with your own. It may be your privilege to hear a group, who are not aware of your presence, telling a story in which a slow, stupid and misunderstanding man is one of the characters. You listen with a distant and amused tolerance until—great Heaven, you realise that the stupid man is an Englishman! He says, "Haw, dontcherknow," with every other word he utters, never sees a joke until everybody else has forgotten it, and altogether behaves with a thick-headed foolishness and a hob-nailed arrogance that makes him the laughing-stock and the contempt of all the other characters in the story that is being told. Terrible, isn't it? Of course you 're not like that. Nobody ever is. But how on earth, then, did the idea ever arise in the quick American brain? That question you can answer, no doubt, but if you want to answer it truthfully you 'll have to bring to your aid a larger amount of modest diffidence than is generally to be found in the hand-luggage of your travelling compatriots.

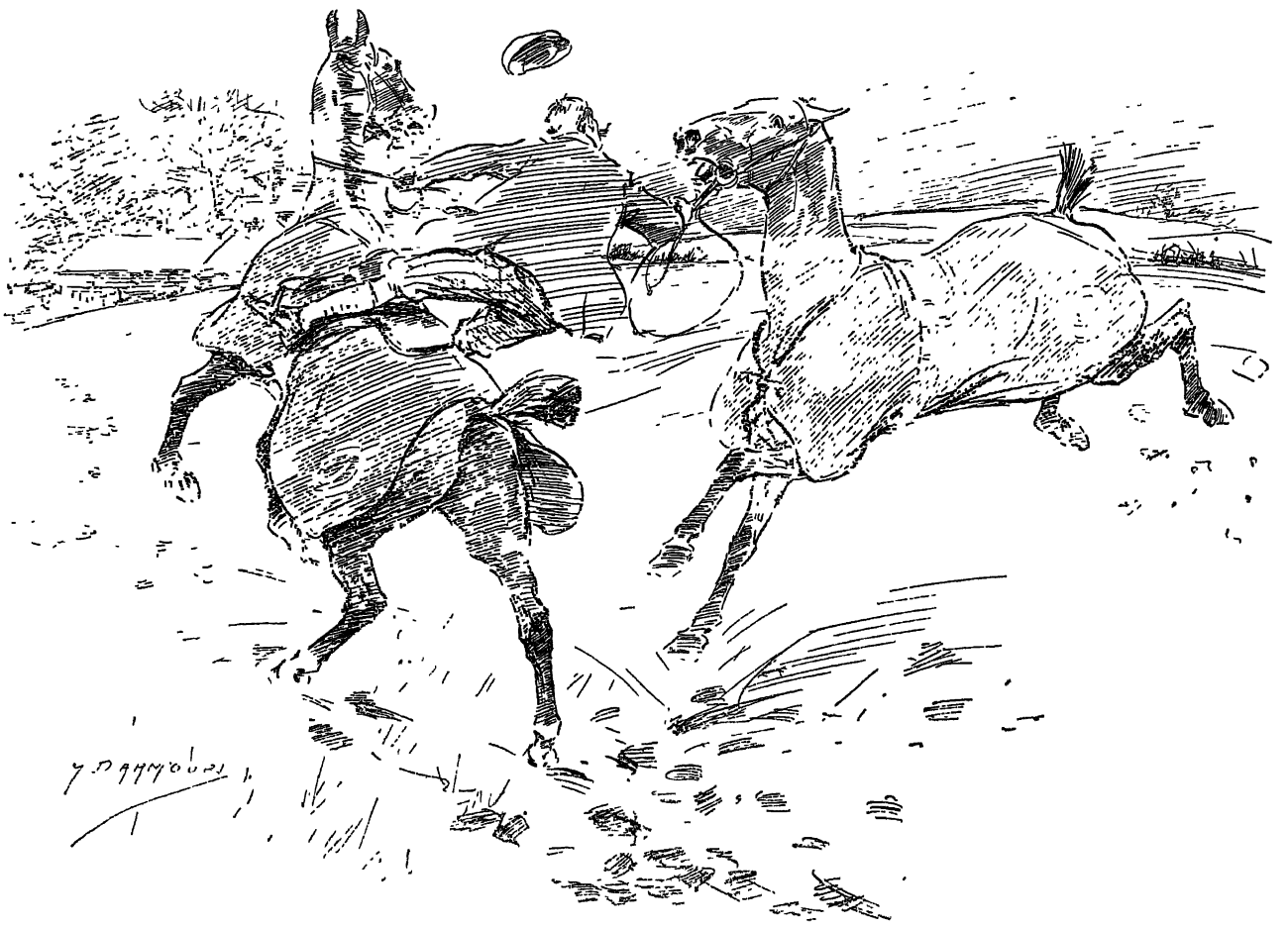
Well, it 's a good thing, no doubt, to be toppled every now and then from your tall pinnacles of self-esteem, to be forced, while you lie bruised and gasping on the ground, to see yourself for a brief moment as others see you—but what then? In America you get up and shake yourself; the bruises become less sore, and your opinion of yourself revives in the society of those Americans (and they are not few) who pass their lives in running down everything that has the slightest native flavour of Americanism about it. No such high dry Tories as these are to be found in England. They admire with an extraordinary fervour all the ancient abuses, the dismal tendencies to reaction and obscurantism against which we struggle. In their lives, their manner, and their language and dress, they are more English than the most ignorant dull Englishman that ever had his being in the mind of an exaggerating satirist, and as for honest pride in their great country and its illustrious deeds, they never felt a spark of it. Do not take these gentlemen as your guides. Bear yourself modestly, be natural, try to shake off a little of that dead weight of self-assured superiority that oppresses you; think of Americans as fellow creatures, sometimes vain, sometimes themselves not unacquainted with arrogance and swagger, but on the whole as honourable, upright, sensitive gentlemen (we didn't speak of the ladies, who are all, to a woman, charming and delightful), highly-cultivated, well-informed, and of a hospitality that no other people can equal. If you can succeed ever so slightly in this effort you will probably enjoy your visit to America. If not, why, you 'll come back remembering to the discredit of the Americans that they talk through their noses and part their hair in the middle. And these, of course, are fatal and infamous defects.



DEA EX MACHINÂ. THE GODDESS OUT OF THE CAR.

"But what is this? What thing of sea or land?
Female of sex it seems,
That so bedecked, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way, sailing
Like a stately ship.
* * * * * *
An amber scent of odoriferous perfume
Her harbinger."—MILTON, *Samson Agonistes.*

MORE HONOURED IN THE BREACH THAN THE OBSERVANCE.—What rough and rude horse-marine play is the pitching, tarring, water-butting, and all the other tom-fooleries still practised on board our vessels "crossing the line." As there is a line, why not draw it at something short of these old-world rough-and-tumble frolics? Sailors will be sailors, but they needn't be boys. In the case of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S voyage, "clowning" may be excusable with a "JOEY" on board, especially when that "JOEY" lends his countenance to the "spill-and-pelt," and, like a good gallery lad, takes his seat "up aloft" to look down on the pranks of poor JACK with a cherubic smile of approval. These old customs die hard, and on land even "Jack-in-the-Green," as a survival of May Day merriment, has not had his final kick.



PROVERBS ILLUSTRATED.

"IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELF."

[*Jones believed this saying before the frost.*

AN EVENING FROM HOME.

AT the Alhambra the plot of the new ballet, *The Devil's Forge*, will remind veteran opera-goers of *Der Freischutz*, and the younger generation of *Siegfried*. But the scene in the cavern of the mountain witch, where the three army corps of flame, frost and water fairies are manœuvred with the utmost precision and great kaleidoscopic splendour, owes nothing to WEBER or WAGNER. Miss EDIE SLACK, as that dashing young blade, *Karl*, excellent in a *Romeo* costume; Mlle. ALMA MARI, as the Mountain Fairy, gives an excellent imitation of an animated pair of compasses. Music by Mr. GEORGE BYNG, of the sumptuous and sonorous type. For the rest one can take trips to Fez or the Moon, per Bioscope, or watch the NOISET Troupe—noiset in nature as in name—perform their astonishing feat of "Circling the Circ." Squaring the circle is nothing to the achievement of this amazing quartet of cyclists, who climb into a large skeleton bottomless bucket, so to speak, and then proceed, all four of them, to race full tilt round the inner sides of the bucket, which is gradually hoisted up twenty feet into the air.

MY OWN REFLECTIONS.

(*Written on a cross-Channel steamer.*)

[It has been laid down by M. DES PLANCHES, the Italian Ambassador to Washington that an infallible cure for sea-sickness is to be found in examining one's features attentively in a mirror.]

THE sea is getting rougher and
The wind is blowing hard.
We're out of shelter from the land,
But I'll be on my guard.
"Hi, Steward, Steward!"—there he goes,
"The next time that you pass,
Bring me a—no, not one of those,
I want a looking-glass."

The vessel pitches up and down,
But now my thoughts have strayed,
I'm gazing at my eyes of brown,
They *are* a lovely shade.
The sea is rising more and more,
A hurricane it blows—
I never realised before
That I'd a Roman nose.

A nasty lurch we gave just now,
And every timber creaks,
But oh! the beauty of my brow,
The contour of my cheeks!
The salt spray wets me to the skin,
As waves sweep o'er the deck.
Ah! let me contemplate my chin,
Though buried in my neck.

The passenger upon my right
Is gazing o'er the side.
I will not dwell upon the sight,
It is not dignified.
How perfectly my eye-brows grow,
And critics must admit
That I've got shell-like ears, although
They do stick out a bit.

But why is my complexion green,
And just a trifle pale?
Alas! have these precautions been
Indeed of no avail?
Oh fickle, faithless and untrue,
Thou mirror thrice accurst! [you
"Here, Steward, bring me that which
Were going to bring at first!"



THE BEREFT BIRD.

(Scene from the Pantomime, Theatre Royal, Johannesburg.)

DAME CH-MB-RL-N. "THERE, DON'T WORRY. IT 'LL BE ALL RIGHT. YOU 'LL LAY LOTS MORE."
THE OSTRICH *(resignedly)*. "WELL—'WHAT YOU HAVE TAKEN, YOU *HAVE* TAKEN.'"

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XI.—MR. SIDNEY LEE.

MR. LEE was pensively toying with a crisp rasher as we entered his sumptuous apartments in Verulam Buildings, Ham Common.

"Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table," he remarked, pleasantly.

We replied that we had eaten already, but that we hoped he would continue.

"On, bacons, on," he rejoined, placing two more slices in the chafing-dish at his side. "What, ye knaves! Young men must live."

While he finished his repast we had time to look round our host's comfortable quarters. The shelves bristled with editions of the Master's works bound in the best pigskin: the *Novum Organum*, the *Wisdom of the Ancients*, the *Advancement of Learning*, the



"Mr. Lee was pensively toying with a crisp rasher."

Essays, the *New Atlantis*—none were missing. Portraits of the great man covered the walls, varied here and there by the effigies of kindred spirits: a full-length (by TROTTER, R.A.) of OG, King of Bashan; a photograph of Mrs. GALLUP in one of her rasher moments; an engraving of the Ettrick Shepherd; a Kit-Cat of IGNATIUS DONNELLY; and a charming *carte de visite* of Mr. MALLOCK in fancy dress as a Franciscan friar.

"And do you," we asked, "think that BACON wrote everything?"

Mr. LEE signified assent in the usual manner.

"How simple that must make things!" we replied. "Then the *Dictionary of National Biography* is merely a life of BACON'S aliases?"



"In saying so you shall but say the truth."

"Age cannot wither nor custom stale his infinite variety," murmured Mr. LEE.

"And your life of SHAKSPEARE? That, then, is the narrative of the Lord Chancellor's most carefully maintained deception?"

"A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor," our host replied.

"Then you hold that not only is Ham Common but everything is Bacon, and Bacon is everything? You are but a projection of BACON'S personality; and we are Bacon and Bacon is everywhere?"

"I have unclasped to thee the book, even of my secret soul," replied Mr. LEE in his most poignant accents.

"In other words, then, the philosophy of the Baconians is eternal and omnipresent Gammon?"



"Perceiving the hollowness of the Great Stratford Myth."

"In saying so you shall but say the truth," responded the eminent critic, adding, with a sudden descent to the more pedestrian diction of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Evidences of the truth of the great doctrine abound in all ages. CICERO had a villa at Tusculum. DISRAELI took the title of Beaconsfield, and GLADSTONE himself sat for Greenwich, which rhymes with spinach, which is inextricably associated with gammon, which rhymes with Salmon, which is equivalent to GLUCKSTEIN, which is the German for GLADSTONE. The wheel has come full circle; the loop is looped. Yes, we are all Probores now."

Before we left, Mr. LEE kindly gave us some interesting particulars of his life. Born at Hog's Norton in Leicestershire, he was intended for a Shakspearian scholar, but at an early age,



"A priceless Mexican Mustang has been retained for his exclusive use."

perceiving the hollowness of the Great Stratford Myth, as he calls it, he turned his attention to cryptograms, and with the assistance of Sir THOMAS LIPTON—who first divined the inner significance of the names *Ham*-let and *Polony*-us—and of Mr. J. HOLT SCHOOLING, he discovered a cipher which revolutionised our knowledge of the Elizabethan Age, proving beyond doubt that *The Visits of Elizabeth* was the work of FRANCIS BACON in his character as the Earl of LEICESTER, and *Elizabeth and her German Garden* an effusion of the same author under the disguise of Sir WALTER RALEIGH.

Mr. LEE, we may add, is just leaving England on a lecturing tour in America, and sails by the *Oceanic*, the entire

lee-scuppers being reserved for his use. In the States we understand that he will be the guest of SUNNY JIM, and take part in a great pig-sticking excursion in the Yosemite Valley, organised by the leading pork packers of Tipperusalem. A priceless peach-fed Mexican mustang has already been retained for the exclusive use of the distinguished visitor. Mr. LEE has also been encouraged by President ROOSEVELT to take a run down South to visit the sons of Ham, and will appropriately lecture at Boston, the scene of Dr. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES's "Last Leaf," on the First Folio.

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

IV.—THE PILGRIMS' P.-AND-O.-GRESS.

Dec. 21: *Gulf of Aden.*—Somaliland lies somewhere near, and it seemed last night as if the MAD MULLAH was trying to get into my porthole. It was the wind roaring in the windscoop set to catch and turn him into my cabin. In the result, one's head, in an upper berth, is all but blown off, while one's body is steadily melting through the night-watches. With what remains of it one goes limply till luncheon-time, talking to the people one knows best, and taking little trouble to improve new friendships.

I gather, by the way, that social intercourse in the second class is less hampered by self-consciousness than in the superior part of the good ship "*Grosvenor Square.*" When a new and unknown lady passenger comes on board and walks deprecatingly down the critical line of first-class deck-chairs, it is a sign of breeding to say, in a clear, bell-like tone, as she passes, "Who is this person?" But among the maids and men-servants (who had a dance of their own the other night) there is a different standard of tact; and of this there is a story to tell very greatly to their credit. For, shortly after leaving one of the ports where we had picked up fresh passengers, a lady "well known in Society," who had been on board ever since Marseilles, happened to stroll across to the second class, possibly to get a better view of the moon, and being unrecognised, was addressed by a peer's valet in the following simple words: "A new face, I think?" Nothing but the desire to put the lady at her ease had prompted the advances of this so admirable CRICHTON. And I will break the confidence of one of my lady-friends so far as to repeat her confession that, after reflecting on this episode, she found that the prospect of being wrecked on one of the "Twelve Apostles"—all of them "dissolute islands" in the neighbourhood—was not without its contingent consolations.

This morning we rounded the island of Perim, and headed for Aden. I thought of the Peri at the Gate of Paradise, and wondered if Perim at the Gate of the Garden of Aden was the plural. This conjecture was not borne out by the appearance of Aden itself lying unshaded under its barren rock. Yet its very bareness helped to make the sentiment of the place: suiting well with this lonely outpost planted there, rigid and stern, to guard our highway of the East. And as if to give a touch of colour to this romance of Empire, there was the Royal Standard flying above an English cruiser. As we cast anchor, H.R.H. the Duke of CONNAUGHT came over from the *Renown* to borrow our Grand Duke for a little.

Boat-loads of swarthy natives, sketchily dressed, plied us with stuffs of Araby, and trophies of the chase; but the voracity of the local shark (meaning the fish) has discouraged the pretty fashion of diving for coins, which is now treated as an attempt at suicide. We were boarded by some thirty odd officials of the Post Office, who are to spend the next four days in sorting the outward Indian Mail—a matter of 1700 bags.

Dec. 25: *In the Arabian Sea.*—We have been wishing one another a Merry Christmas, but the heat is most severe, and I am certain that any effort to realise this pious benison would be received with marked disapproval. Indeed, throughout our voyage, the designs of that deadly philanthropist, the "amusement fiend"—the kind of person who wants you all to go about blindfold trying to put in the eye of a pig delineated in chalk on the deck—have been rudely frustrated at their birth. Since Aden our annals have kept their silence, broken only by a clearly expressed desire for cocktails—with ladies, the costly "Bengal Lancer" is very popular—by some quoit tourneys, by a pool on the ship's run, and by a tendency, as we near port, to collect autographs of our unique fellowship.

The noticeable absence of other ships from our horizon, coupled with a curious dearth of those marine features (such as porpoises or whales) which are in the habit of affording diversion to voyagers, has perhaps drawn us nearer to one another, binding us together by a sense of collective solitude. And now, to the depressing prospect of a surfeit of Christmas fare to-night, very unmanning in this tropical heat, is added the collateral terror of after-dinner speeches. I do profoundly trust that there will be limits to the general enthusiasm; and that I shall not be asked, for instance, to stand, with one foot on an elevation, grasping firmly the hand of a perfect stranger, and expressing defiance of the contemptible hypothesis that auld acquaintance should ever conceivably escape my memory.

All the same, it has been a fascinating voyage; and our dear hearts are divided between a sense of relief, on the one hand, that the good time cannot now be spoilt by the weariness of its delights, and, on the other hand, the regret that our community is to be broken up to-morrow. Still, many of us will be within hail of one another at Delhi, and a good few besides the Two Pilgrims are to return home under conduct of that very PARFITT Arabian knight, our present Captain.

My next missive must leave too soon to tell you of the Durbar; but we shall have seen the State Entry; and, though I may not date from a howdah, as I have not yet secured a private elephant, yet I will engage that my language at least shall already be marked by Oriental luxury and *abandon*. O. S.

INGENIOUS BALLADE OF THE PANTOMIME.

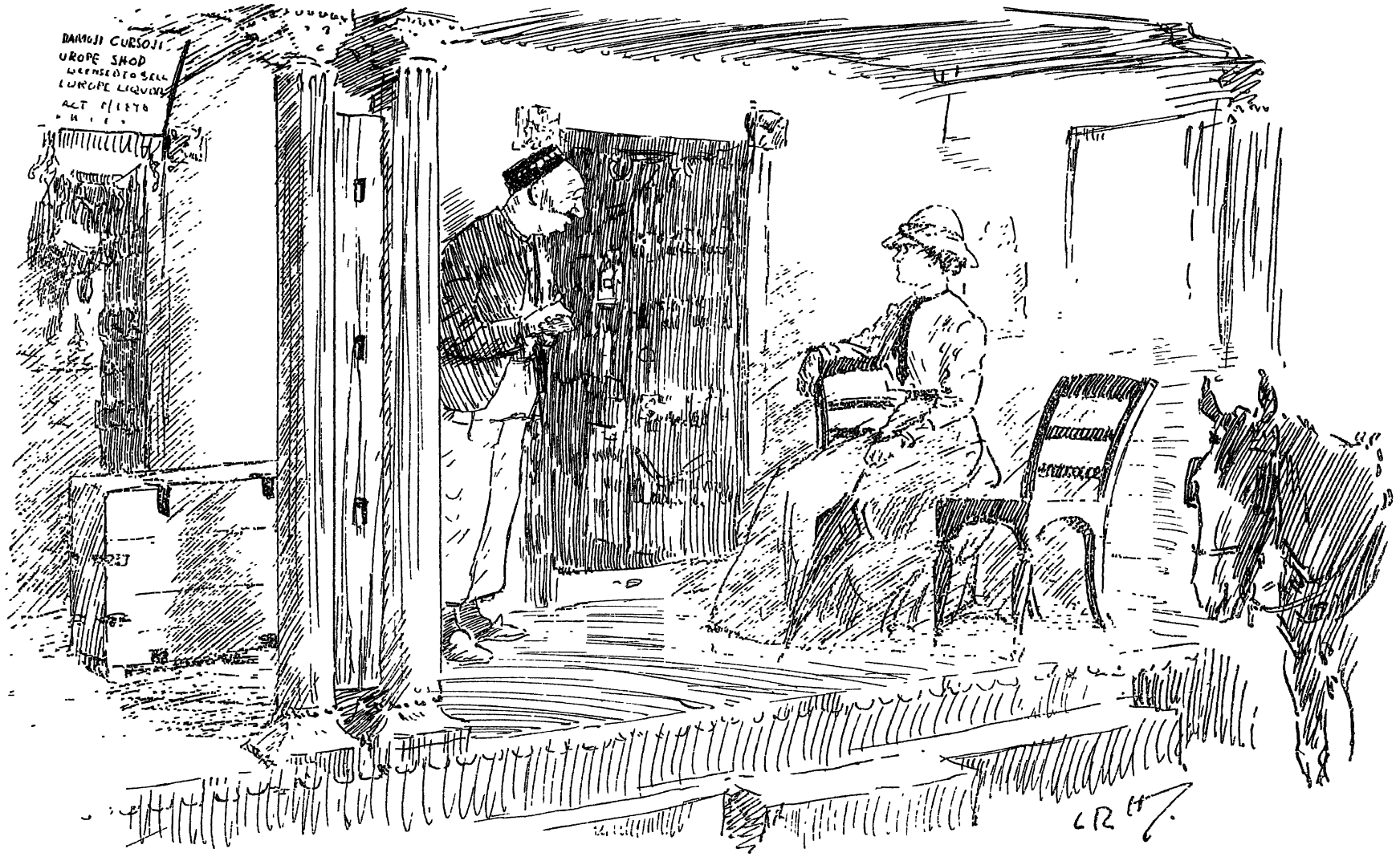
WHEN winter snows are on the ground,
When winter skies are grey,
When nephews everywhere abound,
And nieces come to stay;
Then, though my youth be far away,
And pleasure but a phantom, I'm
Moved by the season to convey
A party to the Pantomime.

Myself, alas, with yawns profound
I see the limelight play
Upon the fairies dancing round
In tinsel bright array.
The prince, in tights and spangles gay,
Struts proudly like a bantam; I'm
Subject no more beneath the sway
Of princes in the Pantomime.

Yet those who in my box are found,
Types of a later day,
The jokes amuse, the shifts astound,
Of demon and of fay.
I look at MARJORIE and MAY,
Watch CHRISTOPHER and scan TOM; I'm
Glad to observe at least that they
Appreciate the Pantomime.

Children, my fancies, far astray
From screech o' clown and rant o' mime,
Have found, I'm gratified to say,
Four legal rhymes to Pantomime.

"WHAT is conviction?" asked Sir HERBERT STEPHEN in the *Times*. Judging from police reports, where it is frequently stated that "many previous convictions were proved against the prisoner," we should be inclined to say that, as a rule, conviction seems to mean imprisonment with or without option of fine.



UP COUNTRY JOYS IN INDIA.'

The Mem Sahib (with a view to seasonable festivities). "I WONDER IF YOU HAVE GOT SUCH A THING AS LEMON PEEL OR CANDIED PEEL IN YOUR SHOP?"
"Europe Shop" Keeper. "AH, NO, MEM SAHIB. ONLEE GOT IT 'COCKLE' PEEL AND 'BEESHAM' PEEL!"

AN ELLALINE TERRISS-TRIAL MATTER.

ONE must not look a gift picture-book in the mouth. A gift picture-book hasn't a mouth, but the giver has, and the nearest substitute for mouth in the above-adapted proverb is "palette." There we stop, and only say that the *Ellaline Terriss Souvenir* ("Bless 'er 'art!" as the inimitable Mrs. JOHN WOOD hath it) for 1903 is one of the cleverest put-together pieces of workmanship we have seen for some time. Who compiled it is a mystery, but be he, or she, who he, or she, may, the general result is excellent, and *all* the quotations most happy. Personally we should have preferred the small portraits to have been theatrical, or simply "professional," notabilities in Art and Literature. What profits "rank" in such an assembly? Here, as *Hamlet* says, the "offence is rank." But—pardon—the book is a "free gift," a souvenir to all, from the present Manageress and Manager of the Vaudeville, to whom *Mr. Punch* wishes the best of luck—(and it can't be much better than it has been) in their career.

A SANGUINARY SUGGESTION.

To MR. PUNCH,—SIR, Mr. GARRETT FISHER has been describing, in the columns of the *Daily News*, the methods by which a new Literary Society proposes to stem the awful flood of new and worthless books. This Society will call itself the Omar Club, after the gentleman who burnt the Alexandrian Library, and is to be "modelled on the organisation of the late Thugs." Each member must pledge himself "to destroy a certain number of new books in the course of each month, and to do his utmost to dissuade at least two authors." I understand that in literary circles the idea is very warmly approved, everybody believing that the other fellow's books are sure to be burnt. But with that I have nothing to do. The beautiful ambiguity of that "to dissuade at least two authors," and the reference to the Thugs, have inspired me with a notion for dealing with the decadence of the periodical Press.

If you will ask any one of the Great Rejected what is the cause of this decay, he will explain in a quite unprintable speech that it is the Editors. Never before was there so much suppressed genius knocking about Fleet Street. Never before did poor, starved Miss LITERATURE, chained to the chairs of a crowd of mahogany-headed Editors, cry so piteously for literary bread.

You are known, Sir, to be a man of chivalry, and a personal friend of that young lady, and hence I call upon you to open your columns to this invitation to my brother objects of the Editor's regrets to rise, and follow me!

Our numbers are thousands, and our oppressors are but hundreds! If my fellow-sufferers will meet me unshaven by the Law Courts one fine dark night, in Inverness coats and squash hats, we will rescue Miss LITERATURE and win eternal fame. I will lead them to a battle where they are certain to get the best of it, as the enemy will be hopelessly outnumbered. We will seize these wretches, these Editors (bah!), and we will strip some of them and paste their regret-slips all over them and set them alight! We will cram the nostrils and the mouths of others with printers' ink and suffocate them! Others we will cast into their own presses! And the worst we will force to listen to their own effusions while we jeer at their dying wails! "Something with boiling oil in it," and the Huguenots' massacre will be child's play to the things we shall do to these tyrants who have lorded it over us far too long. Excepting yourself, spared for your kindness in publishing this *pronunciamiento*, not one of them shall be left alive, and Literature shall be free—to us.

And then, Sir, we will go "odd man out" for their vacant chairs, and there shall be no more refusals, and our letter-boxes shall rattle only with fat cheques.

Yours, &c. GRADUS AD PARNASSUM.

CHARIVARIA.

SEVERAL articles on the Sultan of MOROCCO have recently appeared in our papers. From one of these we learn that he is fond of amusement. His ambition is to see a Parliament on English lines established in Morocco.

Severe weather is reported from Jersey City. Last week two heavily-laden milk-wagons collided, and all the contents were upset. In a few minutes people were skating on a magnificent sheet of water.

General ANDRÉ, the French War Minister, has abolished the Mess for the Army, and M. PELLETAN is introducing it into the Navy.

We are improving. The news that Venezuela had definitely submitted was received in a quiet and dignified manner, and did not lead to a repetition of the wild and hysteric scenes which took place when peace with the Transvaal was announced.

America, it is announced, possesses a monkey that can play Ping-Pong. We have no wish to foster international jealousies, but we have seen thousands of them in England.

There has been friction with Russia about the Dardanelles, and it has been proposed that a fresh agreement shall be concluded between the signatories to the existing Treaty, by which no foreign Power is on any pretext whatever to be allowed to send war-ships through the Dardanelles unless strong enough to insist on it.

Meanwhile, Great Britain has told Russia in no uncertain voice that it was really too bad of her.

There is very little doubt now that a Bill will shortly be introduced to prevent the influx of undesirable aliens into England. Such a measure has become absolutely necessary, as it is declared that our own criminal classes are now finding it difficult to earn a living.

There were prospects at one time that the coming Riviera season would be a peculiarly brilliant one, but it is now announced that VIDAL has been reprieved.

The troops at the disposal of Sir BRUCE HAMILTON, appointed to command the 3rd Infantry Division of the 1st Army Corps, at present consist of only his Aide-de-camp. We hear that the General has received orders from the War Office to manœuvre him.

Professor SORMAGNI, of Pavia, has discovered the hydrophobia microbe. Many dogs have gone mad with excitement at the news.

England is not the only country that requires a Drunkards Act. A remarkable sea-monster has been seen by some fishermen near Melbourne.

The War Office has been making experiments with wireless telegraphy. It is not known who told the War Office of the invention.

Gold will always have an attraction, but that was quite an unnecessary misprint in a Radical paper which said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was, of course, being drawn towards the Gold Magnets in South Africa.

The SULTAN has objected to the performance of *Dick Whittington* by the members of the British Embassy at Constantinople on the ground of the pantomime being immoral. He considers *Dick's* rapid rise to opulence is not satisfactorily accounted for.



The Vicar's Daughter. "AWFULLY COLD, ISN'T IT, MRS. MUGGLES?"
Mrs. Muggles. "YES, MY DEAR. BUT, BLESS YE, I'M *LOVELY* AND WARM!"

WHITEWASHING THE BLACKAMOOR.



Beetle (loq.). "Haply, for I am black."—*Othello*, iii. 3.

HAD WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, dramatic author and actor, foreseen, "in his mind's eye, HORATIO," the present production at the Lyric Theatre of his awful tragedy *Othello*, in this year of grace 1903, he might have felt strongly inclined to rechristen it by the style and title of *Dainty Desdemona*. A more fascinating representative of this Moor-fascinating young lady than Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT it would be indeed difficult to find. *Desdemona's* portrait, as given us by this actress, is an exquisite work of art, it is "all," or, almost all, "my (or anybody else's) fancy painted," it is lovely, pure, simple, and touchingly child-like. Her mere appearance makes *Iago* trebly the villain he is, and *Othello* infinitely blacker than he paints himself. For Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Othello* is only a light mahogany-coloured hero, with scarcely a smear of the tar-brush visible; nay, so highly polished is he, as mahogany should be, that when he alludes to himself as being "rude in speech," everyone feels that this expression is only a false modesty or a trick of rhetorical art, intended to catch the ear of the courteously appreciative and politic *Doge* (Mr. IAN ROBERTSON) and of the assembled *patres conscripti*, including the *Pater Gravis Brabantio* (impressively played by clever Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE), of the Venetian Republic, whom, one and all, he wins over to his side by the simple eloquence that had already captivated *Desdemona*.

Opinions may, and surely will, differ as to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S impersonation of the "lusty Moor," who sneers at "the turban'd Turk" while himself wearing a similar head-dress (but perhaps after all this is a subtle touch of human nature, indicating that *Othello* doesn't see himself as others see him), and who is never really terrible until the last scene, when his determination to avenge his supposed dishonour is irrevocably fixed; but there must be a strong *consensus* of opinion in favour of Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S fitness for the *rôle* of *Desdemona*. Her *Desdemona* is just the child-like, home-nurtured creature (own sister to *Romeo's Juliet*) to be entranced by the wondrous stories that the wandering warrior either invented, or founded upon his own experience in many lands, for her special delectation, improving upon them as he perceived her hero-worship developing, and himself becoming the very "god of her idolatry." She took in all his legends as eagerly as she would have taken in romances from a circulating library. In the accomplished story-teller she sees nothing of the "black art" attributed to him by *Brabantio*, who, on any other hypothesis than that of magic, cannot conceive how the dusky warrior could possibly think of such wonderful things! In the man who possesses "the voice of the charmer," sweet simple *Desdemona* scarcely notices the tinge of light brown that differentiates him from other "coloured gentlemen" of a deeper dye; no, to her he is what she chooses to paint him, and in her heart of hearts she says to herself, "*Othello's* is the colour for my money." And when the audience beholds this confiding child, so miserably unhappy, and so distraught that she does not even kneel down and say her prayers before going to bed, would they not willingly stop grim *Othello* at the very door of the bed-chamber and implore him to kill anybody, everybody, himself included if he likes, rather than hurt a single fair hair of *Desdemona's* head?

But *Othello* must carry out his author's purpose: it is his destiny! *Kismet.* His wife has been sadly singing about "Willow, Willow," and now he gives the rhyme to that word, and it is "pillow, pillow!" He bolsters up his fell purpose by lunatic reasoning, and, as it were, throws "pillow" in her teeth . . . then—draw the curtain. . . . Macbeth-like, he is startled by the knocking at the door! "Who 's dat a-knockin' at de door?" and "Who's dat a-callin?" These are the Ethiopian melodies, quite modern, which should suggest themselves to the Musical Director, Mr. CLAUDE FENIGSTEIN, as a kind of dramatic Wagnerian accompaniment describing the Moor's motive. "But," as *Mr. Serjeant Buzfuz* observed, "Enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened."

Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT'S *Desdemona* is a perfectly charming performance, and Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Othello*, in the last scene, when we witness the madness of his jealousy and the misery of his passionate love, is a masterpiece of terrible realism.

Mr. BEN WEBSTER is an excellent *Cassio*, and in his intoxication he is drunk as a lord, and behaving as much like a gentleman as is possible to one so disguised in liquor.

Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE'S *Roderigo* is humorous, but rather too idiotic. As *Bianca*, Miss AIMÉE DE BURGH is "naughty but nice;" though how a lady of her notoriety contrives to obtain the *entrée*, unquestioned, to *Othello's* castle, is rather a puzzle. The arrangement is not Shakspearian: the scenes where she appears in WILLIAM'S play are "Before the Castle," *i.e.*, out of doors.

Either *Emilia* is unsuited to Miss LENA ASHWELL, or Miss LENA does not properly appreciate *Emilia;* it matters not which. *Emilia* is the antithesis to *Desdemona;* she is a woman of accommodating virtue; a coquette and a virago. Yet, on occasion, she is a grand person, dominating *Iago* and *Othello*, and carrying all before her. But this *Emilia* is only a commonplace waiting-woman; waiting for the chance, and losing it when it comes. After *Iago* has killed *Emilia*, *Othello* puts her away somewhere behind the bed, out of sight, and she is not missed. This is as it ought not to be.

As for Mr. WARING'S *Iago*—well—personally I should like to see him play *Othello* to Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S *Iago*. I feel morally sure that Mr. WARING would be far more at home as that "rantin', roarin' boy," the Moor of Venice, than he is as "The Ancient," while Mr. ROBERTSON'S *Iago* would be a very fine and subtle performance. At the Lyceum IRVING and BOOTH used to alternate the parts. Why not try the experiment at the Lyric?

MEM. (*from our "Cottage" near a "Broadwood"*).—At the St. James's Hall, as one of the items of a "Broadwood Concert," Miss ETHEL WOOD sang *Mr. Punch's "Durbar Ode;"* music composed by Sir ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, words by *Mr. Punch's* Own Laureate signing himself "O. S." It was first-rate, not by any means "a one-OS affair." Sir ALEC, in his happiest vein, has written a composition of very great difficulty, and on this, the first, occasion of its being heard in public, Miss ETHEL WOOD interpreted the Maëstro's work with rare intelligence and strong dramatic feeling. Sir ALEXANDER was the accompanist. When he has any time to spare that he doesn't require for a tune, perhaps he may be induced to arrange his work for a full orchestra (of course not for an empty one, *cela va sans jouer*) with the same fair vocalist singing, and then we shall hear the grand effect of WOOD and string combined with (what, well managed, it ought to bring in) plenty of "brass."

AN EXCITING MOMENT FOR AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.—The Hands joined at the hour of twelve! In another moment they would strike!! No!—the works were out of order. The clock stopped.

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

ACT SECOND: SCENE SECOND.



WE are now in the Garden-Compound of Old Syndicate FRANKENSTEIN'S bungalow-villa, at Plainpalais, outside Geneva. Correct Swiss scenery in background. Crevasses are seen uplifting their icy summits into the cloudless ether, glaciers foam and sparkle over lofty precipices, and now and then an avalanche is heard rustling among the pine trees. Distant cowbells are carolling forth their merry angelus.

Miss ELIZABETH LAVENZA *appears, supporting the limp and emaciated form of* Mr. FRANKENSTEIN (Junr.).

Miss Eliz. (*tenderly*). You have indeed experienced the narrow squeak, my beloved VICTOR. Happily you have saved your bacon by the skin of your teeth!

Mr. F. If I am now going strong as a Phœnix refreshed, it is entirely due to your kind attentions, my adored ELIZABETH. I am resolved to chuck scientific researches in future, and content myself with connubial bliss and matrimonial felicities.

Miss Eliz. (*blushing like a beet*). It is never too late to turn over a new leaf. But here comes little darling WILLIAM.

[Little darling WILLIAM *dances sportively in, and there ensues a rather pretty interval of infantile prattlings. After which*——

Little d. W. (*coaxingly*). Sweet Cousin ELIZABETH, what a magnificent miniature bedecks your swanlike bosom! How I should like to possess it as a plaything!

Miss Eliz. It is worth a Jew's eye—but I cannot nill so artless a petition. It is yours.

[*She hangs it round his neck as* Ayah JUSTINE *enters; this miniature episode is borrowed from original story.*

Ayah Justine (*smiling, as* Little WILLIAM *exhibits his treasure.*) Truly it is a valuable donation for so small a juvenile! I have come to take you out for an evening airing.

[Little WILLIAM *gambols frolicsomely off with her, like lamb to the shamble-house.*

Miss Eliz. Poor girl! She is of a gay inconsiderate temperament, and has undergone many trials, having lost all her brothers and sisters, and been accused by her maternal parent of causing them to decease. (*V. original.*)

Mr. F. She is very, very gentle and of considerable pulchritude.

[Here the Old Syndicate *enters, and there follows an eloquent discourse on the Objects of Existence, the momentous aim of the Disposition of Things, and how best to make effectual the Epicedium. This of course is despatch-cocked in merely to allow reasonable time for a murder to be committed behind the scenes. At the conclusion a Swiss Police enters in a violent stew.*

The Swiss P. (*respectfully*). I deeply regret to inform you of a sad family cataclysm. Your little WILLIAM has just been found throttled to death.

[*N.b.—I beg to announce that this incident is* Mrs. SHELLY'S *invention—not mine—and that I have accordingly felt compelled to include it. But, not to harrow up the audience too severely, I have carefully arranged for the affair to be transacted off the stage, as in the leading precedent of* MEDEA *and her brats.*—H. B. J.

Miss Eliz. (*completely upset*). This is a truly calamitous occurrence! He was wearing a costly miniature portrait which I gave him as a plaything.

The Swiss P. The miniature *non est inventus*—and Ayah JUSTINE likewise. [*Enter another Swiss Police.*

The Other Sw. P. (*salaaming*). I have the honour to report that Ayah JUSTINE has just been run in, with a valuable portrait concealed in her pocket. On being twitted with infanticide, she tearfully owned the soft impeachment [*for this see book.*—H. B. J.] Kindly favour us with official instructions as to further proceedings?

Old Syndic. F. (*severely*). Since she has cried "*Mea culpa*," *fiat Justitia!* Let her be blockheaded instantaneously!

[*The Swiss Police make obeisances and depart, to execute orders.*

Mr. F. It is barely credible that so good-natured a girl should become impromptu such a first-class misdemeanant.

Old Synd. F. As a Judge, I cannot disregard the King's evidence of a culprit who is also the sole eye-witness.

Mr. F. I know that you, my revered parent, are *nulli secundus* in knowledge of Criminal procedures. But such a sad event has afflicted me with total loss of spirits.

Old Synd. F. Do not be too cast down. These calamities will occur even in best regulated family circles. Let us summon up a stoical demeanour and celebrate the funereal obsequies with elegant first-class gentility.

[*They go out, and the Scene ends here. Perhaps more sensational dramatists would have piled the agony up to higher altitudes, and even have sought a meretricious effect by representing elaborated burial ceremonies and scenes of weltering lachrymation. But I cannot condescend to employ such ad captandum and claptrap devices merely to tickle the groundlings.*—H. B. J.

The THIRD SCENE represents an isolated neighbourhood insufficiently illuminated by a sickish moon.

Mr. F. (*entering gloomily—to himself*). 'Twas here that little darling WILLIAM wheezed forth his last breath! Such an awfully atrocious tragedy would make even the boulders to *fondre en larmes.* It is a comfort to know that Ayah JUSTINE has been officially blockheaded.

[*Suddenly the* Monster *is seen bounding over the ice-crevices, as per volume.*

Mr. F. (*recoiling*). You here! Begone, vile insect!

(Mrs. SHELLY'S *own expression.*)

Monster. I expected this reception. (Mrs. S. *again.*) Learn that it was this hand that wrung Little WILLIAM'S callow neck, and subsequently inserted the miniature into Ayah JUSTINE'S unconscious pocket.

Mr. F. Then she was innocent—and you have behaved in a most discreditable fashion! Approach, and let me instantly extinguish the spark that I so negligently have bestowed!

(*This splendid speech is also the work of* Mrs. S.)

Monster. Do not sport thus with life. Remember that

you have known me *ab ovo*, and been Father and Mother to me! I entreat you to *audi alteram partem*. Have I not suffered *ad nauseam?* It is the positive fact that I only annihilated Little WILLIAM because he declined to regard me with love-at-first-sight. My soul was glowing with love and humanity. (Mrs. S.'s *words*.) Show me some fair play, and sit down and listen to my tale of ill-luck!

Mr. F. (*relenting*). I will allow you half an hour to explain.

[*They seat themselves—on separate logs.*

Monster (*commencing as in story*). It is with considerable difficulty that I remember the original era of my being.

[*He unfolds his harrowing tale at length;* Mr. F. *is reduced to shedding copious tear-drops at intervals.*

Mr. F. (*at conclusion*). Your story proves you to be a creature of fine sensations (*taken from original text*), and there is considerable excuse for your goings on. But what can I do for you?

Monster (*with eagerness*). Construct me a better half as hideous as myself, to keep me in countenance!

Mr. F. (*firmly*). No. I have had enough of composing ill-favoured monstrosities.

Monster. Do not meet me with a bald *nolo episcopare!* I ask a very moderate favour, but it will content me. As Monsters, we shall be cut off from Society, we shall not be happy—but at least we shall be harmless!

Mr. F. (*aside, with a wobbling resolution*). Have I the right to withhold the small portion of happiness that is yet in my power to bestow? [*taken verbatim from text*]. But, if I comply with your demand, I shall merely have a *pair* of incubuses on my unfortunate back instead of one!

Monster (*with asseveration adapted from story*). I swear by the sun, and by the blue sky, and by the love that burns my heart, that, immediately on delivery of such an *alter ego* as I request, I will book passages for self and partner to South America!

Mr. F. It is a bargain! I on my side undertake to go to England *sine die*, collect ingredients for such a *magnum opus*, and complete the job later on in the seclusion of the Orkney Islands.

Monster. Depart then, and commence your labours. I shall watch their progress with unutterable anxiety [*Mrs. S.*], and will not fail to look in as soon as my companion is the *fait accompli*. [*With this he skips nimbly over the crevices, and promptly becomes an invisible.*

Mr. F. (*alone*). Dark events have dawned through the balconies of my house of life! I had quite made up my mind to restrict myself to a single Monster—and lo and behold! I have let myself in for the production of a replica! *N'importe!* I shall take care not to repeat the performance a third time!

[*He strides sombrely away as the curtain is let down.*

The next Act will be the last, and infinitely the finest, of all. I am aware that this is almost as if to promise an utter impossibility—but please, Misters, reserve judgment till after publication.—H. B. J.

Puddle and Muddle.

THE state of the London streets in thaw is bad enough, but we hope not so appalling as reported in the *Manchester Guardian* of the 16th inst.:—

"Harrowing stories were told by councillors of Hyde Park Corner flushed during severe St. James's Street, observing how that thorough-frost, of no one being at one point to sprinkle ballast, and of 'a policeman actually doing it himself, so great was the need.' One councillor had spent a profitable New Year's Day in fare was, in defiance of orders, flushed and left unballasted, to become one horrid puddle, and a puddle in St. James's Street is a very great matter."

The narrative of the *Manchester Guardian* really makes one ask *Quis custodiet custodem?*

DALMENIUS MENTMORATOR.

(The Wail of a Liberal Leaguer.)

WE are waiting, idly waiting: will you not come back again,
Speak a word to give us guidance and relieve us of our pain?
There are scoffers to deride you, there are carpers apt to sneer,
And they dip their pens in poison, and they think to make you fear.
Patriot-peer, come forth and smite them till their insolence abate
As they see your awful presence, as they hear the words of Fate.
We have roses for your pathway, and there 's EDW-RD GR-Y to strew;
And we 've lime-light, lots of lime-light, and we 're keeping it for you.

We have tried to be efficient: we have dubbed your speeches great;
We have Chesterfielded wildly since you came and saved the State;
We have ostracised the caitiffs who would dare to do you wrong;
We have called you—so you wished it—bold and resolute and strong.
How we went about the country striving only for your fame!
How we hushed our reverent voices when we spoke your noble name!
Chieftain! would you know our efforts you have only got to look
At the daily PRIMROSE-pæan in the *Chronicle* by C-K.

Oh beloved one, oh adored one, bid our aching hearts rejoice
With the quintessential wisdom of your fascinating voice!
CH-MB-RL-N may roast and toast you, like a common loaf of bread;
Yet he makes you fit for butter, which your friends are there to spread:
Luscious butter by the firkin from our unexhausted store,
Lo, you take it free and smiling and your cry is still for more,
And if ASQ-TH tires of ladling you may look, and not in vain,
To the man from Auchterarder, Mr. R-CH-RD B. H-LD-NE.

But you linger, ah, you linger; and the months are creeping on;
Mr. B-LF-R 'S still in office, though Lord S-L-SB-RY is gone.
From C.-B.'s embrace you parted, roughly parted with a curse,
But C.-B. is up and doing, and he doesn't seem the worse.
We have laboured late and early for our lord, the Earl of R.,
While you ploughed your lonely furrow—though you didn't drive it far.
Now we 're tired of drawing water, and we 're tired of hewing wood,
And we might be forced, like others, to forget you—and for good.

"MOST INHOSPITABLE.—SIR,—I read in the interesting and graphic article supplied by the Ipswich correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* to that paper, how, during the recent trial, '*The Jury were driven from the hotel in which they had passed the night*,'—but he did not inform us what their conduct had been to deserve this summary style of treatment. Who drove them from the hotel? The landlord? "JUROR INDIGNANS.



ECHOES FROM DELHI. A QUIET DRIVE IN A DURBAR "HANSOM."



SOMETHING THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Mrs. Brown (being helped out of a brook by the gallant Captain, who has also succeeded in catching her horse). "OH, CAPTAIN ROBINSON! THANK YOU *SO* MUCH!"

Gallant, but somewhat flurried, Captain. "NOT AT ALL—DON'T MENTION IT." *(Wishing to add something excessively polite and appropriate.)* "ONLY HOPE I MAY SOON HAVE ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY OF DOING THE SAME AGAIN FOR YOU."

MASTERING THE OLD MASTERS.

SCENE—*The third gallery at Burlington House. The usual self-complacent crowd is jostling its way round.*

Enthusiastic Amateur (excitedly). Why, there's the Earl of ESSEX!

His Fair Companion (interested in the aristocracy). Where, TOM? do show me! Is it the tall man, the one shouting to the old lady in green, or the stout man with white spats?

Enthusiastic Amateur (impatiently). No, no, MILLY, not a real live Earl. Here, No. 62, by ANTONIO MORE. Talk of the realism of SARGENT! Why, do you know, the expression of the lips *behind* the moustache has been discussed by our eminent critics?

His Fair Companion (not so much interested as she was, indifferently). No? Really? [*Sits.*

American Visitor (planting himself before a portrait, exclaims enthusiastically) "*Nicolas Ruts,*" by Jingo!

Prim English Lady (his companion). By whom did you say?

[*Refers to catalogue.*

American Visitor. By REMBRA-ANDT.

Prim English Lady (examining the canvas critically). I suppose it really *is* a REMBRANDT?

American Visitor. Why, certainly. See here: "Lent by J. PIERPONT MORGAN, Esquire." That's better than any brass-bound certificate, I reckon.

[*Proceeds to explain how* Mr. J. PIERPONT MORGAN *will just purchase the National Gallery and the entire show.*

Smart Lady Visitor (coming before CONSTABLE'S *celebrated "Salisbury Cathedral").* This is the great "Rainbow," don't you know.

Second Ditto (turning her back towards it). Really? That reminds me, *did* I tell you how we motored down to Maidenhead with the VENNINGS in a thunderstorm? It was huge fun!

First Smart Lady Visitor. No, *do;* come to the tea-room, where we can talk without being smothered.

[*They rustle away.*

Enthusiastic Amateur. Ah! here's chiaroscuro if you like!

His Commonplace Companion (searching in guide-book). Skuro? Who's he?

Enthusiastic Amateur (not heeding the interruption). See how the face seems to glow from the transparent shadows, like opalescent amber!

His Matter-of-fact Companion. I don't know anything about that, old man, but it's a ripping likeness of TREE as *Hamlet* or (*vaguely*) somebody. But, I say, it's just one-thirty. I'm peckish.

Enthusiastic Amateur. Oh! I think this is delightful! I could stay here all day. A real treat! One feels——

His Matter-of-fact Companion (interrupting him). So do I. Look here, come over the way and (*nobly*) I'll stand you lunch!

Enthusiastic Amateur (with the utmost alacrity). All right, old man! I'm with you! [*Exeunt quickly.*

A BALLAD OF THE (THAMES) FLEET.

["When the necessary Parliamentary powers have been obtained, the London County Council will put on the Thames boats capable of holding 500 passengers, which will run at 16 miles an hour."
Daily Paper.]

"FOR forty years," said the ancient salt, "I've sailed on the rolling wave,
And scores of times, in various climes, been near to a watery grave;
Once 'twas a liner ran us down within a mile o' the Nore,
And once an iceberg gone astray in the region of Labrador;
I've lived a week on a leather boot, adrift in an open boat,
I've plugged a crack in a fishing smack with the tail of my Sunday coat;
The stiffest gale couldn't turn me pale, and when on a rock we bumped,
I fairly laughed as I strolled abaft, and headed the lads who pumped;
I've sailed in a first-class battleship, I've sailed in a collier too,
And filled a bunk in a rackety junk that smuggled around Peru.
Nothing, it seemed, which sailed or steamed, could frighten me or dismay—
That's how I felt last night, at least. It's not how I feel to-day.

"A tidyish sort of craft she seemed; I liked the looks of her,
And paid my passage and stepped aboard as she lay off Westminster.
Five hundred passengers, as I heard, was her due and lawful share;
But, with no more than a couple of score, we'd plenty of room to spare.
The skipper hugged his wife and child—a rummyish thing to do,
And his voice nigh broke with a sort of choke as he summoned his trusty crew.
'The hour has come!'—which was still more rum—in a quavering voice he said,
And then he signalled the engine-room, 'Full speed—full speed ahead!'
With a splash and a dash we shot away—we were running full and large,
We'd sunk in a jiff a pair-oared skiff and damaged a timber barge.
The Thames was running mountains high with billows foaming white—
Our wash was enough to make it rough as the Bay on a dirty night!
We sent a tug to Davy Jones, we carried away a pier,
And—I don't remember the rest of it—but thank my stars I'm here!

"Now, I'm no chicken-hearted tar, nor touchy about my craft,
And if the worst should come to the worst I'd manage aboard a raft;
I'd serve in one of them dratted things what buckles and breaks in two—
Destroyers they call them—which destroys, as a general rule, the crew;
I'd put to sea as a mere A. B. in a crank-rigged brigantine,
Or even go to the depths below in a patent submarine;
But never again so long as I live a passenger will I be,
Or take a trip in a pleasure-ship that's owned by the L.C.C.!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANOTHER delightful addition to the series of *The Temple Classics* "for Young People" (DENT & Co.), is *Heroes of the Norselands, Their Stories Retold*, by KATHARINE F. BOULT, who, if she will not take offence at the Baron's manner of expressing his opinion, is a "champion story-teller." The aim of this BOULT is achieved, hitting the mark direct, and so (lucky publishers) making a DENT! Let not the purchasers of this "Temple Classic Set" miss one *specialité* of the series, viz., that inside the cover, just as you open the book, you will see a little pictorial device with the lettering, "This Book Belongs To"—then follows blank to be filled up with "M. or N. as the case may be," being, of course, the name of its lawful possessor. The Baron, who has hitherto been so engrossed in the contents of the series as not to have noticed this excellent arrangement, at once, in *Cap'en Cuttle*-like fashion, "overhauled" the previous volumes, and added to their value by attesting his ownership. Now "this in-dent-ure witnesseth."

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

ODE ON THE MONUMENT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

(A long time after Tennyson.)

["It is now fifty years since the Duke of WELLINGTON died, but his monument in St. Paul's is still unfinished!"]

BURY the Great Duke
With an Empire's lamentation;
Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation!

How shall we honour him whom we deplore?
On the great Cathedral floor
(After more or less delay)
We will put up, some fine day,
A stately monument
To mark our love of him whom we lament.
The statue over it shall represent
The Great Duke on his horse.
(It won't be done at once, of course,
But after half a century or so
Up the thing will go!)

Meantime, somewhere about—
Though just precisely where I am in doubt,
It may be in the crypt or it may not—
But somewhere, anyway,
There lies a cast, in clay,
Of horse and man, lying *perdu* and quite forgot.
A verger p'raps might point you out the spot.

Yes, somewhere, on the ground,
But not conspicuously easy to be found,
Lurking in darkness lies
The image of the man whose memory we prize.
Such honour has a great man when he dies!

How strange that he,
So far renowned through English lands,
Should meet so little reverence at our hands,
And that his image thus should be
Neglected shamefully!

The Duke was great and good,
And well deserved more show of gratitude
From us by whom he was so loud acclaimed
For his renown in fight;
From us whose foes he manfully withstood.
Can *we* then, till we do his memory right,
Boast that "Whatever record leap to light
We never shall be shamed?"

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

V.—DELHI HO!

New Year's Eve: Viceroy's Camp, Delhi.—After a *voyage de luxe* of two days and a night in one of the VICEROY'S specials I slept in a siding at Aligarh Station so as not to reach Delhi before daybreak. The other Pilgrim was reported to be similarly shunted for the night at Toondla, in another special, just behind us. A section of the native population, less commodiously quartered, lay about the platform, disguised as sacks of oats, waiting to be picked up by a passing train either that week or the following. I was as happy in my private *coupé* as a man could well be who had missed his specially chartered bearer at Bombay, been compelled to engage a duplicate at sight, and lost four articles of his baggage.

On the previous morning I had experienced the most crowded moments of a not too tedious career. If one could choose one's first impression of the East, one would ask to drive, just that way, at early morning through the Bombay bazaar, alive with natives of every shade of bronze, moving with superbly graceful ease to their respective spheres of indolence. Happily the stray lady's-maid who found herself beside me had travelled enough in Egypt to be tolerant of the pronounced sketchiness of their costumes. The scene at the Victoria Station must have been unique. even in a country which is not easily surprised. The VICEROY'S private guests had been whisked off with their cabin baggage from the *Arabia* by a special launch before they were fairly awake, while heavy trunks went round in the ship to another landing-stage. And here at the terminus we all stood scanning the mountains of luggage piled on a long *queue* of bullock-carts, and yearning with passionate eagerness for a sight of the loved objects from which we could not bear to be severed. As the various packages were identified, the scenes of recognition had in them something of the pathos of a Sophoclean *anagnorisis*. Women fell on one another's necks laughing hysterically over their recovered treasures. But the pæan of joy was mixed with the wail of woe, or the hoarse gutturals of despair. I heard a high War Office official remark, with noble resignation, "I have found twenty of my trunks out of forty-five;" while his wife cynically recorded the lurid scene on her Kodak.

The generosity and forethought of our host made the journey one long delight, chastened only by the intense cold of dawn and a sense of urgent regret for what we might possibly have lost for ever. When we paced the platforms, or met in the dining-car, it was to revive that pleasant intercourse which so commonly ends with the arrival at port. The quiet monotony of the plains, constantly relieved by splashes of vivid colour wherever life was found, gave way at last to the splendour of the battlements of Gwalior; and just at sunset we reached Agra Fort, crossed the wide bed of the Jumna, half lost in its sands, and saw the dome and towers of the Taj Mahal silver-grey in the swift twilight.

The lot of the Two Pilgrims has fallen in a lovely tabernacle. You lift the double hangings of green rush and Indian drapery, and enter the salon where we receive our admirers. To left and right are the sleeping apartments, and beyond these the bath-rooms. Everything that the heart could ask, or courtesy devise (including bicycles and electric light) is here to our hand. Carriages or ponies may be had in this fairy land for the waving of a wand. The huge camp of the VICEROY—one of nearly half a hundred—has been laid out with the genius of an architect of cities, and the care for detail of a worker in mosaic. This is just our private tent; but for the Guests' Mess, reached through a charming suite of rooms, there is a most noble marquee (surviving from a former Durbar), where we are served by bare-footed priests, robed in long liveries of scarlet and gold, with particular phylacteries for the bearers of wine.

By one of those mysterious processes



IN THE BALUCHI STAND AT THE STATE ENTRY OF THE VICEROY.

PUZZLE—TO FIND OUR ARTIST.



A PROVINCIAL POTENTATE.

Seen in the streets of Delhi.



EAST AND WEST IN A HOWDAH.
Sketched at the State Entry of the Viceroy into Delhi.

which are familiar to the students of *Kim*, our original bearers (engaged by a friend at Calcutta and mislaid at Bombay), had passed us in the night, tracked us down, and at the moment of our arrival sprang out of the earth at the back of our tent with written proofs of their identity. We naturally dismissed their substitutes, picked up at Bombay; and as I had advanced a month's wages to mine, with payment supposed for warm clothing, and now handed to him by request his return fare, money for his food on both journeys, and a trifle of baksheesh, I consider him not ill-paid in touching something over a five-pound note for two days' attendance. I have subsequently found him a new berth, for which he had the hardihood to demand another full month's wages in advance. These terms I modified, although he declares himself to be a Christian who has lost half his baggage *en route*—statements, both of them, which are at once fashionable and unworthy of credence.

A long line of Viceregal carriages bore us on Monday along roads lined by Tommies and Native regiments, to the State Entry, which we saw from the high porticos bordering the raised court of the Jumma Musjid. The procession wound round the Mosque, on three sides confined by houses; but on the fourth side the setting of the scene was spoiled by a wide stretch of waste land, made more hideous by an advertisement of British fireworks. Beyond this the elephants of the Native Chiefs' retinues waited to fall into line. I should have been better pleased if the double files of these quadrupeds had not marched in such close order that the eye was left no time to do justice to the gorgeousness of their trappings, and the elaborate patterns painted on their supercilious faces. I understand that they prefer to march like that; and there are limits to their amenability to suasion. I wish now that I had gone down the vast steps of the Mosque—where the turbans of the native spectators glowed, tier on tier, like a bank of chrysanthemums—and joined the crowd below; for it is not quite fair to an elephant to foreshorten him from above.

As for the procession, it left the imagination sated to the point of repletion. I feel, even at this distance, that the one need of England is more elephants. Why should London wait?

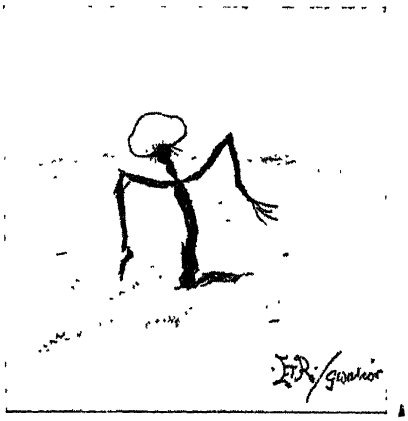
Myself flitting from one corner of the courtyard to another, so as to see the procession twice, I was most impressed (always apart from the elephants) with the Imperial Cadets, a new volunteer corps of young Native Princes, brilliant in their blue turbans and white uniforms embroidered with gold; the hairy Baluchis (depicted by the Other Pilgrim); the smart mounting of the Bombay Bodyguard; and the Native uniforms of the English officers of the 11th Bengal Lancers. The troops lining the roads had had enough of the heat, and dismissed themselves as soon as the procession had gone by; and the drive back to camp possessed some of the elements of a return from the Derby in a dry summer, but with three extra inches of dust.

My lost luggage has been reappearing at arbitrary intervals; but, in a land abounding with natural trunks, I am still parted from the one that holds my frock-coat, the necessary garment of undecorated civilians at to-morrow's Durbar. An amiable A.D.C. has undertaken to make good this defect.

Yesterday, under the escort of a young gunner who knows his Delhi, I shopped at the jeweller's, the embroiderer's, and the ivory-carver's, winning respect everywhere by my refusal to buy anything on a first visit. As I write, the Other Pilgrim is closeted behind the arras with the vendors of rubies from the Chadna Chowk Bazaar, the richest street in the world. In tones of depreciation he urges the worthlessness of their wares; they protest in courteous but very firm phrases, and he will presently emerge a ruined man.

New Year's Day.—The Durbar is over; and it would have been an unmitigated success if it had not made us two hours late for luncheon. This is Mail Day, and I will ask leave to defer my observations on the Great Event till next week. Meanwhile, the new moon, only a day older than the year, lies on her back in her curving cradle over the dull red glow of the West, that loses itself in the mists of evening and the wood-fire smoke hanging low above the camp.

O. S.



AN INDIAN SCARECROW.
Seen from the Train.

INDISPOSITIONS.

["For a wager a man essayed to eat a rabbit-skin as well as drink a quart of gin and another of petroleum last week at St. Leonard, near Liége, Belgium. He is now seriously ill."—*Daily Mail.*]

SINCE this case of melancholy interest was reported, several others have come to light from different quarters, and have been at once Marconigraphed to the *Daily Screecher* by its enterprising Special Correspondents.

1. A singular incident has taken place at Delhi since the Durbar. In order to win a wager, a man essayed to eat the skin of the elephant on which Lord and Lady CURZON rode on the great day, as well as drink a quart of *bhang* and the same quantity of prussic acid. After making the essay the man became slightly indisposed.

2. As the result of a recent friendly interchange of visits a Mr. BRIT. TAXPÄER was induced to swallow a German ironclad, with concentrated essence of British warship in Venezuelan waters. It is conjectured that the mixture proved deleterious, for since taking it Mr. BRIT. TAXPÄER has been greatly out of sorts.

3. It is rumoured in London that a certain prominent citizen has been forced to swallow an Appeal-to-the-generosity-of-the-British-Public, together with six of the bacilli-haunted bricks of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. It is alleged that this has not agreed with him.

4. Owing, it is thought, to an oversight, to which, however, his somnolent habits largely contributed, a Mr. J. BULL has taken a Mixed Body of Aliens, together with several quarts of absinthe and the same quantity of Italian ice-cream. It is probable that his system will have to undergo serious treatment.

CHARIVARIA.

LAST week there was no Austrian Imperial scandal.

Baron SPECK VON STERNBURG, the new German Ambassador at Washington, has made his first attempt to ingratiate himself there. He has declared he is often told he is as much of an American as the average American, as he was born in England, his mother was Scotch, his wife comes from Kentucky, his father was a German, and he is going to keep an Irish servant.

It has been proposed that, as a compensation for the hardship of having their names on the Black List, confirmed inebriates shall be allowed to place the initials B.L. after their names.

Mr. TILLMAN, Lieutenant-Governor of South Carolina, has shot a newspaper editor. It is thought he will be reprimanded.

A printer's error, which caused it to be stated in a newspaper that the South African Shipping Ring had "lowered its rates for frights to and from the Cape," has led several South African millionaires to write and say they are every bit as good-looking as the average journalist.

We doubt if there is anyone living who possesses the traditional British phlegm in the same degree as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. He even betrayed no emotion on learning he had been assassinated. Imagine a Frenchman in similar circumstances.

The War Office has sanctioned the issue of medals for an Expedition that took place ten years ago. The War Office still refuses to see the necessity for presenting medals to the nearest relatives of those persons entitled to them who are no longer living.

The outlook in America is less black than it was. President ROOSEVELT has decided to go gently in his policy of appointing negroes to official posts. The latest appointee is stated to be a Mulatto of a light yellow shade.

At the same time, a Southern newspaper reports that the name of the White House is to be changed to the Black House.

As the recent cold weather was causing much distress it was decided to put an end to it by making arrangements for holding the Skating Championship of Great Britain.



AN ECHO FROM BROADWAY.

Old Lady. "YES—MADAM 'AS BIN A DEAR GOOD SOUL TO US POOR PEOPLE THIS COLD WEATHER. IF IT 'ADN'T 'AVE BIN FOR 'ER, SOME OF US OLD ONES WOULD 'AVE BIN NIPPED IN THE BUD!"

THE COMMON OR GARDEN MICROBE.

["It is becoming generally recognised that plants as well as animals are the victims of bacterial diseases."—*Science Notes in Daily Paper.*]

LITTLE blossom, is it so?
In my garden as you grow;
Where with waterpot I tend you,
And from nipping frosts defend you,
In your buds do microbes lurk,
Doing there their deadly work?

Do the roses, white and red,
Pine upon a sad sick bed,
Stricken by the dread bacilli?
Must yon tall and stately lily,
'Scaping scath of loathly worms,
Fall to pathogenic germs?

Ah! grim Science,—that can spy
The bacteria that lie
In our bread, our cheese, our kisses,
With an aim that never misses,—
From your threats of dire disease
Spare our gardens, if you please.



Auntie "YOU KNOW YOU OUGHT NOT TO BE PLAYING SHOPS ON SUNDAY."
Marjorie. "BUT, YOU SEE, AUNTIE DEAR, WE WERE JUST PRETENDING IT 'S *MONDAY!*"

M. DE BLOWITZ.

BORN: DECEMBER 28, 1832. DIED: JANUARY 18, 1903.

THE Tenth Muse weeps; all England is forlorn,
Her breakfast table of a thrill bereft;
And Kings and Kaisers in communion mourn
That none to understand them now is left.
Sweet Peace descends on Ministers like rain,
And Diplomats see half their thraldom o'er,
Since Courts can keep their secrets once again.
Europe is free; DE BLOWITZ is no more.
Yet grief and admiration are sincere
Beneath our cloak of custom-sanctioned jest
(Hard to relinquish after many a year).
A Prince of Correspondents is at rest:
Far-sighted, shrewd, untiring, rich in zest,
A Press Ambassador without a peer.

SINCERELY does *Mr. Punch* condole with the nation—for the loss is a national one—on the death of the unique Paris correspondent of the *Times*, M. DE BLOWITZ. Well nigh a dwarf in stature, he was a very giant in journalism. He knew exactly when to speak, what to say, and when to be silent. What M. DE BLOWITZ did not know of European politics was not worth knowing. He died, if not actually "in harness," at least but a few weeks after he had laid aside his armour and hung up his shining weapon. Truly might he have said with GOLDSMITH:—

"O bless'd retirement, friend of life's decline,
Retreats from care that never must be mine!"

And so farewell, *Chevalier de la plume, sans peur et sans reproche!* old friend of *Mr. Punch. Requiescat.*

AT THE SAVOY.—In one account of the latest musical production at this Theatre, we read how "not a discordant note was sounded by the audience throughout the evening." Were they provided with musical instruments and expected to join in occasionally? If anyone even had introduced a solo on the penny trumpet, of course he would have been immediately expelled.

The Englishman's Weather Guide.

DESPAIRING weather prophets, hope again!
There still exists one firm, unshaken law:
For Fêtes Botanic—thunder, snow, hail, rain;
For Skating Championships—a general thaw.

AT HER MAJESTY'S.—*The Eternal City* having belied its title and come to an end, Mr. TREE becomes a Revivalist. When he has divorced himself from his *Merry Wives* he is to become a (Tolstoyan) "Resurrection-man."



THE THREE CASKETS.

Portia . . . . SOUTH AFRICA *Bassanio* . . RIGHT HON. J. CH-MB-RL N.

PORTIA (*to* BASSANIO). "I PRAY YOU, TARRY; PAUSE A DAY OR TWO,
BEFORE YOU HAZARD; FOR, IN CHOOSING WRONG,
I LOSE YOUR COMPANY."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act III., Scene 2.

HOW IT AROSE.

IT was bruited about everywhere that AUGUSTUS BROWN had made a most unhappy marriage, and that consequently misery was in store for him. So everybody sighed, "Poor BROWN!" Yet GUS BROWN and his bride were as happy as the day was long, or short, it mattered not which.

* * * * *

How was this false rumour of BROWN'S misery started? Very simply.

Mrs. ROBINSON, a most hospitable and very impulsive lady, delights in giving verbal invitations at short notice. Seeing BROWN walking along Piccadilly, on Monday, Mrs. ROBINSON stopped her carriage, and suddenly startled him out of a reverie by cheerily asking him to dine with her on Wednesday.

"Awfully sorry," replied BROWN, apparently rather taken aback, and unusually nervous, "but the—er—fact is I 'm unhappily engaged—and—er——"

"Thought I should have caught you," interrupted Mrs. R., who had no time to waste on explanations. "Ta! ta!" and ordered her coachman to drive on.

She had not proceeded far, when it suddenly struck her that BROWN had not appeared to be quite himself, that he seemed depressed, and, somehow, that his manner altogether had implied much more than he had said when telling her he was "unfortunately engaged." Then she began wondering to herself whether he had wished to confide some sad story to her, and if so, she greatly regretted having left him in so hurried and unsympathetic a fashion. This was on the Monday. As there were many other matters to occupy the active hostess, she thought nothing more about BROWN, until Wednesday, the morning of her dinner party, when she read an account of AUGUSTUS BROWN'S marriage on the Tuesday!

Then she recalled his flurried and worried look, and the full meaning of his words flashed across her. "Ah! I understand! He told me himself he was '*unhappily engaged!*' Poor fellow! and *now he is miserably married!* Dear! Dear!"

And that evening there was quite a new and all-engrossing topic of conversation for Mrs. ROBINSON and her guests.

* * * * *

But when the happy honeymoon was over, the first guest invited was Mrs. ROBINSON. And after that—there was an end of the story.

MY BIRTHDAY.

GOLD tinsel, red frillings, a casket most fair,
Decorated with blue paper roses;
Close lying within, packed with tenderest care,
My present from WINNIE reposes.

I gloat o'er the box with a lover's delight,
As before me it lies on the table;
When, gummed on a corner, there looms on my sight,
Half hidden, a small paper label.

"Exquisitas, Habana," is branded above,
But plainly this states—Ah! my WINNIE,
I sink 'neath the blow thou hast dealt, O my love,
"One hundred cigars, half a guinea."

SOME GOOD IN IT AFTER ALL!—After the dense London fog, with sudden sleet and frost combined, when the streets were hopelessly slippery, Mr. BOOZER was at last able to supply his excellent wife with a perfectly satisfactory ("perf'ly shashfakry" *he* called it) excuse for being unable to mount the second front-doorstep, and remaining where he had fallen when the policeman found him and rang the bell.



LANDSCAPE GARDENING.

Mr. Intrim D. Scoop. "WELL NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL REAL ART!"

LITTLE MISS MERCURY.

LITTLE Miss MERCURY, nimble and merry,
Lives in a house made of glass.
She is a lively young person, but very
Fickle and flirting, alas!
Suitors has she
Of every degree,
Some of them quite at the top of the tree.
Seldom can one of them get her to stay
Faithful and constant for more than a day.

Little Miss MERCURY, gaily coquetting,
Most of the summer-time spends
High in Society, nearly forgetting
Lowlier FAHRENHEIT friends.
Then, if you please,
She by degrees
Sinks to a point where all compliments freeze.
Though at the first she's a welcome that 's cold,
Soon she will settle down, just as of old.

Little Miss MERCURY, folks without money
Find you a bit of a curse.
When you go down in the world, it seems funny
Other things do the reverse.
Fuel and beef,
These are the chief,
Now they go up, but it 's quite my belief,
If you were moderate all the year through,
Prices perhaps would be moderate too.

Little Miss MERCURY, I have at present
Other complaints of my own.
East is the wind, and it 's very unpleasant;
Blue is the nose that is blown.
This is my plea,
Listen to me,
Though my request a bit snobbish may be.
"All of your humble acquaintances drop,
Stick to your friends rather nearer the top!"

MORE CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE.

II.

DAN has not been home either night that the cold mutton did duty for dinner. He is *very* Greek god-like, in these matters.

Last night he smelt game cooking at the CURTICE'S and dropped in there promiscuously, ten minutes before their dinner hour. They *had* to ask him to stay.

Here, in my own room, I see, everywhere, the careless, precious signs of him—his muddy boots upon my toilet table—his coat lightly tossed over my mirror, his cigar ends dropped about the carpet for me to pick up. So, upon my heart, he flings the traces of his presence. I rather wish he wouldn't.

DAN has gone away. It is three weeks since I heard from him. It is six weeks more before I know where he is, and then—He has gone to Monte Video.

Hooray!

Then another letter comes. He says Monte Video would not agree with me. I have heard this yarn before from absent husbands. He declares the whole country is a malaria microbe, and encloses a draft for fourteen and sixpence.

Unsent.

DAN! DAN! come back to me——or else, for goodness sake, send more money, so that I can get some new dresses and a hat or two. I don't mind which you do—but let it be one or the other.

One day when I was opening the front door unexpectedly, Dr. ROBERT FOOZLETON fell in. Rising from the mat, he said:—

"I have a letter from your husband. He has been ill and has gone for a sea voyage."

Then I re-started writing those interminable and semi-erotic letters to DAN. I wrote on an average twenty-eight a day. The Doctor took my husband's letter to the window. I looked and wondered why I had ever thought him too short. I am sure he is fully five feet high.

"You stand between me and despair," I said.

"Pardon me. I stand between you and the window," he replied.

Of course it was true. All that ROBERT FOOZLETON ever says *is* true—except that which is manifestly inaccurate.

"FOOZLE," I said, "what shall I do?"

And he replied, "Give me time."

At that moment I would have given him six months. Oh, why was I not born a police magistrate?

MY DEAR DAN,—I try to write, but my pen is dumb and I have not a "J" nib. What would you have me say? Whatever it is, say it yourself, and then we shall both be satisfied. If you would break the tie between us—break on, Sweet Angelus! Trust me, DAN—with a little more money than you have been remitting lately. Let us help each other, and above all, let us help ourselves. You, at least, were never backward at doing that, dear. It was ever ill to leave you alone with the leg of mutton. YOUR WIFE.

And JOB barked loudly as Dr. ROBERT FOOZLETON crawled out from under the dining-room table. He always seems to be upon the premises somewhere, this invaluable man. I, the Wilderness Girl, laughed.

He said severely, "ELLA, your conduct is rather unbecoming. If you wish to work off your superfluous pleasantry, ring up the Telephone Exchange clerk and tell him he is a monumental ass."

I threw the sofa-cushion at him and left the room.

I cannot sleep. I am thinking of the evening when FOOZLE asked me to be his wife. We were playing ping-pong in the drawing-room, and I was wearing a rose-pink and purple-striped dress with piebald trimmings. I told him, "No, that he was too short."

He left with quite a relieved look upon his face.

It snowed fitfully. I sat watching JOB trying to choke himself with a chicken bone. It was most amusing—except, perhaps, for JOB, and even *he* didn't seem to have a dull moment. And just then some one knocked at the front door.

I went down, and there was DAN. DAN, looking considerably the worse for wear.

"I was a darn fool (*sic*) to leave you," he remarked.

"Try a split soda," I said encouragingly. And he came in and drank greedily out of a bucket. Then he went to bed. He was a very sick man.

ROBERT FOOZLETON, the ever-on-hand, emerged from the coal-cellar. Anxiously he examined his patient: then he turned away and sighed.

"FOOZLE," I said imperiously, for I was once more the Wilderness Girl, "what ails him? What is it?"

He quietly observed that DAN held a greater quantity of morphine to the square foot than any man he had ever yet attended.

Two weeks later DAN was completely cured, and began singing that eternal "*Bedouin's Love Song*" again.

I regretted this. I mentally resolved to counter him by writing yet more of those dreary epistles of mine, which had always had such a damping effect on his spirits.

FOOZLE and I listened to the "*Bedouin.*" And after DAN had sung it over about thirty-five times ROBERT said:—

"Go to him. I will wait till he has ceased singing." (Crafty FOOZLE!) "When you see him, you will find him a new man."

"I wish I could find him a new song," I retorted.

FOOZLE laughed. He could afford to laugh, as he was stopping outside.

FIRST QUARTER.

(*From "Young Moore's Almanack for* 1903.")

YOUNG MOORE presents his compliments to his readers, and without further preface except to say that it is no use predicting what has happened in January, proceeds to prophesy with the utmost confidence what may be expected in

FEBRUARY.

News from New York may reach us of a slump in something, and somebody may possibly be ruined. A most amusing breach of promise case will come on about now, and YOUNG MOORE is pleased to say that *all* the details will be published. The prophet would not be in the least surprised if we were to hear something about trouble in the Balkans this month. The weather will consist of samples. Several persons will suffer from a great blow. Much depression.

MARCH.

Towards the middle of this month a train on "the 2*d.* Tube" will suddenly stop at the Bank Station. With admirable presence of mind, however, all the passengers will get out, and most of them will be conveyed by the lifts to the surface. In this month no hare should be out without the keeper. On the 25th many changes may be expected, and considerable restlessness will be exhibited in various parts of the Empire, coupled with remarkable activity.

Varied weather will be the rule.

NEW FOOD SUPPLY.—"A French entomologist recommends insects as an article of food. . . . We quote the French entomologist's recipe. It is as follows: 'Pound your cockroaches in a mortar, put in a sieve, and pour on boiling water or beef stock.'"—*Daily Telegraph, Jan.* 22. And *Mr. Punch* would like to add the further stage direction—"*Then exit quickly.*"

ODD.—"Not to let your right hand know what your left hand gives" applies, strictly speaking, to alms.



Lady Caller (to old Family Servant). "WELL, BRIDGET, DID MASTER ARTHER SHOOT ANY TIGERS IN INDIA?"

Bridget. "OF COORSE HE DID. SHURE WE HAVE THE HORNS OF THE CRATHURS HUNG IN THE HALL!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVI.—"THE WHOLE TRUTH."

A SQUALID street of dingy, straggling houses, each fronted by a row of stunted palings inclosing an oblong asphalte plot, for the existence of which I can find no reason, æsthetic or utilitarian, save, perhaps, that a number of dirty infants can make themselves still dirtier by lying on it. In the doorway of each tenement stands a bareheaded woman of careless coiffure, who has in each case rolled up her sleeves in order to maintain a desultory conversation with the lady next door. For the rest, a dozen or so of knowing-looking cats prowl suspiciously about at various altitudes.

At the far end of the street a crowd of loungers, plentifully interspersed with policemen, has gathered outside a massive building of dirty granite. I make my way towards it, and find the centre of interest to be a stout policeman who, standing at the top of the steps leading into the building, is reading from a blue paper a list of names, and ticking them off with a fat pencil as their owners, an unsavoury crew, answer to them from various points in the crowd, and mount the steps to the entrance. I inquire of a policeman what is going on.

"Answering to bail," he replies, laconically, and I become aware that I am outside the Police Court. It is noticeable that the crowd regard the whole affair as a form of light and amusing entertainment.

"VICTORIA STOTT!" calls the stout policeman, and a bedraggled woman in limp ostrich feathers makes her way towards the steps.

"O-uh g-urls!" cry the crowd in high good humour, and a man in his shirt-sleeves expresses a wish to be chased and tickled.

"Less o' the noise there," observes the stout policeman. "Come along, ducky, come along.—DOUGLAS ALEXANDER TUBBS!"

A roar of laughter goes up from the crowd, and all eyes are turned upon a little white-bearded man in a battered top-hat on the other side of the road. Mr. TUBBS seems to be somewhat of a celebrity, and obviously knows it, for he waits for the noise to subside, then cocks his hat over one eye, observes "That's me!" and executes a somewhat intricate step-dance across the road and up the stairs.

"That's enough of it," observes the stout policeman, tolerantly rapping Mr. TUBBS on the back of the head with the fat pencil.—"GEORGE SPINKS!—Come on there, can't wait all night for yer. That'll do, no lip.—ELIZABETH SHAND!—come along, you beauty!"

Soon the list is finished, and the prisoners have all disappeared within. The stout policeman folds up his list, replaces it with the pencil in the breast of his tunic, and looks down on the crowd jocosely.

"And a nice lot they are too!" he observes; then withdraws within the building.

After some silent contemplation of the exterior, I ascend the steps and enter a blank little vestibule. Standing by a small shuttered window like that of a station booking-office, I find the stout policeman in familiar converse with an excessively jocund grey-haired female in a plaid shawl. The lady, in sheer exuberance of spirits, has just administered a nudge to the softest part of his tunic, accompanying it by the intimation that he is a giddy young kipper. I inquire of the policeman whether there is any room inside.

"You 're not a witness or anything?" he queries.

I assure him that on this occasion at least I am neither a witness, nor (I am pleased to say) "anything."

"Just want to see what 's going on, Sir?" he assents with indulgence, then leans towards me confidentially. "You leave it to me, Sir, an' I 'll try an' get you in. You just wait a minute. I 'll do my best to manage it for you."

He brushes out of the way the jocund female, engaged in a squatting position in looking through the keyhole into the Court, and taps mysteriously at the shuttered window. Nothing happens.

"I 'll manage it for you all right, Sir," he says protectively; "you just stay close to me. That 'll do, POLLY."

The jocund female is pulling him by the skirts of his tunic.

"When 'll they want me, DICKIE?" she inquires.

"They won't want *you* at all, I should think," returns the policeman jocosely. "You 're a nice sorter witness *you* are."

"Go hon!" cries the jocund female, digging him in the ribs in sheer delight. "What d' yer think of 'im, young man—ain't 'e a 'andsome figger of a man?—'Ave I got time fer a drink, DICKIE?"

At this moment there is a shuffling noise inside the Court.

"Now then, Sir," whispers the policeman hurriedly, opening the door; "just squeeze in after me. That 's it. I thought I 'd manage it for you."

I really do not know what it is that he has managed for me, beyond opening the door and allowing me to pass into the public part of the Court, where a number of onlookers in various stages of dirt are already gathered. Being weak, however, I give him sixpence, and he retires on tip-toe with a vast deal of noise, confidently assured, I suppose, of my perfect idiocy.

A constable with a black eye is in the box giving evidence of the assault committed upon him by the muscular lady in the dock, on his arresting her for maliciously wounding the prosecutor with a beer-glass.

The prosecutor next enters the box with a bandaged head, and gives a clear account of the affair, which is corroborated by four more witnesses, the only person who is not absolutely agreed as to the facts being the prisoner, who, while admitting that she was drunk, emphatically denies that she was incapable (which, needless to say, no one has suggested), and hints at perjury from the constable and the prosecutor with regard to the black eye and the beer-glass, both assaults having been committed by accomplices of their own while she was saying that she was innocent and would go quietly. Furthermore she has a husband and five children, is unaccountable for her actions when drunk—indeed she never remembers anything afterwards, and hopes the magistrate will deal leniently with her. Moreover, the prosecutor is a dirty 'ahnd, and only got what he deserved.

"Have you any witness to call?" inquires the magistrate.

The policeman by the dock repeats the magistrate's question with a nudge, and the prisoner suggests "POLLERBUNCE."

"Who?" demands the magistrate.

The prisoner repeats "POLLERBUNCE," and the policeman interprets to the magistrate as "POLLY BUTTONS."

"POLLY BUTTONS, then," says the magistrate wearily, with a sideways movement of the head.

"POLLY BUTTONS," says the usher, in a loud voice.

"POLLY BUTTONS!" shouts the policeman by the door, and the mystic word, passing from mouth to mouth, reverberates through the passages and is heard faintly outside in the street. After a pause the phrase "Hurry up there!" is heard in the street, then in the passage and then at the door, and a grey-haired matron in a shawl enters the Court and takes her place in the box. I recognise her at once as the jocund female whom I have already seen in the vestibule. But the jocund expression has vanished, and she turns to the magistrate a sad, worn face, with a suggestion in it of honest toil and years of trouble.

"It was abaht a quarter past eleven, yer worship," she begins immediately, "I went aht to get a bit o' fish fer supper——"

"The book," interrupts the usher.

The witness kisses the book perfunctorily and begins again.

"It was abaht a quarter past eleven ——"

"What is your name?" repeats the clerk in a louder voice.

"MARY PEARCE," returns the witness. "It was abaht——"

"Who," here inquires the magistrate, "is POLLY-er-BUTTONS?"

Discursive etymology from the witness with regard to POLLY, with anecdotal disquisition on the origin of BUTTONS. She is cut short, and returns once more to the fish-expedition, where she shows a disposition to discuss the relative merits of haddocks and kippers, and is at once whisked through space by the unsympathetic clerk to the first meeting with the prisoner. Yes, she saw VILIT at 'alf past eleven. Yes, the prisoner is VILIT, an' a steadier, soberer, 'arder-workin'—she knows it was 'alf past eleven because she saw the clock at the Crown through the winder. Through the winder only, because she 'd only been out to get a bit o' fish and—Yes, she saw the prisoner speaking to TED 'ARGREAVES outside the Crown. Yes, the prosecutor. 'E was molestin' of 'er. Somethink crool.

"How did he molest her?" inquires the magistrate.

"Askin' of 'er t'ave a drink," returns the witness. "She sez, 'No, Mr. 'ARGREAVES,' she sez, 'I don't drink an' I won't drink.' An' she don't neither. A steadier, soberer——"

The clerk, more unsympathetic than ever, presses the magistrate's question.

"She sez to 'im," continues the witness, "'"No, Mr. 'ARGREAVES,' she sez, 'I don't drink an' I——'"

"How—did the prosecutor—molest her?" breaks in the magistrate harshly.

The witness ponders.

"Caught 'old of the sleeve of 'er body," she replies cheerfully,—"the same body what 's on 'er now. There it is. The very body 'e caught 'old of."

The witness seems elated at the conclusiveness of this proof. The clerk asks if she saw the prisoner throw the glass at the prosecutor.

"She never threw no glass," declares the witness; "she dropped the glass out of 'er 'and like, an' 'e slipped an' fell on it an' cut 'is head. She sez to 'im——"

"I think the witness can step down now," remarks the magistrate. The witness seems reluctant to leave the box.

"I shouldn't never 'ave seen it, yer worship," she exclaims, "only I 'appened ter go aht fer a bit o' fish fer supper——"

Here, still loudly addressing the Court, she is hustled out of the box by the attendant policeman. The magistrate turns to the prisoner.

"A particularly brutal assault," he observes. "Four months' hard labour."

The muscular lady looks round the Court with amusement.

"Four months without a drink!" she exclaims. "Oh, chase me!"

Then, leaving the dock, she accompanies a constable through a door on the left with considerable good humour.

POLLY BUTTONS, giving the plaid shawl a hitch, leaves the Court with an unclouded brow, the jocund female once more. I turn and follow. In the vestibule I pass her, rallying "DICKIE" on the subject of his figure. He salutes me with a protective and indulgent air.

I pass out into the squalid street once more, the voice of the late witness from the steps behind recommending DICKIE to have a piece let in at the back of his toonic.



SCENE—*Depths of a big Woodland.*

Huntsman. "NOW THEN, WHAT 'S ALL THIS ABOUT? WHAT ARE YOU UP TO?"

Keeper's Underling (in tears). "PLEASE, SIR, IT 'S THE LUNNON FOX, AND I CAN'T GET THE LID OFF! IT 'S SCREWED!"

POSTCARD POLITICS.

(To Sir M-ch-l F-st-r.)

UPON the Parliamentary fence
You occupy *pro tem.*, MICHAEL,
A posture that but ill befits
A leader academical.

Leave chopping to the fickle winds,
And trimming to the tar, man:
Leave measures vague or half-and-half
To BANNERMAN or barman.

'Twere best with Tory or with Whig
To range yourself in line:
Remains yet one alternative—
In silence to resign.



THE PANTOMIME REVIEW. MARCH PAST OF THE SPANGLES BRIGADE.

THE NEW SYSTEM.

[Professor SULLY accuses the British business man of taking life too seriously, and hints that his methods would be all the better for a little levity.]

"WELL," said the Bank Manager, as he finished reading the last of the letters which the candidate for the vacant stool had produced, "your credentials are certainly excellent. All that could be desired. I see that the Editor of *Screaming Shots* says, 'We have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over jokes submitted by Mr. JONES.'"

"Yes, Sir," said the candidate. He modestly omitted to mention that the Editor was not the only man who had laughed at those jokes. SYDNEY SMITH had won quite a reputation with them.

"And I notice," continued the Manager, "that the senior partner of your late firm also speaks highly of your abilities. Let me see, where is it? Ah, yes. 'While I cannot conscientiously say that Mr. JONES has the commercial instinct highly developed'"—here the candidate, conscious of not knowing the difference between a ledger and a copying-press, bowed—"'yet he possesses a sense of humour which would make his services invaluable to any firm. Mr. JONES knows a good joke when he sees one.'"

The senior partner of Mr. JONES' late firm had had two good stories, one about missing the train from Wandsworth Common, the other in connection with a wonderfully smart saying of his youngest son (aged two), and Mr. JONES had always duly honoured them on presentation.

"Yes," said the Manager, "your credentials are excellent. But perhaps you could give me a specimen of your abilities?"

"Certainly, Sir."

"Then what would you say if a customer, having presented a cheque for a large amount, slipped as he left the building and dropped the money down a grating?"

"I should say that he had lost his balance."

"You would not say that *to* the customer?"

"Certainly not, Sir. I should make the remark in a humorous undertone to a colleague."

"Quite so, quite so. I merely asked, because in no business is tact so essential as in banking. A customer, for instance, tells you a story about a cat that belonged to his Aunt JANE, and its wonderful instinct. Your natural impulse is, of course, to cap it with the anecdote relating to your Uncle THOMAS'S dog, which found its way from India to Forest Hill solely by its sense of smell. But you must stifle that impulse. Otherwise the customer will in all probability withdraw his account and induce his friends to do the same. A sense of humour, though essential to success in a modern bank, must be judiciously exercised. Why, only the other day we had to get rid of a most promising young fellow. An excellent worker, full of the quaintest conceits. His idea of pouring ink down the speaking-tube when he knew the sub-manager's mouth was at the other end was extraordinarily happy. But he had to go. He would insist upon emphasising the points of his stories by digging his hearers in the ribs. He was a fine strapping young fellow, and after a time customers began to complain. And one day, when he was making an epigram about cashing cheques and checking cash, he very nearly injured an old gentleman permanently. There was a good deal of unpleasantness, and he had to go. But may I ask why you are turning up your coat-collar?"

"I have a slight cold," explained the candidate, "and the room is full of drafts."

"Excellent, Mr. JONES," said the Manager, "you may certainly consider yourself engaged. And as regards salary——"

"Yes, Sir?"

"We generally pay by the thousand words. Would three guineas——?"

Two minutes later shouts of inextinguishable laughter from the outer office proclaimed that the new clerk had entered upon his duties.

A Modern Adaptation.

(*Attributed to the D-ke of B-df-rd.*)

IF I were a cassowary
Just presented to the Zoo,
I would eat the Secretary,
And quite half the Council too.

LITERARY GOSSIP.—The CZAR'S favourite passage—the passage of the Dardanelles.

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

THE FINAL (AND FINEST) ACT.



SCENE 1.—*The exterior of an hotel at Evian (on Lake Geneva). A magnificent Marriage Procession enters, with musicians and singing and dancing girls.* Mr. FRANKENSTEIN *and his blooming bride are carried on, seated beneath a golden canopy.* Mr. Hotel-keeper *presents his best compliments, and suspends floral garlands round their necks. Then the company toast the happy pair, and indulge in facetious badinages—after which they retire huzzaying with joyful hearts.* Mr. F. *is left in solitude with* ELIZABETH, *his blushing and beauteous rib.*

Mr. F. Another year has rolled by on irreparable pinions, and we are at last united in chains of Hymen!

Mrs. F. (*archly*). Is that a reason for being in such doleful dumps? It is contrary to *bon ton* for a bridegroom to look glum as a gib-cat!

Mr. F. (*aside*). Can any Benedict assume a frolicsome demeanour when a Demon has threatened to turn up on his bridal night and play Old Gooseberry? (*Aloud*) You are mistaken, my beloved, I am not looking glum. On the contrary, I am simpering. [*He simpers laboriously.*

Mrs. F. I am sure you are afflicted by some internal trouble or other. You have never recovered entirely from being accused of the butchery in Ireland of your bosom's friend, HENRY CLERVAL. [*See book for this incident.*

Mr. F. I was luckily able to prove an *alibi* in the Orkney Islands at the precise time he was being decimated.

Mrs. F. But I never clearly comprehended what business you had in said Orkney Islands?

Mr. F. (*in agonised aside*). How to confess that I was busily engaged there in the composition of a feminine monster! (*Aloud*) I was working at a large scientific job—but I tore it up in disgust. [*V. original text.*

Mrs. F. What a sad pity! But some day you will go to work on it again, my VICTOR?

Mr. F. (*firmly*). Not if I know it! In future I have other fish to fry. But see (*here he points to the sunset sky*), the God of Day is already putting up his shutters. Go within, my ELIZABETH. I have a business appointment here, which must be conducted in the strictest privacy.

Mrs. F. I will obey the wish of my Lord and Master, and refrain from all indiscreet curiosity.

[*She enters the hotel; presently beams of candlelight are seen illuminating an upper chamber in same.*

Mr. F. (*soliloquising sadly.*—[N.b.—I shall probably—if I have time—turn this into correct blank versification.—H. B. J.] The hour approaches for my diabolical *rendezvous*. The Monster promised to be with me on my wedding night! [*This is taken from book.*] He will indubitably look me up, being so infernally irritated by my failure to complete and deliver his demon consort, as per contract. I could not bring myself to carry out such a hideous *nudum pactum*, and so he has already vented his annoyance by burking my best friend. Fortunately, my ELIZABETH is snug under cover, and will be spared the heart-rending spectacle of beholding this unlucky self popping off in the gripe of a gigantic demoniac. (*Here an appalling shriek rends the air of the upper apartment.*) Lack-a-daisy! I recognise the affrighted squeak of my unprotected spouse! Probably she has encountered some member of the mouse department. [*The light is suddenly put out.*

The Monster (*comes out on the balcony, and points with his fiendish finger*). Aha, my friend! Since you have deprived me of a *placens uxor*, I have just returned the compliment with a *tu quoque!*

Mr. F. This is the *ne plus ultra* of devilish procedure!

[*He extracts a pistol from his bosom and lets it off with a terrific report. It misses.*

The Monster. Ho-ho! You will never make a marksman! Catch me if you can!

[*He plunges from the balcony into the lake, with a resounding splash, and disappears.*

Mr. F. He has dived into watery regions—but I am very soon to run him to earth!

[*He jumps in too. The* Monster's *and* Mr. F.'s *heads are perceived swimming in the moonlighted billows as scene changes to:*

SCENE 2.—THE WINDINGS OF THE RHONE [*as in volume*].

The Monster (*enters in a violent hurry*). Mr. FRANKENSTEIN is pursuing my retreat—but I will lead him the pretty dance!

[*He goes off on one side, as* Mr. F. *enters on the other.*

Mr. F. I have lost his scent! Here comes a Rhonish ryot. I will interrogate him. (*A* Ryot *enters.*) Have you happened to observe any fiend of excessive magnitude and cadaverous appearance in this vicinity?

The Rhonish R. (*obsequiously*), Indeed, magnanimous Sir, I have not noticed any person at all answering such a description.

Mr. F. (*aside*). Either this Rhonish is a confirmed tara-diddler, or else the Monster has disguised himself beyond all human recognition. No matter, I am no pigeon-livered, and am determined to be in at his death!

[*Exit pursuing, as the scene changes to:*

SCENE 3.—THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN, WITH A LARGE VESSEL ANCHORED IN THE CORNER.

[*If Mr. Scenic Painter will only take moderate pains, this should prove a splendidly handsome scene.*]

The Monster (*entering as before*). I am beginning to lose my breeze, and Mr. FRANKENSTEIN is still engaged in his wild-goose-chase. *Que faire?* Ah! I will conceal myself in the basement of yonder bark!

[*He slips on board.* Mr. F. *enters the moment afterwards.*

Mr. F. Again he has slipped under some bushel! It is Lombard Street to a Chinese orange that he is on board yonder vessel!

[*The* Captain *appears on the poop, ringing a large bell.*

Captain. Now then! All on board for the Black Sea! I cannot afford to lose the tide.

Mr. F. One moment, Mr. Captain! How much is a passage ticket to the Black Sea?

Captain. For a first-class saloon passenger, it is rs. 50, refreshments included. There is still one bed vacant.

Mr. F. I will book it! (*Going on board*). This time the Demon will be *compelled* to grant me an interview!

[*The ship sails slowly away as the Scene is altered to—*

SCENE 4.—A DESERT LOCALITY IN TARTARY AND RUSSIA.

(*V. Book for Geography.*)

Monster (*entering*). The voyage is concluded, and I have managed to do a guy clandestinely. As Mr. FRANKENSTEIN was the first-class saloon passenger and myself a mere stowaway in steerage regions, we were as distant as a couple of Poles. But he is again at my heels, though becoming blown by persistent efforts and want of proper nourishment. Poor chap! I feel compassion for him! Here is a deceased hare. I will leave it for him with a polite message. It may soften his heart towards this unfortunate self.

[*He writes a note and affixes it to a trunk with the hare, as in original story—then exits hastily.*

Mr. F. (*enters*). I am on the Monster's tracks; but, heyday! the Wilds of Tartary are on mine!

[*Enter the Wilds of Tartary with ferocious war cries.* Mr. F. *shoots a few of them with his pistol; the rest fly, exclaiming "Sauve qui peut! He is firing crackshots!"*

Mr. F. At last I am alone! (*here he perceives the trunk, &c.*). What have we here? A deceased hare—and a note! (*He reads aloud*) "You will find here a deceased hare. Eat it and be refreshed; for many hard, miserable hours must you endure till the period of our rejoinder. (Signed) MONSTER." (*Condensed from original missive in* Mrs. S.'s *story.*) *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes!* But a starving individual cannot reject a present of game—even from a fiend.

[*He sits down, and cooks the hare as the Scene changes to—*

But I find I have so many even more sensational scenes before the grand wind-up that I cannot squeeze them into the very very mediocre space allotted to me by Honble Editor's caprice, so I must reluctantly postpone same to another instalment.

I have written the above on board P. and O. in intervals of nausea, and shall post it immediately after reaching *terra firma*. I am in lively hopes of being besieged on arrival by applications from first-class managers to produce my drama (when completed) on the boards of some tip-top temple of Thespis; but not being an *au fait* in knowledge of London theatrical affairs, I shall make careful inquiries before sealing any bond, lest—like *Honble Charles Surface* in GOLDSMITH'S *School for Scandal*—I sell valuable family portraits to MOSES the Jew for a gross of shagreen spectacles. I am not a weasel to be captured while snoozing!

H. B. J.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the *Magazine of Art* (CASSELL & Co.) for February, among the many articles that, under the able editorship of Mr. SPIELMANN, attract various readers, there is one entitled "CHARLES DICKENS as a lover of Art and Artists" (No. II.), written by Mrs. PERUGINI (KATE DICKENS), that will interest all. Mrs. PERUGINI, alluding to some absurd statements as to her father's curious taste in dress, denies that he ever affected any costume that could possibly be considered eccentric or ridiculous. That he was fond of bright colour she admits, and the Baron remembers very distinctly having seen CHARLES DICKENS in the stalls of the Lyceum Theatre, attired in his ordinary day suit, with a bright red tie. The youthful Baron was fascinated, and his gaze was not distracted by the play away from the red tie and its wearer. When CHARLES DICKENS, inseparable from his tie, suddenly quitted the stalls, it was to his entranced admirer as though life and light had been extinguished.

Mrs. AYLMER GOWING, your Occasional Assistant Reader says, hath written a book which deals with scenes by *Thames and Tiber* (JOHN LONG), and would have been very good indeed if the author had confined her puppets within the limits of the Thames Valley. The moment, however, they settle themselves in Rome, and take a supernatural excursion into the far-away past, and form the acquaintance of NERO, OCTAVIA, AGRIPPINA, ST. PAUL, and an early Christian maiden of the WILSONI-BARRETTI type, their struggles to set things right at the Imperial Court, and to rescue the said maiden from the clutches of NERO and Company, prove altogether too much for them, and they collapse dismally. It requires something more than mere talent to revive the classical past. Still your O. A. R. is sufficiently interested to inquire "What this lady is GOWING to do next?"

Your Occasional Assistant Reader also regrets that he cannot encourage you to spend much of your leisure over *An Unwise Virgin*, by Mrs. COULSON KERNAHAN (JOHN LONG), enamoured of a medical gentleman named *Maxime*, who is afflicted with uncontrollable passions. When the unwise fair one came to bid him what she thought was a last adieu, he turned the key upon her, and

"'I am glad. I am glad. You are in my arms,' he cried, with a burst of uncontrollable weeping Yes, he wept like a woman Those tears raining on her face roused her, and she looked at him. That look sufficed It was love! love! and he knew it"

Very soon afterwards this excitable medical practitioner marries "the unwise virgin," who, let us hope, makes him a wise wife.

In no particular does the fourth number of *The Ancestor* for this quarter (ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & Co.) lag behind its predecessors. The letter-press is clear, the illustrations are well reproduced, the articles are of most varied interest, and the style of their treatment by the different writers is, in every case, so attractive, that the study of the driest of subjects becomes most delightful reading. The article on "What is Believed" contains much amusing information. The anonymous writer of these notes in *The Ancestor* says that "the most famous Englishman in history" is, "to his own mind"—who?—why, "GUY FAWKES!" Good old GUY was "English of the English," and, disagreeing with the Government of his day, he merely meant to give the King and Parliament "a good blowing up," just to bring them to their senses. Clearly a plain, honest, outspoken, thorough-going Englishman was County GUY FAWKES. The Baron hopes to read more in this vein from the same pen.

The Baron wishes to disclaim any relationship with "The Baron," in "A Love Story," so delightfully told in *Macmillan's Magazine* for February. "BARON VON B." is not "BARON *de* B.," with an emphasis on the "*de*." Yet the Barons in France and Germany are for all time, or else how could the truth of the prophetic proverb be proved, which, as given by the Austrian Baron, says, "*Von ders* vill nevaire cease?"

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Now and Then.

THE Newly Elected says, "Great thing, as a Professional man, to belong to the Particular Club; you see, *there* you meet everybody."

Opinion of the same after a few years' membership, "I don't go much to the Particular Club now; you see, you meet everybody."

QUITE AN EQUIVALENT.—The always tuneful and, at one time, most popular comic opera, *Les Cloches de Corneville*, has been transformed into a ballet. *Les Cloches* are to be represented by the *Belles* of the Alhambra.



"ARS (BRITANNICA) LONGA."

Paris—Hôtel des Invalides, 1840. *London—St. Paul's, Nineteen hundred and——?*

SHADE OF F.-M. THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. "BEGAD, SIR, HERE 'S NEWS! THEY 'RE GOING TO FINISH MY MEMORIAL IN ST. PAUL'S!" SHADE OF NAPOLEON. "DÉJÀ?"

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

VI.—THE DURBAR—AND AFTER.

January 8: *Viceroy's Camp, Delhi.*—The little moon that emerged on the eve of the Durbar was not the simple thing it looked to be. I had always supposed that the appearance of these heavenly bodies was determined a century or so in advance by the almanacks. Yet the sight of this new moon seems to have come as a surprise—certainly it modified the arrangements for the feast of Ramadan—and in some obscure way necessitated the postponement of the Durbar by the space of half an hour. Personally I am ill-versed in local creeds, and should myself have thought that a distinct engagement like the Durbar should not have been affected by anything short of an eclipse. I have no further criticism to offer on the proceedings, except that I think that some few score of the salutes might have been taken as fired, or else let off at such a distance as not to delay the action of this imposing drama. For the rest I cannot conceive a more admirably ordered spectacle.

The scene in the vast verandahed amphitheatre, opening out across the plain upon a vista of long avenues of foot and horse, British and native, was one to paralyse the pen. Among the happiest effects were the movements of the herald's trumpeters (who blew up STANFORD's delightful fanfare); the crackle of the *feu de joie* that raced along the boundary line and back; and the sweep of the pennoned lances of the 4th Dragoon Guards, as they swung into line behind the infantry. The blazing scarlet of our officers' uniforms paled before the gorgeous velvets and silks and brocades of the Native Princes.



The latest thing in Decoration—Candelabra Elephantina.



The Nizam of Hyderabad and other notabilities playing "The Heavy Lead" in the Grand Spectacle entitled "The Delhi Durbar."

The boy Maharajah of PATIALA, looking less than his thirteen years, and wearing pearls to ransom a family of Kings on his little chest, stirred the emotions of the ladies; while many a manly heart beat faster below its fighting medals at the spectacle of the veiled Begam of BHOPAL prostrate before the throne—until it was understood that the two stalwarts in her train (both of them, as I hear, too heavy for the mounts of the Imperial Cadet Corps) were the lady's lawful sons.

Conspicuous by the reticence of his attire was the Nizam of HYDERABAD, first in precedence of all the Native Princes, and rich beyond the range of human calculation. He and I wore a frock-coat each. I say nothing about myself; but the Nizam has a yellow bodyguard, and is a person of extraordinary importance. He it was who arrived at Delhi Station after sunset on the 24th of December, and, when he found that no salutes were to be fired on Christmas Day, remained splendidly aloof in a siding for some forty hours till he could get what he wanted.

English papers will probably have given more space to the Durbar than to any other spectacle of the series. But everybody here has decided that the Review of the Native Chiefs' Retainers, where free play was allowed to Oriental fancy, was the best turn in a remarkable programme. I first caught sight of this motley army and the glint of its gold, a mile away over the plain, as I drove to the amphitheatre yesterday. For two continuous hours it streamed past the throne, doing homage, man and beast, each after his kind—elephants saluting with waved trunks or lifted fore-feet, and horses rearing on their hind legs in the best manner of the *haute école*. Giants from Kashmir; dwarfs from Nabha and Patiala; four-in-hands of elephants, housed and caparisoned with Oriental recklessness; horsemen in coat-of-mail; lancers with targes slung behind them; drummers mounted on camels; soldier-priests from Jind; masked devil-mummers from Thibet;—never was such a circus got together in the history of India. It was a spectacle that an IMRE KIRALFY might see once and die of despair.

I hope that these peoples appreciate their own picturesqueness, yet I seemed to detect here and there what I may call an Occidental rift within the lute. This was naturally most apparent among the native musicians, who in the midst of this barbaric pageant made heroic efforts, not always crowned with success, to render "*Annie Laurie*" and "*Do ye ken John Peel?*" I confess that a strange nostalgia overtook me at the sound of these hallowed airs.

Another gorgeous spectacle, and one

in which, this time, the dominant colour was British red, was presented at the Investiture of the Star of India in the Diwan-i-'Am, at Delhi Fort. I doubt if Shah JEHAN, of blessed memory, who used it some two centuries and a half ago for his Hall of Public Audience, ever witnessed between its sandstone pillars a scene more brilliant than this. For the first half hour one wanted never to leave it: then the eye grew less alert, and though one was buoyed up for a time with the hope that some of the new Knight Commanders, as they backed from the throne, might cause a diversion by overlooking the downward step that came at the end, the entertainment grew tedious: and when it had to be gone through *da capo* for the Order of the Indian Empire, many of the spectators frankly slumbered under conditions of unparalleled splendour. But it was all to be eclipsed in a few days when the State Ball was given in the same building, and supper was served to some 3,000 guests, in relays of 400, in the lovely marble Hall of Private Audience, the Diwan-i-Khas, extended for the occasion by a clever scheme that simulated the ancient design. The original Hall, lit from above with electric light, was left unprofaned by wassail, out of regard for the memory of the departed Peacock Throne.

On Sunday I attended the State Service on the Polo Ground (club-badges not required to be worn). The sermon, by the Bishop of CALCUTTA, was printed beforehand and distributed; and I can testify to his lordship's admirable mastery of his own words. The service was on so gigantic a scale that the choir, stationed beyond reach of the unassisted ear, had to sing through megaphones; and the cues for their responses were conveyed to them by flag-signalling.

You will probably have a question asked in the House in connection with the State Entry. A small group of men had disposed themselves in a portico, at a corner of the Jumma Musjid, reserved for selected guests of the VICEROY. Gently but firmly requested by an A.D.C. to withdraw, they informed that official, through their spokesman, that the party embraced certain Representatives of the British Electorate. With difficulty concealing the profound impression produced by this statement, the gallant officer courteously hinted that such an appeal, commonly unanswerable, would at this juncture avail them nothing. "*England shall ring with this!*" was the reply of the outraged Member. Shortly afterwards they retired under protest. I give the story roughly, as I heard it from the Aide who conducted their removal.

On Saturday we talk (so sanguine are our tempers) of moving on to Lucknow. Over at least a week of our halcyon time in camp, where every need has been anticipated, the horrors of a general exodus have cast their shadow before. The lethargy, the parsimony, the lack of enterprise of the Railway Companies in India are a perpetual reproach. The Durbar has been their opportunity; it has called forth all their worst qualities, as the sun brings out the adder—"and that craves wary walking." Indeed, if the VICEROY'S special fails us, we may yet have to do the journey (not much more than 300 miles) on foot. Still, at a pinch, there are always elephants. O. S.



A Sikh Priest in Native Review.



More Performers in the Comic Durbar *Ballet*.

TO MARK.

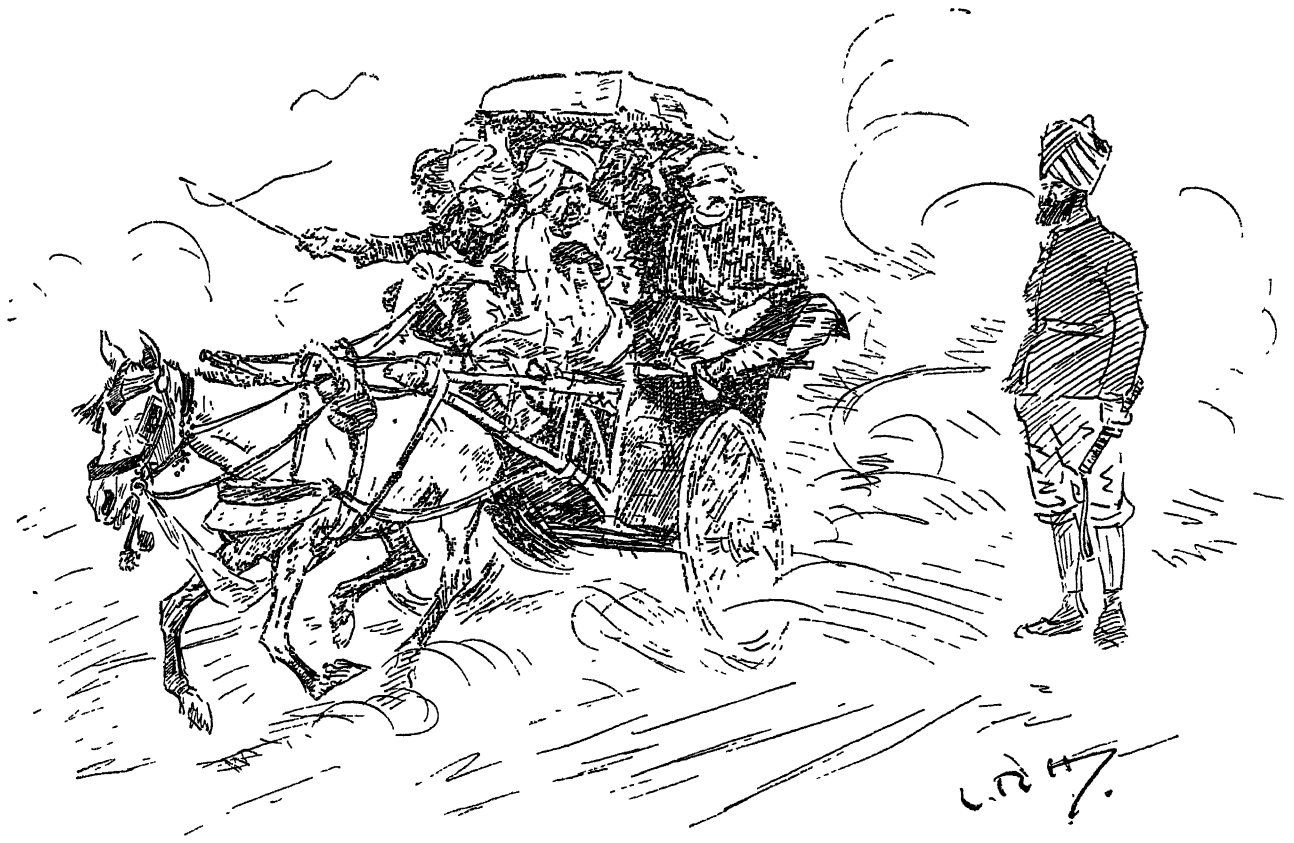
DEAR little lad, how well I can
Recall your face, brimful of fun,
A baby and a grown-up man
Delightfully combined in one.

A man compared to MARGARET,
Your tiny sister, aged two,
Yet Mother bade you not forget
How brothers big looked down on you.

At table how sedate you sat,
Obeyed dear Mother, never fought her,
Yet how, just five, you chortled at
The shilling pump with real water,—

The penny squirts that Mother bought,
("We boys shall use them," so you said)
The river where you always sought
For "business boats," decked out in red.

Dear little lad, before you grow
As big a boy as each big brother,
Come up again to see us—though
Please don't forget to bring dear Mother.



"GOING TO THE DURBAR IN MY DONKEY CART."

Old Song altered to the Needs of Delhi.

ANTI-RATE AGITATIONS.

Basil Regis.

DEAR SIR,—I have considered the Government Bill from all standpoints, and in conscience I cannot consent to put my neck under the clerical yoke. The battle has been deliberately forced upon me—it must go on to the end. Quietly, earnestly, and even reverently, I say that I will not pay the Education Rate. I am but a poor unknown citizen, but I am proud to take my stand with MILTON, with CROMWELL, and with LUTHER. "I cannot otherwise."

Yours sincerely, NICOLL CLEAR.

P.S.—Let the tyrants do their worst —*I am a lodger.*

London.

DEAR SIR,—The movement against the payment of the Education Rate has my sincerest sympathy. I can see the honest, beloved objector's furniture seized by Government hirelings. My heart bleeds to think of these cherished belongings exposed to the *rough* and *careless* usage of reckless bailiffs. Ah! they will light such a fire in England as will not easily be put out. Yours truly,

CARTER, PICKFORDSON.

P.S.—Furniture removed with *care*, *secrecy*, and *despatch* at all hours of the day and night.

His Majesty's Castle, Holloway.

DEAR SIR,—I gives the Government notice that I 'll pay no more blimy rates —no, not even if they sells the plank bed from under me. A lot of silly jossers. Yours truly,

WILLIAM SIKES.

Cockermouth.

DEAR SIR,—I have recently discovered to my horror that part of the funds of our town council are raised from the demoniac traffic. I will have nothing to do with the drink money. I hereby give notice that from this day I will not light the municipal gas, nor drink the municipal water, nor be technically trained at the municipal school, nor be protected from burglars by the municipal police, nor be slaughtered at the municipal slaughter-house.

Yours sincerely,

W-LFR-D L-WS-N.

Greeba Castle, Isle of Man.

DEAR SIR,—I do not wish to advertise myself, as certain minor novelists do, but I must emphatically decline to pay the Gas Rate. The dark places of the earth are full of cruelty. I often weep as I see the Juggernaut Car of Civilisation rolling over the poor and helpless —in their turn I see *Pete*, *Gloria*, and *Roma* all crushed—though *Roma* survives in the version so intelligently, and may I say reverently, presented by my friend Mr. BEERBOHM TREE. Let us have light—more light. From this day I dedicate my intelligence and my eloquence to the cause of Free Gas.

Yours sincerely, H-LL C-NE.

P.S.—As I do not wish for publicity I should prefer this letter to be signed simply with the obscure initials "H. C.," but if the Editor thinks that some poor mortals might not recognise their champion, let him place my name in full.

TERRIBLE OUTRAGE BY A PEER.—We read the following in the *Aberdeen Free Press* for January 20, *à propos* of Mr. BALFOUR'S illness:—

"The uncertain character of the weather makes it highly undesirable that he should venture out before his convalescence is practically complete. Many callers continue to make frequent inquiries at 10, Downing Street. Yesterday Lord LLANDAFF was among the number. pressing his throat, throwing him to the ground."

No wonder some people clamour for the "ending" of the House of Lords.

THE EXPULSION OF EUCLID.

WELCOME, reformer! whose enlightened hand
Strips off anew each day some swathing band
In bygone years by schoolmen's blindness bound;
To-day dull Latin goes, cramp Greek is barred,
To-morrow useless grammar you discard
Out of the up-to-date scholastic round.

Then worn-out EUCLID falls before the pride
That marks the onslaught of the modern "side."
His bridge of asses valiantly it takes,
His squares it shatters, it destroys his lines,
Faith in his axioms it undermines,
Till the whole superstructure sways and quakes.

Thus shall dogmatic rules, long since outworn,
Be treated by our pedagogues with scorn,
Till not a wrack of them is left behind,
And hopeful scholars, in the days to come,
Unfettered by a dry curriculum,
Leave school and college with an open mind.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VI.—IN MUSIC.

THERE are a hundred different ways in which this subject might be treated. Read the musical papers, listen to the lectures and *obiter dicta* of accomplished professors, and ponder over the occasional pronouncements made in ordinary periodicals, *in partibus infidelium*, as it were, by those ardent souls who devote themselves to the criticism of the work of others still more ardent, and you will find with how great a diversity, both of opinion and manner, a matter so simple in its origin and so universally attractive can be considered. Of course professors and critics, to say nothing of actual composers, are not the only people who know all there is to be known about music. Almost everybody does. On the strength of having sung treble in his school choir thirty years ago, my friend BARKSTONE passes in his own opinion, and that of his family circle, for a musical genius of no common order. He can still hum little pieces of HANDEL'S oratorios, and believes that great master to have said the last word (or written the last note) in musical matters. He admits a certain competence in PURCELL and BISHOP, and has since heard favourable reports of BALFE and MACFARREN and ARTHUR SULLIVAN. "English music, my boy—that 's the thing for me: none of your fantastic foreigners. with their symphonies and sonatas and concertos and gim-crack operas, and all that sort of stuff. Give me a few notes of old GEORGE FREDERICK and I 'm happy." It 's an easy doctrine, though it leaves out of account the fact that old GEORGE FREDERICK, though he spent much time in England writing for the English public, was about as German as a man could well be. BARKSTONE may pass, but what is to be said about PORTINSCALE? This plethoric gentleman doesn't know one note from another. When the band plays a selection from *Florodora* he is as likely as not to rise and take his hat from his bald and perspiring head, under the impression that the National Anthem is making an appeal to his reverence for KING and Constitution. "The sort of music I like," says he, "is the music you can tap your foot to and carry away in your head—not the heavy sort, but good rousing tunes. All the rest 's rubbish." And away he goes, la-la-la-ing to his own heart 's content, and the excruciation of those who are compelled to listen to him. Now the point that you have got to get firmly into your head, if you want to make a popular and pecuniary success of your music, is this:—That at least ninety per cent. of the great public to whom you must appeal are BARKSTONES and PORTINSCALES, and, that being so, what on earth do the odd ten per cent. matter? They are of no account, they cut no ice, they are musical Pro-Boers.

Of course, if you happen to be desirous of success as a singer I can give you an infallible recipe for success. You must start in life (I leave out of consideration your very tender early years) as a poor but honest and hard-working scullery-maid. While you clean up the dishes and generally obey the dread behests of the queen of the kitchen you keep a happy heart by singing to yourself. A memorable day comes when a well-known impresario happens to be lunching with your master. As he sits after lunch, sipping his coffee and puffing his cigar, he hears sounds of vocal melody wafted sweetly from the nether regions of the house. He listens in amazement. "Is that," he asks, "a nightingale, or am I in a dream?" His host, that indolent neglectful man, remarks that "it 's only JANE, the scullery-maid. She does that kind of thing all day long, confound her!" But the impresario hasn't waited for the end of the sentence: he has dashed precipitately down the kitchen stairs, has seized the scullery warbler by both hands to the respectful astonishment of all the other denizens of the kitchen department, and has promised her mountains and marvels if only she will follow his advice and place her musical future in his hands. Two years later JANE STRADDLE has blossomed into Miss GIANETTA STRADELLA, and in this guise she takes the Ballad-concert-loving public by storm, no small factor in her brilliant artistic triumph being the touching story which I have related. I know that not everybody can be a scullery-maid, but we can all try, and even if we fail to turn into singers, we shall have the satisfaction of reflecting that we have spent some time in a sphere of honest toil diversified by the delightful breakage of many plates and dishes. (*To be continued.*)

AFTON WATER REVISITED.

[We hear that Mr. F. E. JONES has been commissioned to build a Sanatorium in Afton Glen, Ayrshire.]

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
I 'll sing thee a medical song in thy praise;
My MARY 's inhaling thy breezes so pure,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her cure.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, a truce to thy squeals,
My MARY must rest for an hour after meals.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills!
To climb them is better for MARY than pills.
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
To see her take exercise under my eye.

How pleasant thy banks where my MARY may bask,
Or wander at will with her Dettweiler flask.
There three times a day, for exactitude's sake,
The temperature of my MARY I take.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides
By the snug Sanatorium where she resides;
Nor think that thy dampness can reach to her bones
Thro' the walls that are builded by architect JONES.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, and lengthen her days.
My MARY 's inhaling thy breezes so pure,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her cure.

THE HIGHER AND LOWER CRITICISM (*from the* KAISER'S *point of view*).—*Babel und Bibel, und Bebel.*

JOURNALISM À LA MODE.

Publisher's Announcement.

£000 A WEEK FOR LIFE!!

A UNIQUE OFFER!!!

(See this week's "Snippy Bits.")

IT is almost impossible to realise what such a prize means, but the following facts will perhaps enable you to grasp its magnitude.

£000 a week for life means:—

That you can breathe as much air as you can possibly get.

That you can give it all away to a needy friend without reducing your income.

That, if you are a careful business man, you can double it in a few weeks.

That, if you are an extravagant woman, you can never possibly spend it.

That it exempts you from any additional Income Tax.

That, if placed in a bank, you can never overdraw your account.

In fact, there is no limit to the things you can't do with £000 a week for life.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

£000 a week for life will be paid to the person (perhaps *you*, perhaps *not*) who solves the pictures which will appear in *Snippy Bits* weekly for the next few years. Each picture consists of certain objects, *the names of which represent the names of something else quite different*, not spelt in the same way. Every word will be found in *Webster's Dictionary*. (An object does not include anything which is necessary to explain the picture, such as the piece of neck in the accompanying example).

EXAMPLE.



Hare (Correct Solution).

Hair (Incorrect Solution).

CONDITIONS.

(1). Write your answer clearly in red ink (use a camel-hair brush).

(2). If you make a mistake in spelling, you must get another copy of *Snippy Bits* and begin again.

(3). In the event of a tie a further, or if necessary, several hundreds of further sets will be submitted to the tieing competitors, until the prize is won outright (or until the tiers are tiered of tieing).

(4). When you have filled up your list, cut it out and keep it by you until you are t(oo)old to send it in.

(5). The prize—£000 a week for life—*cannot* be divided.

Don't be discouraged if you cannot fill in *all* the pictures. Life is short, and other people may not live so long as you.

Get a copy of this week's *Snippy Bits*.
Get a *Webster*.
Get to work, and
Get the Prize of £000 a week for life.

IT MAY BE *YOU!*



OVERHEARD ON A RECENT MUDDY DAY.

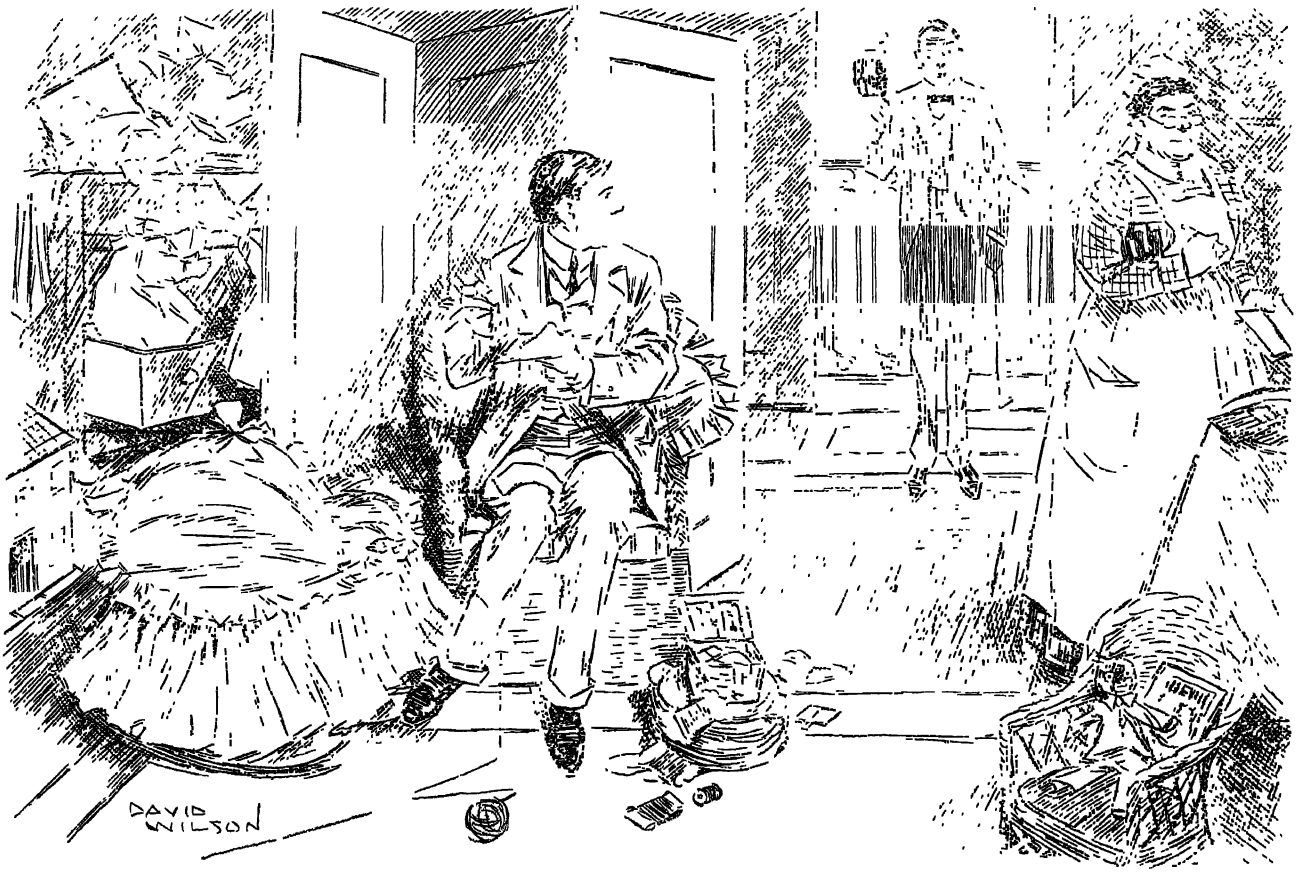
Old Lady. "I DON'T SEE THE CROSSING-SWEEPER HERE TO-DAY, POLICEMAN!"

Policeman. "NO, MUM. HE'S OUT MARCHING WITH THE UNEMPLOYED TO-DAY."

"HE *WOULD* HAVE SAID."

IN the course of a clever speech Count VON BÜLOW, intending to exhibit the Monarchy as not only most favourable to social legislation, but voluntarily granting to the people universal suffrage and the ballot, quoted Dr. HILLIER, who said in 1881, "When the names of a CÆSAR and of a NAPOLEON have long been forgotten, these words of a German Emperor will endure for ever." Surely the quotation of the speech, which itself was founded on an old model, might have been adapted by Count VON BÜLOW to one still more ancient, and should have run thus:—"These words of a German Emperor will be remembered when the names of CÆSAR and NAPOLEON are forgotten, *but not till then.*"

However, even a great orator, "as BRUTUS [VON BÜLOW] is," can't think of everything, and must occasionally miss a good point.



A MODEL MATRON.

Charles (*"his friend," "in amazement lost"*). "HULLO, FRED, OLD MAN! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING?"

Fred (looking up calmly and quietly). "WELL, YOU SEE, MY DEAR BOY, MY WIFE'S OUT PLAYING GOLF THE WHOLE MORNING, PLAYING BRIDGE THE WHOLE AFTERNOON, AND HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHAT SHE DOESN'T DO BESIDES. OUR NURSE HAS GOT A HOLIDAY; SO THERE'S NO ONE LEFT TO LOOK AFTER THE HOUSEHOLD BUT MYSELF. SOMEONE MUST DO IT, AND 'IF YOU WANT A THING WELL DONE, DO IT YOURSELF,' IS MY MOTTO. SO HERE I AM!"

VERB. SAP.

["Yesterday a number of University students, who had been 'ploughed' in a recent examination, organised a demonstration against M. LOUBET. Their march on the Elysée was checked by a strong force of police."—*Paris Telegram.*]

To Mr. BALFOUR, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN,
And other members of the Cabinet,
Respectful greeting.
I, the undersigned,
In statu pupillari by the Cam,
Find myself, by the whim of tyrannous Dons,
Compelled to enter for the Little-Go.
I know not mathematics; no, not I:
Examiners will ask, and ask in vain,
That I should tell of factors, simplify
Abstruse equations, cope with decimals.
I am—you will appreciate the phrase?—
A child in all such matters. Furthermore,
My ignorance of classics, I believe,
Is singularly perfect and complete.
Indeed, my Tutor, in his brutal way,
Remarks that I shall certainly be ploughed.
Ploughed I may be. But, Sirs, if I am ploughed
You—one or more of you—will have to pay
The penalty! No bookworm as I am,
I read the daily papers, and therefrom
Have taken sage advice concerning things
They manage with astuter skill in France.
If I am ploughed, I mean to lead a host
Direct on Highbury or Downing Street—
A host of stern, determined, truculent men,
My fellow-victims, bound by solemn oath
To give no quarter!
So upon yourselves
Depends your fate; greatly should I deplore
Distressing scenes and deeds of violence;
The issue rests in other hands than mine.
The time grows short, but even now your hint,
Promptly despatched to my examiners,
Will save. . . . Enough. You understand? Farewell!

WAITING.

ENCHANTRESS with the nut-brown hair,
Bright genius of the A. B. C.,
Approach, in beauty past compare,
And spell Love's alphabet to me!

Content no more am I each night,
Amid a weird, dyspeptic host,
To order, with a keen delight,
And watch thee bring, the tea and toast.

I covet more transcendent joys;
Be mine, and come where Ocean waits
Instead of thee, and where annoys
No tinkling clash of cups and plates.

There grant to me, beneath the stars,
Not buttered scones, but smiles of bliss;
Not pastry, that digestion mars,
But something sweeter still—a kiss.

* * * *

Enchantress with the nut-brown hair,
Bright genius of the A. B. C.,
Ah, heed a lover's anguished prayer,
And be not D. E. F. to me!



NEVER AGAIN!

BROTHER JONATHAN. "I GUESS, BROTHER JOHN, NEXT TIME YOU 'LL FIND IT BETTER TO PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE."

JOHN BULL (*to himself*). "I *WILL*."

MORE STRENUOUSNESS!

[According to the *Daily Mail* of January 29, Londoners will shortly be able to experiment with the first of a number of American "quick lunch" establishments. Customers will wait on themselves, and on certain days will receive gold watches and other souvenirs from the proprietor.]

"LUNCH while you wait" is now the cry,
And 'tis *you* who will do the waiting!
And yet you 'll *not* wait for the quick supply
That you 'll seize from the counter of pumpkin pie
And clam and "griddle-cake" sating!

And everything comes to him who 'll wait
At the meal of this generous Yankee;
There 'll be watches for those who like such bait
To swallow (I don't insinuate
That the show 's to be hanky-panky!)

A "minute *menu*" should make things hum,
But will it assist digesting?
We may possibly laugh at the process rum
Of this lightning lunch and then succumb—
That 's to say, in a fit die, jesting!

SUGGESTIONS FOR A SHORT SPRING COURSE OF LECTURES.

(To be delivered before any audience of sufficiently advanced Socialistic views.)

LECTURE I.—*Shakspeare as the True Socialist should see him.*

Synopsis of Lecture.

1. Fundamental Maxim of Society—"All men are, or ought to be, born equal."

2. First commandment of the Social Decalogue—"Thou shalt not excel thy fellows." He who violates this law an enemy to the commonwealth and a breaker of the Social Bond.

3. The pre-eminence of SHAKSPEARE plainly established by existence of such works as *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, &c., &c.

4, The generally accepted estimate of SHAKSPEARE a mistaken one, and founded on a false conception of merit.

5. SHAKSPEARE in his true light as the Arch-"Out-Topper," and enemy of the community.

6. Final verdict upon SHAKSPEARE—*Anathema Maranatha.*

LECTURE II.—*Wordsworth and his Work as the outcome of a Crying Injustice.*

Synopsis.

1. The natural beauties of the Lake District the chief inspiration of WORDSWORTH. Probable arrest of his poetic development had his surroundings been those of the Black Country.

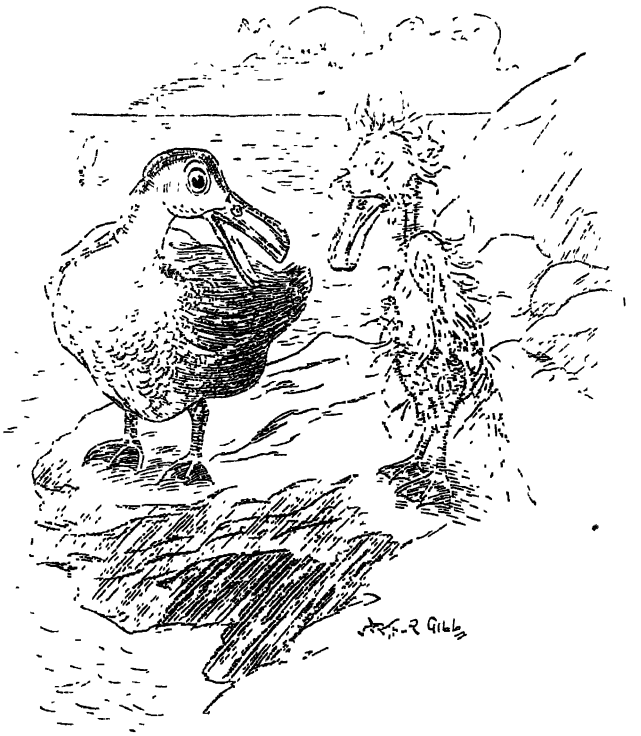
2. The inequality in the beauty of natural surroundings a glaring injustice.

3. Suggested remedy:

(*a*) Total number of natural beauties of England counted and classified; thus:—number of mountains, number of lakes, of trees, of meadows and so on, ascertained.

(*b*) Average number of natural beauties as apportioned to each square mile ascertained, *e.g.*, one hill, one lake, forty trees, one-fourth of an acre meadow-land, and so on.

(*c*) Funds supplied from Imperial Treasury to carry out transference of natural features from one part of England to another, thus making the scenery for each square mile uniform.



A NEW OCEAN TERROR.

"GOODNESS, BERTIE, WHAT *EVER* 'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? BEEN *PLUCKED* FOR YOUR EXAM.?"

"NO. JUST FLEW INTO ONE OF THOSE NEW-FANGLED MARCONIGRAMS, THAT 'S WHAT!"

Mountains displaced by dynamite, solid matter conveyed by a nationalised railroad, water by canals and pipes.

(*d*) Expense a drain on Treasury, but justice thereby done to all citizens in all parts of England.

LECTURE III.—*The Marriage of King Cophetua and the Beggar-Maid no pleasing incident, but an act of the highest injustice.*

Synopsis.—1. Beauty of *Beggar-Maid* apparently the sole reason of *King Cophetua's* choice.

2. Plain or even squint-eyed beggar-maid just as worthy of promotion to rank of Queen, hence injustice of marriage.

3. Suggestions for removal of inequality of beauty in Society.

(*a*) All women to be placed by Local Commissioners in five classes of *descending* values of beauty *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, *E*—*C* representing the average.

(*b*) All female dress to consist of uniforms designed by members of the Royal Academy, and arranged in *ascending* values of beauty, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*—*c* representing average.

(*c*) Women compelled by law to wear the uniform of the class corresponding to their own; thus, women of class *A* (beautiful) to wear uniforms of class *a* (unbecoming), while women of class *E* (plain) to wear uniforms of class *e* (highly becoming).

HONEST INJUN!—The following advertisement appears in the *Daily Telegraph* of the 23rd ult.:—

HONEST young gentleman wishes to be BOARDED in a private family, where no German or French boarders are.—Address, &c.

It should be added that the name of the advertiser, like the grammatical structure of the last sentence, is unmistakably German.

TOBY, M.P., IN TRINIDAD.

EXTRACTS FROM A TRAVEL DIARY.

R.M.S. Atrato, Solent: Christmas Eve.—"At last we too were crossing the Atlantic. At last the dream of forty years, please God, will be fulfilled, and I shall see (happily not alone) the West Indies and the Spanish Main." Thus CHARLES KINGSLEY, writing thirty-two years ago, joyously bound Westward Ho for the islands he had never yet seen, but had in stirring story peopled with living men. At last we too fared forth, in the very same month of a later year, traversing the same illimitable sea.

Seems uncanny setting forth for the Tropics on Christmas Eve. But time, tide, and the *Atrato* wait for no man. This is the good ship's appointed day for sailing, and we cast off our moorings contentedly contemplating a Christmas meal consisting exclusively of chops of the Channel (*froid*).

Meanwhile, a beautiful evening. Steam out to the West under the appropriate gateway of a golden sunset.

Monday morning: South of the Azores.—Wonderful weather for time of year. No sun, steering by dead reckoning, whatever that may be. Has funereal sound: LONG TOM COFFIN ought to be at the wheel. Happily, no wind, desolate but level sea.

All going well except the electric light. In fact last night, just before dinner, it went out. Captain tells interesting story of commander of a ship (on another line) who had rooted distrust of electric light. Bound to instal it in obedience to mandate from head-quarters. Kept on all the old oil lamps, in view of contingencies confidently anticipated. Instituted what he called lamp drill. As soon as soup was served at dinner, he held up his starboard hand; electric light was switched out. Stewards, every man at his post, rushed to appointed rows of lamps and lit them. Meanwhile fish getting cold; roasts overdone; Captain gratified with sense of accomplished duty.

This all very well once or twice a week. But when Captain showed disposition to have performance every other night, passengers rose in a body, put him in irons, and dined comfortably ever after till end of the voyage.

Through the Roaring Forties, terror of the landsman on this tack. Weren't even aware of the locality till we had steamed through it. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who was brought up for the church, but whilst still a young man took to breeding bull-dogs, says the Thirty-Nine Articles are much more aggressive than the Roaring Forties.

New Year's Eve: In the Tropics.—Aft of the Promenade Deck, connected by a gangway, is smaller deck reserved for second-class passengers. Europe walks along the larger deck, a composite group of Britishers, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and eke Portugee, bound for one or other of the West Indian Islands. On the smaller deck struts Africa, swarthy, magnificent.

First caught sight of THEODOSIUS HENRY CLAY towards mid-day on Sunday. Delay in appearance due to prolonged process of attiring. But what a result! THEODOSIUS is a full-blooded Negro of some twenty-four summers—exceedingly hot ones. His tall, straight, svelte figure is clad in neatly-patterned tweed suit, the fit of which would make the late Mr. POOLE turn in his grave with envy. Envy also would mantle the ingenuous countenance of "BOBBY" SPENCER if he could view the height and depth, the pearly whiteness, of the fabric of THEODOSIUS'S collar. The tip of a cambric handkerchief peeps from the breast-pocket of his jacket. Only objection the most fastidious taste could find in his faultless attire is the gold chain hanging from the same pocket, indicating that, in the absence of a waistcoat, his watch therein lies *perdue*. Also as THEODOSIUS squared his shoulders and paced the deck, there was just a little bit of swagger in his walk, indicating to whom it might concern—the circumventing Atlantic Ocean to wit—that there are other personages who can, an' they will, roll in their gait:

> The merchant to secure his treasure
> Conveys it in a borrowed name;
> Th'DOSIUS serves to grace my measure,
> But DINAH is my real flame.

DINAH is Mrs. HENRY CLAY, *ætat.*—I guess—about eighteen. If THEODOSIUS is perfectly apparelled, who shall hymn the praises of DINAH'S dainty dress? A tailor-made jacket of fawn-coloured cloth fitted her graceful body like a glove. Beneath a petticoat of navy blue peeped a pair of dainty feet, shod in tan, discreetly disclosing open-work stockings. No sun upon an Easter Day saw half so fair a sight. Round her neck is the blue ribbon of the order of girlhood budding into womanhood. The masses of her dull dark hair, whose abundance some Duchesses might envy, are deftly gathered up into a shapely roll at the back of the head. Over her brows coquettishly dipped a white sailor's straw hat. Africa, proud of its daughter, filled her mouth with its pearls fashioned as teeth. To tell the truth, Africa rather overdid it. Even the generous spread of Mistress DINAH HENRY CLAY'S mouth cannot encompass Motherland's liberality, a tendency to projection of the teeth giving appearance of fixed but not unpleasant smile.

This is but the artistically-planned flaw that brings into fuller light the perfection of the whole.

DINAH is incomparable even when, with fingers lightly pressing her husband's stalwart arm, she stands side by side with THEODOSIUS HENRY CLAY, smiling at the responsive Atlantic.

Off Barbadoes: Sunday.—Still sailing over a level sea, through the past week glinted with summer sun. An added joy to think of *vous autres* in slushy London, or in snow-bound country homes wrapped up in furs or shivering by ineffective fires. "What would present company think," as *Joe Gargery* used to say to *Pip*, of getting up at seven o'clock this morning, leaving a cabin through which, all through a summer night, the fresh ocean air has coursed through open port, to take a dip in the Atlantic, cool not chilly? What would present company say to repairing after its bath, clad in pyjamas, to the main deck, where a table is spread with early breakfast, consisting chiefly of fruit? Then a walk on deck till nine o'clock, when real breakfast is served. Before you a delightfully long day, throughout whose sunlit hours is to be enjoyed the—for some people—rare luxury of doing nothing.

I do not wish to be disagreeable on eve of New Year, nor create anything akin to envy or malice. So will not pursue the subject beyond mentioning that, "If these delights thy mind may move," book a passage by the first Royal Mail Steamer and come along to the West Indies.

IN BRAID ALBYN.

LINES FROM BEN LAWERS.

(To be read Scotto Voce.)

FROM Kenmore
To Ben Mohr
The land is a' the Markiss's;
The mossy howes,
The heathery knowes,
An' ilka bonnie park is his.

The bearded goats,
The toozie stots,
An' a' the braxy carcases;
Ilk crofter's rent,
Ilk tinkler's tent
An' ilka collie's bark is his.

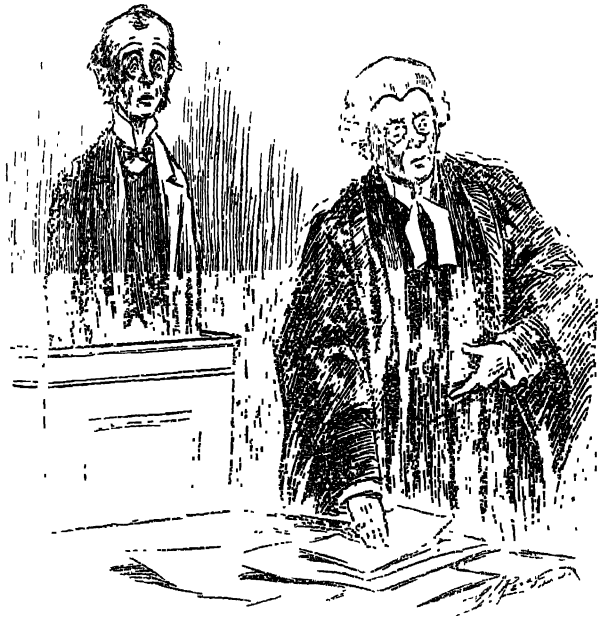
The muir-cock's craw,
The piper's blaw,
The gillie's hard day's wark is his;
From Kenmore
To Ben Mohr
The Warld is a' the Markiss's!

"BIRDS OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER."—That presumably explains why the gulls all flocked round Madame HUMBERT.

THE TRIALS OF AN M.F.H.

M.F.H. (to misguided enthusiast who has been cheering hounds on a bad scent). "NOW THEN! AM I GOING TO HUNT THE HOUNDS OR ARE YOU?"

Enthusiast (sweetly). "JUST AS YOU PLEASE, M'LORD, JUST AS YOU PLEASE."



"MAY IT PLEASE YOUR LUDSHIP, I ASK THAT THE WITNESS BE FORCED TO PRODUCE THE PAPERS THAT WERE BURNT!"

MY FRIEND BINKS.

I SUPPOSE I have not behaved altogether well to BINKS. By day sometimes, when my liver is troublesome, I feel distinct twinges of conscience about my conduct to him, and at night, on the fortunately rare occasions when I can't sleep, the thought of BINKS rises before my mind like an accusing spectre.

I believe a talented dramatist recently wrote a melodrama which he called *Boys Together*. He was wrong. He should have made it a tragedy. BINKS and I were boys together, and it is with the tragic consequences of that circumstance that this confession of mine deals.

When BINKS and I were at school we were bosom friends. We were inseparable. We shared those repulsive dainties in which schoolboys take delight. In a word, there could not have been a more united pair. When BINKS left I believe I shed tears. I know I regretted his loss keenly. And for a time we even exchanged occasional letters.

But that is hard on twenty years ago, and since then BINKS and I have gone our separate ways, he in some prosperous berth in the city, I in that penurious calling on which we authors starve. The profession of Letters is an engrossing one, and I will frankly confess that I had forgotten BINKS.

But BINKS had not forgotten *me*. That faithful heart still beat faster at my memory. And at last, one fatal morning, we met again!

It was in my humble attic in the Temple. I had only just breakfasted—it was not long after mid-day—and was still immersed in my morning paper when a knock came at my door. Sadly bored at the interruption I arose and opened it, and in walked BINKS, the old expansive genial BINKS, beaming with affectionate regard.

I recognised him at once—his appearance was ridiculously unaltered—and grasped his extended hand.

"My dear old chap," I cried, with, I trust, real feeling, "how glad I am to see you again!"

Poor BINKS was obviously touched at the warmth of his welcome, for there was a suspicious moisture in his eye, and he wrung my hand again and again. So far at least I had not wounded that faithful heart!

"It is really splendid to have found you out at last," he replied enthusiastically.

He had *not* found me "out," as I reflected with a touch of regret, even in that first expansive moment of renewed friendship, but I forbore to correct him.

"How did you manage it?" I inquired instead.

His answer was pathetically absurd. He had searched directories, it appeared, and inquired in all sorts of unlikely quarters. In fact, for some years an appreciable portion of his leisure seemed to have been spent in ferreting out my uninteresting self from among the millions of Great Britain. At last a chance look at the Red Book had revealed the fatal secret.

Infinitely touched that he should have taken so much trouble—but with a vague fear that I wished he hadn't—I carried him forth to luncheon and gave him of the best. I plied him with expensive forms of food and drink, struggling the while to convince myself that I was enjoying our meeting as much as he was.

But the effort was useless. All the time I was conscious that I had nothing whatever to say to him. We had not met for years. We had no friends, no interests, in common. He knew nothing of my world, I knew nothing of his. We talked, of course—talked energetically. But we had nothing to say.

Anything more dreadful or more absurd than that conversation I have never experienced. We spoke of old schoolfellows. Had I seen anything of SNOOKS? No. Good fellow, SNOOKS! What had become of BROWN? Dead, poor chap. Didn't I know? Ever hear from JAGGERS? Forgotten JAGGERS. BLOGGS was married. Forgotten BLOGGS. PERKS was in the Bankruptcy Court, and TOMPKINS in the Church, and SIMPSON in the Colonies.

To my fevered imagination we seemed to go through the entire list of our school contemporaries, and not one of them appeared to have done anything worth recording, to have achieved even the poorest little rag of fame, or to have benefited his kind in the smallest degree. They were dreary, commonplace, boring people. Any semblance of interest which they may have seemed to possess in my undiscerning youth—I disclaim all responsibility for that period—melted away before the cold light of middle age, and as their depressing phantoms were paraded relentlessly before me by the enthusiastic BINKS, I could have wept with weariness.

At last that dreadful luncheon ended. We parted with expressions of the heartiest regard.

"So jolly to have met you again!" "Haven't enjoyed anything so much for years!" "Come and see me in a day or two. Don't forget." (This from BINKS.)

"Delighted, my dear chap." This with elaborate warmth from me.

And then (at last!) he was gone.

I crept back to my chambers broken in spirit, and spent a dreary afternoon, alternately lamenting the re-appearance of BINKS and rebuking my own callousness.

I never went to see BINKS. After six weeks he came again. I expected a rebuke. None came.

"So ashamed of myself for not having been round to look you up before!" said the simple fellow, heartily.

I mumbled an excuse at not having been to see him, protested my delight at his visit with a fervour at which I could blush at this moment if I allowed my thoughts to dwell on it, and again took him out to luncheon. Again we talked of old days and old friends, of SNOOKS and JAGGERS and TOMPKINS. Again I pledged myself to go and see BINKS without fail in a day or two. Again I did not keep my word.

The honest fellow came a third time, and the farce was repeated.

By this time BINKS was getting on my nerves. The hypocrisy of the whole proceeding sickened me, and the boredom was turning my hair grey. Yet there seemed to be no escape. I couldn't tell BINKS that I had ceased to derive the smallest pleasure from his society. It would have been brutal. I should have liked to write to him explaining that, although my affection for him was unalterable, I never wished to see him again, but I felt it would be impossible to make such a complex emotional attitude clear to the poor chap's intelligence.

At last in a panic I gave up my chambers, and took others in a humble quarter where, I trust, the emissaries of the Red Book do not penetrate.

And now I spend my life in hiding from BINKS. I never turn a corner in Fleet Street without peering cautiously round it to see if BINKS is in sight. I never enter a restaurant without first peeping through the glass doors and scanning the occupants narrowly.

But I know that all precautions are in vain, and that some day, when I am off my guard, BINKS will turn up in the old warm-hearted way, and I shall grasp him by the hand and carry him off to luncheon, and we shall have another of those dreadful conversations, the memory of which still haunts me in nightmares.

When this happens I shall know that London has no longer any future for me, and I shall emigrate.



Mr. Easytime (to Sweep). "ULLO, WILLYUM, BEEN 'UNTIN'?"
Sweep. "YUSS, AN' GOT THE BRUSH TOO!"

DUX FEMINA FACTI.

ACCORDING to a morning contemporary, c-rs-ts are becoming more and more common amongst Army men. This tendency towards feminism can have but one result, a complete—if gradual—revolution in military fashions, and a revolution, too, before which even the most manly must give way.

Moreover, this change is certain to have its effect on the nation at large. With an Army clad like women, we may expect public opinion to adopt the feminine view that Dress dominates the Universe. No doubt newspapers of the future will contain such paragraphs as the following:—

From the "Daily Fulldress," April 1, 1908.

At the great review which took place to-day on the Horse Guards Parade there were to be seen some of the most wonderful creations of the costumier's art. Mr. BRODRICK was a perfect dream in a dress of khaki colour, trimmed appropriately enough with red tape. Lord ROBERTS, in his red coat and skirt with gold embroidery, captivated all hearts, whilst Lord KITCHENER looked delightfully fresh and pretty in dark blue, with a smart leather belt surrounding his dainty waist. General FRENCH, who brought two pretty aides-de-camp, wore pink, and amongst other lovely men present were Major-General BADEN-POWELL, in large picture-hat and khaki gown, pretty Lord EDWARD CECIL, and Colonel WARD, in a becoming black frock and hat to match.

From the "Crimes," Nov. 5, 1907.

In an Army Order issued last night it is laid down that, with a view to further increase the efficiency of the Army, no man will be allowed to appear on parade in boots or shoes with heels of a less diameter than three inches.

From the "Daily Wail," Jan. 31, 1929.

We hear that an agitation is being started in certain quarters against the use of whalebone in the Army. We desire to enter a strong protest against this insidious attempt to undermine the efficiency of our military forces. England's supremacy rests upon, or rather is held up by, the staying power of her soldiers. Remove their supports, and the whole fabric of our glorious Empire will crumble in the dust. Britain shall be as Nineveh and Tyre, as Greece and Rome!

From the "Snaily Views," Jan. 16, 1930.

PUDDLETON DIVISION ELECTION.—Our correspondent, Marconigramming from Puddleton last night, says, "This evening a Deputation waited upon Mr. PRIMROSE-DAME, the Conservative candidate, and desired from him a pledge that he would support the introduction of muffs into the Army. Mr. PRIMROSE-DAME in reply expressed himself as entirely in agreement with the views of the Deputation, and said that he would only support a Government which made the first plank in its platform the compulsory wearing of muffs by every member of the British Army. The Radical candidate airily dismisses the subject with the remark that there are more than enough 'muffs' in the Army already. It is feared by the Liberal leaders that this unseemly levity in regard to a great National question may have the effect of alienating a large section of the electorate that had otherwise voted Liberal."

CHARIVARIA.

OUR War Office is being twitted with the fact that, in the organisation of the Army Corps, no provision has been made for a special intelligence staff. It seems there is some confusion as to the extent of the jurisdiction of our War Office. It declares it has nothing to do with intelligence.

Excellent reports of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's progress in South Africa continue to reach us. The statement that, at Potchefstroom, "Fifty burglars took the horses out of the right honorable gentleman's carriage," contains an obvious misprint.

A patriotic native of Cyprus has written a book denouncing British rule in that island. He declares that, in ancient times, with its Greek population, Cyprus was the home of beauty and plenty, while to-day, under British government, it is almost a desert, devastated by locusts. Which reminds us that we know a man who has turned from Conservative to Liberal because he considers the present Government has made a mess of the weather.

We hear that the office of Chief Boot Black at President ROOSEVELT'S official residence will shortly become vacant, and it is said that, with a view to calming Southern susceptibilities, the President intends to bestow the appointment on a white man.

A German Jack Tar, for murdering a petty officer, has been sentenced to death, to penal servitude for six years, to dismissal from the navy, and to perpetual loss of civil rights. A movement is on foot to get the latter part of the punishment remitted.

It is reported that Professor MOMMSEN has had part of his hair burnt off. We cannot understand this, as it will be remembered that during the South African War the Professor lost his head.

Sir THOMAS LIPTON is just as confident in *Shamrock III.*, the new challenger for the America Cup, as he was in *Shamrock I.* and *Shamrock II.*

In future all naval bandsmen are to be combatants. We have long felt that not enough has been made of the offensive power of a band out of tune.

At Lord CURZON'S ball at Calcutta all the guests had to wear costumes of 100 years ago. A certain mean centenarian who received an invitation is said to have been delighted to be able to use his old clothes.



Boy (looking forward to a Party in the evening). "OH, MUMMY, BABY *IS* NAUGHTY! HE HAS TAKEN TWO THINGS OFF THE CALENDAR, AND MADE IT TO-MORROW!"

"IF NO ONE EVER MARRIES ME——"

(By a Bachelor. With apologies.)

If no one ever marries me—
  And they don't seem very keen,
For I can't pretend I 'm handsome,
  And my purse is rather lean—
If no one ever marries me,
  I 'll get along all right—
I shall play at golf the whole day through,
  And at Bridge the livelong night.

I shall have a little sailing yacht,
  And a motor all my own,
And I shan't be plagued with children's bills
  For things that they 've outgrown.
And when I 'm sick of everything,
  And dull as dull can be,
I shall think how glad I 've made some girl
  Who didn't marry me.

Appreciative!

The Eldest Miss Bluestocken (to Mrs. Mugby, of the village laundry). I 'm delighted that you were able to come to our schoolroom performance of *Scenes from Shakspeare.*

Mrs. Mugby. Oh, so was I, Mum. That there '*Amblet*—and the grand lady, Mum——

Eldest Miss B. (condescendingly). You mean *Hamlet* and his mother—the vicar and myself. You enjoyed it?

Mrs. Mugby. Oh, we did, Mum! We ain't 'ad such a rale good laugh for many a long day.

[*Exit* Miss B., *thinking that Shakspeare is perhaps somewhat thrown away on this Yokality.*

TO RICHARD STRAUSS.

GREAT anarch, whose truculent numbers,
  Abounding in *Donner* and *Blitz*,
Have startled the sane from their slumbers,
  And frightened thy foes into fits;
All hail! O ineffable hero,
  Of stature so terribly tall,
Ev'ry other composer from NERO
  To SOUSA looks small!

Our innocent fathers, adoring
  The simple Handelian theme,
Knew not that elaborate scoring
  All absence of charm could redeem.
But the epoch of HALLÉS and HULLAHS
  Is long irretrievably flown,
And the maddest of musical MULLAHS
  Is monarch alone.

Beguiled by the obsolete fiction
  That art was intended to please,
We cherished the crazy conviction
  That discord was kin to disease;
Now spurning the base and insidious
  And honeyed allurements of Tune,
We welcome at last in the Hideous
  Art's ultimate boon.

We are faint with insatiate hunger
  For food that is racy and rank;
O ransom us, RICHARD the Younger,
  From life that is blameless and blank!
Breathe on us the blast of the blizzard,
  Pour poisonous drugs in our cup,
Stick pins in us, down to the gizzard,
  And make us sit up!

Too long have we slavishly swallowed
  Mild MENDELSSOHN'S saccharine Psalms;
Too long have contentedly followed
  The footsteps of WAGNER and BRAHMS.
O free us from all that is formal,
  O banish the ways that are plain,
Eliminate all that is normal,
  And make us insane.

We are cloyed with the cult of the Russian,
  We are sick of the simple, the bland;
We long for persistent percussion,
  For brass that is gruesomely grand.
O teach us that discord is duty,
  That Melody maketh for sin,
Come down and redeem us from beauty,
  Great despot of din!

A MISNOMER.—According to the *Daily Mail*, Mme. JUSTINE POULET, of Vimenet, a village in the Department of the Aveyron, has just died at the age of 101. This POULET was certainly no chicken.

"A PWOBLEM." *(Communicated by the Shade of Lord Dundreary.)*—Everyone has a "Bee in his Bonnet." The bonnet is on the head. Keep your head, and if there 's no "*Bee* in Bonnet," where is it? *Ans.* On it. (*"That 's the sort of thing that no fellow can understand." Disappears.*)

SUMMER LAND IN WINTER TIME.

EXTRACTED FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M P.

Government House, Grenada: Jan. 14.—No newspapers here morning or evening; no post save once a fortnight; no cabs, few carriages, and no Tuppenny Tube. In the afternoon there arrives a sheet that answers to the Londoners' "hextry speshul." It is the telegraph summary of European news supplied to the Governor. In to-day's despatch we read:—"Severe cold gales and snow-storms are prevalent throughout England. Railway trains are embedded in snow drifts."

Being, after all, almost human, this gives the last touch to the luxury of life in the West Indies in mid-winter. Here we sit, ladies in muslin frocks, men in cool white linen suits, looking out over tropical garden on a pond-like sea, whose illimitable expanse of turquoise hue is ruffled only by the ripple of foam that lazily breaks on the shores of the Bay.

Cold gales and snow? Possibly slush through which to take a walk down Fleet Street? What things are these? What fairy tales of reckless romancer? In this languorous air it is pleasant to think of a thing called snow, and—thank you, I will take another bit of ice in the lime-squash. But to realise temporary entombment in a snow-drift, fire on the hearth, a fur overcoat, icy winds whistling round bleak corners, is an acrobatic feat of imagination too fatiguing for the tropics.

Friday.—What I like about travel is the opportunity it presents of learning strange things at first hand. Met to-day a spectacled gentleman making his leisurely way to Jamaica. Turning the conversation in direction I surmised would be congenial to him, talked of books. In intervals of growing sugar did they read much in Jamaica?

Yes, they made the best of their opportunities. But it wasn't possible to keep anything like a library. Among other gifts of nature, Jamaica boasts one of the most persistent and voracious Bookworms that ever devoured literature (no connection of my revered colleague, the BARON DE BOOK-WORMS). Hardly have you finished the latest book from London than he takes it in hand, and pensively bores his way through. His manner of study is peculiarly destructive. In Europe we write, and consequently read, from left to right—the Chinese from right to left. The Bookworm reads right through a book vertically from binding to binding. When he arrives at the top, he stretches himself, moves a little to left or right and bores his way back again. Process continued till only a few disjointed remarks left for subsequent students.

My friend—I fancy he is a Professor—has conducted some interesting experiments. Selecting a particularly vain, self-advertising Bookworm, he, casually as it were, deposited him within the cover of *The Sorrows of Satan*. At the end of a year, when he had thoroughly mastered, not to say masticated, the contents of that great work, my friend really didn't know him. He was transformed into one of the most modest, retiring Bookworms you ever saw.

Shrank from nothing so much as publicity. Once he went to a function at which the Governor of Jamaica appeared. His name got into the local papers among other notable guests; he was that angry he has never since left the confines of the library, and is now engaged upon *Drélincourt on Death*.

This story drew another from a planter in Barbados. It seems that island is sparsely peopled with the longest and most able-bodied centipedes that ever walked. Tamed and trained, they carry children on their backs, walking or trotting as directed. Har-



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

Customer (TIME—*Saturday afternoon*). "I DON'T WANT ALL COPPERS IN CHANGE FOR THAT SHILLING. HAVEN'T YOU GOT ANY SILVER?"

Newsboy. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. WANT A LITTLE SUNDAY MONEY, I S'POSE, SIR?"

nessed in pairs they drag about Kingston the morning milk-cart, as dogs do in Brussels and other Belgian towns.

This rare and valuable possession is regarded with great jealousy by the neighbouring islands. Many overtures have been made for importing them. Trinidad in particular formulated a scheme for running the tramways in Port of Spain by teams of these useful creatures.

Happily for Barbados, there is insuperable difficulty. The centipede, my other friend tells me, cannot stand a sea voyage, howsoever short. The reason is simple—even obvious. *It can never get all its sea-legs at the same moment.* Either 25 are all right and 75 quite out of it; or, with slight variation of proportion, the reverse happens. However it be, a centipede on board ship is absolutely hopeless. After several painstaking endeavours to overcome this peculiar infirmity, it is now left in peace in its island home.

These things are told me. What I have seen and tasted are oysters that grow on trees. No mistake about it; saw the lower branches of the mangrove tree to which they were still attached. Cannot say they equal a fine fat native, either in flesh or flavour. But they are the best that can be done in the circumstances, and, as SARK says, you mustn't look a tree oyster too closely in the mouth.

Saturday.—Confess that when, on leaving Southampton, I saw some passenger's luggage labelled Grenada I wondered how it was going to get there by our ship. Up to this month knew only of one Granada, the city in Spain on whose hill-top stands beautiful Alhambra. Thence this island took its name. For me its identity was lost amid the muddled obscurity in which the average Englishman regards the West Indies.

Came on here from Trinidad because we were told that Grenada is the most delectable of the islands. Believe it. Anyhow, it is hard to conceive anything more exquisite than the gem or its setting. An emerald isle, it uplifts its fronded palms from a sea, deep blue in the sunlight, opal in these moonlit nights. It is rare to come upon a hundred yards of level ground. A ridge of tree-clad hills runs the full length of the centre of the island—it is only twenty-one miles long. From any point of these there are presented beautiful views of land and sea. All kinds of tropical fruit abound. The temperature is what may be called cool. Here on the hills the maximum prevalent for a few hours in the day, is 83°; on the plains and in the town it runs up to 90°.

The garden at Government House seems like a slice cut out of the Tropical Department under glass at Kew Gardens. The difference is that the trees are finer and bigger. Within the range of a few paces you shall see the cocoanut tree, now in full fruit; the palm tree growing sheer up for eighty feet, a bare stem, at its summit throwing out graceful foliage; the Bamboo growing in immense bushes, the branches whereof are tossed about by the Trade Wind that blows over sea from sunrise to sunset. As for orchids, instead of being indigenous to the button-hole of a statesman's frock-coat, you come upon them at every turn, thrusting their heads forth from the trunks of sturdy trees.

But enough.

For we which now behold these present days
Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise.

And "severe cold gales and snow-storms are prevalent throughout England!" And "railway trains are embedded in snow-drifts!" Dear me!

I wonder if I shall have any tree oysters at dinner to-night.

VANUA.

[When London clocks are striking noon it is midnight at longitude 180°. The line where the day changes is arbitrarily drawn, zigzagging across longitude 180° in order to avoid land. It does, however, pass through Vanua, with the consequence that one side of the street is a day ahead of the other.]

IN other countries certain dates
Fill men with apprehension,
And keep them in unpleasant states
Of ultra-nervous tension;
But here in sunny Vanua
We 're free from all such sorrow;
In half the place it 's yesterday,
In half it is to-morrow.

You 'll find it in a thousand ways
Convenient past measure
If you can change about the days
According to your pleasure.
Suppose, *e.g.*, you do not care
To go to work on Monday,
Just step across the road, and there
You 're back again in Sunday.

In London town, I understand,
Some naughty words are uttered
When ladies go out shopping and
They find the shops all shuttered.
Now here but half are closed—which I
Declare a great improvement—
The rest are unaffected by
The early closing movement.

If any day is clouded grey
With unexpected sorrow,
Just step across to yesterday,
Or back into to-morrow.
Then bid adieu to sigh and tear
And everything unpleasant!
For care is past or future here,
It never need be present.

AVENGED!

AFTER a pause ALICE began, "Well, they were *both* very unpleasant characters——"

"*De mortuis*——" said TWEEDLEDEE reprovingly.

"I don't know what that means," said ALICE.

"You don't know much," said TWEEDLEDUM, "and that 's a fact."

ALICE did not at all like the tone of this remark, and thought it would be as well to introduce some other subject of conversation.

"If you have really finished——?" she began, as politely as she could.

"Nohow. And thank you *very* much for asking," said TWEEDLEDUM.

"So *much* obliged," added TWEEDLEDEE. "There are four more verses."

He smiled gently, and began again:—

"O Carpenter," the Walrus said,
"Life 's joys soon disappear.
There seem to be no oysters left,
We 've swept the table clear."
The Carpenter said nothing but
"I 'm feeling *precious* queer."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" said ALICE.

"O Carpenter," the Walrus said,
"I sympathise with you.
You say that you feel rather odd,
I doubt not that you do,
For, curious as it may appear,
I feel peculiar, too."

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of dóctors' bills,
Of pulses up to fever height,
Of medicine and pills.
I would not for the world alarm,
But—shall we make our wills?"

"O oysters!" moaned the Carpenter,
And that was all he said,
As on the coolest piece of rock
He laid his aching head.
The Walrus, too, refrained from speech,
He was already dead.

"And did the Carpenter get well?" asked ALICE.

"Nohow," said TWEEDLEDUM.

"Contrariwise," said TWEEDLEDEE; "he died."

"Well," said ALICE, "thank you very much, but I don't think the last four verses *nearly* so good as the others."

"Ah," said TWEEDLEDEE, "perhaps not. But they 're much truer. You see, those oysters were near the isthmus of sewage."

"CROSS-CHANNEL PASSENGERS SEARCHED."—If the Belgian Mail authorities continue to insist on this proceeding they will do an enormous business, as such action is *enough to make everyone cross.*



AVENGED!

"O CARPENTER," THE WALRUS SAID,
"I SYMPATHISE WITH YOU.
YOU SAY THAT YOU FEEL RATHER ODD,
I DOUBT NOT THAT YOU DO,
FOR, CURIOUS AS IT MAY APPEAR,
I FEEL PECULIAR, TOO."

MR. FRANKENSTEIN AND HIS EX-TEMPORE PROMETHIAN.

A TRAGICAL DRAMA. BY H. B. JABBERJEE, B.A.

THE SHUDDERING CLIMAX.



IT is a superfluity to remind the Constant Reader that, when last seen, Mr. FRANKENSTEIN was occupied in cooking and eating a deceased hare provided by the [now] penitent *Monster*. We pass on to:

ACT III. SCENE 5.—A LANDSCAPE IN LAPLAND.

[*Being personally unfamiliar with said locality, I should recommend the Honble. Manager to despatch some competent scenic painter who can be depended upon to draw from nature.*

Laplandish natives are seen flying in uncontrollable panic. Then, after a pause, the *Monster* drives in on a dog-sledge harnessed to a team of canines. [*N.b.—If possible, these should consist of authentic Laplandish curs—but poodles or any similar hounds might serve as makeshifts.*]

The Monster (*pulling up*). These are deucedly good dogs. I have left Mr. FRANKENSTEIN stuck in a lurch!

[*He drives off. Presently* Mr. F. *drives on in another dog-sledge.*

Mr. F. I have tracked his fiendish footprints in the snow. He cannot be afar off! (Laplanders *return.*) Kindly inform me whether you have encountered any dog-sledge containing a gigantic Demon?

A Laplandish. Not a quarter of an hour ago, highly respectable Sir, an individual of that description was remarked in the act of crossing the Frozen Sea.

Mr. F. (*tossing a purse full of pice among them*). Many thanks for your valuable information. (*To the dogs*) Gee-up, for the Frozen Sea!

[*He drives off, leaving all the* Laplandishes *aghast with admiration. Change to:*

SCENE 6.—THE INEQUALITIES OF THE FROZEN SEA.

[Mr. F. *is discovered in his sledge, surrounded by fainting dogs.*]

Mr. F. (*lugubriously*). This is indeed the pretty kettle of fish! I have totally lost the *Monster*, a moiety of my dogs are out of joint, and the remainder are worn to a stump! And, as though to pile Peleus on Ossian, the Midnight Sun is rising and will shortly liquefy the ice!

[*Here the Midnight Sun is seen getting up. The ice is heard to crack audibly, as it commences to dissolve partnership. One by one the dogs sink beneath the glacial fluid and bite the dust.* Mr. F. *rescues himself by clutching despairingly to a convenient ice-berg, as a ship* (*Commander*, Capt. WALTON—*v. book*) *appears on the horizon.*

Mr. F. (*in plaintive accents*). Ahoy! Help me out of my tight fix! [*The ship approaches nearer.*

Capt. Walton (*looking over the gunwale*). *Sursum corda!* You are salvaged!

Mr. F. (*with a mournful smile*). Like Cardinal Lord WOLSELEY, on his arrival at the Death's Door of Traitors' Gate, I may say, "I am come to deposit my bones on your premises!"

Capt. Walton (*courteously*). I am overjoyed to receive them. But why are you journeying *incognito* on an iceberg?

Mr. F. (*looking at his watch*). I have barely time to relate my unparalleled adventures before going out like a candle-snuff.

[*Here he recites his story with pathetically elocutional facundity.*

Capt. Walton (*at the conclusion*). Yours is certainly a gloomy narrative. But it is humanly incredible that any individual could succeed in manufacturing a Monster offhand.

Mr. F. Behold the proof of such a baleful pudding! For here—unless I am mistaken—comes the spurious creature whom, in a fit of enthusiastic madness (*this phrase is borrowed from book*), I did so rashly put into circulation!

[*At this the* Monster *advances with leaps and bounds over the icebergs.*

Capt. Walton (*flabbergasted*). Odzookers! *Mirabile dictu!* Who'd have thought it!

Mr. F. (*excessively put out, addressing* Monster). Unwieldy and malignant Tormentor! you have arrived the day after the fair, since I am already practically a *post-obit.*

Capt. Walton (*to* Monster). As sure as a gun he is speaking the nude truth. You will only annoy his ghost by stretching it out any longer on the tough rack of persecution.

[*If too like "King Lear," please to alter this speech,* Mr. Printer.

The Monster. O generous and self-devoted Mr. FRANKENSTEIN, kindly defer thy decease until I have rendered profuse apologies.

Capt. Walton (*indignantly*). Wolf in sheepish get-up that thou art, it is in vain to shed tears of a crocodile over such spilt milk as thy unfortunate victim!

The Monster (*with feeling*). Believe me, I am no crocodile in asserting that I am confoundedly sorry for having been instrumental in causing Little Darling WILLIAM, Ayah JUSTINE, HENRY CLERVAL, and—last but not least—the amiable Mrs. FRANKENSTEIN to suffer the autumnal breath of the King of Terrors. Think not that I acted *con amore* in this affair. On the contrary, this heart of mine was fashioned for love and sympathy [*V. book for this*] till rubbed the wrong way by systematic snubbings. I beseech thee not to kick the bucket until thou hast pardoned my devilish escapades.

Mr. F. (*after a heaving internal conflict*). To err is human; to forgive is a divine hobby. *Monster*, I pardon thee. WALTON, my birdlike soul is now about to hop the twig of vitality, and flutter to Morning Stars. [*He expires.*

Capt. Walton (*reverentially*). The noble FRANKENSTEIN has passed into the Lobby of the Other World and joined the Majority. (*To* Monster) There is nothing to detain you here any longer.

The Monster (*in hollow and sombre accents*). No—for this unworthy self is soon also to become a gone concern. Already I have prepared a funereal bonfire in which my burning miseries will promptly be extinguished. (*This striking phrase is borrowed from* Mrs. S.) Farewell! Grieve not for me. I am *en route* to rejoin my victims, and bury my hatchet in oblivion!

[*He stalks slowly off. A prolonged pause follows. Then a ruddy glare suddenly irradiates the scene. This, I*

believe, can easily be contrived by dint of some chemical powder which, when combusted in a tin dish, will produce a rather weird effect.—H. B. J.

Capt. Walton (taking his hat off). He has cremated himself to a cinder! Well, well, *de bonis nil nisi mortuum! (N.b. I am not absolutely cocksure of the correctness of this last classical quotation, so I will ask* Mr. Printer *to kindly see that it is* au pied de la lettre. H. B. J.)

PRINTER'S NOTE.—It appears to be correct Latin.

(The Curtain descends slowly and solemnly.)

FINAL WORDS.—The above is of course merely a bald outline of a Tragedy which, if it is not actually to render the Thames in a state of incendiarism, will at least, if I may waggishly venture the prediction, compel any Fire Offices in which said river may be insured to raise their premiums very considerably.

Already I am engaged in important negotiations for the production of this fine Tragedy, and may soon be at liberty to make a rather interesting announcement. My first idea was to have it performed on the Drury Lane stage, which I am told would be quite suitable for the purpose, but it seems that the boards are occupied at present with some Pantomimic entertainment or other, and that this cannot be suspended even to allow a hearing to a deserving Native Indian neophyte whose entire fortunes are dependent upon gaining the plerophory of the *profanum vulgus*. A pitiful instance, surely, of pigheaded racial prejudice and want of ordinary acumen in spotting this insignificant self as the dark horse who is—who knows?—perhaps destined to regenerate the British Drama! H. B. J.

TWO THEATRES TO BE "HAMMERED."

IT is announced that "the Court Theatre is in the Market." 'ARRY observes, "Were it in 'Amarket there would be more chance for it."

FAREWELL, Lyceum! old familiar name,
Where VESTRIS sang and CHARLEY MATHEWS played;
Where of our IRVING first commenced the fame,
And where all wish Sir HENRY could have stayed.

THE MAKING OF MANNERS.—In order to start and provide for the support of English Opera, with head-quarters in London, why not tax a few luxuries and give the result to English Opera? Motor-cars, photographs, picture-posters, and a lot of other things which, coming under the head (generally) of *Customs*, would be sacrificed to *Manners*, who would then be dissociated from partnership with "MOODY"—that is if the company be still "MOODY-MANNERS"—and would become "Lively Manners, Pleasant Manners," and so forth. Yours, Sir,

OMNE IGNOTUM PRO MUSICO.

THE PROPHETIC POTATO.—According to the December number of the *Board of Agriculture Journal*, potatoes in 1900 developed a disease called "anbury," thus anticipating the appointment of the present President of the Board. We have heard of sermons in stones, but never before of prophecies in potatoes.

MUSICAL MEM.—We clip the following from *Meyers's Observer*, an Enfield paper:—

ENFIELD CORONATION BAND.—Wanted several Members for the above; respectable, steady, and active; knowledge of music not necessary.—Apply to the Bandmaster, ——, ——, Enfield.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ONE of my Baronites reports:—"I have just read *Godfrey Marten, Schoolboy*, by CHARLES TURLEY (HEINEMANN), and can cordially recommend it to all who can enjoy a story of school life, where the tone is good and the boys are represented neither as brutal young barbarians nor sentimental little prigs. There is nothing mawkish or morbid in the book; every sentence in it rings true. *Godfrey Marten* is his own historian, and tells us the tale of his successes and his failures, his fights and his lickings, with delightful candour and spirit, from his first term as a Lower Fourth boy at Chiborough College, to the day when, as Prefect, a member of the School Eleven, and 'full-back' in the Fifteen, he takes his leave, 'feeling very grateful and very sorry.' And throughout we have an impression of a 'thorough good sort,' plucky, straight, wholesome—the type of boy, in short, that every father would wish to see represented in his son.

"There is plenty of fun in the book—for, as *Marten* observes:—'It is all humbug for grown-up people to wag their heads and say that boys never have a sense of humour . . . it is there all the same in heaps of fellows.' Which nobody can deny after reading *Godfrey Marten*—in my opinion," says my Baronite, "far and away the best and truest story of life at a Public School since the immortal *Tom Brown's Schooldays*."

The story entitled *The Shutters of Silence*, by G. B. BURGIN (JOHN LONG), is in its commencement—that is, for over a hundred pages—excellent. As it proceeds the author becomes somewhat careless in his work, and the novelty, promised by the original idea, gradually loses the interest aroused by its freshness, and the narrative drops into the commonplace style which means tediousness. The finish is disappointing. The pity of it is that the work is not up to the attractive title. THE BARON DE B.-W.

A VALIANT VALENTINE.

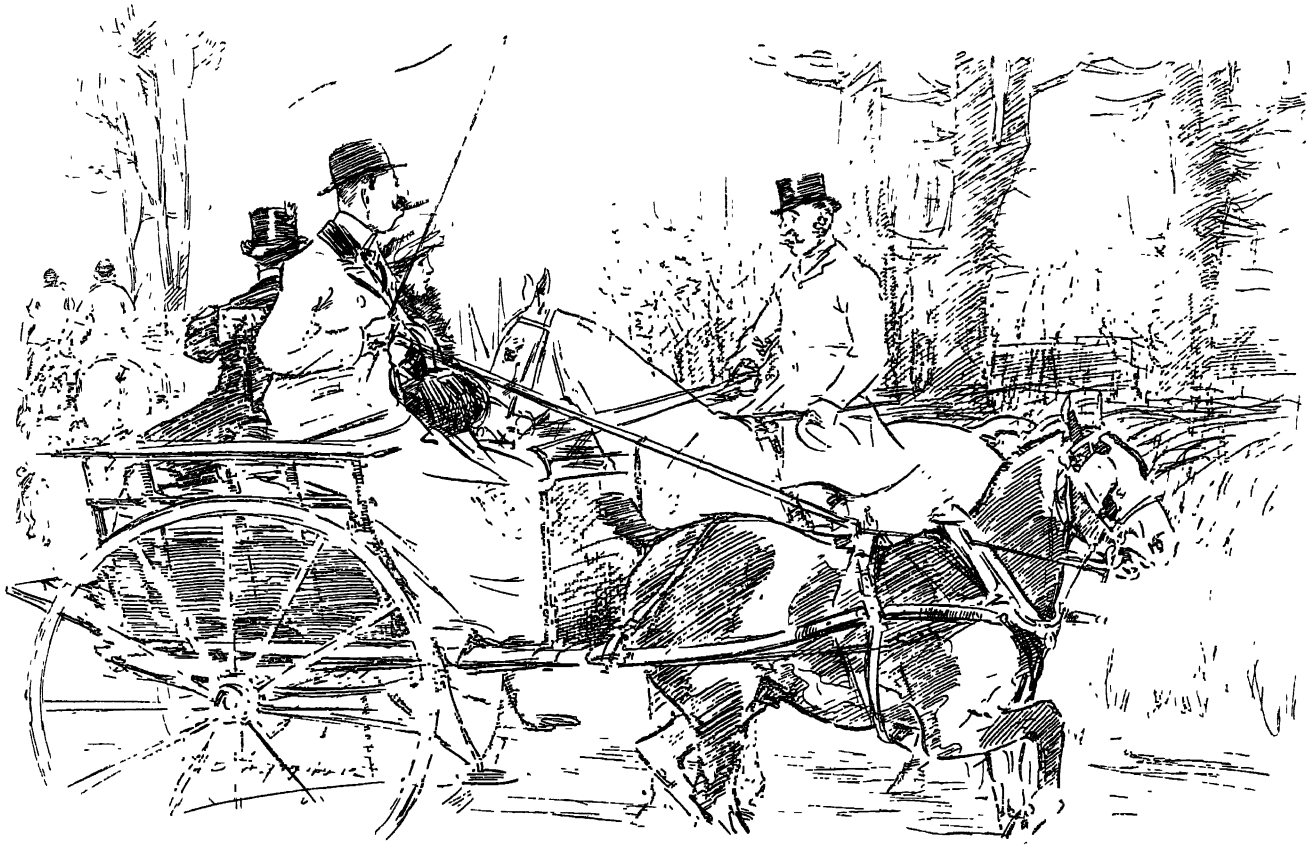
THE governess sat in a school-room chair,
Reading a school-room book;
Her brow was lined with studious care,
She wore a classical look;
And she frowned at a sound she had heard before—
Someone fidgeting at the door.

"Come in!" she exclaimed, in tones severe.
"Don't fidget there outside.
Now, dear me, JAMES, what brings *you* here?
Your shoe-lace is untied.
Head up! Feet first position, pray.
Hands down! Now, what have you to say?"

The baby eyes were blue and sweet
He lifted to her face.
First, he attended to his feet,
And put his hands in place,
Then said, with stiff and rigid spine,
"Please, will you be my Valentine?"

Small JIMMIE conquered in a fray
Where a stalwart man would flee.
The governess pushed her book away,
And took him on her knee.
The end of the affair was this—
A wistful sigh, a tender kiss.

NOMEN, OMEN.—Suggested Chairman for the Committee of Inquiry into Our Food Supply in time of war:—Admiral Sir WALTER HUNT-GRUBBE, G.C.B.



THE TRIALS OF AN M.F.H.

M.F.H. "BY THE WAY, HOUNDS WILL PROBABLY BE ROUND YOUR WAY TO-MORROW. I SUPPOSE WE MAY DRAW YOUR COVERS?"

Bounderley (of the City). "WELL—AH—YOU KNOW, I SHALL BE SHOOTING RABBITS IN THE MORNING, BUT YOU MAY DRAW THEM IN THE AFTERNOON."

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

I.—DUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Official room, in the War Office, of the Minister of War *of the State of Ruritania. Through an open door can be seen a passage, with a new carpet on the floor, and a door in the opposite wall with* "Commander-in-Chief" *on it in bold letters. The* Minister, *in a new grey frock-coat, is sitting at a writing-table and motions to his* Private Secretary *to close the open door.*

The Minister (to the Secretary). You are quite sure that I can assure the Sobranje at its next sitting that this State has followed in all respects the Army Reforms instituted by Great Britain?

The Secretary. In all respects. By the way, Sir, would you like red or blue facings on your new khaki coat, and should the lace on the sleeves be silver or gold?

The Minister. Really, that is a matter for my tailor to decide, not for me. Besides, there are no more manœuvres till the autumn.

[*There is a loud knocking at the door. The* Secretary *opens it, goes outside, remains there for a minute, and then returns.*

The Minister. Well?

The Secretary (testily). It is the Commander-in-Chief again, Sir. He has sent an A.D.C. to ask for a reply to his letter.

The Minister (searching for the letter amidst a heap of correspondence). Ah, er, um, yes. I wish they wouldn't wear out that new carpet. Here it is. He says he holds himself responsible for the efficiency of the Army, and wants to be allowed to do something. What next!

The Secretary. This restlessness is certainly mischievous.

The Minister. What can we let him do? Can't we send him abroad? Isn't there a war going on somewhere or another?

The Secretary. We have something small on hand somewhere about the Equator.

The Minister. He might issue a proclamation when he got there saying that the war was at an end, and come home again. Then the Sobranje would have to vote him something handsome. No, that will not do.

The Secretary. We can send him on a tour to inspect coaling stations.

The Minister. No, I've done that myself. Is there no case of "ragging" amongst the subalterns of the Guards for him to devote his mind to?

The Secretary. I am afraid not, Sir. Since we made a Sunday School certificate a *sine quâ non* for candidates for Sandhurst, Lotto and Spillikins have become the only pastimes of the Household Brigade.

The Minister. No fires at Sandhurst?

The Secretary. Not since hot-water bottles have taken the place of grates.

The Minister. Ask him to select manœuvre grounds.

The Secretary. They've all been built over.

The Minister. Send him to inspect the Army Corps.

The Secretary. The real one, Sir, or the paper ones?

The Minister. Oh, any, either, all of them. Really you are of very little use unless you can make some suggestion, and I am sure that A.D.C. outside the door is kicking holes in the carpet with his spurs.

The Secretary. We might let him draw up some regulations as to the

conditions under which Generals may stand for a constituency.

The Minister. I should just like to see him interfere in any such matter.

The Secretary. I have an idea, Sir. When once I was on leave and visited London I saw a most amusing farce at one of the theatres. It was titled *Two Heads are Better than One*, and in it a very merry fellow substituted a wooden head for a real one, and brought matters to a happy conclusion.

The Minister. I take you. Exactly. Very good. What is the Commander-in-Chief's favourite pursuit?

The Secretary. I gather from the "Society" columns of the daily papers that he has been very busy lately opening bazaars.

The Minister. A most innocuous amusement. You can suggest to him to make a bazaar-opening tour of the kingdom, and while he is away place a lay-figure by the window in his room and dress it in a uniform coat and a cocked hat. The public will then think that our senior officers have at last consented to wear the dress of their profession; the Commander-in-Chief will, I hope, have a very pleasant time, and I shall carry on the work of the Army free from any interference on the part of the military Mandarins.

[*The* Secretary *goes to the door. The* Minister *settles down to his correspondence.*

A GREET SUCCESS.

WELL does Mr. WILLIAM GREET, an old hand at this sort of business, keep up the old Cartesian reputation of the Savoy Theatre for sweetness and light, both in orchestra and on stage, the latter having rather the advantage over the former in effective brilliancy. For Mr. GERMAN'S music, composed for Captain BASIL HOOD'S libretto of the *Princess of Kensington*, flows on in true German fashion, melodiously, pleasantly, with occasional burlesque Wagnerisms cleverly introduced, and here and there a brisk catchy dance, always executed in first-rate style by the three principal *danseuses* (with others also uncommonly good), namely, Miss HART DYKE as *Butterfly* (most Hartistic), Miss LILY BIRCHAM (how frightened little schoolboys must be at the mention of her!) as *Dragonfly*, and Miss POPPIE WILKINSON as a nameless, but not an aimless, fairy. The *mise-en-scène* leaves absolutely nothing to be desired; while for the picturesque set of the Second Act, *Winklemouth-on-Sea*, Mr. W. HARFORD deserves specially high praise.

In the last Act, the *Old Ben* of Mr. GEORGE MUDIE, Junior, in make-up and as a bit of character-acting, is simply a gem. Except for his socks (with "clocks!") he might have stepped out of one of the *Arts and Crafts* stories by W. W. JACOBS.

Miss CONSTANCE DREVER as *Kenna*, "*Oberon's* daughter" the bill informs me (but I should be sorry if any conclusion of importance depended on my successfully passing an examination in the details of this story), shows herself a *cantatrice* with a sweet voice which she manages within a measurable degree of perfection. The part makes as little demand on her histrionic ability as does that of *Lieutenant Brook Green* on the possible dramatic talent of the melodious tenor Mr. ROBERT EVETT. Except the sailors' quintet, capitally given by Mr. LYTTON (excellent throughout) as *William Jelf*, Mr. PINDER as *Bill Blake*, Mr. CHILDERSTONE as *Will Weatherly*, and Mr. R. LEWIS as *Jem Johnson*, which, as far as the words are concerned, is founded on the quaint old Bideford Ballad (far funnier than Captain BASIL HOOD'S adaptation of it), there is nothing that the dishonest public can carry away.

I had hoped that the old-fashioned "topical song" had been quite banished from the Savoy, but "here we are again!" It is sung by Mr. WALTER PASSMORE who, as *Puck*, is perpetually coming on in some new disguise, when (as H. J. BYRON said of WOODIN in his entertainment) he is every time more like PASSMORE than ever. He does work hard! He has, however, a fund of good material, "all in the way of business," to draw upon, and, like history, he repeats himself to the great contentment of the audience. The cream of the fun is in the use to which Mr. BASIL HOOD puts Mr. ANSTEY GUTHRIE'S very original idea (carried out with such admirable humour in his *Vice Versâ*) when he makes the spirit of the high-falutin' Mountain Spirit, *Ithuriel*, Mr. ERNEST TORRENCE, animate the corporeal presence of stolid policeman *Yapp*, so capitally played by Mr. R. MORAND as literally to bring down the house, and obtain for him the most unusual compliment of a recall for his admirable delivery of the best speech in the piece. Next in order of merit is the above-mentioned quintet of sailors, then all the dances, and finally the TOM-HOOD-like punning ballad given with great point by Miss LOUIE POUNDS, who sang as she looked and acted, charmingly throughout.

And if a punning song I wrote,
As I believe I could,
They'd say, 'You 're like a thief of note,
For you are robbing HOOD"

If with arrest they threatened me,
And prison bars, as thief,
I'd swear to—being up a tree—
Turn over a new leaf.

In this strain, as *Touchstone* hath it, "I would rhyme you so eight years together."

As *Mr. Reddish*, Mr. CROMPTON is a tower of strength, over seven feet high; Mr. ALEC FRASER is a fine *Oberon*, and the *Titania* of Miss OLIVE RAE is a ray of light.

Mr. WILLIAM GREET is to be congreetulated. I do not think he will have any cause to, as the Scotch say, "greet," on account of the *Princess of Kan-sing-tune*, for whom he has done so much and acted so liberally.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIENDS.

A RIGHT good Festival Dinner was that of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on Wednesday. The QUEEN, God bless her, had sent a special message of sympathy, and the Lord Chief Justice of England was in the chair. No better Chairman could have been chosen than DICK WEBSTER, the friend of all good causes. So eloquent was the letter in which he had asked for subscriptions that it brought the Society a record amount. No less eloquent was his fine manly speech at the Dinner. He had left his wig behind him. Probably it was on the green with the wig of someone else who had ventured to make disparaging remarks about the Society. The diners were many and influential. There was a Duke (the gigantic one of Somerset, the most good-humoured and smiling gentleman who ever wore strawberry leaves); there were Earls, Judges, Magistrates, and Mayors with their brilliant badges of office, and there was the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH ("WOFF," the Chairman called him), the great protagonist in the fight for the children.

As he sipped his simple sherbet and cheered the speakers, *Mr. Punch* could not help picturing in his imagination another kind of dinner, a might-be feast that can never be, a huge banquet of all the 800,000 children rescued from brutality and misery by the noble efforts of the Society. They appeared to him, some poor and in ragged clothes, others comfortably garbed, but all with happy, shining faces. He heard the clapping of their tiny hands and the cheering of their shrill voices, and he thanked Heaven that there were men and women who had taken their part, disdaining misconception and obloquy. So here 's more power to your elbow, DICK WEBSTER, and more to yours, Mr. "WOFF," and may you often lift them to restrain or to punish the ruffians who mishandle children. Let those who

wish to help the mites send their mites (and they need not make them too mitey) to the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH, Leicester Square, London, W.C. In confirmation of which *Mr. Punch* hereto appends his sign manual:—

PUNCH.

SOMETHING LIKE A SMILE.

["According to the *Pioneer*, an observant correspondent at Delhi contributed the following to a native contemporary: 'Lady and Lord CURZON seemed to have enjoyed their happiest day in their joint lives when making the State Entry the other day. They were wreathed in beaming broad contortionate smiles all the way from the railway station to the corner of the Rajpore road, where the procession closed" —*Daily Telegraph.*]

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Excuse me!
My motive is not sordid.
I send a native Indian "note"
Which ought to be recorded.
Please let Lord CURZON know, Sir,
No Indian heart can hate him
So long as he can smile a smile
As thus:—(I quote *verbatim*),
"Lord and Lady CURZON
In their State Entry here
Seemed to enjoy the happiest day
In all the glad New Year.
The beaming broad contortionate
Smile that they bestowed,
Reached all the way from the Railway
To the corner of the Rajpore Road."
The rhythm 's slightly rugged,
But the sense is clear at least.
I am, Sir PUNCH, Yours truly,
"A LOVER OF THE EAST."

CHARIVARIA.

GENERAL SAMUEL THOMAS, the American millionaire, has, by his Will, cut his son HAROLD off with £20,000.

Lord CLAUD HAMILTON has, with great modesty, denounced Mr. HANBURY's statement that all our railways were managed by ornamental directors.

The movement in favour of Semi-Teetotalism, which has for its object the abolition of drinking between meals, continues to make steady progress, but, so far, very few publicans have joined the Committee.

An ugly incident is reported in connection with the Lambeth Procession of Unemployed. The Committee decided to deduct a certain proportion of the takings for expenses, at which the men threatened to go back to work, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were persuaded to start.

The elopement of the Crown Princess of SAXONY has cost M. GIRON a pretty penny, and is likely to cost the Crown Prince a crown.



HOW THE "BLACK LIST" AFFECTS OUR ARTIST.

Old Woman (who has been asked to pose as a model). "SO YOU 'RE A HARTIST, WHAT? WELL, JUST LOOK IN 'ERE A MINUTE, AN' GIVE ME YOUR CANDID OPINION OF MY LATEST PHOTOGRAPHT."

An attempt is being made to ascertain the numbers of the majority according to CARLYLE. The first number of a new magazine entitled *The Predictionist*—a periodical devoted to National, Political, and International Prophecies—has appeared, and is asking for subscribers.

A new monthly, to be devoted to the lady's Toilet Table, will shortly appear. We understand it is to be called *The Powder Magazine*.

A temperance reformer has proposed that a law shall be passed enacting that every person entitled to obtain drink shall have a registered medal, failing production of which no publican may serve him. We think it would be simpler if every such person were made to wear a distinctive costume, say, of bright scarlet. The medal might so easily be mislaid or lost.

A ROUNDEL OF ST. VALENTINE'S WANE.

"WHEN Valentine held sway, alack!
It was not as it is to-day;
Love's shafts were keen, his bow not slack—
When Valentine held sway."

So middle-age, now growing gray,
Shaking a head once raven black,
Lets his fond recollections stray.

Yet JILL still somehow finds her JACK,
For wilful woman has her way
Much as she did six lustres back,
When Valentine held sway.



A. "THAT'S JONES'S DAUGHTER WITH HIM. SHE'S JUST ABOUT TO BE MARRIED."
B. "WHO'S THE LUCKY MAN?" *A.* "JONES."

A UNION OF HEARTS!

[According to the *Sunday Special* the new German representative at Washington is reported to have said on arriving at New York that Germany's attitude had been much misunderstood. Instead of entertaining anti-American feeling, her sentiments towards the United States were those of the warmest cordiality. Germany's hand was stretched out across the ocean ready to be grasped, so that the bond of friendship might be strengthened!]

HOSTILE! Dear friends, the notion is absurd,
These harsh suspicions are entirely groundless.
We love you, friends, we do upon my word—
In fact, our friendliness is simply boundless.

For you the great heart of the Fatherland
Brims over with disinterested affection,
In time of stress her sympathetic hand
Stretches instinctively in your direction.

How cordial the friendship we displayed
When you and Spain were battering each other!
The demonstrations of regard we made
Proved clearly that we loved you like a brother.

Or if we acted in a hostile way,
'Twas only to disguise our real feelings,
It isn't what we *do* but what we *say*
That really counts in diplomatic dealings.

So now, while sinking Venezuelan ships,
And knocking Venezuelan forts to pieces,
The friendliest words are still upon our lips,
The stream of protestations never ceases.

In this unfortunate imbroglio
You have not fully understood our meaning,
The doctrine called after our friend MONROE
Is one we never dreamed of contravening.

We took the ships, no doubt, but so would you,
We found that they were worthless when we got 'em,
That being so, the only thing to do
Appeared to be to send them to the bottom.

We smashed the forts, but 'twas not wicked pride,
Not arrogance, that made us act as we did,
The practice that assaults like these provide
Is by our German gunners sorely needed.

Turn then, my more than brothers, turn and see
Germany's hand stretched out across the ocean,
Waiting for you to grasp it fervently
In one ecstatic transport of emotion! ST. J. H.

THEATRICAL MEM.—It was recently stated by the *St. James's Gazette* that Mr. FRED TERRY's piece was to be considerably benefited by the omission of "the supernatural element." This may be so; anyway most spectacular plays would be improved by the diminution of the natural "super" element, except when the drilling at rehearsal has been exceptionally perfect.



COSTUME AND COST.

MRS. BRITANNIA. "REALLY, MR. RITCHIE, THIS BILL IS MORE THAN I CAN STAND! I MUST INSIST ON YOUR TAKING SOMETHING OFF."

MR. RITCHIE. "I WILL MAKE ANY REDUCTION I CAN, MADAM. BUT YOU SEE YOU WOULD HAVE SUCH EXPENSIVE MATERIALS."

JOE'S WAY.

WHILE filibusters with their raids
The nation's conscience vex—
For any fool, as EDWARD GREY
Has put it, can annex—
I have devised a simpler plan
Than painting countries red—
I simply write my name and town
Across the map instead.

When KITCHENER is Eastward bound,
And wants to sling his hook,
He labels his compartment thus:
"Engaged for Mr. COOK."
But while I like to see my friend
Indulge his merry whim,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,"
Employs no pseudonym.

Where BULLER slowly struggled on
I passed without a check,
Maintaining my mobility
Alike on train and trek.
Though green-eyed GREENWOOD croaked his worst,
And prophesied my fall,
J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,
Came, saw, and conquered all.

No more averse from exercise,
Across the veld I spin,
And every time I meet a Boer,
A loyal friend I win;
Till even "bitter-enders" learn
That they may safely trust
J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,
As strong and straight and just.

'Twas easy going in Natal,
'Twas harder on the Rand;
At Kimberley and Bloemfontein
The atmosphere was grand:
And though a toughish task remains
Before I breast the tape,
J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,
Will round (or square) the Cape.

And oh, if e'er invading hordes
Should land upon our coast,
And Great Britannia, brought to bay,
Give up her sacred ghost;
Upon the tablets of her heart,
I'll bet a thousand pound,
"J. CHAMBERLAIN, of Birmingham,"
Will certainly be found.

COMPANION PICTURES.

["The publican stated that already the police had circulated forty-seven photographs of 'black-listers.' His barmaid was new to her duties, and not good at identifying photographs."—*Daily Paper*, February 2.

"The constable explained that the prisoner had been more or less intoxicated ever since he had been placed upon the 'black-list.' As a consequence, his friends seemed to take a pleasure in giving him drink."—*Daily Paper*, Feb. 3.]

FIRST SCENE—*Inside a refreshment-bar.*
TIME—*Towards the close of this year.*

Well-conducted Citizen (*entering hastily*). Small Scotch-and-soda, please.

Barman. In a minute, Sir.

[*Disappears behind screen. Interval.*

Well-conducted One (*thumping on counter*). Here, I say, be quick! I've got a train to catch.

Barman (*reappearing, with several weighty albums in his arms*). Beg pardon, Sir, but we have to be careful nowadays. Before I serve you I must make quite sure that you are not an Habitual Drunkard.

Well-conducted (*exploding*). Habitual Drunkard, indeed! Look here, do you or don't you mean to bring me that Scotch-and-soda?

Barman (*gazing earnestly in turn at the* Customer *and one of the photograph-albums, the pages of which he turns over slowly*). No; can't say that I see any picture of you *here*. We'll try another volume. (*Does so.*) Not on this page, at any rate; nor on—hullo! *Got you!* Here's your living image! Look!

Customer (*furiously*). What do you mean, Sir? Do you dare to say that—that—this photo of a dirty scallywag is a likeness of *me?*

Barman. Certain of it. You've got no beard, of course, and he has—but beards are shaved off easy enough; his hair is dark, seemingly, while yours is a kind of mustardy—dyed, no doubt, which makes the case all the clearer. Wonderful photograph, I call it. Yes:—"WILLIAM SNARK, aged 40, no occupation; put on Black List March, 1903." That's who *you* are, right enough!

Customer (*nearly speechless with rage*). Here's—here's my card—and I'll have you prosecuted for slander—by Jove, I will! A churchwarden—known and respected throughout Peckham—confused with a dirty, drunken, dissolute ruffian! [*Turns to go.*

Barman (*leaping across counter and intercepting him*). Not so fast, old cock! A Habitual Drunkard—that's what you are—trying to purchase drink contrary to the Act! [*Seizes him by the collar.*

[*At this moment, enter two of the* Well-conducted One's *most respectable friends and neighbours. Tableau.* (*Curtain.*)

SECOND SCENE—*Outside the bar.* First Toper *standing in the road. Enter* Second Toper.

Second Toper. Hullo, Jim! Come and have a drink!

First Toper (*sadly*). It's no go—I'm "blacklisted," bless you!

Second Toper. Oh, we'll soon make *that* right! (*Enters bar; reappearing a few minutes later with bottle under his arm.*) Here you are—you gives me a tanner and takes your fill o' that! Yah! Acts of Parliament, indeed! 'Twill take a-many Acts to keep me an' my pals from their liquor!

[*The two proceed to demonstrate this truth.* (*Curtain.*)



JOE—HIS MARK!

[In the Visitors' Book at the De Beers Mine our Travelling Commissioner signed his name "J CHAMBERLAIN, Birmingham."]

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

VII.—RECESSIONAL.

Lucknow: January 12.—We have had a regal—or, more strictly, Viceregal—time; and now our weary brains, a very palimpsest of impressions each more indelible than the last, are free to taste surcease of pageantry; and we feel what OUTRAM'S garrison once felt in this neighbourhood, a certain sense of relief. Naturally we have fallen a little from our high estate; the livery of our coachmen no longer inspires uncontrollable envy in the passer-by; and I cannot find that any arrangements have been made for the troops to line the roads for us here as they were lined at Delhi; but at least we can oversleep ourselves, if we choose, without fear of reproach for having missed some spectacle unexampled in the history of the Empire.

On Thursday K. OF K. gave an admirably rehearsed performance with about thirty thousand of his command. Notable among the Native Princes who led their Imperial Service troops in the march-past were BIKANIR, with his Camel Corps, the veteran NABHA, and little PATIALA on a white pony at the head of his Sikh Lancers. When at the end the cavalry and guns, with a front of something like half a mile, came on at a hand gallop, line upon line, towards the saluting base, with just an interval for the dust to clear, then halted at a signal, wheeled outward left and right, and re-formed for the final massed advance, there were emotions stirred in Grand Stand A. (directly in the line of progress), which I, with all my martial experience as a private in the "Devil's Own," am impotent to record.

Friday was practically an off-day, with nothing spectacular except the finals of the Army Football Cup, and the International Polo Tournament; an exhibition in the elements of the latter art by Gilgits and Manipuris and wild Chitrali horsemen; and an evening party at the Viceroy's to meet the Native Princes. Here the chief attraction was an almost unique collection of Burmese Potentates, cased in stiff flounces of brocaded gold, surmounted by a headpiece modelled on the lines of a pagoda. Their features betrayed an apathetic sense of boredom tempered by wondering pity, and, in the case of one small lady, by profound suspicion when someone offered her a Christian sandwich.

The next day we took our State Departure with much pomp and circumstance. The scene recalled the brilliant ceremony of the State Entry, though shorn of much of the majesty of that opening pageant by the unavoidable absence of the elephants, a class of animal which is almost always out of place on a railway platform. High officials, civil and military, in the full paint respectively of peace and war, together with Native Princes, "empearled and orient" (as ROSSETTI has it), breathed valedictions as the VICEROY'S Special, to the roar of guns and the music of the National Anthem, moved out of Delhi with the Two Pilgrims attached. At Cawnpore, after dinner in the train, we said farewells and most inadequate thanks, and in the middle of the night slipped out between two slumbering Aides at Lucknow Station, and resumed our intermitted course of private obscurity.

We have made our pilgrimage to the Residency. We have seen the Bailey Guard where COLIN CAMPBELL led in his relief; the water-gate by which KAVANAGH passed out on his perilous mission; and the lofty vaults (the women's shelter) from which JESSIE BROWN was first to catch the distant skirling of the pipes of the 93rd. "And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew." And there it blows to-day.

Owing to the other Pilgrim's infatuation for painted mud dolls I have been dragged through the most confined and evil-smelling bazaar that I have yet penetrated; but now that he is recumbent on his couch, working off a sort of Durbar afterglow, a fashionable malady attributed to the mica in the dust of Delhi, I am at leisure to collect and analyse my rude impressions of the problem of our Indian Empire.

One needs a woman's instinct for forming judgments untrammelled by experience of facts. Yet from the ladies of our party, in the brief lucid intervals snatched from public functions and heavy meals, I gathered less wisdom on this topic than I could have wished; so absorbing was their passion for the purchase of "barbaric pearl and gold"; so breathless their desire to possess a blob of emerald larger than anyone else's.

I am sorry I found so little help in this quarter, as the problem is a difficult one. For instance, as I step through my bedroom window I encounter a prophet who insists on telling my fortune. A merchant, established in a squatting attitude on the verandah, urges the advantage—to me—of obtaining a Kashmir shawl and an oriental bed-cover at three times their intrinsic value. A third gentleman, professing the occult arts, is prepared, by illusive methods, to produce a live chicken from the depth of my back hair or either of my trouser-pockets. A fourth calls my attention to the merits of a mongoose which he extricates from a brush-and-comb bag, at the same time exhibiting a cobra (ignored by the mongoose), which rises from a basket and takes a long sinister look at me with the back of his pictorial head. Certainly the native question presents extraordinary difficulties.

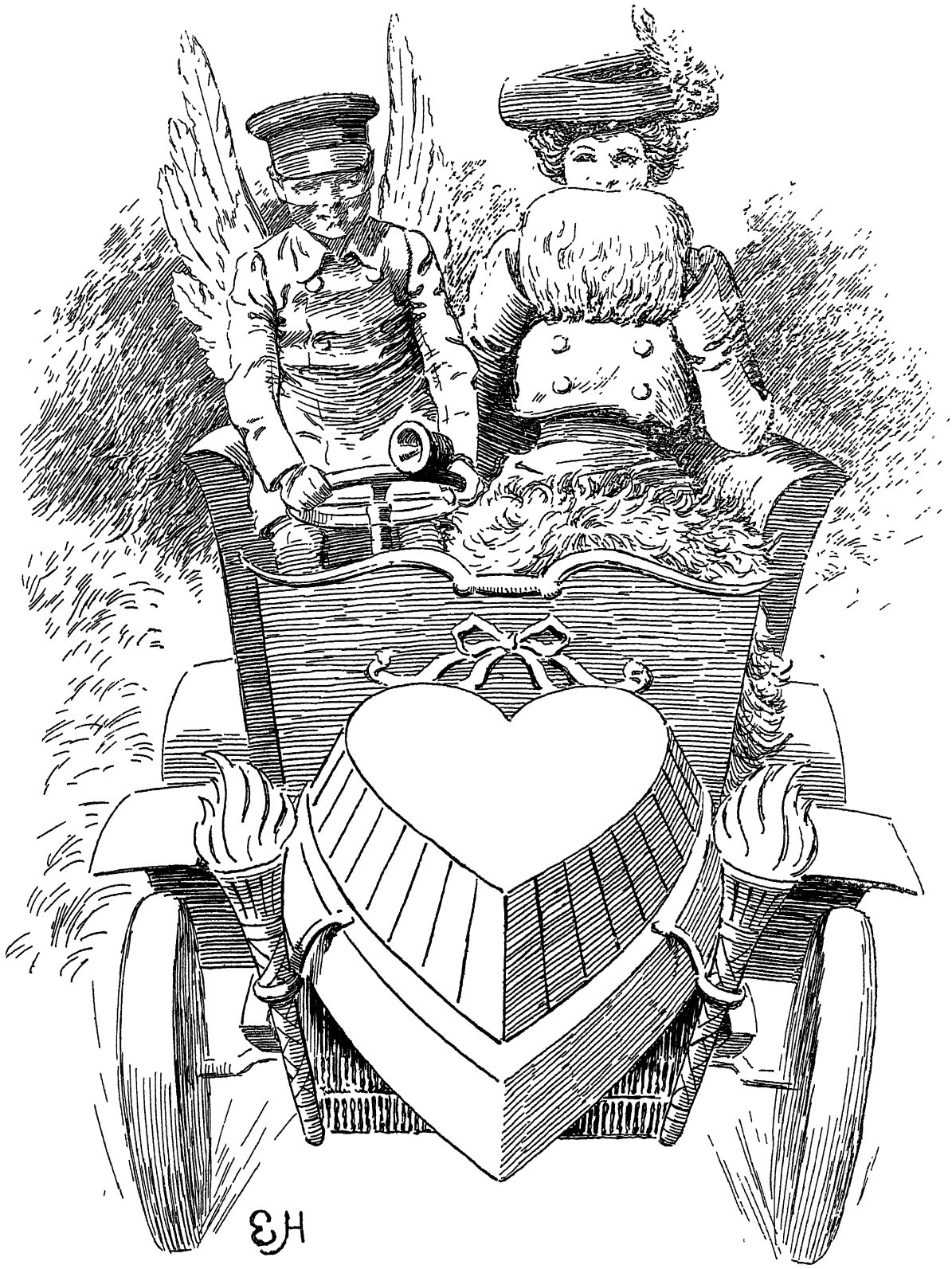
Benares January 13.—We have made our way through a villainous crowd, and gone as near as the profane may go to the Holy of Holies of the Monkey Temple. These chartered libertines are a privileged adjunct of the shrine, and clamber at large about the sacred precincts with proprietary airs that give a touch of dignity to their secular preoccupations; yet I am almost sure that, unless you are brought up to it from early youth, the taste for worshipping in an unregulated community of monkeys, however sacrosanct, is not easy to acquire. The priest, who refused us admission to the shrine, kindly offered to compensate us with garlands of flowers at a reasonable rate of baksheesh. A lower rate was accepted by some snake-charmers who stood, like Laocoon, wreathed in forbidding reptiles while we secured their photographs.

Then, being taken to the Ganges, and accommodated in wicker chairs on the roof of a parody of a house-boat, we were rowed up and down the line of ghats below the staggering minarets that tower about the long wide flights of riverward steps; and saw the burning of the dead and the picturesque ablutions of the quick. To-morrow, as I understand, is one of the great washing-days of the year, and an eager concourse of pilgrims will be at pains to purify themselves in the sacred river just where it receives the sewage of this capital of the Hindu faith. But the Two Pilgrims of this tale may not assist at these immersions, as they will be moving on before the dawn.

By courtesy of the officials of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway (and I should like my recent reflections on Indian Railways to be applied to the directors only and not to their overworked and undermanned European staffs) our carriage, which is for the time our nomad gipsy-van, lies in its camping-ground (some camels are reposing close by under a great moon) waiting to be hitched on to the night mail for Calcutta, the bourne of our Eastward travels.

O. S.

CHARIVARIA.—No fewer than five hundred and sixty-three small boys are said to have died from sudden excitement on reading of a Gigantic Pie, made for the Consumers' Pie Baking Company's annual dinner in New York, which weighed 110 lbs., and contained 200 eggs, 15 lbs. of cocoanut, 6 lbs. of mincemeat, 6 lbs. of cranberries, 12 lbs. of lemons, 6 lbs, of pine-apple, 6 lbs. of plums, 6 lbs. of peaches, and 50 lbs. of sugar.



CUPID THE CHAUFFEUR.

A VALENTINE-DAY'S JOURNEY.



FEBRUARY 14.

Mistress. "SO YOU WANT ME TO READ THIS LOVE-LETTER TO YOU?"

Maid. "IF YE PLAZE, MAM. AND I'VE BROUGHT YE SOME COTTON-WOOL YE CAN STUFF IN YER EARS WHILE YE RADE IT!"

LITERATURE IN BIRMINGHAM.

(Or Oliver asking for too much.)

[The *Birmingham Daily Post* says:—"Sir OLIVER LODGE described much of what was used in primary schools for reading purposes as perfect rubbish. It was simply twaddle and dissipated energy He commended the literature of SCOTT, MEREDITH, STANLEY HOPE, and others."]

IT is much to be regretted that the report does not tell us who the others were. We hope that the Principal of Birmingham University did not fail to "commend" such admirable writers as ANTHONY LANG, CUTCLIFFE CAINE, BARRY CORELLI, and RUDYARD STEVENSON. MEREDITH in primary schools may be expected to lead to dialogues such as follows:—

Mrs. O'Rourke. TOMMY, ye young spalpeen, why aren't ye home from the school sooner?

Tommy (aged ten, and reading MEREDITH *at school).* Wullahy, thou witty one, that feignest not to know, I was detained obedient to smart taps from the commanding bâton of the pedagogue.

Mrs. O'R. Ye limb, come here! I'll tache ye to spake to yer mother so!

Tommy. 'Tis true, O mother. I pinafored a jigging eagerness, once released, and swam towards you on the tide of desire.

Mr. O'R. Take that, then! and larn to keep a dacent tongue in yer head.

Tommy (howling). Oh! Ooh! Oh! This is indeed beyond the ordinary dactylology of parents.

ROYALTY'S KING IN "A SNUG LITTLE KINGDOM."

To those who are not so *blasé* as to be unable to enjoy a good plain-sailing homely comedy, excellently played by all concerned in its representation, we unhesitatingly recommend MARK AMBIENT'S unpretentious three-act play entitled *A Snug Little Kingdom*, at the Royalty Theatre. And we will pledge our word for it that such of the play-going public as adopt, in regard to this piece, a "policy of abstention," will have cause for regretting the loss of a great opportunity afforded them by Mr. CHARLES WARNER, who, as *Ben Kershaw*, gives one of the finest bits of acting that, with the *unique* exception of Sir HENRY IRVING as *Corporal Brewster*, we can recall since ROBSON played in *The Porter's Knot* and *Daddy Hardacre*. Here is an instance of the actor completely losing his individuality in the eccentricities of the character he is representing. Those who are most intimately acquainted with the personality of CHARLES WARNER will fail to recognise it in *Ben Kershaw*. So admirable is the make-up, and so entirely changed his manner, that not a trace of CHARLES WARNER can be detected. It is perfect comedy. His heartiness, his high-spirited fun, his buoyancy, his genuine manly pathos, hold the house from the first moment of his appearance, which is not until the middle of the piece, to the fall of the curtain. His stage-management, for the play is announced as "Produced by Mr. CHARLES WARNER," is most effective, and there is not a single member of the company but contributes proportionately to the general success.

Mr. LYN HARDING tactfully renders the decidedly difficult part of *Bernard Gray*; and Mr. H. B. WARNER, as his brother *Hubert*, gives a life-like impersonation of a young man whose character, at the commencement of his career, has yet to be influenced for good while inclining, in the most naturally pleasant manner possible, towards "the bad," to which it is evident he may so easily go. The part could not be better played.

Miss MAUDE DANKS, as "a chorus girl," fellow-lodger and youthful *protégée* of the kind-hearted composer, *Bernard Gray*, sings sweetly and plays charmingly the part of an innocent girl in upper-class Bohemia, to which happy land, on the outskirts of society, hero and heroine belong.

Miss NANCY PRICE, playing too much to the audience and so, frequently, putting herself "out of the picture," makes the designing hospital nurse, *Sister Hope*, rather too palpably "a wrong 'un"; yet the absence of this unessential character, representing the "superfluity of naughtiness," would be, for reasons which will be at once evident to the experienced actor or dramatist, a distinct loss to the piece.

Miss WOOLGAR MELLON, as *Amelia*, the little maid of all work, is a sharply drawn suggestive sketch; while Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT as *Mrs. Blower*, the soft-hearted lodging-house keeper who has seen better days, is here, as always, inimitable.

This play, as at present cast with Mr. CHARLES WARNER in the principal *rôle*, should be seen, as we have insisted, by all who can appreciate such fine acting as his, who in *A Snug Little Kingdom*, is monarch of all he surveys, and whose right to the title there will most assuredly be "none to dispute."

CHARIVARIA.—It is reported that a Cork steamer has sunk.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVII.—THE VAWZIZ.

THE auctioneer is a large oily man with a carefully curled fringe. From the Olympian eminence of his wooden platform he regards with a smile of sad superiority the somewhat unsavoury crowd beneath, who have allowed one of their number unchallenged to purchase a terra-cotta Cavalier, with black moustaches attached, for one-and-ninepence.

"Appreciation o' Hart," remarks the auctioneer to a venous marble clock of an unhealthy appearance on the shelf beside him, "it 's dead. People don't know Hart when they see it. One-and-ninepence. Dead and gone. Now, 'ere 's a pair of 'andsome porcelain dishes. Stylish. Some class about these."

The auctioneer steps back three paces and gazes with his head on one side at the two jaundiced-looking saucers before him, then looks at the crowd again.

"'And a bit of jam about," he suggests insinuatingly.

At this the more prominent of the two assistants, who among other functions performs that (evidently considered necessary by the company) of Comic Relief to the proceedings, pauses in his progress through the crowd with the terra-cotta Cavalier under his arm.

"Afternoon tea in the drorin'-room," he cries in falsetto tones, "oh dear GEORGE!"

This temptation proves too great for a lady of social aspirations whom I remember seeing not ten minutes ago discussing a repast of whelks at a stall with considerable relish, and who now paves the way for her advancement in Society by securing the pair of jaundiced saucers for elevenpence-halfpenny. Meanwhile, the Comic Assistant has delivered the terra-cotta Cavalier to its purchaser, after kissing it loudly on the moustache and addressing it as "GUS," which pleases the crowd hugely. The new owner of the Cavalier ties it carefully in a spotted red handkerchief, and departs with it into the comparatively fresh air of the slum outside, followed almost immediately by the ambitious lady with her saucers. The auctioneer has assumed an expression of dreadful importance.

"Now ladies an' gentlemen," he observes, "it 's nearly closing time, but I 'm going to give you a reely good chance as the last thing.—Let 's 'ave No. 59, FRED."

The second assistant, a tragically depressed-looking youth in flannel shirt-sleeves, approaches the shelf and places on the table before his principal a large pair of vases of a shiny magenta surface, breaking out here and there into a kind of pink eruption. The auctioneer contemplates them with undisguised admiration.

"I don't like to let a pair like that go at a Auction," he murmurs to himself absently—"I don't indeed."

There is a pause while everybody watches the auctioneer, obviously engaged in a severe mental struggle.

"Oh, well," he says eventually with a sigh, still thinking aloud, "they 've got to go, I suppose. Dear, dear."

He recalls himself to his surroundings with a start.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he announces, "I 'm going to close to-night's proceedings by offering this pair of extraordinary 'andsome vawziz. No rubbish 'ere, as anybody with 'alf an eye can see. If there 's anybody 'ere who knows anything about vawziz, 'e 'll show it now. What 's bid for the pair? Come, I 'll give yer a start at two pounds."

"Start at two pounds," echoes the Tragic Assistant in hollow tones.

"Two quid fer the slop-bisins," observes the Comic Assistant.

There is no answer from the crowd, a reputation as Art Connoisseur evidently being considered too dear at the price.

"There 's a man dahn at Bettersea——" begins the Comic Assistant.

"I don't mind telling you on the strict Q.T.," says the auctioneer in a generous burst of confidence, "that this is the biggest bargain of the evening. Beautiful work."

Again there is silence.

"There 's a man dahn at Bettersea——" resumes the Comic Assistant.

"If the artist," breaks out the auctioneer eloquently, "that decorated these vawziz could see them 'ere now, 'e 'd shed tears of—of remorse."

"There 's a man dahn at Bettersea," says the Comic Assistant rapidly, "that 'd give five pahnds if 'e could see them two vawziz. 'E 's blind, pore feller."

This is provocative of merriment, but no bids follow.

"Come, ladies and gentlemen," resumes the auctioneer, "surely there 's some person 'ere that knows something about vawziz. Somebody bid what 'e thinks they 're worth."

At this a very bricky gentleman next to me, who for the past ten minutes has been mistaking my shoulder for the wall of a public-house, suddenly opens his eyes and observes, "Tanner."

Everybody looks at the auctioneer, who is plainly wondering whether he is dreaming.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he says eventually, "I don't mind a joke, but it 's wasting our time, and we 've none to lose. Is nobody going to make a reasonable offer for these magnificent vawziz?"

Hereupon my bricky neighbour once more opening his eyes observes, "Two tanners."

The auctioneer, searching the crowd, fixes me with a disgusted eye. Eventually somebody in front bids five shillings.

"Five shillings," repeats the auctioneer with resignation, picking up his hammer.

"Five shillings," echo the Tragic and Comic Assistants. "Who says six? Anybody say six?"

"Six," suddenly observes the bricky man from my shoulder.

The bidder in front, after a prolonged inward struggle says, "Seven," but on this being promptly capped by my neighbour with "Eight," retires from the conflict, and the vases are knocked down to the bricky man, who, worn out with the excitement, collapses (as a result of my prudent withdrawal) upon the nearest stranger's shoulder.

The auctioneer announces the close of the evening's sale, and the crowd drift in a body towards the street. The Comic Assistant carries the vases over to the bricky man, and, addressing him as 'ERBERT, requests the payment of eight bob.

"Whaffor?" demands the bricky man.

"Whaffor? Why fer the vawziz 'ere," returns the other.

The bricky man eyes them with fastidious disapproval.

"I don't like 'em," he observes. "They ain't tasty enough fer me."

The Comic Assistant loses all intentional comicality.

"You bought 'em," he says, eyeing his man narrowly.

The bricky man waves a bricky hand airily.

"Not tasty enough fer me," he repeats. "I ain't goin' t' 'ave 'em."

"Mr. 'EARNE," calls the assistant.

The auctioneer descends from Olympus and approaches the pair. The assistant explains.

"I ain't goin' t' 'ave 'em," says the bricky man with finality.

"What d' yer want to bid eight shillings for 'em, then?" demands the auctioneer.

"Eight tanners I bid," returns the bricky man. "I ain't goin' t' 'ave 'em. They ain't tasty enough fer me, I said so ter my pal 'ere"—the bricky man points vaguely towards the doorway—"d'recly I saw 'em."

The auctioneer turns away.

"Let 'im go, DICK," he says.

"You 're a nice sorter feller," comments the assistant, "ter go abaht buyin' vawziz, you are."

At this moment there is a commotion

among the group which has lingered outside the doorway, and a loud female voice is heard.

"'Oo 's tryin' ter rob 'my 'usband on Saturday night? Let me get through!"

The group opens, and a purple-faced lady forces her way through to the entrance and addresses the assistant.

"You try ter rob my 'usband, young man, that 's all," she screams, "an' you 'll 'ear of it. What is it, CUTHBERT?"

"CUTHBERT" appearing incapable of an explanation, the assistant relieves him of the task with alacrity.

"Vawziz?" exclaims the lady. "What 's a pore workin' man want with vawziz?"

"What 's 'e wanter go buyin' vawziz for?" demands the assistant.

"Wodder you wanter go sellin' 'em for?" returns the lady.

Here the bricky man puts in a word.

"They ain't good vawziz," he remarks incoherently, "they 're bad vawziz."

"You can shut yer 'ead, CUTHBERT," observes his spouse, "an' get 'ome. Go on—get 'ome."

CUTHBERT departs hazily through the crowd. This gives the assistant time to think. "We shall sell elephants if we want to," he declares.

"Oh no yer wouldn't, not you," returns the lady in scorn,—"not with the pleece about."

"Oh yes we would," replies the assistant.

The lady regards him with exaggerated contempt. "Sellin' elephants an' vawziz with a face like a fryin'-pan." she observes.

"We shall sell vawziz if we want to," says the assistant.

"Yes, an' we shall buy 'em if we wants to," returns the lady triumphantly.

"DICK!" suddenly calls the auctioneer from Olympus, "shut up the shop."

The assistant edges the purple-faced lady and the foremost of the crowd back into the street, and proceeds with despatch to put up the shutters. The lady's tones become shriller.

"Tryin' to sell vawziz an' elephants," she screams, "ter pore workin' men with seven children ter keep."

"We can't 'elp yer kids," returns the assistant, adjusting the last shutter with a bang.

"We 're English people, we are, an' we earn our livin'," states the lady conclusively. "D' yer want us to starve our children for elephants?"

There is a strong feeling among the crowd, which is increasing in size, that the auctioneer and his assistants expect too much when they expect this. Unfortunately at this moment the assistant retreats inside the shuttered shop, and bolts the small door with a good deal of noise. The purple-faced lady's scorn at this cowardly act is so acute that I am in fears that it may permanently injure both breathing organs. After a time she recovers somewhat. "Vawziz an' elephants," she mutters, "with a face like a fryin'-pan!"

Then, readjusting her bonnet, she departs in a state of indignation rendered tolerable by triumph, the crowd making way for her with marked respect.



SENTIMENTAL.

Extract from Letter on Valentine's Day:—"SINCE LAST WE MET, A GREAT CHANGE HAS COME OVER ME:

'I GIVE YOU ALL, I CAN NO MORE,
THOUGH POOR THE OFFERING BE!'

"I SEND YOU MY LAST HAIR WITH ALL MY HEART!"

O TEMPORA, O MORES!

[The President of one of the big American Universities has declared that our educational institutions cannot do without a "judicious bit of advertising."]

SHOULD our University authorities fall in with this idea, we beg to submit the following specimen advertisement for their consideration:—

EDUCATION.

GAMALIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Established over 600 *years.*

A HIGH-CLASS College for the sons of gentlemen and others, where young men are trained to be refined and cultured.

The College is beautifully situated in a "Broad" thoroughfare, and the buildings are modern and convenient.

Every care and comfort.

Nice Garden.

Excellent Cuisine.

"Weekly Battles," "Scouting" and other tactics.

Parents desirous of sending their sons to College should first write to the Master for a Prospectus and Scale of Fees.

Our latest successes include:—

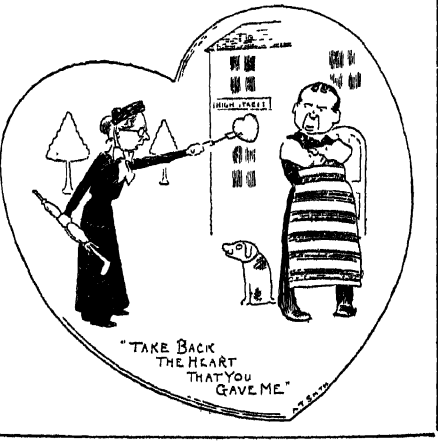
LORD CURZON, VICEROY OF INDIA; and The runner-up in the Amateur Ping-Pong Championship.

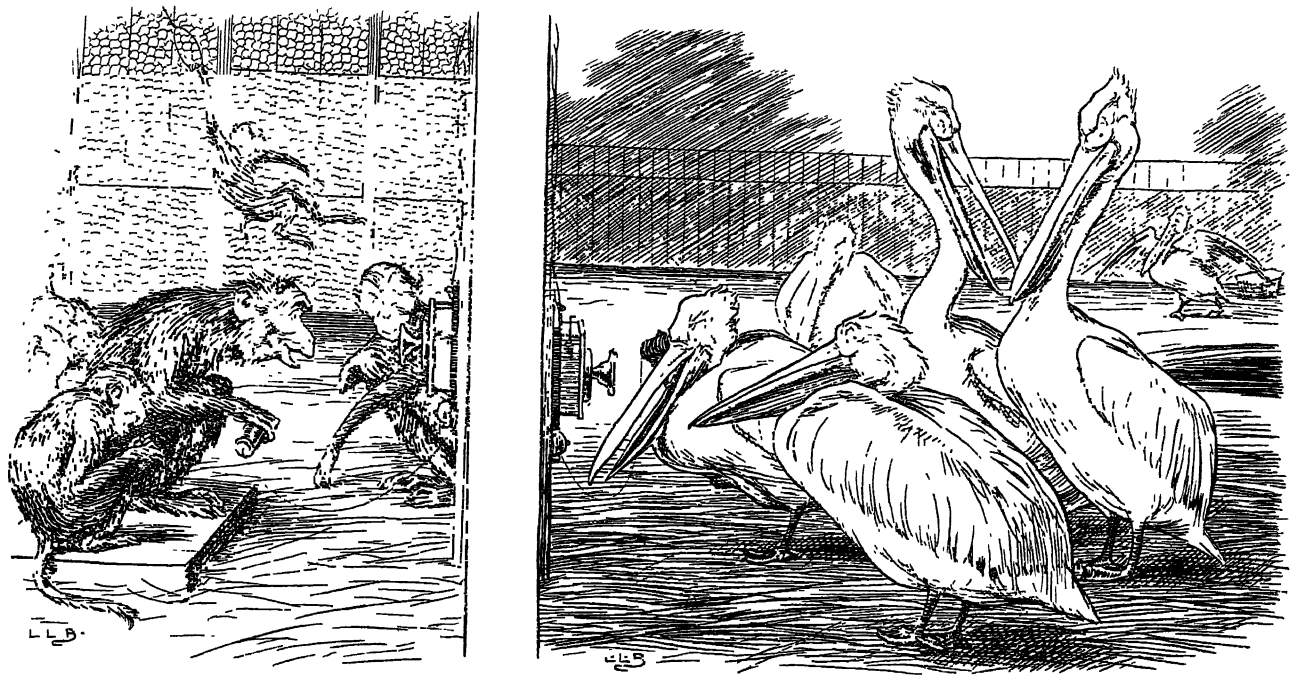
Train meets every bus.

N.B.—No connection with somewhat similar establishments next door and opposite.



"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?"





IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ZOO.

A LITTLE BIT OF GOSSIP FROM THOSE CHATTERING MONKEYS.

[The Committee of Inquiry suggest that telephonic communication should be established in the Gardens.]

"THE PLAY THAT SUCCEEDED."

INASMUCH as I had no recollection of ever having read RUDYARD KIPLING'S *Light that Failed*, "my state" was "the more gracious," seeing that I approached the drama, which has been founded upon this novel, by Mr. GEORGE FLEMING, and recently produced at the Lyric Theatre, with an entirely open mind. It is a play not of action but of character. The two leading parts, that of the artist, *Dick Helder*, who goes blind, and of *Maisie*, with whom he is devotedly in love, are admirably played by Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON and Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT. Most difficult is the task of an actor who undertakes to impersonate a man gradually losing his sight and then to impress vividly upon the audience that he has become blind. In doing this, Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON as the artist, gifted with indomitable pluck, deeply loving yet obstinately proud, touches the audience and wins their sympathy. With such force does Miss GERTRUDE ELLIOTT show the vanity, right-heartedness, and wrong-headedness of *Maisie*, that not until the last scene of the last Act, where her pride has been conquered by her real love, does the audience completely realise the character, and evince by their plaudits, on the descent of the curtain, their thorough appreciation of the touch of nature with which the actress, inspired as a true artist, puts the finishing touch to a perfect realisation of the author's intention.

Not a word too much can be said in praise of the frank, honest rendering of the artist's staunch friend, *Gilbert Torpenhow*, by Mr. AUBREY SMITH. As for the gutter girl, *Bessie Broke*, of Miss NINA BOUCICAULT, it is a miniature masterpiece. "The Red-haired Girl" who, like *Macbeth's* "deed," is "without a name," is given more significance than such an excrescent part deserves by Miss MARGARET HALSTAN, who, got up in the Pre-Raphaelitish style once so dear to the early Burne-Jonesian school, represents in finished style an unfinished design.

Mr. SYDNEY VALENTINE as "Nilghai" (whatever this may portend), is as excellent as any "Nilghai" could be. He is made up so as closely to resemble *Mr. Punch's* artist whose Pre-historic Peeps have rendered him famous. As both "draw," the resemblance is complete. Mr. FRANK BICKLEY as *Deenes*, Mr. DANSEY as *Cassavetti*, Mr. MACDONALD as *Mackenzie*, Mr. VERNON as *Vincent*, Mr. HARROLD as *Raynor*, Mr. FARREN, Jun. as *Beeton*, and Mr. GRAHAM as "A Young Man" ("from the country?"), all professional newspaper correspondents, form a rather comic and very noisy chorus, a kind of "press-gang," whose opportunities will, it may be fairly expected, be considerably reduced during the run of the piece. Probably, too, some of the strong expressions will be excised, the piece being sufficiently strong in itself without them. They may be in RUDYARD KIPLING'S original text, and, if so, there let them remain. That the audience waited till after the final fall of the curtain, and called and recalled the principals, is sufficient evidence of Mr. FORBES ROBERTSON'S having secured a play which should achieve popularity.

MR. PUNCH AND THE "LONDON SCHOOLS DINNER ASSOCIATION."—Excellent object in view. All should assist. All should support Lord REAY'S appeal, which was made in Reayl earnest. And isn't the title of what may be termed The Festive Board appropriate, seeing it is "The *Joint* Committee for Underfed Children"? Poor children, with whom, indeed, as *Hamlet* observed, "the times are out of joints"—which substitution of the plural may be singular, but it will, we trust, be true as regards the supply to the "Underfed:"

Mutton and beef
Will bring relief
To all much in need of good cheer,
And added to these
Come bread and cheese,
With likewise a drop of good beer!

So here 's a health to Lord REAY and Mr. ELLIOTT, and may they get plenty of £ s. d. for the "*London Schools Dinner*" Co.!

AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS.

(A Sketch from the New Gallery.)

IN THE CENTRAL HALL.

A Mid-Victorian Matron (to her niece, as they come to a massive overmantel and chimney-piece in copper, with wrought-iron supports). Upon my word, Caroline, when *I* was a girl, even a copper *coalscuttle* was considered only fit for the kitchen—and now they seem to be making dining-room mantelpieces of it! I wonder what the *next* fashion will be!

Caroline (looking at some cherubs and a border of pomegranates in high relief). But still, Auntie,—there 's a great deal of *work* in it, isn't there?

The M.-V. M. Work? I should think there *was*, indeed! I pity the poor girl who 'll have to keep *that* bright. Can you make out the inscription in the middle of it?

Caroline (reading the legend in raised lettering on the central shield). "Wit fancies Beauty, Beauty raiseth Wit."

The M.-V. M. H'm—well, it *may* be very clever, but I don't see the appropriateness of it, and I prefer a mirror myself to any *motto!*

A Simple-minded Wife (to her husband, as they encounter a formidable rectangular piano in plain oak, with wrought-iron decorations and an austere exterior). Don't tell me you admire *that*, EUSTACE!

Eustace (who cultivates a tone of subtle irony that she has no ear for). Certainly I do, AUDREY. It is the latest achievement of artistic design. Evidently inspired by the severe simplicity of the common packing-case.

Audrey. Oh? I suppose that 's why they 've only painted the *inside*—or perhaps they hadn't time to *finish* it. I wish I could read the writing that goes winding all among the flowers and things, but I can't find where it starts from. It looks like Poetry.

Eustace. It probably is; poetry being the handmaid of Decorative Art—but it strikes me the poor thing is made to do rather too much running about.

Audrey. But where 's the sense in having great heavy folding-doors with metal clamps in front of the keys?

Eustace. To protect the piano. They only open to a secret countersign. You see, if the greatest precautions weren't taken, some profane person might get in and strum "*San Toy*" or "*The Honeysuckle and the Bee*" on it—and it would be *weeks* before it got over it!

Audrey (with a flash of insight). I 'm sure you 've made all that up. Anyhow, I won't have any folding-doors to *my* piano! *[They pass on towards the North Gallery.*

A Commonsensible Visitor. Extraordinary thing these fellows don't get some practical man to help 'em. Now, look at this piano. I should like to know how you 'd ever attach a *Pianola* to it!

[And it must be admitted that such a parasite, however insidious and tenacious, would probably find this particular piano rather an awkward customer.

IN THE NORTH GALLERY.

The M.-V. M. (examining a mat laid down in one of the recesses). I don't object to *that* so much—it 's what I call a cheerful pattern. *(Which it certainly is—as it represents a winding river full of boats and fish, with villages, farms, &c., along the banks, where ploughing and fox-hunting are being carried on by the somewhat oversized riparian owners, the whole depicted in lively hues.)* Are they asking anything at all reasonable for that, CAROLINE?

Caroline (referring to Catalogue). K.K. "The River Mat" hearthrug. Twenty-five pounds, Auntie.

The M.-V. M. Pounds! And *I* remember your poor Grandmother having a rug with a Lion Hunt worked on it as natural as life, and I don't suppose it cost her as many *shillings.* Well, well, it only shows how these things have gone up in price, my dear!

Audrey (inspecting an oak arm-chair with a straight back and arms, upholstered with layers of crimson morocco set off by serried brass nails with no nonsense about them). That 's not *my* idea of an easy-chair, EUSTACE; it don't look at *all* comfy.

Eustace. You 're such a little Sybarite. I assure you that a mediæval hermit with a penance or two to work off would just slip on a hair-shirt and sit in that chair for hours on end, as cosy as possible!

Audrey. People don't *do* those things nowadays, though.

Eustace. They 'll be doing 'em before long in some of our happy English Art homes. Let me draw your attention to this ingenious writing-table—luxury without ostentation, you see.

Audrey. EUSTACE! When it has tall posts with flat tops at each corner and four smaller ones in the middle! What *can* be the use of them?

Eustace. Why, those are stands to put pewter clocks and wrought-iron candlesticks and Art pottery on, of course. And whenever you want to cudgel your brains, you 've only to jog the table. "*Tout ce qu'il faut pour écrire,*" as the French plays put it.

Audrey. Well, it may be very artistic, but I call it *most* inconvenient.

Eustace. Don't be so captious. If you 're feeling a little depressed, look at this pretty set of twelve proofs of "*The Doings of Death.*" The very thing for our dining-room, don't you think? . . . You *don't?* Strange that you should have so little eye for the joyous side of Art!

IN THE SOUTH GALLERY.

A Disapproving Dowager (to her male Escort). Eccentric, without anything at the *back* of it—that describes it *exactly!*

Her Escort (feeling that this is perhaps a little too severe). Oh—er—one or two of the things don't seem to me so *bad*—that is, in their *way*, you know.

The D. D. I 've no patience with *any* of them. *There* 's a thing now! *(Indicating a large cartoon in charcoal, severely.)* You don't like *that?*

The Escort (urging what he can in its defence). Well, you see, it's a design for a stained-glass window.

The D. D. That 's no excuse! Look at the—the out-of-proportion of the baby for *one* thing. And what *I* can't put up with is that it 's all so *intentional!*

[Her Escort has to admit that there is abundant evidence of premeditation on the part of most, if not all, of the offenders.

IN THE WEST GALLERY.

The M.-V. M. (before a series of embroidered panels:—"The Entrance," "The Stress," "The Despair," "The Victory."). And who is the pink person—for I really don't know whether it 's a lady or a gentleman—with a gold harp and nothing on but a leopard's skin? "*The Entrance*"?—is *that* all it says? But I don't *see* any entrance. And here she is again, with a magenta and green serpent—beautifully worked, I *must* say—curling round her legs. Now she 's turned puce colour, and is hanging limp on a tree—and in the last one she 's standing with one foot in the serpent's mouth—which must be rather uncomfortable, *I* should have thought—being embraced by an Angel. H'm—highly peculiar. It can't be intended for *Eve*, I suppose—and anyway, I should hardly care to hang them on *my* walls.

Caroline. They do want a *lot* for them though, Auntie. Fancy—the set of four—one thousand pounds!

The M.-V. M. (impressed). Well, it only bears out what I 've always told your dear Mother, CAROLINE—it 's a thousand



THE GUARDS' MESS.

MR. ATKINS. "THANK 'EAVEN, BILL, *WE* AIN'T ORFICERS—AND GENTLEMEN!"

pities none of you girls ever showed the slightest turn for needle-work.

Audrey (stopping before a design for printed hangings in another part of the room). I call that *rather* sweet—all those quaint ships with angels flying after them, blowing scrolls with "Bon Voyage" on them out of trumpets.

Eustace. Ah. I wonder if there 's time to get 'em, and have 'em put in the Spare Room before Aunt MARIA invites herself again.

Audrey. I don't think dear Aunt MARIA would *quite* appreciate it, EUSTACE, We 'd better have something *much* plainer.

Eustace. Perhaps we *had.* We should only be wasting Art Symbolism on Aunt MARIA.

IN THE CENTRAL HALL AGAIN.

A Lady who loves a bargain (to the Assistant Secretary). Oh, I see in one of the cases there 's a silver pendant set with moonstones, chrysoprases, and opals—it 's *marked* £3 13*s.* 6*d.* in the catalogue—but of course that 's only a *fancy* price. Now don't you *think* you could let me have it at two pounds? (*The* Assistant Secretary *courteously explains that such a proposition cannot for a moment be entertained.*) It isn't for *myself*, you know—*I* never wear silver. But I wanted a wedding-present for a friend of mine, who 's æsthetic—and two pounds is *really* my limit.

[*Here it seems she has reached the* Assistant Secretary's *limit, and has to retire in disorder.*

First Phil. (to Second Do.) I notice curves and stuffing are "off" in this New Art Furniture—all straight backs and hard seats now, eh?

Second Do. Yes, old man, they 're going to make us sit up before we 're much older. Where are you off to?

First Phil. Well, I thought I 'd stroll home by Tottenham Court Road. Coming my way?

Second Do. Rather! cheer us up after all this.

[*They depart to refresh their eyes with "elegant drawing-room suites" as the scene closes.* F. A.



THE POINT OF VIEW.

Aunt. "AND I SUPPOSE YOU PLAY HOCKEY AS WELL AS FOOTBALL, BERTIE?"

Bertie (with supreme contempt). "NOW, AUNTIE, *DO* I LOOK LIKE A MAN WHO 'D PLAY *HOCKEY?*"

MANNERS FOR MUSICAL AT HOMES.

I.

DON'T, when asking anyone to sing or play, casually close the piano while so doing. It is a simple act, but one most discouraging in its effect.

Don't, upon hearing someone consent to perform, throw yourself back in your chair after the manner of one about to have a tooth extracted; and don't, during the progress of a song, glare at the carpet, or keep clenching your hands. Neither should you draw in a sharp hissing breath when the accompanist mislays his fingers.

Don't applaud until you are quite sure a song or piece is ended. If, however, you have been led into this error, don't upon its discovery mutter "Good heavens!" or collapse farcically in your chair.

Don't, when turning over for a pianist, perform this little service in such a way that your arm eclipses the copy, for where the performer's memory is defective, or her powers of extemporization nil, there is liable to be a gap in the proceedings. Another mode deserving even severer condemnation is that of holding the lower half of the page firmly with one hand while turning the top part briskly with the other. This is an entirely wrong system, and with some editions comes in terribly expensive.

Don't, when asked to oblige with a selection, go through your entire repertoire. Even a cornet gets wearisome if played badly and a great deal.

Don't, when accompanying, try to cover the defects of the voice by crashing out big chords of your own invention, and never under any circumstances grind your teeth audibly during a singer's inadvertent wanderings from the key.

Don't let the fact of your knowing your notes prompt you to substitute them for those of the composer.

Don't, if playing an obbligato, tune during those portions of the song where it is intended you should remain passive: your tuning may be no less agreeable than your playing, but here it is out of place.

Don't whistle while a song is being rendered. Even if you whistle the same melody and in a similar key, the effect is irritating to those around you.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VI.—IN MUSIC.

(Concluded.)

LET me suppose that you want to compose rather than to execute music, and let me imagine for a moment that it is your wish to write songs—songs that shall be famous as those of SCHUMANN, and shall surpass the beautiful airs of MAUDE VALERIE WHITE. It is a soaring ambition, for the glory is great and the prize in lucre is said not to be small. How are you to set about it? You write your songs; your music fits the words, you think, not like a glove, but rather like some delicate, airy, clinging, floating wrapper of lovely lace that seems to give a more than mortal beauty to all that lies within its gauzy folds. And the words, too, are beautiful, for have they not been chosen with care from the latest little volume of that prince of warblers, young—but I forbear to mention the passionate poet's name. Enough to say that the rivals of Vigo Street, and others not in Vigo Street, compete for his rhymes. Thus equipped and furnished you seek a music publisher—one did I say?—nay, you seek a dozen, one after another, and you find them all in turn—a dozen smiling, stony-hearted, uncompromising publishers of music, from whose ineffable presence you retire abashed by the blood-curdling stories they tell you of their hard but virtuous lot as producers of printed notes, their persistent unavailing struggles to make the business end of music meet the artistic end, and to gain for themselves such a modest pittance as shall enable them to pass the evening of their days far from crotchets and semi-quavers, and those who either write them or execute them when written.

And if at last you come upon one less stony than the rest, one who offers to help you along the path to immortality, you 'll hear from him—even from this accommodating publisher—that you mustn't expect to make money out of your song. There are fees for this and payments for the other, singers have to be conciliated—and, in fact, when all is said and done you have to rest satisfied with the poor honour of hearing your piece of fancy sung just once in a half-empty hall before an unsympathetic audience. And with that the airy fabric of your vision dissolves, and you find yourself walking once more on the cold and irresponsive earth.

It may chance, of course, that, without wanting to make your country's laws, you have at the same time no wish to make its songs, but that you have a consuming desire to write great music—symphonies, concertos, sonatas, requiems, cantatas, musical poems—all the industrious and inspired melodic pieces that can be numbered as Op. this or Op. that in the list of your remembered works. What, in the present condition of public skill and public taste, is to be your method? I will assume that you have pursued your laborious studies in the authorised places, that you have drunk deep at German rivers, sipped the Italian rills, moistened your lips at the fountains, such as they are, of France, and dabbled in the Russian streams. I put aside such a mere trifle as original genius, and convict you of nothing worse than a complete education and an acknowledged technical skill. What then? There is this, and you must remember it. Music—we are told so every day by unquestionable critics and we are bound to believe them—has at last stepped out beyond the vague limits of sensuous emotion expressed in melody. It has been restricted too long to the illustration of hardly definite moods, which were to make up in passion all that they necessarily lacked in precision. Just as poetry, to say nothing of prose, has begun to forsake the duty of expressing thought in order to imitate the winds of Heaven in their careless singing, so music has, we are told, taken up the function of words and is henceforth to tell a distinct and definite story. And this kind is called Programme Music, and RICHARD STRAUSS is its prophet.

Farewell, then, to the gods of an older day. GLUCK and MOZART have ceased to be. No eyes henceforth are to fill with tears, no heart is to throb as their divine melodies are wafted on the air. BEETHOVEN'S cloud-piercing structures have tumbled into ruins, his thunders rouse no echo. MENDELSSOHN is scarcely a name; SCHUBERT is a reproach; VERDI is a mockery. After all, what did they mean? Had they any meaning at all? And, if not, why should they expect to live? On the crumbling remains of WAGNER and BRAHMS, RICHARD STRAUSS has arisen. He will spin you out a story of plot and passion, not in three volumes, but in many musical crashes. It has its incidents, nay it is full of them. The elopement of the passionate but sorely misunderstood heroine with the gallant of her choice is in one chapter; the anger of her father and the sorrow of her mother occupy another. We are to be hurried breathless from the forging of the rich man's will to the murder of the blameless old lady who has a humble lodging in the wilds of Brixton. In one movement the criminal is to be tracked, in another he is to be arrested, and in a final convulsion he is to expiate his crimes on the scaffold. This is sensation, but the story of mere dialogue or of simple domestic life is equally within the range of the Programme musician, whose success must be gauged by the skill with which he unfolds his incidents, develops his characters, and unravels his plots. You must be a Programme musician or your chance of enduring fame is gone. And yet there are some poor benighted heathens who refuse to bow their knee to the P.M., and prefer to dodder on with their foolish old favourites. Was there ever so silly a perversion of the heaven-sent gift of hearing?

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Car of Phœbus (LONG) is a novel in which a fairly good attempt is made to revive interest in the far-off past of Oriental civilisation, and it is so far successful that it gives evidence both of study and the exercise of imagination. Mr. ROBERT JAMES LEES, whose *Heretic* was a much better constructed and more powerful work, would do well in future to study his dialogue a little more attentively. Sometimes his characters are quite SHERIDAN KNOWLESY in their poetic flights, and at others they condescend to become altogether too familiar and up-to-date-ish. One gentleman, yclept *Casca*, is real American, not to say Yankee in his speech, especially when in his cups he tells *Prince* that "There 's nothing manly about women—they 're made to be fooled, an' they expect it—can't be happy w'out it." Were Mr. LEES' book but one third less in bulk it would be thoroughly readable.

The belation of the Baron in expressing his opinion on Mr. J. J. BELL'S *Wee Macgregor* (Glasgow: Scots Pictorial Publishing Co., &c., which address, telegraphically abbreviated, might suitably be *Picts and Scots*) is due to the fact that this booklet did not reach him until it was in its ninth edition. Therefore the Baron takes this, his first, opportunity of expressing the heartiest admiration of this excellent piece of literary work. The "*Robinson* family" are excellent company, even to those who may be, as the Baron confessedly found himself, a stranger in their midst, unable at first to comprehend their North British speech. But the one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin is applied by "J. J. B.'s" magic pen, making the dialect to which Londoners (at all events) are unaccustomed, intelligible, while no one, be he of what nationality he may, can fail to appreciate the humour of the clever sketches that

present us with some scenes from the very earliest boyhood of the "*Wee Macgregor.*" Whether the author should listen to the voice of his many admirers and continue the story is a delicate point on which advice, unasked, will not be proffered by the judicious

BARON DE B.-W.

MOTOROBESITY.

(*A Forecast.*)

IN the spring of 1913 ST. JOHN SKINNER came back from Africa, after spending nine or ten years somewhere near the Zambesi. He travelled up to Waterloo by the electric train, and the three very stout men who were in the same first-class compartment seemed to look at him with surprise. On arriving at his hotel he pushed his way through a crowd of fat persons in the hall Then he changed his clothes, and went round to his Club to dine.

The dining-room was filled with members of extraordinary obesity, all eating heartily. In the fat features of one of them he thought he recognised a once familiar face. "ROUND," said he, "how are you?"

The stout man stopped eating, and gazed at him anxiously. "Why," he murmured after a while, in the soft voice that comes from folds of fat, "it must be SKINNER. My dear fellow, what is the matter with you? Have you had a fever?"

"I'm all right," answered the other; "what makes you think I've been ill?"

"Ill, man!" said ROUND, "why you've wasted away to nothing. You're a perfect skeleton."

"If it's a question of bulk," remarked SKINNER, "I'm much more surprised. You've grown so stout, every fellow in the Club seems so stout, everyone I've seen is as fat as—as—as you are."

"Heavens!" exclaimed ROUND, "you don't mean to say I've been putting on more flesh? I'm the light weight of the Club. I only weigh sixteen stone. No, no, you're chaffing, or you judge by your own figure."

"Not a bit," said the other; "you and I used to weigh about the same. What on earth has happened to you all?"

"Well," said ROUND, "perhaps you're right. It's very much what the doctors say. It's the fashionable complaint, motorobesity. Sit down, and dine with me, and I'll tell you what the idea is. You see, it's like this. For ten years or so everybody who could afford a motor of some sort has had one. We've all had one. Not to have a motor has been simply ridiculous, if not disreputable. So everybody has ridden about all day in the fresh air, never had any exercise, and got an enormous appetite. Besides, in the summer we've always been drinking beer to wash down the dust, and in the winter soup, or spirits, or something to warm us. My dear fellow, you can't think what an appetite motoring gives you. I had an enormous steak for my lunch at Winchester to-day, and a great lump of plum cake with my tea at Aldershot, and my aunt, the General's wife, made me bring a bag of biscuits to eat on the way up, and yet I'm so hungry now that I should feel quite uncomfortable if the thirst those biscuits, and the dust, gave me didn't make me almost forget it. I suppose everyone is really getting fat. One notices it when one does happen to see a thin fellow like you. Why, in all the Clubs they've had to have new arm-chairs, because the old ones were too narrow. However, I've talked enough about motoring. So glad to see you again, old chap. Of course you'll get a motor as soon as possible."

"Well," said SKINNER, "I rather think I shall buy a horse."

"My dear fellow," cried ROUND, "what an idea! Horse-riding is such awfully bad form. Besides, you can't go any pace. Look at me. I wouldn't get on a horse, and be shaken to pieces."

"I should think not," said SKINNER, "but I think I should prefer that to motorobesity."



THE NEW ACT AGAIN!

Careful Publican (to Chimney-sweep) "'ERE, I CAN'T SERVE YOU! GO AND WASH YERSELF. I CAN'T SEE YER FACE! 'OW AM I TO KNOW AS YER NOT ON THE BLACK LIST?"

Proverbial Philosophy.

Too many cooks spoil the copper.
Good wine is better than no bread.
Mud is thicker than water.

STRIKING POETS.

["The poets of Germany have formed a Trades Union, and struck for a minimum rate of 6*d.* a line."—*Daily Paper*]

How long will ye suffer this pitiful pittance,
O Poets of Grub Street, as fruit of your pains—
The wholly inadequate postal remittance
Which only insults the long toil of your brains?
O look to the Fatherland! See how your brothers
Have taken their stand and prepare for the fray,
Each for himself and for all of the others—
Poets of Grub Street, they show us the way.
Up and combine!
Form into line
For a minimum rate of a tanner a line.

Think what a labour lies ever before us—
The slow evolution of metres and times,
The diligent searching of ROGET'S *Thesaurus*,
The constant appealing to WALKER for rhymes;
The chase of elusive ideas, the selection
Of simile, metaphor, image and trope,
The throes of creation, the pangs of rejection,
The outlay in postage and paper and hope.
Up, brothers, fight!
Let us unite
For a tanner a line as the least of our right!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FINANCIAL.

WAUSTRALIA.—After deep consideration we beg to inform you that, in our opinion, Low Jinks will not pay dividends until gold is obtained from the mine. Gorgonzolas are reported by insiders to be full of life, and you would have a fair chance of a profit should the quotation rise above the price at which you bought.

WAFRICA.—Crushing will be commenced after gold has been discovered, and gold will possibly be found after mining operations have been begun. The works are in a forward state, the site for the Manager's house having already been decided upon. There are various other claims to the concession, but it is hoped that the share capital will be sufficient to meet all legal expenses.

SAFRICA.—We believe the labour difficulty will shortly be overcome. Our correspondent cables us that another Kaffir was seen yesterday.

MATHEMATICS.—The life of the mine is estimated at ten years, and as the present quotation for the £1 share is £10, and it is reckoned that dividends of 100 per cent. will be paid annually, we are of opinion that if the dividends were invested in Consols, as a sinking fund, you would, by the time the mine is worked out, have recovered the whole of your capital, which would be very satisfactory. Of course, we are a financial paper, but we must own that these abstruse mathematical problems rather fog us.

A VISITOR IN COVENT GARDEN.

[In the *Daily Telegraph* of Friday last it was stated that a locust had arrived with some cauliflowers from Italy, and, having been captured, was placed under a glass case in Covent Garden, where he is doing uncommonly well.]

FROM Italy a locust came among the cauli-flowers—
The which he doth affectionate and greedily devours.
When captured he was placed upon a stand, 'neath glass case handy,
Which serves our Foreign Locust as a London *Locus standi!*

MOST APPROPRIATE HONOUR.—On HUSSEIN KULI KHAN has been conferred the Order of the Bath.

"FIVE LITTLE PLANET BOYS."

"FIVE small planets" (poor dear little things, they are so sweet when small!) "were announced last month," says the *Athenæum*, "from the Königstuhl Observatory, Heidelberg." What has become of them? *We* haven't seen them. They were "announced," as many a "star" of greatest magnitude has frequently been, who, after all, has been "prevented by indisposition," or some other cause, from appearing and fulfilling an engagement. Of the five little planets "four," continues the *Athenæum*, "were detected by Professor MAX WOLF, and the other by Herr DUGAN." In execution of their duty, how, where, and why, did the two eminent detectives seize on these five little culprits, if culprits they be? One of the lot, named "Ocllo" (or "Ol' clo'?"), is said to be a very queer sort of party, having "a greater eccentricity than that of any other planet." Eccentricity, however, is no palliation of crime; and, in the interests of justice to all alike we demand a thorough inquiry. At present everything connected with these four poor little planets, led away probably by the prodigious "eccentricity" of their fifth companion, seems to be *in nubibus*. Until we have clearer information, here is the summary in verse:—

One little planet vainly struggling in a gale,
Two with mirth exploding when told a comet's tale,
Four little planets in a guide book lost their place,
Fifth little planet went a-whizzling into space!
One little, two little, three little, four little,
Five little Planet boys!

Let us hope that very soon all painful doubts may be cleared up, and that the five small planets, celestial "wee Willie Winkies," may arrive safely at their destination, wherever it is.

MINISTERIAL MUDPIES.

(Unfortunately founded on fact.)

Lord Cranborne.

PRAY don't let Venezuela your anxious minds distress,
All warlike operations are bound to be a mess.

Lord George Hamilton.

Nay, CRANBORNE, in your modesty you underestimate
The services the Cabinet have rendered to the State.
We made the mess, I own it; but to our great surprise
It turned out to be really a blessing in disguise.
For our Press have taught the Germans to assume a saner attitude,
So (indirectly) we have earned the Nation's heartfelt gratitude.

The Right Hon. Walter Long.

Dear GEORGE, your words are brimful of true statesmanship and sense,
And I 'll cap them with a dictum of sagacity immense.
So long as we are uppermost on winding up a "scrap,"
We may muddle or not muddle, but no wise man cares a rap.

[*Exeunt in a transport of mutual admiration.*

FROM THE STRAND TO HOLBORN.—Good name "Kingsway." But "Aldwych" not so happy: suggestive of "Old Witch" and "Old Witchcraft." "Wych Street" having been done away with, couldn't some relative name have been hit upon, as, *e.g.*, "What Street" or "Hoo Street"? Everyone delighted that the Parisian-Americanism of "Avenue" has not been adopted, yet, as 'ARRY says, "If they *'ave-a-new* street, why can't they call it so, and then we know where we are!" All agree that Kingsway is historically and thoroughly appropriate, seeing that it records our beneficent KING'S Sway in this twentieth century.

CHARIVARIA.

GAS will now become cheaper. Parliament has opened.

Cape Colony's new Immigration Act forbids the entry of, among others, lunatics. Several prominent English M.P.'s have protested against this.

At a political meeting held in a theatre at Valence the stage gave way, and the speakers disappeared below. A patent has been applied for, and the clever inventor, who has supplied a long-felt want, should in a very short time make his fortune.

The SHAH recently gave a special audience to the Russian Minister in the great Hall of Mirrors. This enabled His Majesty to see what was going on behind his back.

Those who say that the French Navy is not to be compared to the British Navy have received a rude shock. Last week the French torpedo-boat-destroyer *Espignole* ran ashore and foundered, and another destroyer, the *Hallebarde*, grounded, and was only saved with difficulty.

The three-year-old son of a farmer in Moravia, who had been watching his father kill a pig, ran into the house afterwards and attempted to kill his baby sister. His father quite rightly boxed his ears.

The local officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has had two pictures accepted for the Leeds Spring Exhibition. He does not paint for children.

The Leigh Urban District Council has made a full inquiry into the allegations against the Leigh cockles. The Council finds that the allegations are groundless, but thinks that the Local Government Board might be asked to prevent the discharge of sewage into the Thames above and below Leigh.

A lady has written complaining of a fraud of which she was a victim. At a shop in the Strand she saw some pictures labelled "Old Masters, 10½*d.* each." She bought a number of them, and now finds they are not originals but photographic reproductions.

The LORD CHANCELLOR, the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and Sir FRANCIS JEUNE have decided that a bicycle is not a carriage but a wheelbarrow.

A strange affair at the War Office is reported in a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The writer addressed a communication to the War Office on the 22nd ult., and had a reply, showing that the letter had been read, on the 2nd inst.

The question of the ventilation of the House of Commons has reminded someone that Dr. WALLACE once said that the atmospheric conditions of the Chamber could only be compared to "a cold blizzard about your feet, a heat wave above your head, and microbes in between." The reference, in this last phrase, to honourable Members has been greatly resented.

The Guards Scandal continues to gain in interest. Letters have appeared in the *Times* from Lieut. LEVESON-GOWER's uncle, and Colonel KINLOCH's brother-in-law. Colonel TROTTER, it is said, is to be championed by his grandmother, and an important communication is expected shortly from a relation by marriage of Lord ROBERTS.

In Germany Count VON BÜLOW has pointed out that though the English poet KIPLING may write anti-German verse, the Belgian poet MAETERLINCK is on their side, and recently called the German people the moral conscience of the world. At the same time the undesirability of having to depend on foreign poets is keenly felt in Germany, and, with characteristic thoroughness, a scheme is being prepared for training their own poets as part of their diplomatic system.



Little Titmuss (just told off to take the younger Miss Long into supper, quite forgets which of the two is the younger). "ER—ER—MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE—ER—OF—ER—TAKING THE LONGER MISS YOUNG—I MEAN—THE LUNGER MISS YONG—THAT IS——" *[Becomes incoherent*



MR. PUNCH'S APPEAL TO FARMERS AND LAND-OWNERS.

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"MOST APPROV'D GOOD MASTERS."

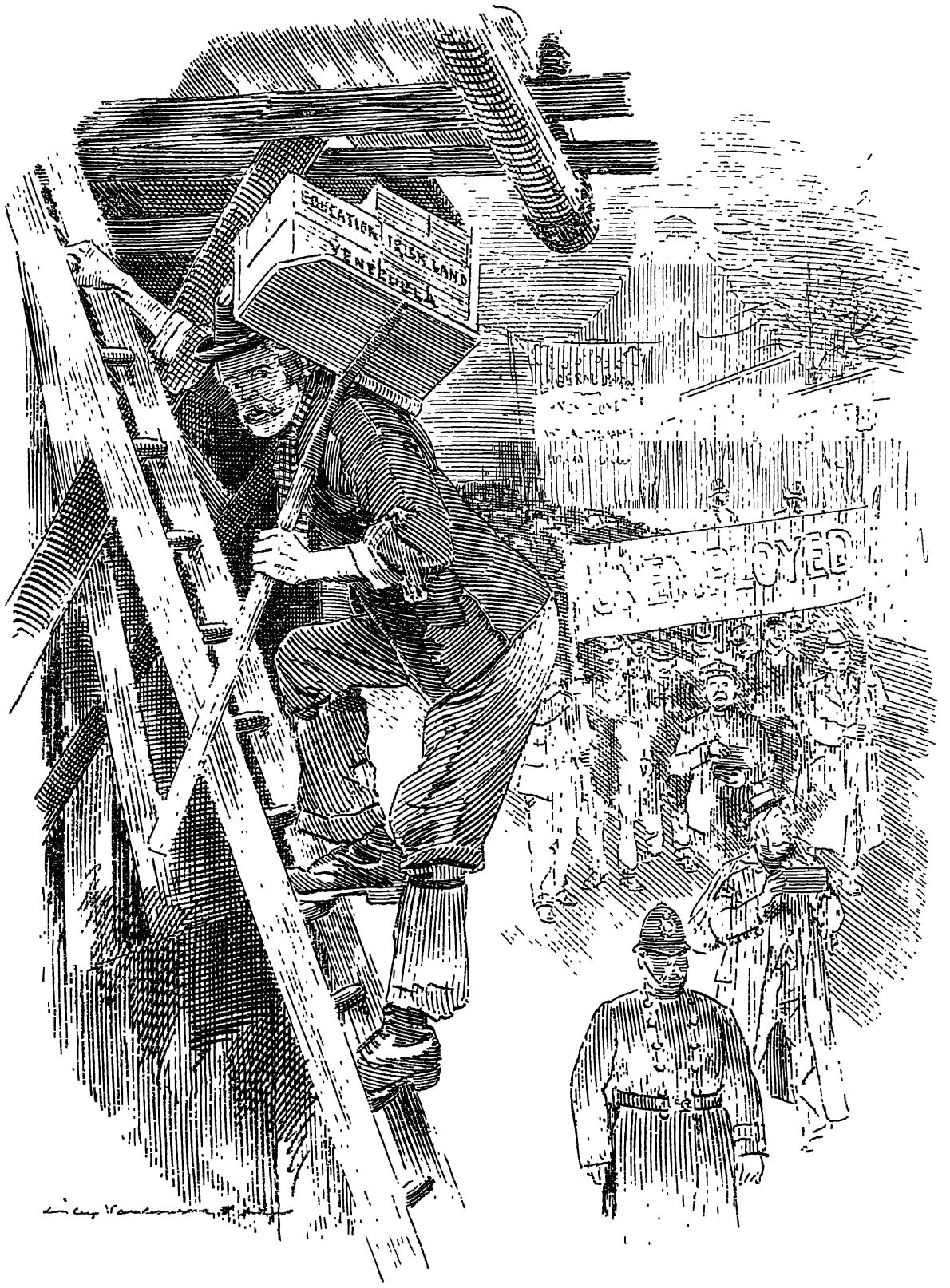
(Latest directions for a visitor to the Burlington House Show.)

THE Old Masters at Burlington House! Not a few of our "young Masters" must envy the "touch of these vanished hands," for whose work Time the Restorer has done so much. In another month this exhibition will have closed, when, after a few days pause, the doors of the Royal Academy will re-open to admit the works of those who, in their turn, will inherit the privileges of age. "*Old* Masters," forsooth! Say rather "Past Masters." Here are their works fresher than ever. Is it not so with the wonderful sea-pieces of BRETT—that true Brett-ish artist, of KING COLE (*Vivat* VICAT!) and one MOORE? Go back to earlier Masters! See the masterly portrait of *Henry Thompson, R.A.* *He* is drawn, as many a one has been, by A. SHEE (Sir MARTIN ARCHER, of that ilk, P.R.A.). Look at sweet *Sir Walter Scott*, a kit-cat (with a little black dog), by his countryman Sir J. WATSON GORDON, R.A. And after admiring the fine heads by CUYP, and by the "three R's," REYNOLDS, RUBENS, and REMBRANDT, turn to *The Head of Loch Lomond*, by Sir GEORGE HARVEY. Regard *The Thames at Purfleet* (whose Inn was once the rival of Greenwich in the providing of whitebait dinners), by DAVID COX, inquire kindly after *John Box*, and ask where you can see a portrait of *Penelope Anne*. You pause before another work. Quite natural; your attention is arrested by a CONSTABLE, and not without warrant, for is it not his celebrated *Dedham Lock, or the Leaping Horse?*—which sounds like the title of a melodrama. And his other delightful country pictures, especially *Opening the Lock*, which is so perfectly simple as not to require a key. Where did TURNER live?—always at the sign of "the Rainbow"? Isn't it wonderful!

Are you in need of refreshment? Go to *The Bar of the Douro*, by JAMES HOLLAND. The Spanish and Dutch intermingled considerably, so 'tis no wonder to find Holland in Spain. Pity the sorrows of an uncrowned King when you behold VAN DYCK'S *Charles the First* out riding in full armour, but without his helmet, with which a servant is hurrying up to him. "Ah!" quoth the unfortunate monarch, "going *minus* my helmet was I! I shall go without my head next!" The saying is historical, alas!

Do not miss *A Lady and her Son*, quite a "little nipper," by ANGELO BRONZINO; nor TINTORETTO'S very "mixed lot," representing *The Nine Muses*. Pause one moment in front of the same Master's representation of *Esther fainting before Ahasuerus*. You see she fainted "*before* AHASUERUS" and he fainted afterwards. Why? Because the lady was frightened into fits at the sight of a horrid little dog which is held by a man in the right-hand corner. See him? Well, *ça s'explique*.

No more time? Sorry. Then as you are *Homeward Bound*, just see how JOHN SELL COTMAN painted the subject. Isn't it fine? Couldn't JOHN SELL COTMAN over and over again for double or treble the original price? Why, certainly. Let us make our way towards the door, pausing for a second to see CONSTABLE'S *The Opening of Waterloo Bridge*, at a time when a River Pageant was something to see, when there were no dirty steamers (there are none at all now, the dirty ones are clean gone), and there were soldiers, watermen, bright costumes, decorated barges, likewise *Captain Crosstree* in fore-water steering a jolly boat. Here's a Game of Bridge!



THE UNEMPLOYABLE.

LABOURER BALFOUR (*aside*). "OUT OF WORK? WANT EMPLOYMENT, DO THEY? WHY, IF I CHUCKED MY JOB TO-MORROW NONE OF *THEM* COULD TAKE IT ON."

PILGRIMS TO THE EAST.

VIII.—CONCLUSION.

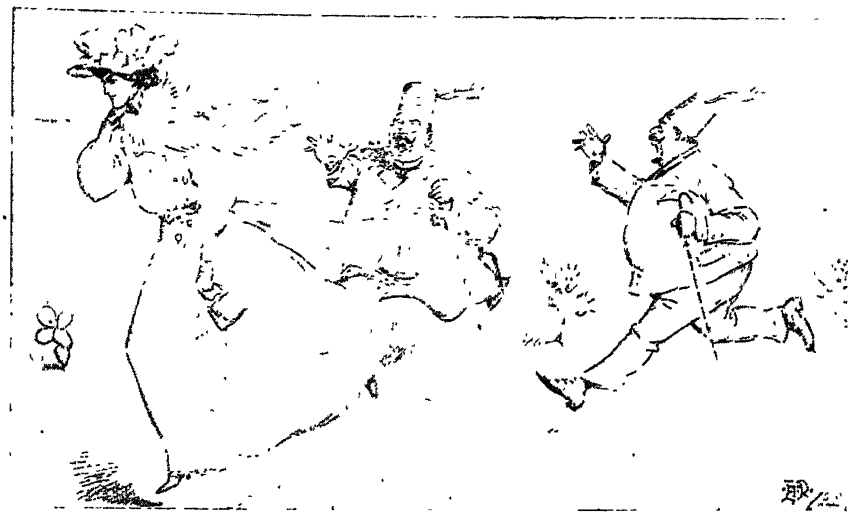
Valentine's Day: Bouverie Street.—It is remarkable how much honest work can be got into a limited space of time if you only set yourself to it. My last week's instalment was posted at Calcutta. Since then I have spent several days of unbroken hospitality (on the part of my friends) at that seat of Government, now figuring on the bench of the High Court, now in attendance at races more admirably conducted than any at which I have ever dropped my money; travelled round by Agra to Bombay—a matter of some 1700 miles; bathed in as noble a bath and absorbed as noble a dinner (both at the Bombay Yacht Club) as flesh could desire in a climate where a man must take to at least one of two vices, bathing or drink; incidentally done the voyage to Marseilles; enjoyed a brief spell of holiday on the Riviera; and now for a long time resumed my metropolitan career. Really, not a bad week's work!

In recalling the various functions of the late Durbar, I find, to my lasting regret, that I missed the most memorable spectacle of all. I refer to the performance of the Commander-in-Chief in the opening figure of the State Ball in the Diwan-i-'Am. Those who were happy enough to be in a position to witness this display with no intervening crowd to veil the lower limbs of the dancers describe the deportment of K. OF K. as marked by a coy hesitancy and by a modest submission to the VICEROY'S superior knowledge, which won admiration from the stoniest hearts. Among those best qualified to judge it is the universal opinion that Lord KITCHENER has thoroughly earned his appointment to the Honorary Colonelcy of the First State Lancers.

We made the wide détour by Agra largely, I think, because we dared not face the Anglo-Indian at home without having seen the Taj Mahal. If I had the rebuilding of this unique mausoleum I would have the facings of my corner-towers less crudely pointed, and the towers themselves less easily mistaken for lighthouses or piled chess-castles. But apart from this obvious criticism, I admit that it is one of the few things I have seen whose beauty survives the rhetoric of the guide-books. We saw it at the best hour of daylight under a dropping sun that brought out the pure clarity of its marble, the rich colouring of its *pietra dura* work, and the cool grey of its shadowed recesses, without meretricious effects. The waning moon rose too late for us, and with a too "unhandsome thrift of silver," and so we escaped that taint of limelight which one associates with this theatrical orb. Still, it is counted *de rigueur* that one should view the Taj by moonlight, and breathe, if practicable, some sort of matrimonial proposition in the neighbourhood of its cypresses. Circumstances were against the Two Pilgrims in both these particulars.

I could wish that the Government which has done so much to preserve and enhance the beauty of the scene would contrive to improve the behaviour of the coloured functionaries who exhibit this tomb of the Pearl of the Palace. I do not so much mind being presented with faded flowers and sickly sweetmeats on the very edge of the sacred vault, but the importunate demand for sacerdotal baksheesh in these holy precincts becomes an intolerable obsession.

Before leaving Bombay, the official head-quarters of the bubonic plague, I was subjected to a sanitary inspection. The port-doctor laid a large fat hand abstractedly on my pulse; said nothing; assumed a non-committal air; and handed me a free pass to go aboard. As far as I could make out, these passes



AN OBVIOUS ATTEMPT TO EVADE THE QUARANTINE AUTHORITIES. SUEZ.



WEIRD BEINGS, STOKERS, ETC., FROM THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP, WHO ONLY EMERGE ON "INSPECTION DAYS."

gave us the further right to be regarded as suspects, and from that moment till we reached Marseilles we were suffered to hold no communication with the shore. We found Egypt peculiarly suspicious. Ever since her shocking experience in the matter of the Ten Plagues this unfortunate country has been very sensitive about alien immigration. Some of our party were bound for Cairo, and were still twenty-four hours short of the period of perfect purgation. Consequently we dropped them at Suez into two elementary sailing-wherries—one lot bound for an obscure oasis in the direction of Stony Arabia (euphemiously known as Moses' Wells), the other—a ducal party—bound for disinfection huts just inside the Canal The parting was a very painful one, though cheered, for those we left behind, by the consolatory rumour of terrific weather awaiting us in the Mediterranean. We passed them, later, as we entered the Canal. For a little while they followed us, with a pitiful assumption of gaiety, along the bank; then the scene closed upon them being chivied back into bounds by an official in uniform, lest they should contaminate the desert.

As for the Mediterranean, I have had occasion a hundred times to withdraw, and then replace, all that I ever said against, or in favour of, this inconsistent sheet of water. One day of unimagined calm; a second of tossing in a strong Sou'-sou'-wester (very unusual in these parts, and making a mockery of Crete, whose only use in life is to take the sting out of the North wind); a third in which we groaned under a steady series of squalls from the North-east, for which the Captain apologised; by evening the blessed vision of Etna, twenty miles away, to the North-west, with promise of a temporary calm for dinner before the storm should catch us again beyond Messina; then a great stillness as we glided through the Liparis, ghostly under the moon, and never another wave the whole way home.

Such is the humour of the deep; not always adequately reflected in the intelligence of passengers. I attempted not more than two examples of facetiousness; one on the way out, one on the homeward track. I do not wish them to be permanently wasted, as they were wasted at the time; and I venture to give them below in the form of dialogue.

First Passenger. What is that officer firing at from the bridge? Porpoises?

Second Passenger (myself). I don't think there's anything to hit. He's just letting his revolver off for joy.

First Passenger (affected by spectacle of officer peering down muzzle of weapon). Oh, look at him. He's pointing it at his brains.

Second Passenger (myself) It's all right. He knows there's nothing there.

First Passenger But with revolvers, you know, one can never tell——

This should have been a lesson to me; but I tried once again as follows:—

First Passenger (pacing the deck with Second Passenger [myself], and speaking nautically to cheery Colonel with large round cherubic face, whose deck-chair blocks the way). Rather a narrow channel, what?

[Cherubic Colonel hastens to widen it



"I have no clear desire to walk down Piccadilly in a sky-blue turban

Second Passenger (myself). Thanks, that'll do nicely. Quite wide enough for the Straits of Boniface.

[Complete silence, in which you might have heard a belaying-pin drop.

That towering figure of Notre Dame de la Garde that serves for beacon to the Marseillais—as the bronze statue of armed Athene with poised spear welcomed Greek sailors homeward bound—stood out above the mists of morning as we dropped anchor off the rocks of the Château d'If for a final inspection of the crew's health. One suddenly became aware that France (and, for that matter, the rest of Europe), forgotten all these weeks in the rush of more importunate claims, did actually continue extant. I wish that some of these provincial Continentals could have seen what we have seen, and got to understand a little, as one only learns out there (*là-bas*), the meaning of the Empire If, for instance, my host of the Hôtel Costebelle (where I spent a profitable week-end in resuming my land legs) had tasted of the East and found by experience that the price of soda-water in India is precisely two annas a bottle, I think he would have hesitated to charge me last Sunday just seven and a half times that sum for this beverage; so much does travel enlarge the mind, enabling a man, as BACON contends, to "prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country."

For the rest, if I here conclude this desultory journal, I would not have it supposed that I could not say more if I would. Simply I defer to the advice of the authority cited above, who recommends to the Pilgrim not only that his travel should "appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel and gesture" (here I am safe, having no clear desire to walk down Piccadilly in a sky-blue turban, waving a chowry to keep the flies off the Other Pilgrim), but that, as to his discourse, he should be "rather advised in his answers than forwards to tell stories." O. S.

SHAKSPEARE AND ERIN.

SIR,—A recent letter in the *Athenæum* draws attention to "*the Earliest Dublin Edition of Shakspeare's Plays.*" Now there cannot be anything earlier than the earliest. So after all or before all, SHAKSPEARE, the Immortal Bard, was an Irishman! Hooroosh! Old Ireland for ever! And if the Bard had anything at all in common with BACON, sure wasn't it as "the Learned Pig that paid the rint!" "Play an' pay" was TEDDY O'SHAKSPEARE'S motto. I know his name was WILLIAM, but what proof is there his other name wasn't TEDDY? None. Look at his plays! Isn't *Tempest* an Irish name? Then there's *Corry O'Lanus* and *O'Thello*, not to mention a hundred other proofs that could be brought forward. And you will remember the great trouble there was about "The IRELAND Forgeries"? Were the "forgeries" ever proved against Old Ireland? O my country! Sir, SHAKSPEARE'S ours!

ARS HIBERNICA (*of Little Bray*).

A DAY BEFORE THE FAIR.—According to the *Liverpool Echo* "the High Wycombe magistrates again inflicted fines in cases of Sunday trading on Saturday." In Buckinghamshire at any rate tradesmen are not behind the times.

Friend. "GOING ABOUT THIRTY, ARE WE? BUT DON'T YOU RUN SOME RISK OF BEING PULLED UP FOR EXCEEDING THE LEGAL PACE?"

Owner. "NOT IN A SOBER, RESPECTABLE-LOOKING CAR LIKE THIS. OF COURSE, IF YOU GO ABOUT IN A BLATANT, BRASS-BOUND, SCARLET-PADDED, SNORTING, FOREIGN AFFAIR, LIKE *THAT*, YOU ARE BOUND TO BE DROPPED ON, NO MATTER HOW SLOW YOU GO!"

THE END OF WOMAN.

["Having disposed of *The Unspeakable Scot*, Mr. T W. H. CROSSLAND is about to turn his attention to 'Lovely Woman.'"—*The Academy*]

LOVELY woman, howso sweet
Light and sunshine to thine eye,
Go, prepare thy winding-sheet,
For thou must die!
Pluck the pansy freaked with jet,
Pluck the glowing violet,
Pluck the white pink, pluck the lily,
And the drooping daffodilly,
Pluck them all and bring them here
To strew thy bier.

For thou must die!
Forgèd is the bolt of fate
Which shall hurl thee to thy doom,
And thy soul precipitate
To the gloom
Of the tomb.
Even now is raised the hand
Which shall hurl the fatal brand,
Even now—ah, woe is me
For the carnage I shall see
When on widow, wife and girl,
CROSSLAND ZEUS his bolt shall hurl!

CROSSLAND ZEUS! Ah, name of dread!
Scotland hears it, Scotland pales;
Scotland, weeping o'er her dead,
Panic-stricken quails.
His the hand that wrought her woe,
His the hand that struck the blow;
All her dearest sons he slew,
ROBBIE BURNS, and CROCKETT too;
Even sentimental IAN
Fell before this ruthless lion.

Tremble, lovely woman, then!
At every mother's daughter
Levelled is the ruthless pen
Which has wrought such slaughter.
Pitiful indeed shall be
Thy miserable lot
If he knows as much of thee
As about the Scot.
Then, oh, prepare thy funeral bed!
His vengeance will not tarry;
A moment and thy comely head
Shall lie, with all its beauty fled,
And CROSSLAND ZEUS shall smite thee dead
As he has smitten BARRIE.



FEBRUARY. TIME—POST-DILUVIAN. THE MISSING LINK.

MARCONI'S SECRET.

MR. MARCONI recently announced an invention which he states "will startle the world." He will, he says, make it known after his wireless experiments are completed. In the meantime, however, considerable interest has been aroused in the new invention, and speculation is rife as to the form it will take. From a mass of correspondence which has reached us we select the following communications:—

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wires that "No invention of MARCONI could equal some of the inventions of the Pro-Boers."

Mr. ALFRED HARMSWORTH writes, "Can Mr. MARCONI have invented a means of keeping closed the mouths of Little Englanders?"

Mr. CADBURY writes, "I would suggest that MARCONI's latest is an invention for infusing a sense of humour into the Jingoes. Such an achievement would seem almost impossible, but I am emboldened to make the suggestion by the emphatic phrase 'to startle the world.'"

Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN "hopes that the new invention will take the form of a fence which allows its occupant to descend on both sides at once."

"CURATE" writes, "Can it be that Mr. MARCONI's invention takes the form of a stipend-stretcher?"

"MINOR POET" desires to know if MARCONI has invented a new rhyme to *love?*

Madame HUMBERT "would be pleased to know if M. MARCONI can beat her inventive powers?" She points out, not without reason, that if any inventions have "startled the world," hers have.

"THE DRINK QUESTION."—Of course this in its simplest form is "What'll you take?" to which the form of answer depends on the taste and fancy of the interrogated. Becoming more complex, however, the correspondence on the subject has recently entered on the "Jug and Bottle Department," as the *Times* last week gave us the outpourings of a Bottle, from Yar-mouth, and in the same paper there was a note from a Nightingale, who, wishing to prove itself a very early bird and quite up-to-date, accompanied the aforesaid Bottle with its "jug."

WHEN the Chairman of a Railway Company speaks of "the diversion of traffic," may it be understood that "Pleasure trips and excursions" are covered by this expression?

THE LIGHTNING LUNCHER.

(A Wither-ing Retort).

[The *Lancet* condemns the proposal in favour of inaugurating a system of quick lunches for busy City men, and stigmatises it as "a wicked physiological step."]

SHALL I, wasting precious hours
Over lunch, exhaust my powers,
Dissipate my vital forces
Over dilatory courses,
Munch my lunch at ease and leisure,
Just to suit the *Lancet*'s pleasure?
Howe'er quick the luncheon be,
'Twill not be too quick for me!

City pace is far too fleet
To afford us time to eat;
So we pile up £ s. d.,
Bother physiology!
Though dyspeptic horrors follow,
Summary shall be each swallow—
Howe'er quick the luncheon be,
'Twill not be too quick for me!

Shall I, dallying o'er a steak,
Miss the deals that I might make?
Give, while golden moments range,
Time to chops instead of 'Change?
'Cause the *Lancet* cries, "Go slow!"
Shall I cease to hurry? *No!*
Howe'er quick the luncheon be,
'Twill not be too quick for me!

"Time is money, money's time,"
There's the burden of my rhyme;
Clearly, then, the City needs
Automatic Ganymedes!
Could we find her, prized would she be,
Boon of boons—a clockwork Hebe!
Howe'er quick her works might be,
They'd not be too quick for me!



THE TAMING OF THE WILD BOER!

Joe (the Showman, exhibiting his somewhat backward pupil). "THERE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS ALL DONE BY KINDNESS!"

["With a firm and sympathetic Government, the Dutch would learn to appreciate the blessings of British rule. —[illegible] *at Grahamstown, February* 11, 1903.]

PAPER WEALTH.

(An Interview; circa 1913.)

"PALATIAL! truly palatial!" said *Mr. Punch's* Representative, as the tour of inspection came to an end. "Your mansion is indeed a dream of splendour, Mr. BROWN. Your pictures, your china, your books are enough to make any rival millionaire green with envy. And now, before closing this delightful interview, there is one further question which, with your permission, I should like to put to you."

"By all means," said Mr. BROWN affably.

"Well, then—I ask it not from mere curiosity, but in order that others may be taught to follow your illustrious example—how did you manage to accumulate this magnificent fortune?"

"By solving," replied Mr. BROWN. "I have long been at the head of that profession."

"Solving?" echoed his interviewer rather dubiously; "it's rather stupid of me—but I can't quite recollect—is it a soap or a pill?"

"Neither. *Solving* I said—and I meant it. By solving newspaper competitions!"

"What? You mean to say that by this alone——"

"Certainly. I began quite in a small way. My first success, I think, was to win a mere trifle—£50 a week for life, or something of the kind—from *Snips and Snaps*. Shortly afterwards, by answering correctly a series of picture-puzzles in the *Twinkler*, I gained a yacht, a motor-car, a French cook (wages paid by the *Twinkler*), and a set of tea-spoons."

"Dear me," said *Mr. Punch's* Representative. "And did you always succeed?"

"Not invariably. Still, I made a special study of the business, you know, and gave my whole time to it. Other competitors only spent a few hours a day over these puzzles, so naturally I got the better of them. In the famous *Sniggers* contest I tied with another man. Forty-seven supplementary competitions followed, and my rival and I solved them all. When the forty-eighth came on he developed brain-fever and died. Consequently I gained the gold-mine, grand piano, and complete collection of postage stamps, which formed the prize on this occasion."

"But then for some years you had a seat in Parliament, I think? Surely your leisure then for your—er, profession must have been insufficient?"

"Ah, but you see an income of £500 was given with the seat. *Twopenny Twitters* gave me both—it had squared the electors, of course. That was the prize for finding the right names for a series of illustrations representing 50 eminent Ping-Pong players. But we've talked enough! Come and have some tea, and let me introduce you to my wife. By the way, you know how I won her?"

"What?" gasped *Mr. Punch's* Representative, "surely *she* wasn't——"

"Yes, indeed she was. First prize in the *Leading Lady's* 'Matrimonial Acrostics Tourney.' And she has given me every satisfaction!"

THE PREVALENT DOLL-SONG.

"In the fashionable kind of drawing-room song, you no longer hear the ballad of sentiment, or passion, or despair, such as were the mode some seven years ago, there are no elegies of parted lovers—nothing, in short, that will make the least sentimental person uncomfortable. The new song, on the contrary, is of an amazing *naïveté*. We have nothing more tragic than the love affairs of wax dolls, the jealousies of the nursery."

Ladies' Field.]

I 'm only a simple Dolly,
But I know a thing or two;
I squeak like Pretty Polly,
And wink till all is blue!

My brains are sawdust merely,
Inside a head of wax;
I 'm fashioned very queerly
Of canvas, glue and flax.

My face is one big simper
Of foolish pink-and-white;
My limbs each day get limper,
And I cannot stand upright.

But I 'm not so badly wanting
In wit and common sense
As those who now are chanting
Doll-songs with coy pretence.

Their trash is idiotic,
No love affairs I 've got.
'Tis make-believe erotic,
With the accent on the *rot!*

Into the gutter fling them—
No doll of any *nous*
Could bring itself to sing them
Or hear them in its house!

Though it isn't *real* passion
That heaves my dummy breast,
At such infantile fashion
I must for once protest!

IN BLACK AND BLUE.

By R-DY-RD K-PL-NG.

My friend Private MULVANEY, of the 1st Grenadiers, is a man whose views on all Army matters I am accustomed to accept with implicit confidence. But I confess that when I was listening to him the other day, I began to wonder whether he had not been indulging in an excessive quantity of beer.

"Fwhat I say to you, Sorr, is bhoys will be bhoys," he began.

"But when they are officers in His Majesty's Brigade of Guards, and five- or six-and-twenty years of age?" I inquired.

"Niver you mind that, Sorr. Once a little Orf'cer bhoy always a little Orf'cer bhoy. You 've only got to read your own stories to see that."

This was a home thrust of MULVANEY'S to which I had no reply handy. So I only remarked lamely, "That seems very curious."

"Not at all, Sorr," he replied. "'Tis the syshtim. The British Arrmy is run on the principle that no Orf'cer ever grows up. 'Tis an inshtitushun for the cultivashun of perpetual youth. Why, there 's many a full-blown Gineral of Divishun who 's mentally a complete infant. You shaw that in ShouthAfrica, Sorr. An' after the warr was over, do you remember that shpeech—?"

I interrupted him hastily. MULVANEY'S comments on certain events in the South African campaign, and certain subsequent happenings therewith connected, are apt to be unprintable.

"Never mind about the Generals," I said. "It 's the subalterns who are engrossing public attention at this moment."

"Children, Sorr, mere children," said MULVANEY. "An' 'tis the Arrmy that kapes thim so. If they were civilians, poor dhivils, they 'd be worrking at professions or businesses, and grow up in no time. 'Tis worrk that turns bhoys into men. But shubalterns don't worrk in the Guards, Sorr. 'Tis not considered good forrm. An' they 've no time for ut. Fwhat wid tryin' on their suits in Bond Street, an' cavortin' at Rigimental balls, and runnin' the Rigimental dhrag, an' playin' Rigimental polo, their days are as full as a tick already."

"But that kind of thing doesn't tend to produce good officers," I ventured to suggest.

"You 're wrong, Sorr. The British Orf'cer is the mosht shplendid product of civilizashun. Look at his uniform! 'Tis pro-digious! Fits close to the figure. No room to breathe anywhere. Gould lace on the trousies an' gorgeous trimmins all over."

"But he can't fight in it," I objected, "and he never wears it."

"Thrue for you, Sorr. 'Tis bad forrm for a British Orf'cer to wear his uniform. But if you are iver lucky enough to catch him in ut the effect is shtupendous. And dishcipline? Where else will you find the like av ut? Is there any other man av five-and-twinty in the worrld that would put up with ut?"

I said I thought not.

"'Tis a glorious institushun, a shubaltern's court-martial. Ut brings out the finer feelins. Ut raises the self-respect. Yes, Sorr, 'tis only when a shubaltern has been ignominiously whipped by his fellow shubalterns that he realises with pride fwhat ut is to be an orf'cer *and* a gentleman."

"It sounds to me like a disgusting outrage," I said, "and a very vulgar one."

"Dhivil a bit, your honour. If a Kurnul finds that a junior Orf'cer has disobeyed ordhers, fwhat can be more dignified than that he should hand him over to the senior shubaltern to deal with? 'Deal with' manes whippin', Sorr."

"Well, well," I cried, "it may answer in the Army, but it wouldn't do in any other business or profession that I'm acquainted with. Fancy a bank manager who couldn't keep his clerks in order without handing them over to the senior cashier to be 'dealt with' in that way!"

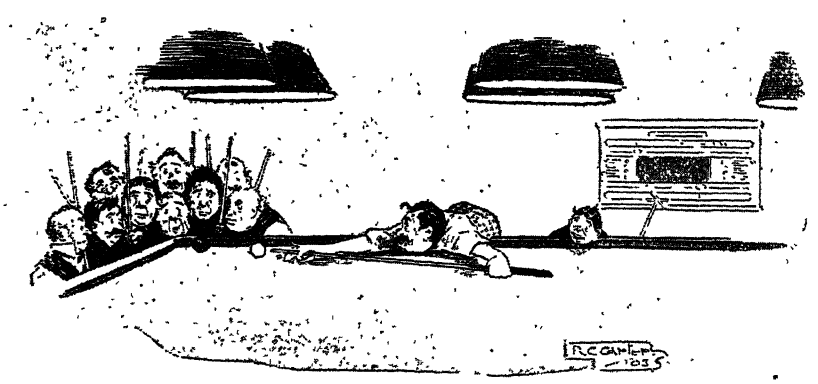
"'Twould be risinted, Sorr, no doubt. But civilians are not accushtomed to be trated like children. 'Tis a different matther in the Arrmy."

"It certainly seems to be," I replied.

Exam. Season.

Industrious Lad (to Companion). Got up your subject?

Idle Lad. Subject? No. Don't see the object.



FANCY SKETCH. "SHELL OUT." THE LAST BALL.

NECESSARY NOTICE.

N.B.—Every letter, or other communication, sent to the Editor of "PUNCH" *must* be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, enclosed, for return. Also, with any drawing, or manuscript, *must* be enclosed *stamped and addressed wrapper.* Vide *Notice always appearing on frontispiece of every Number of* "PUNCH."



ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

Lady (who has just jumped on fallen Sportsman). "I'M AWFULLY SORRY! I HOPE WE DIDN'T HURT YOU?"
Fallen Sportsman. "OH, I'M ALL RIGHT, THANKS. BUT—ER—DO YOU MIND LEAVING ME MY HAT?"

THE INNER CIRCLE.

THE Premier finished playing his new composition, a Golf Gavotte, and the Inner Cabinet sighed with relief. Even business was better than that.

"So you 've been making an alliance with Germany, L-NSD-WNE?" he said gaily.

"Wherever did you hear of that?" asked the amazed Foreign Secretary.

"Two caddies were talking outside the club-house yesterday. Between ourselves I may say that they scarcely approved of it."

"Things turn out so differently from what one expects," said the Foreign Secretary in a melancholy tone. "Now everybody liked my last alliance, and I thought that if any one raised any objection to this we could just call them pro-Venezuelans and sweep the country. But you can't call the *Standard* and *Times* pro-Venezuelans. Do you know what the *Daily Mail* said of me?"

"Who is he?" asked the Premier.

"It 's a newspaper, and it really was most offensive."

"Why read it then?—I never read a paper."

"But I'm Foreign Secretary, and I must read the papers to see what 's happening abroad."

"Did HE approve?" asked the Premier.

"HE was away in Africa, and didn't know."

The Premier smiled, and stepping to the piano sang a verse of a popular song —"*When* JOEY *comes marching home.*"

The unusual sound woke the Duke. "Leave well alone," he growled, and went to sleep again.

"That 's the only advice he 'll give me," said the Foreign Secretary plaintively. "What is the use of having a man in a Cabinet who will never say anything but that?"

"Didn't you even tell A-ST-N?"

"No; unless he read the papers as they went through the post he knows nothing."

"That wouldn't be the thing, would it? I don't think the Postmaster-General reads the letters. Has anyone here ever been Postmaster-General?"

"I think I was once," said the Secretary for India, "but it was long ago, and I don't remember anything about it except that it was a poor salary."

The Premier leant back in his chair.

"Really, L-NSD-WNE, it 's very awkward. You know our friend takes offence so easily, and he has a very bitter tongue. It 's best not to quarrel with that kind of man. Now there 's a medical man, a Doctor CLIFFORD, who *would* quarrel with me about vaccination. Let me see, was it vaccination? Yes, it must have been, for he was a medical man. Well, I actually had to write a pamphlet against him. It would have been much better to have avoided him. So, if I were you, I would go for a little tour abroad before HE comes back."

The Foreign Secretary's face brightened.

"I 'll take a warship and go and investigate the Hinterland of Aden."

"Very good; by all means take a ship. You see it doesn't do to have a row at the Cabinet meetings. It wakes D-V-NSH-RE, and makes things most uncomfortable."

The Duke stirred in his sleep when his name was mentioned, and faintly murmured, "Leave well alone."

The sitting of the Inner Cabinet was over.

"SUPPORT HOME INDUSTRIES."

THERE are who say that England's art,
Her enterprise, her gift of trade,
Hustled by men from foreign parts,
Are on the steady downward grade.

We man with strange imported stuff
The ships that held the world in fee;
Our latest diplomatic bluff—
We got it made in Germany!

Our local artists lie a-cold,
Or walk the street disguised as tramps,
While alien fists affect to mould
The bust upon our postage stamps.

When the musician's hand is heard
Extracting strains without an air,
There 's always some exotic bird
Building amid his matted hair.

Or look at SHAKSPEARE'S native field!
Does it not cause our pride a wrench
To find PINERO'S humour yield
To farces lifted from the French?

Or pass to those more crucial things
That made us what we—used to be;
Regard the Yankee making "rings"
All round the race that ruled the Sea!

They run our fleets; our tubes they lay;
From them we likewise learn the trick
Of selling little twists of hay
To make the little smoker sick.

But, worse than all (and here I strike
A note too deep for ribald rhyme),
They say the immigrant is like
To cut us out *in point of crime!*

Statistics prove the appalling fact
That in the artful dodger's game
These others show a verve and tact
That puts our connoisseurs to shame.

In vacant hall or social crush
Where plate is pinched or purses leek,
The foreign artist brings a blush
Upon the native's brazen cheek.

Here surely we should draw the line;
It is a case—I feel it is—
Where honest men might well combine
In aid of local industries.

I care not much though alien folk
In other spheres assume the van;
But he that wants to pick my poke
Must be a true-born Englishman.

Free Trade I call a noble creed;
I 'd hate to see that fetish crack;
And yet at times I think we need
The other kind of commerce back.

As buds that fear an April gale—
Ask them to face the cold,—they **can't**;
They need Protection, being frail,—
Such is the British burglar's plant.

LOWTHER! on you I urge his claim,
To you this task of love assign;
So in the heavens by the name
Of "BURGLAR'S JEMMY" you shall shine!

O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

PAYING a sort of flying-fish visit to the West Indies, my Baronite happed upon *A Narrative of a Journey up the Caura River*, by E. ANDRÉ. The Caura flows through trackless pathways of Guiana. Since the time of WALTER RALEIGH it has ever fascinated explorers. Spaniards dreamed of a golden city somewhere on its banks. Three centuries ago expedition after expedition left the plateau of Quito in search of it. RALEIGH, in his work describing the Discovery of Guiana, chronicles a report ("for my own part I am resolved is true") that the dwellers by the banks of the Caura "have their eyes in their shoulders, their mouths in the middle of their breasts, a long train of hair growing backward between their shoulders." Is this, by the way, the source of SHAKSPEARE'S dream of

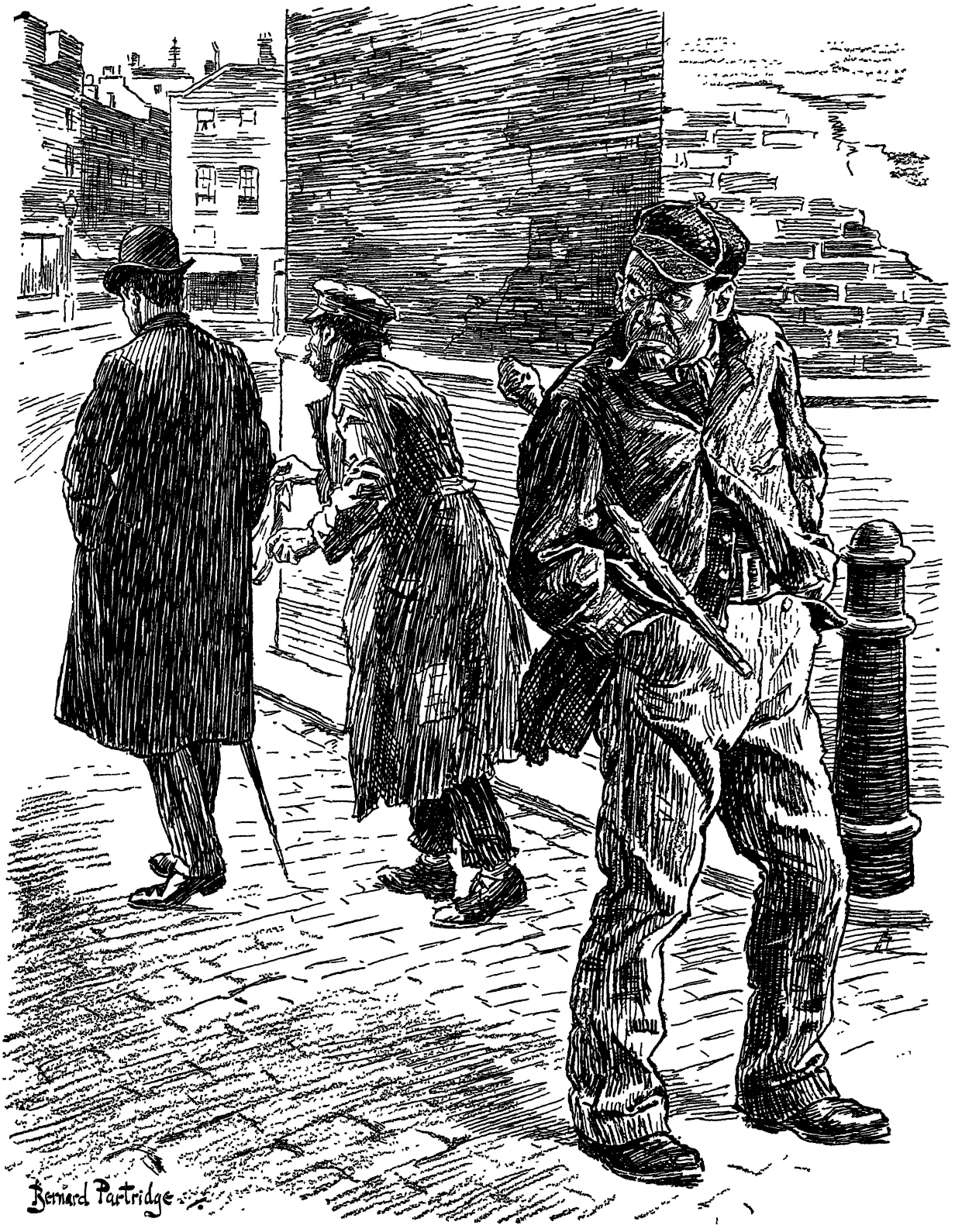
> Men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders?

Mr. ANDRÉ, accompanied by seven men, including two expert hunters, started on his adventurous journey on November 29, 1900. On May 22 in the following year a boat-load of starved human beings, transformed beyond recognition, reached the settlement nearest to the trackless waste over which some of them had literally crawled back. Returning after making their way southward as far as the mountain Amèha, their dugout was wrecked in one of the numerous rapids through which the Caura storms its way to join the Orinoco. With the wreck went all the hardly earned treasures of the journey—a collection of birds (some novel to mankind), seeds, insects, herbarium specimens, and ANDRÉ'S journal, containing precious notes, the work of months. Fever-stricken, famished, the prey of insects, some cutting their way through trackless forests, others hourly facing the peril of shipwreck in a crank dugout, they doggedly won their way back to civilisation. The book, printed in a local newspaper office in Trinidad, is accompanied by a portfolio of 29 photographs taken on the spot. It deserves a wider circle of readers than this form of introduction is likely to secure for it. An enterprising London publisher might find it worth looking up.

In *A Castle in Spain* (SMITH, ELDER & Co.), Mr. BERNARD CAPES has given us a romance of thrilling interest. Many of the dramatic situations are such as GUSTAVE DORÉ, or, before him, GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, would have seized upon as offering great chances. The scene, in the latter part of the story, where the dwarf—a veritable "Dwarf of Blood," to quote the signature to some of the raciest articles in a certain pink publication—performs prodigies of valour, would have furnished either of the above-mentioned artists with a splendid opportunity for their blackest and whitest. The writer's style is reminiscent of THACKERAY in *Esmond*, of ANTHONY HOPE, of "Q," and in certain parts of GEORGE MEREDITH, especially when his epigram tends towards obscurity. To get all these authors at their best in one novel is no small achievement; yet it is a salad of which the peculiarly attractive flavour is the author's own secret. Taken for all in all, it is one of the very best romances the Baron has come across for some considerable time.

A stimulating commencement characterises GEORGE GRIFFITH'S *The World Masters* (JOHN LONG), but the interest is allowed to drop until the eighth chapter, when it is revived, yet only for a while. "Ah!" sighs the Baron, "to what sensational uses would not *Sherlock Holmes* have put the material that this author had at his command? But '*such an honest chronicler as* GRIFFITH' will soon give us something better, something more stirring. So till then, GRIFFITH, farewell!—nay—Patience! till his next romance," quoth the sanguine

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



FOREIGN COMPETITION.

BRITISH HABITUAL CRIMINAL. "WELL, IF THESE 'ERE FURRIN ALIENS IS A-GOIN' TER TAKE THE BREAD OUT OF A HONEST MAN'S MOUTH—BLIMEY IF I DON'T TURN COPPER!"

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XII.—SIR HUBERT PARRY.

"AVAST there!" cried the genial Director of the Royal College of Music, playfully saluting us with a belaying pin and several marlinspikes, as we entered his sumptuous sanctum in Prince Consort Road. Sir HUBERT, it should be explained, was originally intended for the Navy, and to this day spends all his available leisure on the briny deep. But having inadvertently become a Bachelor of Music while still at Eton, it was impossible for him to be altogether wedded to the ocean wave. Proceeding from Eton to Exeter College, Oxford, he took kindly to cricket, and foreshadowed his distinction



He spends all his available leisure on the briny deep.

in other fields of activity by his free and easy scoring. After Oxford the naval instinct once more asserted itself, and for a short time he occupied a desk at Lloyd's, where he edited a collection of sailors' "chanties," and practised assiduously on the *tromba marina*. Encouraged by the reception of these efforts, young PARRY studied composition under HERRESHOFF, KIEL, DANNREUTHER, and, having submitted a masterly exercise in demonstration of the hitherto unsuspected truth that two consecutive fifths are equal to a submerged tenth, was granted his certificate as Master Mariner, and was shortly afterwards appointed musical critic to the *Pilot*. His deep interest in the Mercantile Marine was further evinced in the fact that perhaps his most resounding success was achieved in a cantata richly scored for a Pair of Sirens. His notorious prowess as a



"Premature baldness rendered it absolutely impossible for me to attain distinction as a pianistic virtuoso."

swimmer is fitly commemorated in his incidental music to the *Frogs*, while his favourite song is "*L'esperto nocchiero.*"

The readiness with which Sir HUBERT vouchsafed information on these points encouraged us to ask a few further questions.

"Have you time," we asked, "to play any instrument nowadays?"

"Nary a blooming one," was the prompt response. Then with a swift return to the decorous diction of the *Evolution of Music*, he added, "Unfortunately premature baldness rendered it absolutely impossible for me to attain distinction as a pianistic virtuoso."

"Is it true, Sir HUBERT," we timidly queried, "that in one of your lectures you alluded to the old Masters as 'those old buffers'?"

"Great César Cui!" exploded the Director, "did I really now? Well, it



"I have a bomb-proof turret into which I retire at times."

shan't occur again. But I sometimes forget that I am a Choragus. and lapse into the breezy vernacular. You see it's harder to play the part when you don't look it." We may add that it is the great sorrow of Sir HUBERT'S life that no stranger ever took him for a musician.

Adroitly changing the subject we then inquired:—

"Which do you think the greater composer, RICHARD STRAUSS or SOUSA?"

"O, come now," said Sir HUBERT PARRY, "you might as well ask me the difference between a March King and a March Hare—or a May Queen," he added, as a familiar strain of STERNDALE BENNETT'S floated up the corridor. "Personally I am more akin to SOUSA, as we are both J.P.'s."

"Your duties then must be very arduous?"

"They are indeed. The crew of the



To take a flying leap into a passing hansom was the work of fewer seconds than it takes to describe.

Royal College numbers upwards of 400, and, as they all sing or play, the noise is sometimes tremendous. However, I have a bomb-proof turret into which I retire at times. And then I have a splendid set of officers—an eloquent PARRATT, an ARBOS who is never up a tree, a WOOD who never shivers his timbers, a BRIDGE who plays his game two-handed—wonderful fellows all of them."

"And what are your recreations?"

"Well, an occasional novel—being a skipper comes in handy there—and attending my parish council in Gloucestershire. And that reminds me that I have only eight minutes to catch my train at Paddington. You'll excuse me if I leave you."

To light a powerful cigar, to seize his coat, hat, and a huge bundle of MS.

score, take a flying leap into a passing hansom, was for Sir HUBERT the work of fewer seconds than it takes us to describe his meteoric movements. From his courteous registrar, who accompanied us to the vestibule, we learned that the Director is causing his friends no little anxiety by his avowed intention of purchasing a submarine yacht, having so often previously attempted to commit Parrycide on sea and land.

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Communicated by the Author.)

I.

IF I may be justified to form an opinion from more than one epistle forwarded to myself from *Punch's* Offices, there are already many millions of habitual playgoers who are on the *qui vive* of expectancy to witness my unparagoned drama of *Mr. Frankenstein* represented on some first-class London stage.

I can assure them it is no fault of their humble servant's that they have had to wait so long for such a desiderated spectacle. For I embraced an early opportunity of furnishing every London acting-manager of any importance whatever with type-written scenarioes and sample extracts—but so far without receiving even the bare courtesy of a nude acknowledgment!

I have also used best endeavours to personally buttonhole some of the bigger theatrical wigs and enlist their sympathies on my behalf, but it appears that these illustrious Thespians are such inordinate lovers of seclusion that it is humanly impossible to interview them on any pretext.

However, *Audaces Fortuna juvat!* and, not being a steed that I can starve while the stable-door is being so insouciantly shut in my face, I have luckily fallen in with a benign and magnanimous patron, who has generously undertaken to do the necessary to insure me a popular hearing.

This high-minded personage enjoys the double-barrelled appellation of Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW, and he is so violently in love with my Tragedy that he is prepared to produce same at a fashionable West End Theatre as a *matinée*-performance, on the terms that he shall furnish the requisite company, sceneries, &c., on my provision of the wherewithal for all monetary expenses.

These latter I shall easily recoup by sales of admission-tickets on the share-and-share-alike principle, and he assures me that countless tip-top managerial swells and dramatical critics will be all agog to behold such a *rara avis* as a drama by a native Indian gentleman, and that I am certain to secure a very bulky whale by the expenditure of a mere sprat.

Moreover, I shall have the immense advantage of being interpreted by players all of whom are guaranteed *au faits*, for it appears that Mr. DUCROW is the official Principal of a Select Dramatic College, and he has promised to pick out only such of his *alumnuses* upon whom, after passing very stiff exams, he has recently conferred the degree of B.A. (Bachelor of Acting).

This is a distinction which is not possessed even by Managers of His Majesty's, Haymarket, Garrick, Adelphic, or indeed any other similar establishment, and Mr. DUCROW declares to me that if such Acting-Managers were to present themselves for a pass-certificate, he would be compelled as a conscientious to plough the entire boiling!

Still I may confidentially hint to Honbles BEERBHOME, MAUDE-ROBERTSON, BOUTCHER, & Co. that I am already so firmly established in Mr. DUCROW'S good books that *any nominee of mine* would infallibly obtain a firstrate degree—perhaps without more than a *pro formâ* exam. But it would of course be unreasonable to expect me to exert influence for any individual who is too churlish to scratch my back in return! Am I understood, Misters? . . .

I have now had the honour to be introduced to my Company.

Mr. SILLIPHANT (who is to play the hero) is perhaps somewhat senile to enact a Collegian such as my *Mr. Frankenstein*, but he engages that, by dint of a fair wig and a modicum of grease-paint, he can transform himself to a stripling. Besides being a certified B.A., he is the practical tragedian, having been employed for over two months in a provincial *Sign of the Cross* Company as the understudent of a Christian martyr.

The *Monster* will be enacted by a Mr. FITKIN, who, for family reasons, has adopted the stagey nomenclature of "OSRIC BELSIZE." He is of mediocre stature, and still entitled to plead infancy (except for legal necessities)—but of excessively buxom comely appearance.

No sooner were we acquainted than he handed me a photographical presentment of himself as he appeared at some charitable theatricals in SHERIDAN'S play of *Masks and Faces*. I thanked him effusively for so handsome a present, and was proceeding to promise, by way of equivalent, a copy of my own photo in frockcoat and turband by a Calcutta firm—when he hastily explained that it was not a gift but simply a loan-exhibit, and replaced it in his bosom-pocket. He admits that the *Monster* is a big part, and is confident that he will make something out of it.

The other gentleman-actors are also adolescents—but, though they profess that they have merely entered Mr. DUCROW'S Academical-College "for the lark of the thing," it is manifest that without laborious diligence they could not so speedily have qualified as B.A.'s.

As for the ladies, though of less juvenility, they are a very genteel spritely set of females. Miss VIRGINIA POTT (whose theatrical pseudonym is "OPHELIA DANESCOURT") is to take the part of *Safie*, the beautiful Turkish, and is a middle-aged erudite spinster, and fanatical admirer of Poet SHAKSPEARE, the whole of whose works she has *au bout des ongles* and cites incessantly.

In this she is by no means on all fours with Miss ROUSIE RAWKINS, a young maiden with a voice of rather too strident intonations, who is to play *Agatha* under the appellation of "Miss DAPHNE VANSITTART," and who blames the Bard on the ground of his excessive coarseness.

She has, however, paid my drama the deservedly high compliment of her opinion that it does not contain a single line that is incapable of being spoken by a perfect lady!

For the heroine—*Miss Elizabeth Lavenza*—a certain Miss ENID TITTENSOR has been selected. She is of somewhat engaging exterior, but afflicted with such overweening sheepishness that she cannot even read her part without paroxysms of irrepressible gigglings. I am earnestly hoping that she will exhibit greater *sangfroid* by the date of performance.

The aforesaid Mr. DUCROW has been obliged to procure an outside urchin to play the important *rôle* of *Little Darling William*—to wit, a certain Master HALFRID CHUGG, who, although extremely precocious, is as yet too callow to become a full-fledged B.A.

Notwithstanding this, I foresee that he will prove fairly competent to perform so infantile a character—though I shall make it a *sine quâ non* that before his public appearance he is to perform his ablutions by washing at least his face.

Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW has secured the Royal Oak Theatre, Westbourne Park, for my matinée performance.

It is indubitably situated more at the West End than such *soi-disant* establishments as the Haymarket and His Majesty's Theatres, and as buses are in the habit of passing

it by at frequent intervals, it is, so I am credibly informed, the favourite pleasure resort of all the Upper Circles.

Unluckily it is in such request that it is not feasible to hire the stage for more than a single afternoon, and it is therefore compulsory to hold all our rehearsal-practices in Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW'S Academy, which, being a first-floor drawing-room apartment in the Euston Road, is not constructed to accommodate more than three or four characters at a time, so that in the more populated scenes the majority must recite their respective parts from the landing outside.

This, however, is a small matter, since I am told the *Dramatis personæ* will not be so shamefully over-crowded on the actual stage.

I can promise that the sceneries will be truly magnificent, as Mr. DUCROW has undertaken that no expense shall be spared upon same.

It only remains to announce that the date of this superbly solemn dramatic event is now irrevocably fixed for Wednesday week at 2.30 P.M. Evening dress not compulsory. There will be a Refreshments-counter.

Readers of *Punch* may depend on being allotted best seats, on forwarding P.O.'s for 7*s.* 6*d.* per head, with stamped addressed envelopes to myself, c/o Honble Editor (whom I am entitling to admission *gratis*). H. B. J.

A ROMANCE OF THE PERIOD.

["From New York we hear of a lover who does his wooing with a revolver. It is alleged that he put one arm round the lady's waist, and with the other held a revolver to her face. Then he threatened that if she did not agree to marry him he would shoot her."—*Daily Paper*]

. . . EDWIN crept noiselessly and on all fours to the half-opened door of the armour-plated drawing-room. His heart leapt within him. ANGELINA, dreamily gazing into the fire, was off guard!

Sliding the door gently forward, he advanced slowly, still upon hands and knees, until he was within the firing line. Then, rising quickly and cocking his revolver, he whispered tenderly, "ANGELINA!"

The next moment the fair object of his desires was upon her feet ready to give the alarm.

"Do not, dearest ANGELINA," he cried. "But listen to me. I love you dearly, you are the light of my eyes, the object of my most devoted admiration—and if you move in any but one direction you are a dead woman."

"And that direction is?"

"Into these arms, darling," he replied. "No! I do not mean these fire-arms, but these human, that long to take you captive." He paused for a moment and then continued softly: "Immediately hand over the key of your heart or I shall have to open fire upon you."

For a moment the beautiful girl was uncertain what to do. She knew that if her father were communicated with he would quickly bring the family howitzer—which had already accounted for fourteen swains—to bear upon the enemy. Even now he might be marching to her relief. Her brother, too, she thought, was only in the garden, and might be reconnoitring the enemy's position from the outside. She must hold out at all costs. Putting her hand into her pocket, she drew forth her handkerchief and waved it aloft. "The white flag!" he exclaimed; "well, what do you want?"

"An armistice for a quarter of an hour," replied the brave girl.

"Ha!" he said. "I see. You are looking for reinforcements. But my brother GEORGE is covering your brother's advance from the garden, and your father is already in hospital. Must I open fire?" He added the last words in a tremulous tone.

She looked around her for any aid. But there was none in prospect.

"I surrender," she said.

The next moment EDWIN had taken her prisoner.



Jones. "DO YOU DRINK BETWEEN MEALS?" *Smith.* "NO. I EAT BETWEEN DRINKS."
Jones. "WHICH DID YOU DO LAST?" *Smith.* "DRINK."
Jones. "THEN WE'D BETTER GO AND HAVE A SANDWICH AT ONCE!"

"THE COUNTRY LUNCH CLUB."

[According to the *Daily Graphic* of Feb. 18, an organisation has been formed to induce City men to journey out of town to some pleasant place twenty miles or more away, consume a midday meal, and get back to business almost as soon as their clerks. Guildford was selected as the venue for the initial exodus of the Club.]

Oh to be in Guildford,
Now the Lunch Club 's there,
And whoever lives in Guildford
Sees some morning, unaware,
A hungry crowd beyond belief
Rush up the street for a visit brief
To the "Chequers," the "Jolly Farmer," the "Plough,"
In Guildford now!

After each train-load, one more follows,
Migrating like a flock of swallows;
They one and all have taken a solemn pledge
To sniff the turnips and to feed in clover.
That 's the Prize Pig; he eats each course twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine rural rapture!
When all the bosses such a plan pursue,
And miss the train back from their pasture new,
All will be gay in London when they dower
Their staff thus with an extra playful hour!

PITY THE POOR LANDOWNER!

The Liberty and Property Defence League from time to time raises its voice in lamentation over the crushing character of the Death Duties. In fact the League seems inclined to agree with the lady in the play who declared, "What with the duties expected of you during your life, and the duties exacted from you after your death, land is rapidly ceasing to be either a profit or a pleasure. It gives you a position and prevents you from keeping it up. That is all that can be said about land!"

The following letters which *Mr. Punch* has received on the subject seem to show that that *dictum* was but too well founded.

The Duke of Loamshire writes:—"Owing to Sir William Harcourt's iniquitous tax I have been compelled to a series of retrenchments of the most distressing nature. Of my nine country seats I have been obliged to close temporarily no less than three. One of these, it is true, is in Ireland, and as it has not been occupied for the last twenty years this is no great inconvenience. But the loss of the other two I feel keenly. The stables at Loam are now a perfect desert. Nothing is left in them save a few hunters, a hack or two, and the Duchess's carriage horses. While of our twelve thousand acres of shooting in Fifeshire no less than seven thousand are now let! Such is the state of indigence to which this crushing impost has reduced us!"

Sir Gorgius Midas, Bart., writes:—"The profound sorrow which the death of my late father caused the country is only equalled by the poignant pecuniary distress it has occasioned his son. Lady Midas and myself have actually been compelled to let our house in Park Lane, and are now living penuriously in South Audley Street. The most rigid economy is necessary in our household expenditure. One of the under cooks has been dismissed, also the third coachman; and we now have only *five* footmen. I need not point out the unmerited suffering which this state of things must have caused to the dependants whose services we have been compelled to dispense with."

Mr. John Bloggins, son of the well-known South African millionaire, writes:—"The amount of the death duties payable upon my father's estate will be not less than five hundred thousand pounds. In order to raise this sum without encroaching on the capital it will be necessary to curtail even necessary expenditure upon his numerous English estates, raise the rents of his tenants wherever possible, dismiss all servants, gardeners and gamekeepers who are getting past their work, *and, of course, abandon all subscriptions to charitable and other benevolent and public objects whatsoever.* The last of these will be a serious deprivation to *me*, as it will mean the almost indefinite postponement of the knighthood on which I had set my heart. I am sure you will agree with me, Sir, that a financial expedient which has this deplorable result is entirely unworthy of even a mediocre Statesman!"

TO A "CHUCKER-OUT."

(By a Gentleman on the Black List.)

William (a person unsurpassed in size),
Thy bosom, tender as the brooding hen's is,
Might wring a teardrop from the grossest eyes,
And move the dullest to poetic frenzies;
And yesternight, as round thy feet I clung,
I swore thy charms should never go unsung.

Men know thee well; the organ-grinder's boy
Eyes thee askance and moves discreetly on;
The languorous housemaid winks on thee for joy,
Thou art so beautiful to look upon.
Oft have I heard the unrequited sigh
From love-lorn Duchesses that pass thee by.

William, dost thou recall how on a day
I backed my first and only Derby winner,
And subsequently fell an easy prey
To Bacchus at a rather lavish dinner,
And how I started up the mazy street
Poised on a pair of disconnected feet?

Thy hand it was that with a mother's care
Unhooked me from an irresponsive stranger,
That haled me to a hansom by the hair
And placed me, still protesting, out of danger,
Thy tongue restrained with eloquent appeal
The strenuous constable's unholy zeal.

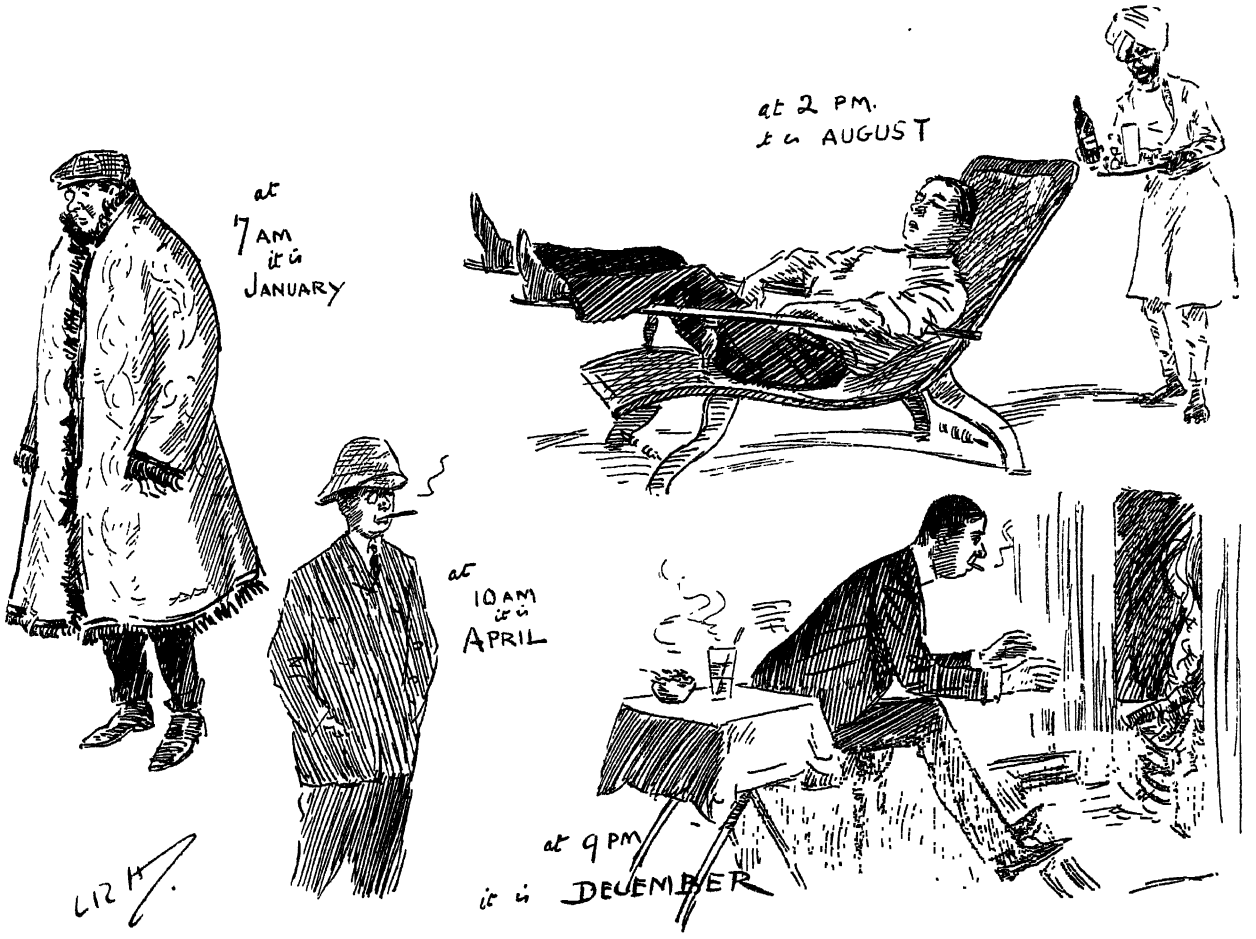
William, alas! a Law severe and new
Enacts that he who falls a prey to liquor,
Whose limbs grow light beneath the potent brew,
Whose speech with each ensuing draught grows thicker
Shall be debarred the moist abodes of sin,
And that thou may'st not, canst not let him in!

And I must thirst! 'twere idle to resist,
Bearing the law's deep dudgeon still in mind;
Within thy poke there lies an awful List:
The yet more awful Beak looms large behind!
And even thou, without mine ancient haunt,
Dost wave thy frowning feet and cry, "Avaunt!"

The times are changed and we must alter too,
Who oft enjoyed congenial carouses;
The flowing bowl must rigidly eschew,
Or seek the same in alien public-houses,
Where still perchance refreshment we may claim,
Unknown alike to potmen and to Fame.

Collusion?—In *Sporting Life* (Feb. 14) the Committee of the Waterloo Coursing Meeting advertised that "the arrangements previously made with pickpockets and welshers will be continued."

Motto for Sir Frederick Lugard.—"*Arma virumque Kano.*"



VARIETY.

Extract from a Globe-trotter's Correspondence:—"DEAR JACK,—YOU TALK ABOUT THE CHANGEABLENESS OF THE WEATHER AT HOME, BUT EVEN IN THE SHINY EAST WE GET A FEW SAMPLES IN THE COURSE OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS, AS ABOVE."

CHARIVARIA.

SOMEONE who thinks Ping-Pong succeeded because of its pretty title has invented a game called "Wibbly-Wob."

Oyster-lovers may like to know that, according to an eminent medical man, the bivalves are entirely free from danger if first thoroughly soaked in carbolic.

There is still a considerable amount of discontent among solicitors at the decision of many County Court Judges that they must wear their gowns. It is felt that a change should be made either in the gowns of the solicitors or those of the Court ushers in order that the public may know which is which. It will be remembered that barristers are allowed to wear wigs.

Mr. FISHER UNWIN has published a book entitled *Augustus*, and it is having an enormous sale among patrons of comic literature, whose language is terrible to hear when they discover it to be a serious treatise on the founder of the Roman Empire.

And Mr. GAMBIER BOLTON'S *A Book of Beasts* is being freely ordered by all sorts of objectionable persons, to see whether they have been found out.

Mr. JOHN PHILIP SOUSA has again been accused of theatricality. The current number of the *Lady's Magazine* publishes his portrait in "Some Notes on our Theatrical Favourites."

In the Chamber of Deputies, M. BINDER has called M. COMBES a chameleon, and it was noticed that the PRIME MINISTER distinctly changed colour at the accusation.

A clever young surgeon is said to be studying the question of the possibility of making dogs talk. There is little doubt that a fortune awaits the man who will make cats keep quiet.

The village of Ontario, Ohio, boasts of a boy only four months old who whistles a variety of tunes learned from his father during the latter's endeavours to lull him to sleep. He also possesses a voice of wonderful power. The father is distracted.

There is likely to be trouble between the Hon. JAMES W. S. LANGERMAN and the *Daily Express*. In an interview in that paper on the subject of Morocco the Hon. JAMES W. S. LANGERMAN is made to say: "The Sultan is very fond of his horses, mechanical contrivances of all kinds, and his private Zoo. On one occasion when I was there . . . ."

The scene of the play, *A Snug Little Kingdom*, now running at the Royalty, is not laid in Saxony.

PROFESSIONAL MODESTY. — Mr. HALL CAINE has written to a branch of the "Dickens Fellowship" in the following generous terms: "The revival of interest in DICKENS is perhaps the most remarkable literary event of my time." May one conjecture what lies behind the reservation in that saving word "perhaps"?



First Golfer (to second golfer, who is caught in a bunker) "WELL, JONES TOLD ME THIS MORNING HE DID THIS HOLE YESTERDAY IN FOUR."
Second Golfer (who stammers). "IF JONES S-S-SAID HE DID IT IN FOUR, HE WAS A L-L-L-L——"
First Golfer "STEADY, FRIEND, STEADY!" *Second Golfer.* "——HE WAS A L-LUCKY BEGGAR!"

THE THEATRICAL "PAR." OF THE FUTURE.

THE new play at the Grand is full of novelties, and should be seen by everyone. The opening scene—a rockbound coast—makes a most effective background for the oyster-white satin gown trimmed with écru motifs and punched lace insertion worn by the heroine—a fisher-maiden. The stole of curled coque feathers which she assumes as the red limelight betokens the approach of the dinner-hour is very smart, as is also the comfy-looking sealskin coat that the appearance of the moon renders absolutely *de rigueur*. The moonlight mailleté embroideries are also nicely in keeping. The Second Act introduces us to a bevy of pretty girls in wool fascinators, who flit gaily about a cornfield in wonderful zibeline costumes with swallow-tailed basques, and pagoda cuffs faced with ermine. The fisher-maiden's hat of draped ivory areophane, and her sacque with flat revers of dark red skunk bordered with plissé chiffon, are worth going miles to see. There is a sprinkling of men in the piece, who afford useful relief.

The revival of *Aurora Floyd* at the Britannia the other night was marked by an extraordinary niggardliness on the part of the management. Most of the *dramatis personæ* had absolutely nothing to wear—the old housekeeper, for instance, coming on in the same black silk throughout the entire evening. Even the lady who played the name-part was afforded no opportunity of changing her dresses—except between the Acts. There is no reason why the action of each scene should not be suspended during her necessary occasional absences for this purpose. Other theatres now give us these pauses, full of the most thrilling anticipatory interest.

We regret to say the costumes in *Hamlet* at the Polytechnic are very old-fashioned. The play is, however, worth seeing for the sake of the wrinkles for fancy dresses that may be obtained from a close study of it. *Hamlet's* suit of sable musquash lined with mink, though certainly uncommon, could, however, only be worn in a ball-room by a very young girl. The same remark applies to *Ophelia's* bathing-suit of *crêpe de chine*.

COLOURABLE IMITATION.

Or, a J. M. Barrie'sment of Titles.

THE sincerest form of flattery has already overtaken *The Little White Bird*. A publisher announces *The Little Red Fish*. We understand that the following works are in preparation :—

The Little Blue Bottle;
The Little Blue Pill;
The Little Black Eye;
The Little Pink Pearl;
The Little Purple Emperor;
The Little Brown Boot;
The Little Yellow Jaundice;
The Little Scarlet Fever;
The Little Grey Hair;
The Little Gold Stopping.

FROM the *Liverpool Daily Post* we extract the following advertisement of what may be called Co-incidental Music :—

PHILHARMONIC HALL.

HIS MAJESTY'S GRENADIER GUARDS' BAND.

March "Stars and Stripes for Ever" (at 3 and 8). *Sousa.*

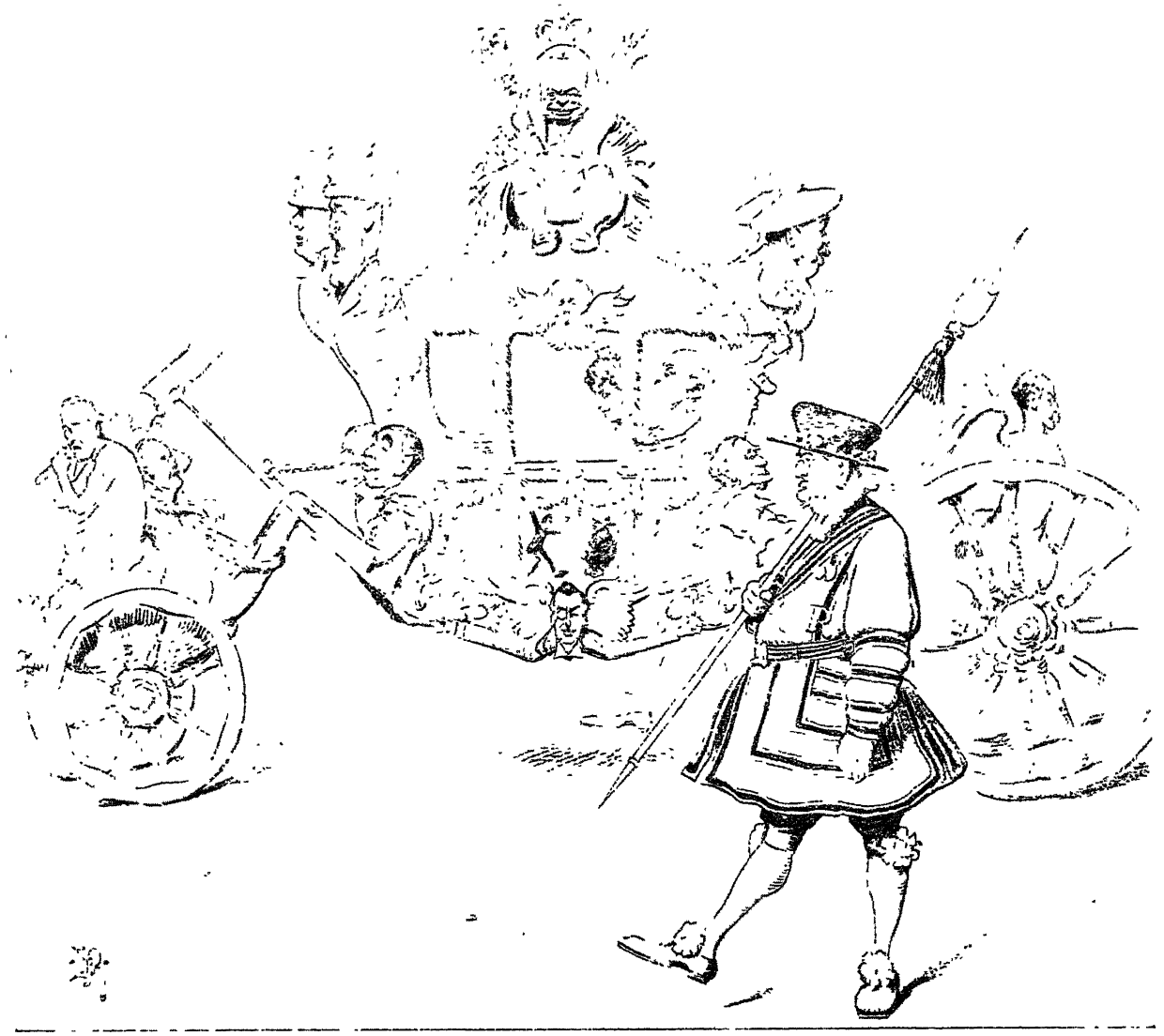


DEAD WEIGHT.

MASTER BALFOUR. "IT 'S ALWAYS THE SAME, I NEVER *CAN* GET THIS THING TO START!"
JOHN BULL. "WHAT DO YOU EXPECT WITH ALL THAT RUBBISH HANGING ON TO IT?"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



AMENDED DESIGN FOR THE STATE COACH.

(For Parliamentary Purposes.)

House of Lords, Tuesday, Feb. 17.—Parliament opened with pomp and circumstance attending presence of the Sovereign. The more things change, the more they resemble each other. To-day EDWARD, erstwhile PRINCE OF WALES, now King EDWARD THE SEVENTH, sits on the Throne and, wearing in place of crown the plumed hat of a Field-Marshal, reads his Speech. When, three hours after, the Lords were embarked in debate on Address, a later PRINCE OF WALES, gazing on the empty Throne, listened from the familiar seat at corner of front cross bench. Thus AMURATH to AMURATH succeeds.

Not much of a crowd in either House. Ministerialists and Opposition duly mustered. But Members recognise unreality of proceeding. Long, rambling debate on Address ostensibly takes form of attack on Ministers with respect to things done or left undone during Recess. But Opposition leaders cannot screw courage to sticking point of moving vote of censure. That being so, PRINCE ARTHUR insists that House might just as well, even better, get to work on legislative business, dealing with controversial questions as they present themselves in practical form. (*See Cartoon.*)

Suggestion characteristically bland; it is certainly childlike. Parliament, especially Commons, knows its own business better. Year after year always talkee talkee round Address for ten days or fortnight. Not going to trounce tradition, betray dearest privilege of Britisher and Irishman because it is mere waste of time, to be made up later in Session by hustling Bills and Money votes through final stages.

All the same it is deadly dull; proceedings in both Houses direfully tedious. The Lords momentarily comforted by Return of that eminent Native the MARKISS. Since he stepped down from altitude of Premiership not been seen at Westminster. This afternoon, noble Lords, in anticipation of debate on Address, yawning at each other across the floor, sharply waked up at observation of the MARKISS ambling in. Seemed most natural thing in the world that, as

he passed between Ministerial Bench and Table, he should drop into old seat in which of late years he has slept away an hour of many summer afternoons. Headed straight on, crossed Gangway, came to anchor on front bench below. Here, in company with that other great statesman retired from business, GRAND CROSS, he sat and listened to SPENCER and COUNTY GUY toiling at the Table, wrestling over the Address.

No more for him the labouring oar. If Bishops go wrong or Irish landlords grow unruly, let others look to it. For him rest evermore, and enjoyment of this new aspect of familiar scene. Never before has the MARKISS sat below the Gangway in House of Lords. Situation familiar to Lord ROBERT CECIL in House of Commons fifty years ago. When he succeeded to the peerage he was already of Ministerial rank, with right of place on either Front Bench according as his party was in or out. On one or other he has sat these thirty-five years.

How delightful and instructive it would be if, inspired and invigorated by below-the-gangway atmosphere, the MARKISS, reverting to the ROBERT CECIL frame of mind, would occasionally express his views not only on the imperfections of the Opposition, but on the laches of noble Lords on the Ministerial Bench!

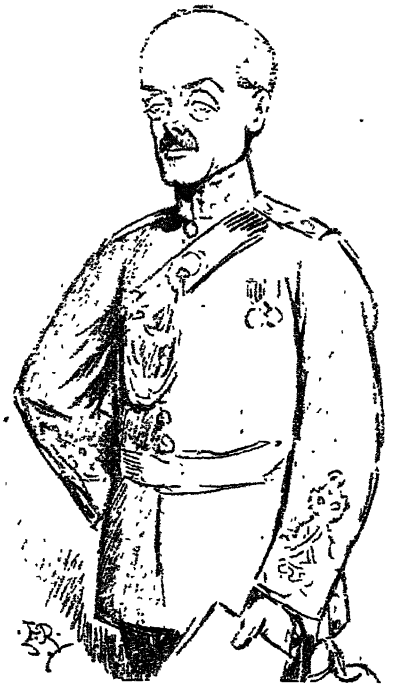
Business done.—Session opens.

House of Commons, Thursday.—BEERBOHM TREE produces at Haymarket what he calls TOLSTOY'S *Resurrection*. T. R. Westminster, not to be outdone by minor modern house, brings out "Resurrection of JESSE COLLINGS." Immense success; standing room only; *Matinées*, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Contributory to triumph was the unexpectedness. No preliminary puffs; no billing of the town; no advertisements "under the clock." Sitting set apart for debate on condition of Unemployed; initiated by DON'T KEIR HARDIE, seconded by JOHN BURNS in finely turbulent speech. Then, to all men's marvel and much delight, enter JESSE COLLINGS, astride the historic cow, gravely prancing round the once familiar Three Acres.

Which thing is an allegory. What really happened was that, the old, old question of the Unemployed springing up, JESSE remembered him of the unfailing panacea, his own Small Holdings Act. Put that in universal operation, and there you are; every poor man in the kingdom possessing three acres and one cow, living happily together ever afterwards.

Only old Members like SARK appreciate all the history that lies behind this simple incident. Here was the Member for BORDESLEY, after meteoric flight adown the Treasury Bench, once more on benches below Gangway, where, Radical among Radicals, he, nearly a quarter of a century ago, began his useful, honourable career. In corresponding position on other side just seventeen years ago, forestalling DE WET'S tactics, he drove his cow before him in attack on the Government of Lord SALISBURY, then in office; adroitly got the beast between the MARKISS'S legs; upset him on the veld of the Three Acres; brought back Mr. G., the Home Rule Bill up his sleeve; led to rout of Liberal Party; hustled them into the wilderness; made possible a



A Disordered Recollection of the Seconder of the Address.

(Capt. Hon. R-n-ld Gr-v-lle.)

Unionist Government and all that has happened since 1886.

There 's history for you. And all about a cow!

Members listening to J. C., scanning his benevolent visage as he proffers Small Allotments alike to the many-acred Squire and the impecunious Radical, forget all this, or never knew it. Perhaps the venerable Three-Acred cowkeeper doesn't himself realise the irony of situation. Since first he led his patient beast round the floor of House of Commons he has himself boxed the political compass. Now, nearing the end, he finds himself once more a private Member, seated below the Gangway, staking out his Three Acres, pathetically milking the old familiar cow.

Business done.—Discussion on condition of the Unemployed.

Friday night.—Years ago JOKIM, still with us in the Commons, ruling the Queen's Navee under the flag of the MARKISS, confided to the MEMBER FOR SARK his hankering for emancipation. He wanted, he said, to complete a work long in hand, being a record of the Life and Times of his grandfather. After long, honourable, public service, JOKIM, to the irreparable loss of the Commons, has soared into another place, and is now Viscount GOSCHEN. His literary work is finished, and Mr. MURRAY issues it in two portly volumes.

The title is of itself an epitome of family history, of which those who bear the name may well be proud. *The Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer, by his Grandson, Viscount Goschen.* Little did the publisher and printer in his small shop at Leipsic, moving heaven and earth and KÖRNER to raise £450, the modest capital necessary to his business, dream that a hundred and eighteen years later a London firm would be publishing his Life, the writer being his own grandson, a peer of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Lord GOSCHEN'S ability as debater, almost orator, has been long established in Parliament and on the platform. In his book he discloses possession of gift of admirable literary style. This combination rare; was conspicuously lacked by his early master in political life. Over Mr. G.'s written pages ran the taint of sinuous sentences, loosely constructed, well enough in spoken speech, fatal to a written book. The grandson lovingly limns the Leipsic publisher—industrious, strenuous, scrupulously honest, occasionally sentimental, always with an eye on the till. In the way of business this early GOSCHEN came into close communication with SCHILLER, WIELAND, GOETHE, and other literary giants who flourished in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Of these the grandson presents cameo studies that add largely to the interest and value of the work.

Business done.—Still talking round the Address.

["Miss MARIE CORELLI asks us to state that she is not, and never will be, a 'biographer' of her own life."—*Morning Post.*]

Is it too late to ask the talented author to reconsider her decision, when we remind her how a like omission on the part of a writer haling from the same neighbourhood plunged the world, three centuries after his death, into the great BACON controversy. Why should the generations of the 23rd Century suffer as we have suffered?

FOR THE COMING ACADEMY.

Young Mrs. Jim (the visitor). "SO SORRY I'M LATE, DEAR, BUT JIM HAS BEEN MAKING ME SIT TO MR. PALLITT, AND I'VE BEEN THERE ALL THE AFTERNOON."
Mrs. Elderson (at home). "OH, IS PALLITT PAINTING YOU? THEN ALL I CAN SAY IS, I ONLY HOPE HE WILL FLATTER YOU MORE THAN HE DID ME!"

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VII.

IN A CAGE.

GREAT ST. ANDREW STREET is one of the pointers of Seven Dials. On the opposite side of the Dial-face is Little St. Andrew Street, which is, in fact, a continuation of the great one, and in its outward form precisely similar to it. There are five other streets leading out of the Dials, all bearing a strong family likeness to the two I have named and to one another. The Seven Dials (if we may, for convenience, use it as a singular word) has had publicity thrust upon it. It was born in retirement and, though its life is busy enough, it could never have achieved its present conspicuousness but for the various improvements which have swept away many of the adjoining slums. If you remove an ancient and embedded stone you find underneath it strange shapes of life that hurry away in a vain effort to hide from the unaccustomed glare of day. So it must have been in the Dials and its purlieus when the London County Council first drew the kindly veil of slumdom from it and exposed it to the public view. Now, however, it has grown accustomed to the light; its denizens have recovered their former equanimity, and it gets through its day's and night's work with something of its former zest. So far there is no writing on its walls, but sooner or later, I make no doubt, the County Council's hand of doom must be laid upon it, and it will become a mockery and a memory. Even now there is over it and its seven streets an indescribable atmosphere, made up of decaying vegetables, tattered matrons in apron and slippers, infants with dirty faces playing amongst the hoofs of horses, costermongers' carts, cats, puppies, pigeons, and tawdry finery—the atmosphere that foretells the inevitable coming of the surveyor who is to plan it out into broad avenues lined with stately houses, having first levelled it with the ground.

My business, however, is not so much with the Dials itself as with Great St. Andrew Street, which is one of its issues. Through this street I am compelled to walk several times a week on my way to the house of toil. It has, of course, shops of different kinds, but they are all dominated by one kind of shop which gives the region its special character—the kind which is devoted to dogs, cats, rabbits, and birds. This is a feature of the street which you cannot miss. It is useless to turn your head away from the poor little fox-terrier curled up in his cage, with his patient back presented to the insufferable loungers who poke their sticks between the wires and try to rouse him into the animation which ought to mark a fox-terrior, and which would doubtless mark this one too, if he had the free use of his active little legs and could scurry barking over the grass and exchange amenities with other barking, lively, impertinent canine friends—it is useless, I say, to attempt to avoid such a sight by turning your head from him, for on the opposite side of the street it 's ten to one you 'll have to look at some other pitiful captives, caged and cramped through all the hours of God's day. You can't get away from the sight, so look at it and try to learn its lessons.



Mr. Town Mouse. "WE RUN ABOUT TOWN IN MOTOR-CARS NOW, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Wild Rabbit. "WELL, WE CAN'T FIND ANYTHING TO BEAT OUR SYSTEM OF TUBES."

Now if *you* were put to live in Great St. Andrew Street in a cage similarly proportioned to your size, a cage in which you could just stand up and only just lie down, what a beating of bars and a bellowing there would be! Can't you imagine your letter to the *Times* (written with a lump of coal on a stray rag of dirty paper), and the arrival of the police, the release of the furious prisoner, the question in the House of Commons, the fall of the Government which had failed to prevent the outrage, and the action for false imprisonment with its £10,000 damages? You 're a free-born, two-legged man, and, begad, Sir, you 're not going to submit to such a horror—you 're not even going to give yourself the pain of imagining its dreadful possibility. Of course I must not really compare you to dogs and cats and birds. These poor creatures can't form abstract ideas, I 'm told. They can't even think of justice and mercy and goodness. They don't go to church. Nobody, since the time of ST. FRANCIS, has ever preached to any of their kind. They don't read daily papers, or vote at elections, or scowl at their wives when the mutton is tough. Heaven, which denied to them these felicities, has, however, in its wisdom given them an ineradicable hatred of cages, though they can't write odes to freedom or make speeches about it. Civilisation has made them man's dependants, and man, flying in the face of Heaven, coops them up behind wires and takes joy and movement out of their humble lives.

There is a cat, a long-haired Persian tabby, in Great St. Andrew Street. She lives on the pavement-tier of cages of one of the shops. Every day I see her as I walk. There she sits on her litter of straw behind the wires, sits and sits with that air of almost pathetic reserve and dignity and inscrutable mysterious distance which marks cats of her race in repose. It seems almost a sacrilege to interfere with her, or to approach her with the compliments to which house-cats are used. Just try her, however. Give her a "Pussy, poor pussy!" and insert a finger to scratch her behind an ear. Instantly she is on her feet, her face one broad smile of happy recognition. She rubs herself against your finger, circling round her cage, and as you withdraw she puts out an appealing paw in a vain effort to retain you. When you look back she is sitting again, looking out with the old stony impassivity on the life and bustle of the heedless street. At any rate, that cat knows how to behave in

Great St. Andrew Street. She makes no fuss; I have never even heard her mew, but I do not infer from this uncomplaining attitude that she loves her cage and the prisoned life she leads in it. Please take a look at her when you happen to be passing that way. She is a beautiful cat, and a very kind and gentle and grateful one.

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

A VALEDICTION.

(Offered, on the spot, by an Exile, to the last of the homeward Durbar Liners.)

Now the busy screw is churning;
  Now the hour has come to sail;
Now are India's guests returning
  Homeward by the weekly Mail;
Now the gleeful Asiatic
  Speeds them in their wild career,
And, though normally phlegmatic,
  Gives a half-unconscious cheer.

India's years were years of leanness
  Till the Greatest Show on Earth
Summoned these, whose happy greenness
  She has run for all 'twas worth;
Only for a month she knew them;
  Yet, so far as one can tell,
All the land rose up to do them
  (And she *did*) extremely well.

Peace be theirs, most goodly Packet!
  Genial skies and happy calms—
No derogatory racket—
  No humiliating qualms;
Gales, I charge you, shun to rouse and
  Lash the seas to angry foam,
While BRITANNIA'S Great Ten Thousand
  Sweep, with huge enjoyment, home!

Let the health-restoring zephyr
  Waft them onward o'er the blue,
Till their spirits grow as effer-
  -vescent as their hearts are true!
And, at last, they close their Indian
  Perils, going strong and free—
Never having known too windy an
  Offing, too disturbed a sea!

So, when English snows are fallin',
  When the fogs are growing dense,
They shall hear the East a-callin',
  And shall come, and blow expense!
Every year shall bring his Argo;
  Every year the grateful East
Shall receive her Golden Cargo,
  And restore a Gilded Fleeced.

DUM-DUM.

De Senectute.

M. LEGOUVÉ, of the French Academy, has been telling Parisian reporters how to grow old. Many of them are following his instructions, and are confident of ultimate, if gradual, success.

NAME FOR A PUSH-BALL TEAM.—The Sisyphians.

CRIME AND THE EYESIGHT.

"THERE is, observed the novelist gravely, "a bad time coming for writers of fiction. A very bad time."

I replied that what with publishers reckoning thirteen copies as twelve, and editors regretting their so-called lack of space (*sic*), things were, for my humble needs, bad enough already. After which I asked for details.

"I have been reading a book," said he, "by a Dr. GEORGE M. GOULD. It is called *Biographic Clinics*, and it deals with the subject of the eyes, and their influence on the mind, character, and general health. I could quote extensively from the volume, but I will not." (Here I thanked him.) "Suffice it that the author asserts that, if it were not for defective eyesight, there would be no crime in the world. All the crimes that were ever committed are to be traced directly to the absence of spectacles."

"And yet," I said musingly, "bread and spectacles were the ruin of Rome."

"If the Romans had thought less of their bread and more of their spectacles, they would have declined to fall as they did. Take NERO. Did he wear glasses? Not he. Not even a monocle. And look at his record of convictions. Same with them all. TIBERIUS, CALIGULA, every one of them. Utter scoundrels. And they might have been as good as GOULD if they had only taken ordinary care of themselves."

"True," I said, "there is something very pathetic in the idea. Roman history ought to be rewritten. It is not fair on the poor fellows. After all, it was not their fault. Why, NERO must turn in his grave like a teetotum at the things that are said of him every day at our universities and public schools. Somebody ought to put him right with the world. As gentle and well-meaning a man as ever breathed, hounded into a life of crime by the neglect of the imperial oculist. It is pure pathos, with the maker's name on the label."

"Precisely," said the Novelist. "By the way, in passing, why is Mr. CHAMBERLAIN greater than WILLIAM PITT?"

"Because he wears an eye-glass."

"Why is IBSEN superior to SHAKSPEARE?"

"Because he wears spectacles."

"Exactly. Thank you very much. To return to the subject of crime, our whole method of dealing with our criminal classes is wrong. Why, when the coster's finished jumping on his mother——"

"On his mother?"

"What do we do? Why, we jump on *him*. His plea that he had mislaid his pince-nez at the moment passes unregarded. I have known a poor fellow, manifestly suffering from astigmatism of the left eye, spoken to very sharply for assaulting a policeman. The policeman said that he had had a glass too much. Of course what he had really had was a pair of glasses too little. It was a most painful case."

"But one moment," I said at this juncture, "you seem to me to have strayed from the point. You have not yet explained your remark about the bad time which is to arrive for writers of fiction. Why is there a bad time coming?"

"Why, surely," he said, "it is perfectly obvious. In a few years everyone will be wearing spectacles, and how are you to write a novel of a hundred thousand words, full of strong human interest, when crime has been utterly eliminated? Will the public read a book that is wholly good? I can't imagine myself writing a book that is——"

"'Wholly good'? Ah, but that's your modesty. Even with glasses we can never see ourselves as others see us."

MY RIVAL.

I'M most dissatisfied with DICK—
  I don't suppose he'll ever know it—
His conduct cuts me to the quick,
  And yet I'd rather die than show it.
My maiden meditations are
  Disordered by one constant riddle:
Why should I—to a motor car—
  Play second fiddle?

In vain I toss my curls to show
  The sweetest pair of turquoise earrings;
His thoughts are wandering, I know,
  With silencers and friction gearings.
If I could find some magic drug
  To change me to a carburetter,
A cylinder or sparking plug,
  He'd like me better.

And when I sing of tears the rest
  Entreat for more and praise my brilliance,
But DICK returns with cheery zest
  To themes of rubber and resilience.
When rosy dusk to moonlight melts,
  And all have vanished save the lovers,
Is it a time to talk of belts
  And outer covers?

My amber voile came home to-day,
  I'm really too upset to wear it.
My heart is sore, yet, strange to say,
  Day after day I grin and bear it.
He doesn't worry if I'm stiff,
  Or if I snub or talk above him;
I'd break it off to-morrow if—
  I didn't love him.

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

II.—THE MODEL SUBALTERN.

SCENE—*A Committee Room in the neighbourhood of Westminster.*

Round a baize-covered table are assembled a Bishop, *a* Lady of Title, *a* Little Man *in spectacles, a* Lady Novelist, *and a* Gaunt Person *with long hair and thread gloves.*

The Bishop (*concluding a speech*) Under these exceptional circumstances this advisory committee has been assembled that it may indicate, if possible, what training and education may be desirable to make the subalterns of the Guard Regiments persons who shall be ornaments to their profession and useful members of our British microcosm.

The Little Man (*springing to his feet*). "Efficiency" is the panacea, as I have pointed out as "An Aggrieved Father," "An Outraged Taxpayer," and "The Soldier's Real Friend," in various journals. And what makes efficiency? Why, work. These aristocratic hooligans do not work at Eton, and there they learn their flogging tricks. Send 'em to Board Schools. They do not work in the Army, and therefore they have time for these bloodthirsty courts-martial. Set them marching twenty miles a day and put them on outpost duty at night, and then the young officers will no longer become brutal barbarians.

The Bishop (*gently*). You believe in additional work as a panacea?

The Little Man. Give 'em a sound commercial education such as I 'ad, and then work the life out of 'em the same as was done to me.

The Lady Novelist (*dreamily*). I fancy that this gentleman can scarcely appreciate the higher side of the life militant. What our Guardsmen really should be are what my heroes are. They must have curly golden hair and true-blue eyes, the shoulders of a Hercules, the lithe suppleness of a panther. They must be tender as women to the helpless, as hard as steel to ill-doers. Such a one indeed as my *Archibald Vere de Vere* in my latest book, *With Lance in Rest*, published by——

[*The* Bishop *gently interposes.*

The Lady Novelist. Did I wander from my point? I would have no examinations, but each stripling, after a vigil by his arms, should swear upon the cross of his sword-hilt.

The Little Man. They don't have cross hilts, but open basket ones. I know one of the firm that makes most of 'em.

The Lady Novelist. They should swear upon their swords to be true and tender and to lead beautiful lives. I know that at a glance I could recognise the soul in such as would be fitted for the life I limn, and if I were permitted——

The Lady of Title. Ah, indeed! You think that you would like to have the working of the appointments. In that case what is to become of our privileges? I have never known a promising boy I have asked anything for, an A.D.C.-ship, or a D.A.A.G.-ship, ever turn out anything but charming. The matter should be left in our hands, and then there would be no scandals, and a better amusement would be found for the elder sons of good families than to beat each other with canes.

The Bishop (*comfortingly*). *Their* little hands were never made To tear each other's eyes.

The Little Man. What, did any of 'em lose their eyesight? Why, I thought that——

The Bishop. A mere figure of speech.

The Lady of Title (*continuing*). No commission should be given in a crack Regiment to any lad who cannot play Bridge at least decently, who is not willing to come to afternoon teas when asked, and will not dance with elderly girls of good family when required. He must of course be a fair shot, otherwise he would not be of much use in a country house. If he can ride, of course we shall be glad, but we should not insist on that. If he can sing or play on some instrument so much the better, and certainly, if he aspires to the Staff, he must be able to organise picnics, theatricals and concerts. He must be competent to write out a *menu*, and be able to talk French to the cook. If he does all these things, and if his mother is on the visiting list of at least six of the really great houses, I think it may be said that the perfect officer is secured.

The Bishop. I should suggest in addition religious tendencies of an evangelical bent.

The Titled Lady. Certainly, certainly.

The Little Man. You don't think that the money of tax-payers is to go for a fellow of that kind?

The Gaunt Man. Now I am entirely opposed to the existence of subalterns, or, indeed, of the Army in any form. As a believer in will-power, I am confident that by the earnest volition of experts any hostile force could be kept from our shores, and that therefore an Army is a superfluity.

The Little Man. Here, I say!

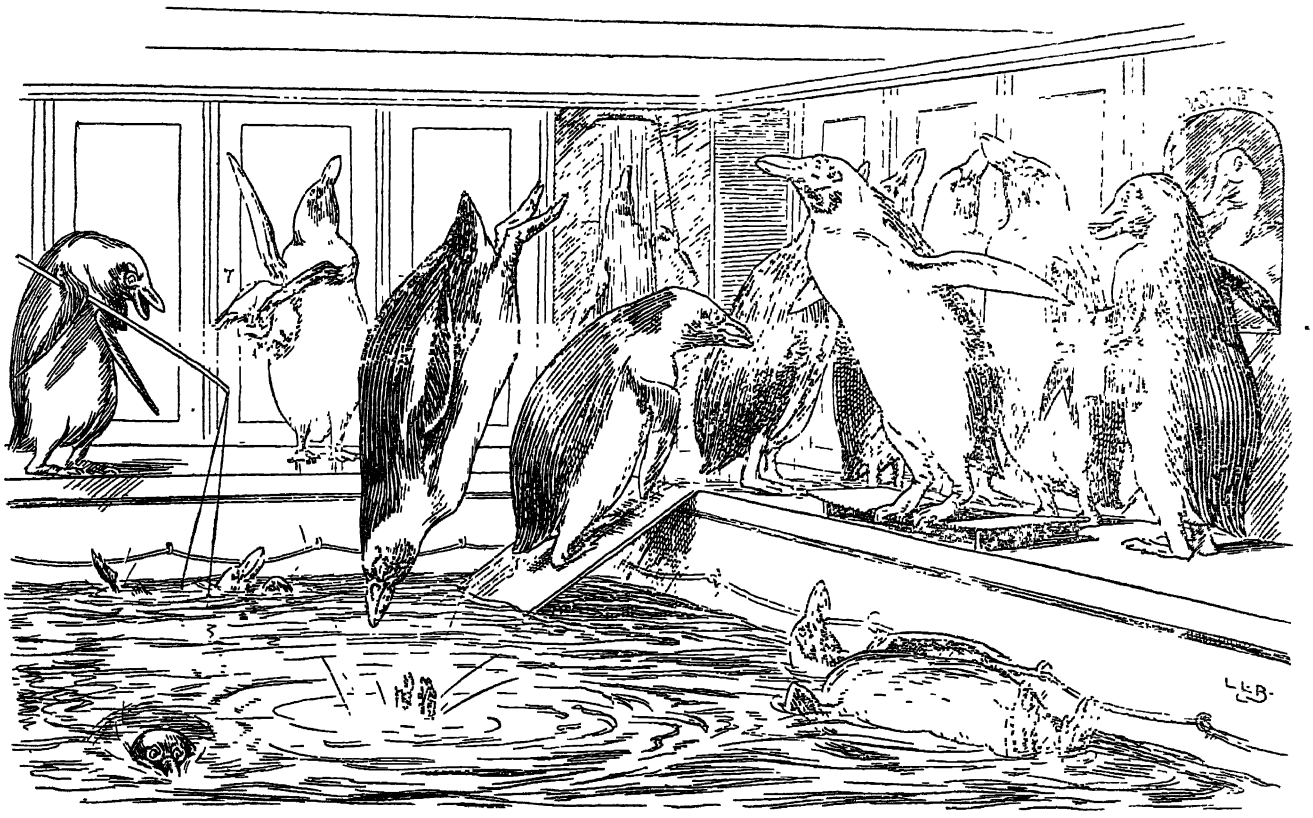
The Bishop. It seems to me that on one point we are in accord—that the model subaltern is at present non-existent. I think we should be content with that as a starting-point for future discussion, and I am really afraid that we may be driven eventually in some degree to take into account the feelings of the Army in the matter.

Omnes. No, no. Certainly not.



Uncle "AH, MILLY, I'M AFRAID YOU'VE LOST YOUR MONEY OVER THAT ONE. HE'S GONE THE WRONG WAY!"

Milly (*at her first race-meeting*). "OH, NO, UNCLE, I'M ALL RIGHT. GEORGE TOLD ME TO BACK IT 'BOTH WAYS.'"



IMPROVEMENTS AT THE ZOO.

IT IS URGED THAT BETTER PROVISION SHOULD BE MADE FOR DIVING BIRDS.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE plot of *The Intriguers*, by THOMAS COBB (NASH) is simple "*comme bon jour*," and is worked out to its final climax mainly by dialogue of dramatic terseness in style, but occasionally at too great length. Practically it is a comedy; the action being carried on by five principals, whose marked individuality is consistently maintained throughout, and yet the *dénoûment* is of the nature of a cleverly-planned surprise. This particular COBB, as a mount up to weight, that is, for gentle exercise, receives hereby a warranty from the Baron.

Miss MAY CROMMELIN has frequently deserved the Baron's praise, and his Occasional Peruser of novels thinks her latest, *Crimson Lilies* (LONG), worthy of commendation, albeit the plot is a well-worn one, dealing with the fortunes and misfortunes of a kidnapped heroine. She meanders, however, through Miss CROMMELIN'S pages quite refreshingly, and her adventures are of an exceedingly exciting description. The closing chapters of this book, with their descriptions of contemporary Jerusalem, are very good indeed. The literary "promise of MAY" is considerable.

My Baronite, reading *The Circle* (BLACKWOOD), positively forgot it was his duty to write about it, and gave himself up unthinkingly to the spell of the story. That fate of a hoary reviewer is the highest compliment that can be paid to Mrs. THURSTON. Her maiden effort in fiction is a remarkable one, stamped by the hand of original genius, instinct with great power. Whilst the *dramatis personæ* are real flesh and blood—some of it very warm blood—the surroundings and the style of treatment are singularly fresh. My Baronite does not particularly care for *Mrs. Maxtead*, by whom Mrs. THURSTON evidently sets great store. Nor does he quite understand the influence over the heroine established and sustained by the deformed Russian Jew. But *Anna* herself is finely conceived, and admirably delineated, as is her old father, with his faint, far-off suggestion of the proprietor of another *Old Curiosity Shop*. Mrs. THURSTON has the rare gift of describing a moving scene with a reticence that powerfully brings out its intensity. This is seen in the brief chapter where the heroine's affianced, all unconscious of her identity, relates the deformed Jew's narrative of how she left her home, forsaking her father. It appears again in a later chapter where *Anna* returns and hangs over her father's bedside, he, nearing death, believing it is his beloved wife come back to him. *The Circle* is a notable performance, full of promise of even greater things.

If in *The Seven Secrets* (kept by HUTCHINSON & Co., but probably "let out" by MUDIE), Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX has not out-Conan'd DOYLE, nor out-Gaboriau'd GABORIAU, he has at least succeeded in building up a most cunningly-devised mystery, so stimulating to the curiosity that not even the sound of "the tocsin of the soul, the dinner-bell," is likely to be heeded by its completely absorbed reader. And, on an out-and-out sensational novel, where the original motive for the crime is lost in a quick succession of most exciting mysteries, what greater praise can be bestowed than that above expressed by the not-very-easily pleased

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Lord HUGH CECIL is said to be preparing a bill "to amend the law relating to ecclesiastical suits." This question of official uniforms is becoming a nuisance.

HOW TO GET ON.

No. VIII.—BETWEEN THE SHAFTS OF A HANSOM CAB.

IN our early youth, I suppose, we have all been horses. Comfortably traced and reined, but not bitted or bridled, we have shaken the Kensington Gardens with the two-footed sound of our hoofs. Lashed, but not beyond the limits of becoming mirth, by an elder brother, we have felt something of the wild, free, untamable spirit that animates the cab-horse of the London streets—that has, in fact, made British cab-horses what they are. Those were glorious, never-to-be-forgotten moments, and, although since that time we have ceased to be equine, some trace of the mustang must always lurk in our natures and sustain us during the struggles of maturer life. I may assume, therefore, that in speaking of horses I appeal to those who know what it is to be a horse, and that I am assured at the outset of their sympathy. Moreover, there remains the possibility, which not even that great theologian, the German EMPEROR, will deny, that in some dim future state it may be our soul's lot to inform a tenement of clay possessing hocks, pasterns, withers, forehand, quarters, stifle, mane and forelock—all the outward signs, in short, that go to the making of a horse. It will obviously be better for us that we should realise at once all that is involved in the life of one who draws burdens over the varying pavements of our streets.

Certainly that life is not an easy one. No self-respecting horse would, if the choice were given to him, consent to drag a hansom, for there are inconveniences and surprises about a hansom that no other vehicle can equal. Bury Street, for instance, and Duke Street and York Street are pitched at an incline that makes it impossible for a horse to walk or trot down their declivities. If he is to perform well and maintain his upright position he must be an accomplished Alpinist—and few horses are this either by nature or by inclination. It is a study in expression to watch the face and attitude of a nervous man inside a hansom that is glissading down the slopes of St. James's. His lips part, his brow wrinkles into agony, his feet strive against the doors as he essays to stem the downward speed of his cab, and his hands clutch vainly at the windows and the sides. If he, who is unburdened, is agitated by so painful an emotion, what must be the feelings of his sliding horse endeavouring to sustain himself against the shifting weight of cab and fare and driver? Then, too, there is something miraculously sudden about the collapse of a hansom. One moment it is erect, vehicular and defiant. There comes a whisper, a puff of wind or a misplaced hoof, and in the twinkling of an eye the horse is down, the cab is tilted ludicrously forward, and fare and driver execute parabolas through the air. In truth the hansom is a very inconvenient carriage.

A long experience has led me to realise that there are certain root-principles on which the driving of a hansom must be conducted. These I propose to set down:—

1. If a horse is plainly doing his best along the level it is always advisable to flog him severely. This shows him that, however strong and courageous he may be, he has a master who is always watching over him and is determined to stand no nonsense.

2. If a cab is stopped by an impenetrable block of omnibuses, carts, and other cabs, the horse must be flogged. There is no other way of expressing a free-born Briton's annoyance at an impediment to progress.

3. As a sub-principle to the above two it may be stated that if a fare is sufficiently ill-advised to protest against the flogging of a horse he must be punished by being driven at a snail's pace for the rest of the way, and the horse must be lashed again as soon as the fare has departed.

4. If a driver takes a wrong turning and has to come back, the horse must be flogged. As the driver is presumably an intelligent man, it is impossible that the fault should be his. It must therefore be the horse's, and since no fault can go unpunished the horse, as I have said, must be flogged.

5. If a horse is going down hill and doing his best to bear up against the weight, it is generally advisable to flog him pretty briskly. This encourages him and relieves his driver.

6. If a cab, incautiously driven, collides with another cab or with the kerb-stone, the driver must immediately use his whip in order to persuade people that it was the horse and not he that made the mistake.

7. If a horse moves slowly because he is (*a*) sick and weak, (*b*) lame, or (*c*) absolutely tired out by hard work, he must be flogged, because it is a horse's duty to move, not merely as fast as he can, but as fast as his driver wants him to move. If his driver wants him to move faster than he can, that is no excuse, for the driver is the only proper judge of the pace necessary.

8. If a horse is lame, he must remember that lameness is no merit, and calls for no special indulgence.

9. A sore mouth in a horse is best cured by tugging jerkily at the reins. Thus the antiseptic properties of the bit are brought into play.

10, and last. If a horse slips upon greasy pavement he must be well whipped. This will teach the weather not to send rain.

These are the chief principles that I have been able to gather with sufficient clearness to enable me to propound them for the information of those whose fate may in the revolving course of many æons turn them into hansom-cab horses. When they are safely between the shafts they will remember that they were duly warned of what was in store for them. They must not expect that any of the rules will be relaxed for them, unless, as is possible, the soul of a former cab-horse shall have come to inhabit the shell of a cabby. In that case, rigid justice may perhaps be mitigated by a foolish mercy that declines to flog.

THE ELIMINATION OF THE SUPERFLUOUS.

["More store is now set upon the descriptive article than on columns of stodgy reports."—"*Gangway Gleanings*," *in the* "*World*."]

WHEN senators in solemn session sit
To ponder over many a weighty matter,
Where one side always coruscates with wit,
And all the other says is idle chatter,
Thither are picturesque reporters sent
To mirror for us every incident.

You pay your halfpenny, and then can view,
At choice, your party through a mystic glamour,
Or hold in righteous scorn the rival crew—
An abject Babel of discordant clamour;
Marvel at your own leaders, or deride
The fatuous drivel of the other side.

They chronicle how orthodoxy dwells
In mellow tones, rich diction, graceful gesture;
They read uprightness in a coat's lapels,
Vice in a scarf, and virtue in a vesture;
Fill half a column with a Premier's pose
Or a Colonial Secretary's nose.

There HARCOURT, BALFOUR, CHAMBERLAIN, C.-B.,
Coloured to taste as heroes or as wretches,
Are set before us so that all may see,
Drawn to the life in these descriptive sketches,
Where everything is told us, day by day,
About our orators but—what they say.



THE MACEDONIAN PRESCRIPTION.

Abdul Hamid (*to* Doctors Nicolas *and* Franz Josef). "THANK YOU *so* MUCH! I'LL HAVE THIS MADE UP, AND—ER—(*aside*) *PUT IT AWAY WITH THE OTHERS!*"



Jones. "HEAVY GOING, EH?" *Tomkins (from town).* "YES. WHAT WILL IT BE LIKE COMING BACK?"

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Described by the Author himself.)

II.

Tuesday Evening.—I am just returned from the final rehearsal of my Tragedy, which Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW indulgently pronounces to "shape very well indeed"—notwithstanding that the Company are still unable to repeat their dialogues and monologues *verbatim*, except by reading slavishly from written texts.

However, they are to commit them accurately to memory this evening, and are confident that, when they know their lines by heart, the business and appropriate gesticulations (in which they are, at present, somewhat abstemious) are to follow as the matter of course.

It is highly gratifying that they are all brimful of enthusiasm for my *magnum opus:* I have made the discovery that the majority have actually parted with considerable sums to Mr. DUCROW for the privilege of performing therein—whereas for enacting more ordinary dramas it is customary to demand some pecuniary *honorarium!*

Moreover, each of them secretly expresses regret that he (or she, as the case may be) has not a still lengthier part to perform. Miss ENID TITTENSOR is severely chagrined that she does not appear at all until the latter moiety of Act II., and has made the rather disinterested suggestion that I might introduce her with *Mr. Clerval* into *Mr. Frankenstein's* Study in Act I., and, as the characters of *Venerable De Lacey, Felix, Agatha,* and *Safie* the *Fair Turkish,* are mere superfluities, I should remodel their scene by substituting herself and *Old Syndicate Frankenstein;* also that she could surely be permitted to accompany *Mr. Frankenstein* in his dog-sledge when engaged in chase of *Monster.* But she forgets that this is totally impracticable—seeing that she will by that period have already been barbarously booked to Stygian Shades by strangulation!

Miss DAPHNE VANSITTART advises me (confidentially) that Miss TITTENSOR is the sole weak spot, and that I am to pull the play together by cutting out *Elizabeth* and the *Fair*

Turkish in toto, and making herself, as *Agatha*, the sole heroine and *fiancée* to *Mr. Frankenstein*. On the other hand, Miss POTT (who is the *Fair Safie*) marvels that I cannot see that *Safie* is *the* female character in the play, and counsels me (as a candid friend) to exclude the other two, and rewrite the last Act so as to exhibit her in greater prominence.

The Gentleman-Actors have similarly hinted in my private ear that the only defect in the piece is that it contains "too much jaw," and that every part (except the speaker's own) should be immediately subjected to wholesale cuttings. All very well—but I am not a Native Deity or hundred-handed Hydra that I can write parts simultaneously to suit all tastes!

I cannot prevail upon Mr. OSRIC BELSIZE (the *Monster*) to assume a mask, even of moderate ill-favouredness, as he pleads that it would allow him no scope for facial contortions.

He consented to try the stilts, provided that I first instructed him by personal example how to promenade on such appliances—but, after a shocking fall into Mr. DUCROW's coalscuttle-box, causing agonising lacerations to my bridge of nose, I joined issue with him that these mechanisms are too dangerously unstable for tragic purposes, and it is now settled that he is to increase his altitude by elevating his bootheels.

Mr. DUCROW reports that, by unexampled good luck, there are already stocked sceneries at the Royal Oak Theatre which might have been expressly designed for my Tragedy, and are to fit it like a glove! He is providing what he terms the "props," and collecting curs for the dogsledges. They are not, it seems, of pure Esquimaux breeding, but can be faked up so as to escape being detected across the feet-lamps.

I am greatly surprised that no applications for admission-tickets have reached me up-to-date. As I understand that the Royal Oak Theatre is not of Leviathan dimensions, it is possible that procrastinating *Punch* readers who propose to book their entrances by payment at doors may find the worms have been already snapped up by earlier birds! But I have arranged with Mr. DUCROW that the Honble Editor, on presentation of his pasteboard, is to be ushered (if no room elsewhere) into my own private authorial box.

* * * * *

The following has been elaborated from actual MS. notes jotted down by self in said box during the progress of my grand *matinée*, and will certainly afford more correct notions to the absentee Public than any perfunctory official descriptions.

Wednesday, 2.45 P.M.—Curtain not yet ascended. *Cui bono?*—since only an inconsiderable percentage of spectators have taken their seats. Orchestra, consisting of an unaccompanied piano, is now performing (for the third time) a composition describing a Bee and a Honeysuckle counter-changing lovesick endearments. Cannot identify Honble Editor in the auditorium, which consists mostly of middle-aged females in rather dowdy attires, accompanied by juveniles of tender years. Hope the latter may not be too fearfully appalled by the *Monster* . . . Have been to ascertain whether Editor of *Punch* has been carelessly left to cool his heels in Entrance-lobby. It seems he is not yet arrived, and will now, I fear, be too late for commencement.

2.55.—Drama commenced—twenty-five minutes behind the time-table! I cannot at all think that such a stock scenery as a drawing-room apartment, with glazed doors opening into a conservatory, is appropriate to a "Laboratory Cell in the University of Ingolstadt,"—nor do I perceive a single stuffed crocodile!

Opening facetious *badinage* by *Lischen* and *Frischen* has encountered a very half-hearted reception, since two-thirds of their dualogue was forgotten, and the remainder inaudible. Yet I was given to understand they were both B.A.'s! . . . Mr. SILLIPHANT, as *Frankenstein*, cuts a fine figure in his scholastic mortarcap and robes—but is still of rather too venerable appearance for any College-student. Professors *Krempe* and *Waldman*, on the contrary, are of over-gawky juvenility—though (I suppose) correctly costumed in cloven hats of Alpine pattern and dressing-gowns.

A pity that spectators who are afflicted by severe bronchial catarrhs should not take the simple precaution of providing themselves with a few coughdrops, instead of barking like a show of dogs!

Mr. Frankenstein has commenced to work his galvanical apparatus. I am annoyed that Mr. DUCROW could not supply some more scientific instrument than a mere chaffgrinding machine! However, the apparition of the *Monster* is certain to produce shuddering sensations. I wish Honble Editor would turn up—I would attend punctually for any of *his* Tragedies!

The *Monster* has entered—but is received with utmost apathy, the audience remaining cold as a frog! How could he expect to provoke a squeak from the most timorous, when he has presented himself in a skyblue velvet suit, knee-breechings and silk stockings (as worn by his photo in *Masks and Facings*), with the addition of a golden wig, and cheeks blooming like a freshly opened rose? Also he is not nearer Heaven by the altitude of a single chopine! Very logically the spectators are at a total loss to comprehend the excessive funkiness of *Mr. Frankenstein* at beholding such a jack-a-dandy and popinjay.

Henry Clerval proves himself the utter nincompoop, and certain lively young hobbardehoys, who have recently penetrated into the Pit, are earnestly exhorting him that he is to speak up. His sensational tussle with *Mr. Frankenstein* turns out to be no great shakes, and I am sincerely thankful that such a beetlehead has no further part in my Drama, except to be butchered in Ireland between the Acts!

3.40.—Owing to complete failure of moonshine, the jibberings of *Monster* at window have produced but a so-so effect, though it is true that they excited a few of the hobbardehoys to horrified exclamations. . . .

Now that the Curtain is dropped, I shall first endeavour to discover what has become of Honble Editor—after which I am resolved to go behind the scenery and insist with a high hand that, before appearing again, the *Monster* is to render himself rather more of a repulsive.

[*Notes on remaining Acts unavoidably postponed till next week.*]

H. B. J.

THE NOISES OF LONDON.

(*Further Police Regulations.*)

ANY cock, dog or cat crowing, barking or mewing near any gentleman's house, to be at once caught and removed by the police. Any cock, dog or cat found loitering with intent to crow, bark or mew to be treated as above.

Every perambulator to be fitted with adjustable lid, to be closed down by the police if the child screams or performs on a trumpet, drum or mouth-organ.

The police to enter forcibly any house containing a parrot or canary whose voice can be heard from the street; and to draw over the cage of such bird a hood of baize provided for that purpose.

All milk-cans to be coated with thick india-rubber inside and out; and no milkman to speak above a whisper.

The deaf-and-dumb alphabet to be a compulsory subject in every school in the United Kingdom; and no other language to be used in the streets of London and suburbs.

MOTOR-GUYS.

["Why must a driver of an automobile look like a mountain goat in order to keep in the fashion?" asks a correspondent who writes to the *Daily Express*. The growing weirdness of motoring clothes, he asserts, makes the wearer such a fearsome object that some reform is urgent.]

WHY must the stylish motorist
Look like a mountain goat?
(Few animals could e'er exist
In so hirsute a coat!)

Why must the wilful motor-man
Impersonate a bear,
The grizziest, shaggiest that he can,
In point of outdoor wear?

Why must our scorching plutocrats
Contrive to imitate
Skye-terriers with their hair in mats
Of most bedraggled state?

Why need the wild *chauffeur*, I ask,
Outvie the chimpanzee,
With goggle-eyes and hideous mask
That makes one ill to see?

As to the ladies—p'raps 'twere well
To spare profane remark,
And not to draw a parallel
With inmates of the Ark!

I don't know what 's the right reply—
Is it perchance to scare
From off the road each passer-by,
Such clothes our motists wear?

CHARIVARIA.

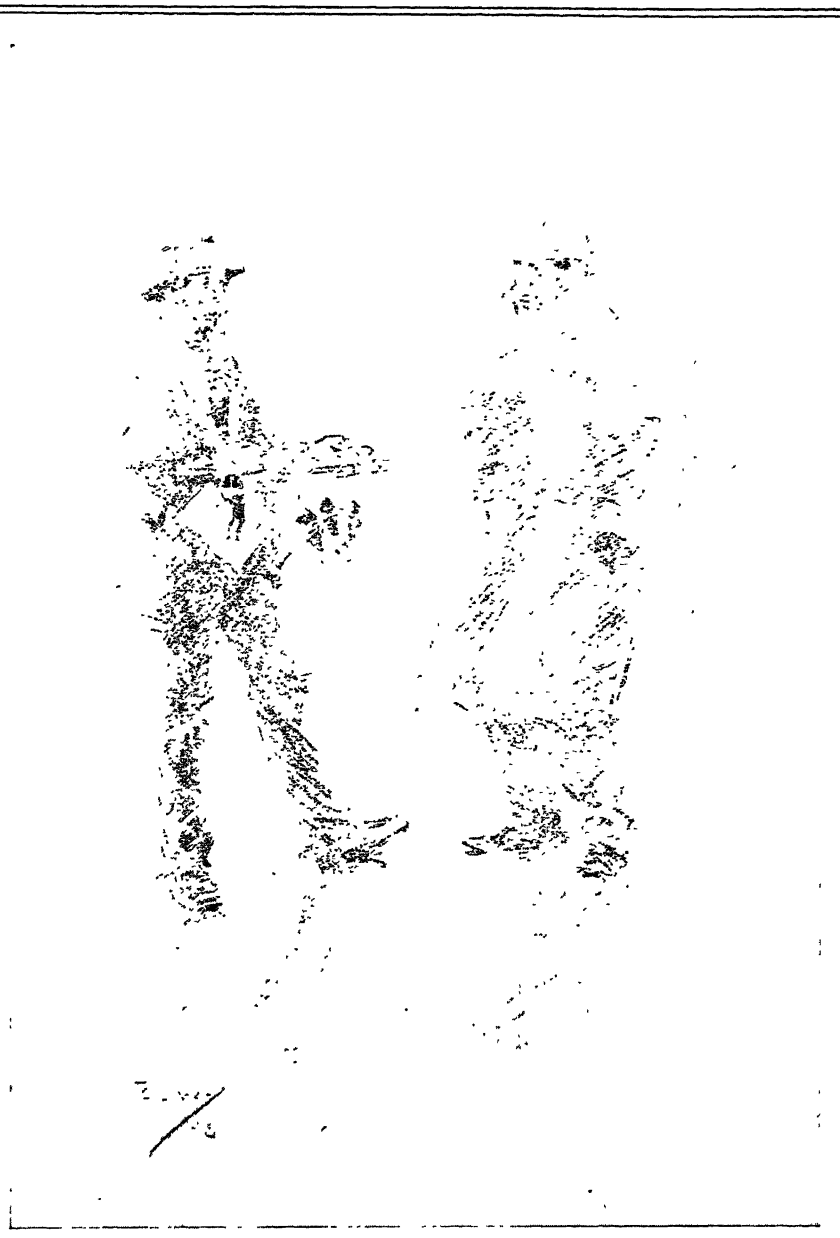
PURE milk may be a permanent feature of London before very long. The water supply for the Metropolis is declared to be nearing exhaustion.

Sir JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has published a pamphlet drawing attention to some of the dangers to be found in our everyday food, and many prudent persons have decided to give up eating.

A number of young ladies at Guildford have formed themselves into an Anti-Man Association. Their Club House is to be called "The Spinsters' Retreat." This is clever, as it suggests that they have been pursued.

It is said that, with a view to increasing the sale of our Blue Books, more attractive titles are to be supplied, and a second edition of the Blue Book on Venezuela will be issued immediately under the name of *How We Muddled Through*.

A protest is about to be lodged by the Aborigines' Protection Society against the proposed Motor Car Race in Ireland, on the ground that that country is already sufficiently depopulated.



OVERHEARD DURING ONE OF OUR RECENT STORMY DAYS.

"WHAT CHEER, MATEY! DOIN' ANY BUSINESS?"

"GARN! WOT YER GETTIN' AT? I AIN'T 'ERE TO DO BUSINESS. I'M TAKIN' THE HOPEN HAIR TREATMENT!"

The Emperor WILLIAM has expressed himself as a believer in the doctrine of Continuous Revelation. He finds this the only way to account for himself.

The War Commission is to be attacked in Parliament. A measure for putting a stop to secret commissions will be introduced this Session.

American Humourists have formed a club exclusively for Humourists. The others insisted on it.

At a dinner given by those interested in the Essex and Kent Oyster Beds it was declared impossible for oysters in those beds to be infected by sewage. Oysters from the west coast of Ireland were eaten at the dinner.

The mismanagement of the Zoo is attracting attention. Among other things the arrangements in the event of a conflagration are stated to be inadequate. Supposing the giraffe caught fire, there is no escape on the premises long enough to reach to the top of him.

Mr. BRODRICK's triumph in the House of Commons has been described by a Radical journal as "A Paper Victory." This is an unusually handsome concession to the rival Press.

THE UNHAPPY WARRIOR.

[In these lines, after Wordsworth, the term "Warrior" is employed with sympathetic reference to the Rt Hon St. John Brodrick in his capacity as War Minister rather than as a Member of the Auxiliary Forces or an Expert in German Manœuvres.]

Who is the unhappy Warrior? Who is he
That any babe in arms would loathe to be?
It is the statesman called to fill a place
Big with the fortunes of a fighting race;
Who, in a ticklish time of public panic,
Must show a courage rigidly Titanic;
Must permanently cure the public's fears
By schemes designed to mock the changing years;
Must, in the meantime, while the need is hot,
Produce a countless army on the spot,
And, having somehow stemmed the tide of war,
Say what the deuce he wants an army for!

The diffident recruit 'tis his to get,
Bribed by a shilling absolutely *net*.
He must allure the loafer off the street
With menus full of tasty things to eat;
And amplify the two-year veteran's pay
To the extent of sixpence down a day.
He is supposed to expedite our forces
By mounting half the infantry on horses;
And let the patient Volunteer aspire
To play with weapons warranted to fire;
And through our batteries make a sweeping change
In the direction of a longer range,
So that our marksmanship may grow precise,
And shots arrive by bouncing only twice!
These schemes it is his privilege to float
With merely one dissentient Tory vote;
And lastly, having done the Imperial will,
To get abused for sending in the bill!

Scarce had the dream of Empire come to birth,
With talk about the "lordliest life on earth,"
With cries for just "a man with heart, head, hand,"
"One still, strong man" amid "a blatant land"
(In *Maud* these latter phrases may be read;
The speaker, further on, went off his head)—
Scarce, as I say, had England learned to know
With such a realm what claims and duties go,
And reached the ripe conclusion, being alarmed,
That who would hold his own must be forearmed,
And not prepare himself to join the fray
Three months or so behind the opening day—
Scarce had she grasped this elemental view
And begged of somebody to help her through—
When, lo, the lingering war contrived to cease,
And she could sit and roll her thumbs in peace;
Unbend her mind, not greatly used to think,
Regret the money filched from food and drink,
Resume the less elusive arts of trade,
And leave her larger purpose clean mislaid.

Alas! unhappy Warrior! how it warps his
Sweet temper when they carp at Army corpses,
Or mention Empire as a thing to keep
Only if you can run it on the cheap,
Or kindly show him how to spare expense
By making Volunteers our sole defence,
Urging that business men might well employ
A willing class that serves for simple joy;
And then invest the balance in the fleet,
A sound insurance, very bad to beat.
Picture him, how he must enjoy to sit
And hear himself described as short of wit
Because some subtle First-of-April jest
Smites on his brain and leaves him unimpressed;
While such a lively sense of humour lurks
Within the House for which the Warrior works
That it resents the petty toll's increase
For training armies up in times of peace,
Yet wants them—when the sudden need is there—
To leap, in polished myriads, out of air!

Alas! unhappy Warrior! this is he
That any babe in arms would loathe to be. O. S.

PRINCE AND PEASANT;

Or, The Story of a Peccant Prince and a Weak Waiting-Maid.

In Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, adapted by Messrs. Bataille and Morton, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has a fine drama, the success of which is beyond all question. Perfectly placed on the stage, nothing of local colour is wanting to the picturesqueness of tableaux and costumes. It is not, however, merely to its setting, admirably artistic as it is in every detail, that the piece owes the complete success it has achieved; it is to the human interest of the story, simply told in strong dramatic situations, and to its forcibly individualised characters, perfectly portrayed as they are by Miss Lena Ashwell as *Katusha*, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree as *Prince Dmitry Nehludof*.

On these two all depends; in these two the entire interest is centred; nor does it seem too bold to affirm that, of all the parts Mr. Tree has undertaken, it is in this, his latest assumption, that he appears to the greatest advantage. He gives us the careless, impulsive young officer, conceited as a handsome youth might well be who, as may be gathered from certain allusions in the dialogue, has had the character of a *Don Juan* thrust upon him by *femmes galantes*, from Arch-Duchesses to still archer ballet-dancers. His motto is that of the French student's familiar chorus, "*O les femmes! les femmes! il n'y a que ça!*" and consequently, having nothing particular to do, on the occasion of his visit "for one night only" to the old country house of his excellent aunts, *Sonia* and *Mary* (Mrs. Edward Saker and Mrs. Bennett) he renews a flirtation with an attractive orphan, the peasant girl *Katusha* (Miss Lena Ashwell), who, having been educated and partially adopted by the two elderly ladies above-mentioned, serves them as chambermaid, upper housemaid, and "general" assistant to an old servant, one *Tickon* (delightful name! so suggestive of not getting his wages regularly paid, *Tickon* on tick, Mr. Allen Thomas), representing butler, boots, housekeeper, and several other domestics. *Katusha* doesn't want much pressing, but she gets it from the seductive *militaire*, who, the next morning, is off to the wars, throwing to the winds the memory of "a night's romance," which to him is only like a leaf in a packet of cigarette papers, torn out, used, and chucked away. Alas! into the gutter.

After ten years, *Prince Dmitry* finds himself one of a jury empanelled to try *Katusha* for robbery and murder. Then follows the awakening: the Prince sets himself to atone for the irreparable; the woman, reclaimed, shows her love by self-sacrifice. She will not marry him: she will let him go his way; he has revived her love and he will live in her memory: that is sufficient. But—the fact is regrettable—both are going to be married to somebody else.

In these phases of character, from a state of virgin innocence to one of the drabbiest vice, Miss Lena Ashwell gives proof of her great dramatic power. From pure-minded, simple, and attractive, to foul-minded, suspicious, and

repulsive, she has to leap within the limits of a wait of ten minutes between the Acts.

It is a wonderful performance: excellent for both of them, for neither character is complete without the other. Let either fail, and no effort on the part of the other could make the piece a success.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, consummate artist that he is, stands out among the rest, in a scene well played by all, as the nameless juryman who honestly objects. Miss HELEN FERRERS, Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, Miss OTWAY OLDFIELD, lend their charm to a Russian Drawing-Room, and we are sorry that our introduction to them is but momentary.

There are two situations which, but for the play catching on at once, would have been hazardous: one of them is when an English M.P. (I think he is introduced as this) appears in a Russian Drawing-Room as a gentleman who is going to lecture, but only "stands on" to *be* severely lectured by Mr. TREE; and the other is where Mr. TREE, on beholding the prisoner *Katusha* excited by drink and grasping the *vodki* bottle, says calmly, "I no longer see the woman before me, *but the spirit!*"—which is perfectly evident; and that not a laugh was heard in the house showed how completely the play and its exponents had mastered the audience. His Majesty's has so strong a drama, and one so well acted, as to make a prediction of its long run a fair certainty.

MANNERS FOR MUSICAL AT HOMES.

II.

DON'T blunder about among the music stands—things admirably contrived for tripping up the unwary. Should you get entangled with one, however, and in such a way as to bring yourself and it crashing down into the performer's violoncello, leave all vituperative display to the owner of the instrument.

Don't, when singing, if you are standing behind the accompanist, keep hold of his ears all the time, and seek to indicate your wishes by tugs and jerks. It distracts his attention from the copy.

Don't, during a lullaby or plaintive ballad, get up a fierce battle between Fido and the cat, and *never* seek to divert the company by firing paper pellets into the singer's mouth.

Don't, if your emotions are appealed to by some pathetic little trifle, bellow or give way to violent grief. If you cannot stifle your sobs by burying your face in the rug, leave the room until you have recovered self-control.

Don't be grumpy and sit brooding in a corner all the evening because your hostess does not ask you for a song. Her omission may not arise from the thought that you cannot sing, but from the knowledge that you do.

Don't, if you know a good anecdote, put it forth during a piano solo—the pianist may like to hear it too. Wait patiently until peace reigns over the assembly. If your anecdote is a poor one, continue waiting.

Don't be outlandish in your musical tastes. A good plan when invited out, if you favour the accordion, pandean pipes, or double bassoon, is to leave your instrument at home. A long list, in fact, could be compiled of instruments which should nearly always be left at home.

My final "dont's" are levelled at late comers and early leavers. To the former I would say, don't, while a song is being executed, burst noisily into the room and insist then and there upon shaking hands with your hostess. In cases where she herself is the soloist, you will put her off her stroke, and even if she has the presence of mind to sing her words of greeting, it is twenty to one if they make rhyme or reason with the context of the poem.

To early leavers I would offer similar advice and say, don't flounder away in the middle of a musical item. Where you have failed to escape before its commencement, exercise a giant control until the final chords bring release.

To seek escape by the window is cowardly, save where the music-room is not on the ground floor—then it is foolhardy.



"WILLIE ONE DAY PERSUADED PA TO PLAY BARBERS. WHEN IT WAS PA'S TURN TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT, WILLIE PICKED UP A SYPHON FROM THE SIDEBOARD AND USED IT AS A SPRAY. IT IS A LONG WHILE NOW SINCE PA PLAYED BARBERS." [*From Tommy's letter to a School-mate.*

HOLLOW-GROUND Razors, 25 c., just in from England. Get one, they won't last long.—Advt. in *Vancouver News*.



SCENE—*A Country Drawing-Room.*

Visitor (to Old Lady and Daughters, one of whose hobbies is the keeping of a small herd of Jerseys). "BY THE WAY, I DIDN'T SEE YOU AT OUR LOCAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW."

Daughter. "OH, NO! WE NEVER GO UNLESS WE EXHIBIT OURSELVES."

THE LOST LEADER.

["Capt. KETTLE," now the Rev. Sir OWEN KETTLE, K.C.B., has definitely retired into private life, greatly regretted by all who knew him.]

LATTER-DAY DRAKE (with a liberal dash of the late lamented KIDD),
Long have I followed your bright career, thrilled at the deeds you did;
Long have I watched you pace your bridge, resolute, daring, smart;
You were a friend in my every mood—and now we have got to part.

Long have I helped you range the globe through many a varied scene,
Through troublous times afloat and ashore, keeping your ticket clean.
From Floridan creek to the Congo's stream, in a hundred stirring frays,
You taught me all I shall ever know of the sea and the sailor's ways.

Ah, the salt-sea smell, and the hiss of the foam, and the throb of the whirring screw!
Oft have we battled side by side with a villainous, cut-throat crew;
And now with a gibe and an acid sneer, and now with a well-judged shot,
Taught them exactly who was who, precisely what was what.

To run a blockade or to poach a pearl—those were the jobs for us;
Our motto a maximum of work with a minimum of fuss.
The foe might rage or the engines fail, the ship might break in two,
With you at my side I was undismayed; I knew you would see me through.

You were not built for the joys of peace, your business is on the sea;
The bridge of a tramp is the place for you, my reverend K.C.B.
You were not born to be slothful, sleek, a payer of tax and rate.
Leave such a life to lesser men—yours is a nobler fate.

Out once more in your rakish craft, travel the wide world through;
Girdle the earth from shore to shore, from China to Peru.
Where glittering icebergs rear their peaks, where the tropical sun-dart flames,
Let the welkin ring with your pistol's crack, let it roar with your crisp "By James!"



"THE MEN IN BUCKRAM."

Falstaff . . . RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK. *Prince Hal* . . . RIGHT HON. SIR H. C-MPB-LL-B-NN-RM-N.
Poins . . RIGHT HON. H. H. ASQ-TH.

FALSTAFF. "*SIX* ARMY CORPS, BY THESE HILTS; OR I AM A VILLAIN ELSE."
PRINCE HAL. "PRITHEE LET HIM ALONE. WE SHALL HAVE MORE ANON."

King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Scene 4.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 23.—Proceedings to-night not wholly satisfactory to PRINCE ARTHUR, nor pleasing to our CARNOT, organiser of victory and Six Army Corps. But creditable to Conservative Party and encouraging for those who care for reputation of House of Commons. As a rule good Ministerialists (no allusion here meant to CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES) are accustomed, with monotonous manner, to look upon the Treasury Bench and declare that whatever its occupants may do is very good. This state of discipline is, from some points of view, commendable. It has inevitable tendency to keep things dull.

With the young bloods in Ministerial camp limit of endurance reached on matter of Army Reform. When the MARKISS, after last General Election, resolved to strengthen his Ministry, his discerning eye rested with confidence on ST. JOHN BRODRICK, sometime President of the Union at Oxford. He was not a CECIL; that was a misfortune of birth beyond personal control. Under his mufti and his civilian habits the MARKISS nevertheless discovered the attributes of CARNOT, the genius of



BR-DR-CK'S SPION KOP.

Pouring a galling fire into the War Secretary from the heights above.

(Capt. J. B. S-ly.)



"Barbed with deadly point, admirably delivered."

(Mr. Ern-st B-ck-tt.)

NAPOLEON. So he made him Secretary of State for War, and before he had been in office twelve months, whilst unprepared-for war in South Africa was threatening foundations of Empire, CARNOT NAPOLEON BRODRICK had broken a few commanding officers, had turned the War Office inside out, and had created Six Army Corps, increasing the Army Estimates by a trifle of ten millions.

To-night the young bloods wake up and want to know, Where are the half-dozen Army Corps that, regardless of expense, were to awe the haughty autocrats of the Continent with their mailed fists and their million men-at-arms? There is nothing in C. N. BRODRICK reminiscent of *Falstaff* save his military instincts and his warlike aptitude. But thoughts of Sir JOHN'S men in buckram float over back Ministerial benches as they contemplate, on the White Paper issued by the War Office, the airy host, divided for greater convenience into six Army Corps, with Lord GRENFELL entering upon command of one on April 1. (*See Cartoon.*)

Where congratulation to House of Commons is suggested by to-night's proceedings is in discovery of excellent debating power in unexpected quarters. YERBURGH we know, with his pleasant voice, his gentle manner, and his habit of smiling through an exceedingly damaging speech. He lifted the standard of revolt whilst the MARKISS was still with us at the Foreign Office; did the State service by well-informed criticisms on policy in the far East. ERNEST BECKETT has spoken once or twice before, notably on his return from a visit to the Indian frontier. Never had a chance like to-night.

With House crowded from floor to topmost bench of Strangers' Gallery, with Peers' Gallery crowded, with BOBS looking on, shocked to hear his colleague at the War Office spoken of with as little respect as if he were the Equator, but teaching Heaven his own place is not on the Treasury Bench, BECKETT, being very much ERNEST, made the most of his opportunity. His speech, pungent, barbed with deadly point, admirably delivered, brings him to the front as a debater. It is worth his while, by keeping in more constant touch with the House, to maintain a position achieved in an hour.

Business done.—Rather bad for the Government.

Tuesday night.—"What's the old couplet?" SARK asked, as we hurried off after the division to catch the infrequent cab:

> "A woman, a spaniel and a walnut tree,
> The more you beat them the better they be."

You can't add to the list 'Ministries' and make the line scan. But the moral is at least equally applicable. Here for two nights War Office scheme of Army reform been under discussion. Attack opened by usually docile followers; once in revolt they make up for long endurance by uncompromising criticism. Whilst some dozen of the ablest, best-



THE BLUE-WATER SCHOOL.

"A good Ministerialist."

(Sir J-hn C-l-mb.)

informed young Unionists denounce CARNOT NAPOLEON BRODRICK and all his works, not a single voice is uplifted in uncompromising defence. Yet, when we go to a division, in a full House of 406 Members, Ministers have a majority of 116! Last week, on such things as Housing of the Working Classes and the City connections of His Majesty's Ministers, majority ran down to 40. Here, on question admitted on all sides to be of vital national interest, a matter in which if Ministers have blundered (and no one off the Treasury Bench defends them), new departure should instantly be made, majority runs up close to maximum height."

In the City, and on some headlands of the sea-coast, one haps upon columns lifting their tall head and explaining things, whether a great fire or the memory of a great man. To-night Sir JOHN COLOMB, faithful to his patronymic, rose and answered SARK'S question before it was put.

"I am," he said, "in strong and violent opposition to the Government scheme; but I shall vote against the amendment that condemns it."

There spoke the good Ministerialist. Ministers had introduced, had paid for, to the tune of ten millions a year added to the Army Estimates, an elaborate scheme of Army reform, which, whether good, bad, or indifferent, certainly could not command the approval of a single non-official Member. Condemnation was submitted in form of amendment to Address. If it were carried the Government must go; there would be a General Election, and, now there was not even "a sort of war" going on, who could say what the result might be? Profound pity; rare opportunity lost; more millions, drawn from pockets of over-taxed people, submerged; the safety of the country endangered. But if the present Government goes out, C.-B. and his more or less merry men will come in. That a consummation devoutly to be avoided.

PRINCE ARTHUR saw the strength of his position, and insisted upon it.

"This is a vote of censure," he reiterated. "Sorry you don't like BRODRICK'S scheme. If you don't you must lump it, or we 'll go out."

So they lumped it.

Business done.—Ministers, challenging vote of confidence on Army Reform scheme, carried it by 261 votes against 145.

Thursday night.—Through debate on Monday and Tuesday bitterest reproach was launched at Government on charge of slighting Volunteer Forces. STANLEY put up to deny the rough impeachment. "Very well," as Sir WILLIAM ALLAN says when he means very bad. But what happens two days later to the Colonel of the Queen's Westminsters, perhaps the most martial civilian in the three kingdoms?

Rose this afternoon to move fresh amendment to Address calling for legislation against alien immigration. President of Board of Trade, who never set a squadron in the field, turns and rends the gallant Colonel. Whilst he, taken unawares, was thus wounded in the house of a friend, ex-President of Board—BRYCE to wit—nips in on the flank and savagely prods him. Never since Board of Trade established was there such eruption of actual and ex-Presidents. Fortunately House nearly empty. Anguish of witnessing outrage limited to less than a quorum.

What made incident more painful was the harmlessness of the victim of



Sir W-ll-m H-rc-rt thinking of the good old days of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

official and ex-official indignation. It is true the dauntless Colonel had proposed legislation for a particular subject whilst Royal Commission was still engaged upon investigating it. That, he knew very well, goes to the root of constitutional government. If a Ministry, having shunted an awkward question by appointing a Royal Commission, are not to enjoy a few years' surcease of inconvenient inquiry, how is the King's Government to be carried on? Moreover, he had blurted out conviction that the Royal Commission was designed, not to inquire into the range and influence of Alien Immigration, but to hush up inquiry.

Apart from these indiscretions, HOWARD VINCENT contributed interesting results of study of the subject as close as olfactory sensibility permits. Showed how the alien permeates the metropolis as microbes do the House of Commons. His versatility is exceeded only by his insalubrity. Disguising himself sometimes as a German waiter, anon as a tailor, occasionally as a cabman, he hustles off the pavement the honest British workman. His favourite avocation is shoe-making, as it offers opportunity of furtively sticking to someone else's last.

The Colonel hinted at fearsome story of an alien immigrant washed, curled and dressed at expense of Association located at end of Parliament Street (left-hand side going down); sent to a Yorkshire borough, and run against popular Unionist Member under old flag of Peace, Retrenchment and Reform.

Most affecting portion of address was his lament over injustice done to industrious members of the criminal classes. Foreign competition, as was shown by B. P. in last week's *Punch*, is ruining them. The comely coiner, the bashful burglar, the persuasive pickpocket, the fastidious forger, the languorous lounger at the public-house corner, are each and all being supplanted on their native soil by frowsy foreigners. At this stage of his speech the Colonel fairly broke down, which gave GERALD BALFOUR opportunity of interposing one of those remarks indigenous to the official mind.

"My hon. and gallant friend," he said, "has described the alien immigrant as landing on these shores in a state of absolute destitution. How then can he compete with the British burglar, whose business equipment requires an outlay of at least £100?"

The Colonel was too completely choked with emotion to retort with obvious inquiry, *How did* GERALD BALFOUR *know that?* A voice, usually adequate to circumstances, temporarily failed him. Subsiding, he made way for President of Board of Trade and his predecessor jointly to jump on him in manner described.

Business done.—Address voted. Business will now begin.

A LONG-FELT WANT.—Sir HOWARD VINCENT will be greatly obliged if the author of *The Unspeakable Scot* will kindly publish at his earliest convenience another of his comprehensive criticisms, this time under the title of *The Abominable Alien*, or, say, *The Perfectly Pestilential Pole.*

A DARING REQUEST.—*Old Lady (to Clerk of circulating library).* When your man calls next time I want him to leave me *Alone with the Hairy Ainu!*



Model (wishing to say something pleasant). "YOU MUST HAVE PAINTED UNCOMMONLY WELL WHEN YOU WERE YOUNG!"

OPERA IN TABLOID.

["Theatrical managers, realising that this is the age of condensation, have decided on grand opera in tabloid doses as the latest time-saving amusement novelty. . . . *The Bohemian Girl* has been squeezed into the space of half an hour, and a compact arrangement of *Il Trovatore* is being produced this week, in succession to compressed editions of *The Bohemian Girl* and *Maritana*."—*Daily Paper.*]

IN pursuance of this excellent idea, we understand that the following pocket-edition of *Tannhäuser* will be produced at an early date. Its performance, owing to a further improvement in the compressing-machine, will take much less than half an hour. But, brief as it now is, the English text still preserves some of those graces of idiom and construction so familiar to opera-goers.

ACT I. SCENE 1.—*The Interior of the Hörselberg.*

Venus (*recitative*). Oh say, my love, where stray thy thoughts? Up is thy usual calmness broken; methinks perturbed thou art!

Tannhäuser (*in the greatest commotion seizes a rapt expression and his harp*).

The hour has come when I must go;
Wouldst thou the reason like to know?
Fain would I in a strain sublime
Impart it—but there is no time.
Enough, that destiny has beckoned—
Let us pass on to Scene the Second!

SCENE 2.—*A valley before the Wartberg.*

Minstrel Knights, headed by the Landgrave, *sing to* TANNHÄUSER. *Chorus* (*breathlessly*):

Why, yes, it is our HENRY—what an unexpected meeting!
We offer thee, with warmest thankfulness that we happened to along-at-the-precisely-right-moment-come, enthusiastic greeting!
Join thou our ranks once more! Nay, nay, no hesitation!
That it is for thee the one and only right course we are convinced, but the audience has had quite enough of this scene, and there 's not a moment for explanation.

ACT II.—*The Tournament of Song.*

The Landgrave (*to* Minstrels). Sing ye of love!
Minstrels. Of love we sing.
Love is a highly decorous thing!
Tannhäuser. Down with this empty mockery between us!
I am a passionate devotee of Venus!
Minstrels (*angrily*). Let the miscreant's head be off-cut!
Elizabeth (*interposing*). Back, ye scoundrels!
Tannhäuser. Ah, there 's a pilgrim-band! Farewell, my home!
I join the pilgrimage—I make for Rome!

ACT III.—*Valley before the Wartberg.*

Wolfram. Here are the pilgrims! But the one you cherished
Is by reason of absence conspicuous. Ah, watched! Beyond doubt thy on-altogether-inadequate-grounds-loved TANNHÄUSER has perished.
Elizabeth (*aria*). I am undone!
I 'll be a nun! [*Exit.*
Wolfram (*recit.*). Somewhat too precipitate the maiden was; for here, if I mistake not, is the to-all-appearances-extremely-unfortunate man!

Enter TANNHÄUSER, *with-the-mud-of-travel-stained.*

Tannhäuser. There was no pardon for me!
Wolfram. Ah, well-a-day!
Pilgrim (*entering hurriedly*). A mistake! Thou pardon hast!
Wolfram. Hurrah! Hurray!
Tannhäuser. Well, there, thank Heaven, ends my foolish frenzy!

(*Curtain.*)

Voice from "behind." Two minutes' interval—and then we play *Rienzi!*

QUEER CALLINGS.

THE NOVELIST'S HANDY MAN.

"AH," he said, "you have no notion what a demand there is for my services. Look at these telegrams."

He handed us a sheaf. The first was from Putney: "New spiritual romance projected. Lunch at 1." From Highgate: "Comedy of social life—twelve characters. Urgent." From Streatham: "Restoration romance. Hero's name. Reply paid." And so forth.

"Then your profession——?" we said.

"Is to find names and ideas for novelists. I have an enormous *clientèle*. The ordinary novelist, you know, however well he may tell a story, is a child at names and titles. And, as any publisher will tell you, these are practically everything. SHAKSPEARE may have said otherwise, but he was neither novelist nor publisher."

We hastened to agree.

"Take *Sir Richard Calmady*," he said. "That was one of my selections. LUCAS MALET wanted to call the book *The Ordeal of Richard Femoral*, but I stopped her in time. Who would have read it? No one. It gave the thing away."

We acquiesced.

"I name all Mr. HENRY JAMES's characters," he continued; "and very often his novels too. I have a season ticket to Rye. Take his *Wings of the Dove*. That was my title, or rather my amendment. He wanted to call it *The Wing of a Duck*. 'Too culinary,' I said. Wasn't I right?"

"Quite right," we said.

"Then there 's A. E. W. MASON. A capital writer, but no nose for a title! He wanted to call one of his books *Miranda of the Verandah*. 'Bad,' I said; 'too jingly.' So it was changed to *Miranda of the Balcony*, and sold 50,000. But I had to begin again next time. For instance, take his last book. He wanted to call it *365 Feathers!* 'How about Leap Year?' I said. 'Well, let 's call it *366 Feathers*,' was his reply; and I had the greatest difficulty in making him pluck 362 of them."

We applauded his powers of subtraction.

"Curiously obstinate fellows, these novelists," he went on. "In spite of all I could say, BARRIE would call his novel *The Little White Bird*, although, as I pointed out, everyone would buy it expecting a biography of ANNIE S. SWAN, and be grievously disappointed."

"Too true," we murmured.

"It was I," he went on, "who invented the name *Sherlock Holmes*. Also *Captain Kettle* and HISTORICUS. Sometimes I don't invent a new name, I merely abridge an old one. It was I who named Mr. O'CONNOR's new paper *T.P.'s Weekly*; and it was this name, I venture to state, more than anything else, which carried him through his initial difficulties."

"You must be tremendously busy," we observed.

"I should think so," was the reply. "Look at my work in the next few days. There are the telegrams to answer. Then I must drive to ANTHONY HOPE's to find him fifteen names for his new book; on to STANLEY WEYMAN's, who wants a title. SIDNEY COLVIN is thinking of taking a new pseudonym; and Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL wants two more for some new columns he is establishing. I make a speciality of pseudonyms; for it was I who invented WILLIAM LE QUEUX."

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XVIII.—First Aid.

It is the late afternoon of a cold grey day. A nipping wind swirls down the dreary side-street in which I find myself, a street of one row of houses only, for those on the other side have been pulled down, giving place to a postered hoarding whose chief feature is a constant repetition of a desperate portrait in two colours of an eminent statesman in a three-and-sixpenny hat. Through gaps in the hoarding here and there may be seen a desolation of rubbish bounded by the back gardens of the next street, where lines of pegged garments sport in the wind with an utter abandonment of delicacy. At the near end of the hoarding stands a house, the last of its row, still in process of demolition, outside which a black board displays the exciting notice that there is Sand and Ballast for Sale. The only living person in sight is a dispirited-looking man with a fringe of beard round his neck in place of a collar, who, wheeling a barrow along the deeply-rutted road, is addressing to the wind a melancholy announcement of strong-growing tulips at four a penny.

I muster courage to unbutton my overcoat and produce a cigarette. A prolonged search convinces me that I have no matches. Feeling that any appeal as I pass him to the man with the barrow would impose on me the moral obligation of purchasing tulips I press on towards the top of the street. At the end of the row of uniform new red habitations (no longer disgraced by disreputable *vis-à-vis*) I find a diminutive sweet-shop, outside which a small boy on one roller-skate is gazing through the window at an assortment of "Sweet Vegetables," shaped in sugar of varying bilious hues. Entering, I ask an apparently imbecile beldame for matches and am met by a vacant stare with a suggestion of resentment in it. Evidently Sweet Vegetables with the Sand and Ballast aforementioned (not forgetting tulips) constitute the sole resources of the neighbourhood. As I leave the shop I see a tiny urchin racing towards me up the street. At a distance of about thirty yards, still running, he hails the boy on the roller-skate, who is gazing in a kind of fascinated trance at a damp-looking sugar tomato.

"Douglis! Man fell down an' cut 'is 'ead!"

The herald of this glorious news turns and races back down the street again.

"Douglis" awakes immediately from his trance, and propels himself hurriedly in pursuit of his friend towards an attraction superior even to Sweet Vegetables.

I turn and follow the pair, though sadly outdistanced, to where a little knot of people has gathered round some object on the ground just beneath the Sand and Ballast board.

Lying on his back in the road is a bulky man in corduroys and knee-straps; his cap has fallen off, and from the back of his head a thin stream of blood is trickling on to the ground. With every sympathetic intention I cannot help noticing the fact that the prostrate gentleman is snoring to a degree that would seem hardly in keeping with any very serious suffering.

"Cut 'is 'ead, pore feller!" observes a bare-armed lady in a cricket cap—who looks very much as if she is about to bowl to somebody—to a small girl with a scanty pig-tail, who, with the two urchins, a man smoking a clay pipe with his hands in his pockets, and the dispirited tulip-vendor (standing by his barrow and scratching his ear vaguely) form the group of onlookers. "That 's these slippery roads. It 's too bad, pore feller!"

The man with the clay pipe removes it for a moment.

"'E 's boozed," he observes, somewhat enviously as it seems to me.

I personally am inclined to believe his explanation, for a glance at him convinces me that he knows what he is talking about.

The Lady Cricketer casts at him a look of withering contempt.

"Pore feller," she repeats, "it 's too bad!" I am rather curious to know what it is that is too bad, but the lady does not enlighten us.

At this moment there is a new arrival on the scene in the person of a little man in a bowler hat and greasy black tail-coat and waistcoat, which latter, being cut very low, affords a view, as he wears no collar or tie, of a wealth of grey flannel shirt, surmounted by a large bone stud.

"Stend awye there!" cries the newcomer authoritatively. "Stend awye from the man!" Then turns fiercely on the smaller of the two boys. "Give 'im air, there!" he commands sternly.

It occurs to me, as I tighten my coat-collar, that if the insensible gentleman is at all of my own way of thinking, he has got all the air he wants.

The Lady Cricketer is plainly impressed by the new arrival.

"'E 's a doctor, Ellen," she hazards with awe.

"Somebody fetch a pleeceman," instructs Flannel Shirt.

Nobody seems anxious to make a move. Flannel Shirt repeats his command, singling out the boy with the roller-skate. "Douglis" turns to his smaller companion.

"Fetch a copper, 'Erby," he enjoins.

"'Erby" seems disinclined to give up his privilege as a spectator. Everybody, except the man with the clay pipe, turns on him.

"Go orn!" they cry indignantly.

"'Erby" retires unwillingly. Flannel Shirt is kneeling by the insensible man, and examining his head.



JOE—ON THE LINE.

Joe (airily). "Still a good many Clouds about; but it is decidedly clearer in the South since I crossed the Line two months ago!"

"Skelp wound," he observes sagely.

The Lady Cricketer in conference with the small girl has no longer any hesitation in awarding Flannel Shirt his M.D. The tulip-vendor brings his barrow nearer.

"'Oo's got a pair o' scissors?" demands Flannel Shirt.

"DOUGLIS" volunteers to fetch a pair from the sweet-shop, and, rumbling across to the pavement, skates officiously off on one leg up the street.

"Woddyerwant scissors for?" inquires the man with the clay pipe.

"Cut the hair awye," replies Flannel Shirt.

"Garn, 'e's boozed," returns the other, replacing his pipe.

Flannel Shirt dips his finger in the little stream of blood and holds it up.

"Woddyer call thet?" he demands emphatically.

"Bleed," returns the other cheerfully.

"Bleed," assents Flannel Shirt. "Woddyerwanter say the man's boozed for?"

The Lady Cricketer is quite triumphant at this victory. The man with the clay pipe is not disturbed.

"Boozed," he repeats, smoking with placidity, but is regarded now as beneath notice.

"DOUGLIS" returns with the scissors, from which it would appear that there *are* ways of reaching the imbecile beldame's comprehension. Flannel Shirt, still kneeling, proceeds to cut a liberal supply of hair from the crown of the injured man's head.

"Cold water," he demands, as he snips away busily.

This would seem to be a rare commodity in the neighbourhood, everybody looking very helpless at the request. The tulip-vendor is evidently so surprised that he cannot believe his ears, and appeals to the Lady Cricketer to confirm his impression. Eventually "DOUGLIS" is commissioned to fetch some from the house opposite.

"A cold water bendige I'm goin' ter make," explains Flannel Shirt, surveying with satisfaction the large bald space which he has cleared on his patient's head. "'Oo's got a 'anker-chief?"

This also appears to be a rarity, until at last, after a great deal of fumbling, the tulip-vendor produces what looks to me like a lamp-cloth, though it might possibly be a napkin which has been used to clean a bicycle. At the same time "DOUGLIS" appears from the house, propelling himself on his one skate, with a pail containing enough water, I should say, to clean an omnibus. As he reaches the group his skate catches in one of the ruts in the road, and he stumbles forward, pail and all, on top of Flannel Shirt and his patient.

There is a volley of maledictions from Flannel Shirt, immediately followed by a louder uproar as the patient sits up, then staggers to his feet, pouring forth a torrent of profanity, and faces the man with the clay pipe.

"Easy, ole feller, 'tain't nothin' ter do with me," observes the latter.

"'Oo's bin an' threw water on me?" demands the patient wildly.

"There 'e is," replies the other, indicating Flannel Shirt with the stem of his pipe. "Same that's give yer yer 'aircut."

The patient, declaiming freely, turns on Flannel Shirt, then lifts his hand uncertainly towards his head.

"Orl *right*, ole man," says Flannel Shirt in offended tones, "I was only 'elpin' of yer. Orl *right*—keep yer 'air on——"

The patient, who has just discovered the complete nakedness of the back of his scalp, becomes livid. With a flood of blasphemy he aims a terrific blow at the head of Flannel Shirt, who ducks just in time, with the result that the patient loses his balance and falls to the ground again.

While he is still making ineffectual efforts to rise, "ERBY" arrives with the policeman, who, after an instantaneous diagnosis, picks up the patient's cap, then the patient himself, and marches him off towards the main road, followed by two enthralled small boys.

"Black List fer 'im," observes the man with the clay pipe dispassionately to Flannel Shirt, who, wiping his clothing mechanically with the tulip-vendor's lampcloth, is staring blankly after the group,—"thet's wot yer 've done fer 'im, mate," and slouches off in the opposite direction.

I leave the others and retrace my steps up the street. At the top I pause and look back. My late companions have disappeared. It is nearly dark. Far down the street a solitary lamplighter has just shed a yellow glow upon the board announcing that there is Sand and Ballast for Sale.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

(Old Æsop in Modern Fashion.)

[The latest fashion is for ladies to wear imitation bunches of grapes on their dresses.]

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR GIRLS.

[Mr. G H. ELLWANGER has just published a book entitled *Pleasures of the Table*, in which he says, "There is no such thing as fine modern English cookery" He appeals to woman to free us from this reproach. Will she not imitate Miss GLASSE's devotion to the "fundamental happiness of mankind" by inventing new sauces, instead of giving her energies to "flounces or the study of metaphysics?" "It is unquestionably to woman that we must look for the improvement of cookery."]

THERE are no cooks in England—none.
A sad and weary sameness
Pervades our dining-rooms with un-
Imaginative tameness.
The JONES's dinner, which I eat
To-night with pain and sorrow,
I shall inevitably meet
At ROBINSON'S to-morrow.

The skill which made the steak a dream,
The bold imagination
Which made the common cutlet seem
A poet's inspiration;
The hand of cunning which could call
From simple fowl and bacon
Ambrosial savours—have they all
These prosy shores forsaken?

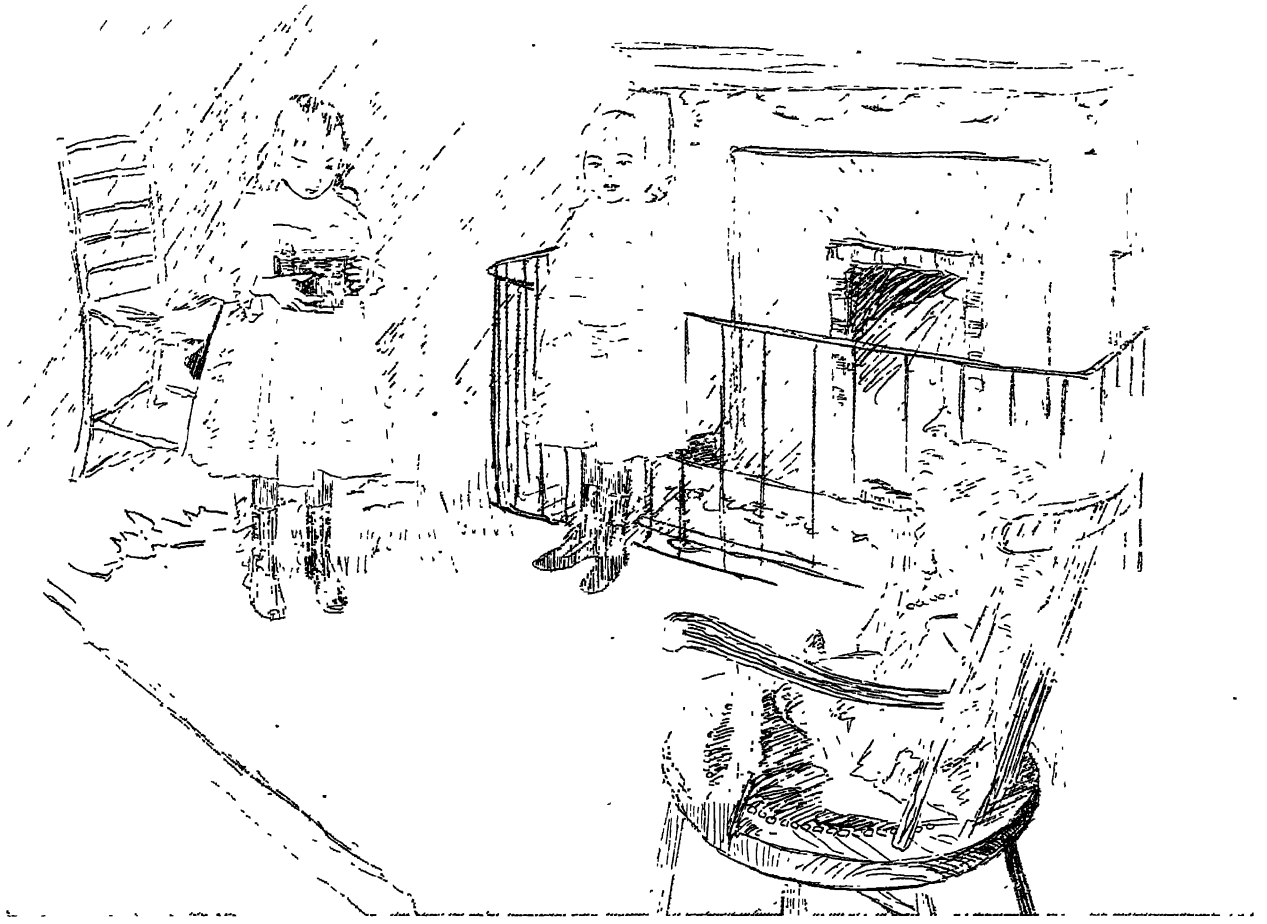
Up, Woman, up! Behold thy sphere!
The saucepan and the kettle
Provide a glorious career
For any girl of mettle.
Then wherefore ape the poet's part
By scribbling songs and ballads?
More deep and subtle is the art
Of mayonnaising salads.

Ah, do not seek to wring from men
The suffrage, I implore you,
Nor aim at County Councils when
You've nobler aims before you.
Why study Conic Sections? Stop
For ever stewing Plato,
And learn instead to grill the chop,
And boil the new potato.

SCENE—*At a Tobacconist's.*

Customer (who likes something uncommonly strong — inspecting samples of cigars). Ah—these won't do—too mild—show me some of your regular "roofers."

Shopman. Sorry, Sir, we don't keep 'em; but (*"happy thought"*) I can show you any amount of *Floras*.



PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE NURSERY.

Ethel (aged five). "I SAY, EDIE, I'SE GOING TO PHOTOGRAPH MY DOLLY."
Edith (aged four). "ARE 'OO? WILL 'OO TAKE A SLAP SHOT, EFFIE?"
Ethel. "OF COURSE NOT: IN REFUSED LIGHT MUMMY ALWAYS TAKES A TIME EXPLOSION."

OUR REPRESENTATIVE WITH SOME "ODDSHIP"-MATES AND "THE PILGRIMS."

Mr. Punch's Representative may congratulate himself on having had the exceptional pleasure to be a guest at two of the best "big dinners" he can—within reasonable limits of memory—recall to his capacious mind. The first was given by "*The Sette of Odde Volumes*" at Limmer's, and proved that, like "Todgers'," Limmer's "could do it when it liked."

As the cheery gatherings of "Ye Odde Volumes" are rather of a private than public character, mention of this one, even the most laudatory, would be unwarrantable, were it not that their harmonious proceedings, witty speeches by President MAX PEMBERTON, Vice-President DIÓSY, and others, and an ode written by their "Laureate," WILSEY MARTIN, F.R.G.S., the music being admirably set to it by the "Gleeman" ALBERT LIDGEY, have already obtained a certain amount of publicity by appearing in the printed archives of *The Sette*, wherein, however, will not be recorded—at least so *Mr. Punch's* Representative supposes—a most humorous and instructive lecture, given by the "Dominie Secretary" W. FREWEN LORD, F.R., on such popular songs (illustrated by *The Sette's* "Ready Reckoner" and Music-at-sight Reader Mr. PAUL BEVAN, M.A., F.S.A., at the piano, and by a quartette of Hungarian or some other uniform'd musicians) as had achieved considerable success at different times during the last thirty or forty years.

And the second dinner, having been fully reported in the papers last week, is by now public property, namely that given to His Excellency the American Ambassador, the Hon. JOSEPH H. CHOATE, by "The Pilgrims," a confederation of the distinguished Representatives of various States of life, with Earl ROBERTS as its President, united in "kinsmen bonds" for the promotion of the best feeling between the two great countries. And certainly never were heard better delivered, nor more witty speeches, than those of Mr. CHOATE, the Lord Chancellor, and Mr. Justice DARLING; to which list must be added one given by Lord CHARLES BERESFORD, who, but for the want of space, would there and then, amidst enthusiastic plaudits, have performed an International hornpipe.

The dinner was one of Mr. RITZ's best, and the waiting—considering there were about two hundred *convives*—perfect. Within the memory of *Mr. Punch's* Representative—"which runneth not to the contrary, all nevertheless and notwithstanding,"—there never was a better arranged dinner, thanks to Mr. HARRY E. BRITTAIN, Hon. Sec., a name of considerable import and good omen on so memorable an occasion. No "*little* BRITTAIN" could have accomplished this task of bringing together and arranging for the comfort and entertainment of so many representatives of all sorts and shades of opinion on both sides of the Atlantic.

Mr. Punch's Representative has some vague idea of having accepted several invitations from the U.S. Consul-General to England, from Mr. MILTON V. SNYDER, of the *New York*

Herald, and from many other distinguished Americans, to meet Lord ROBERTS in New York, and then to go round the States, days and dinner-hours all fixed, in keeping with the motto of "The Pilgrims," which is "*Hic et ubique.*" But, steady, boys, steady! so we were: the motto could be repeated by any one of us without any sort of guttural struggle with the "*hic.*" *Vivent les Pélérins!*

UPON ADOLPHUS.

Greatly cheered by the invention of a watch as thin as a crown-piece, to take the place of the ordinary sort that spoils the figure.

(*After* HERRICK.)

WHENAS ADOLPHUS deigns to go
In beauty's pomp, sublime and slow,
Along the lists of Rotten Row;

Or, like a flower with dew besprent,
Exudes a steady blast of scent
Down Piccadilly's paviment;

Much I admire that wondrous dress
Whose lambent folds do more express
Than veil the figure's daintiness.

And musing on him, line by line,
I think how many arts combine
T'adorn that human shape divine.

Soothly some woman, over-laced,
Advised him how to have his waist
In yon exiguous zone encased.

Some fair, that had no pouch to hide
Her proper kerchief, armed his pride
'Gainst pockets that do bulge inside;

So as the key is passing small,
The which, emerging from the Mall,
He lifts his nightly latch withal.

Some coins he hath, for chariot-fare,
Deftly disposèd here and there—
The rest is paper, thin as air.

And, since it causeth inward pains
To carry such a watch as strains
That region where the stomach wanes,

Now hath he got a little one,
Whereof the bulk doth scarce outrun
A wafer's fine dimensión.

When in his mirror he observes
His form inclined to ampler curves,
ADOLPHUS shaketh in the nerves;

And, lest he mar his comely guise,
He summons all his strength, and tries
A little massage exercise.

So doth he labour to reduce
Whatso is like to grow profuse,
And serveth not for beauty's use.

Herein he hath a wide success—
Save for his brains, whereof I guess
No power on earth could make them less!

O. S.

Master (gently, to New Boy). SMITHERS, my boy, can you tell me what a Noun is?

New Boy (anxious to please). No, Sir; but I 'm sure my father could.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE second volume of *Parliament, Past and Present* (HUTCHINSON), concludes the labours of the joint authors, Mr. ARNOLD WRIGHT and Mr. PHILIP SMITH. It is marked by the research and compehensiveness notable in the earlier volume. Done by gentlemen long associated with the work of the House of Commons, they have with sure instinct known what to include and what to leave out. The result is a valuable, pleasantly gossipy story of Parliament, profusely illustrated by things old and new. Amongst the many curios are successive portraits of great statesmen taken at varying stages of their career. There is an early portrait of DISRAELI by CHALON my Baronite never saw, and RICHMOND'S portrait of Lord SALISBURY when he was still Lord ROBERT CECIL. Members of the present House will recognise in the latter a curiously close facial resemblance to that other eminent statesman, Sir GEORGE NEWNES.

The Light Behind, by Mrs. WILFRED WARD (JOHN LONG), is, in the opinion of his Occasional Assistant Baronite, a book that the Baron may conscientiously recommend to those who look up to him for guidance as to what they should or should not read. Mrs. WARD has mercifully no sympathy with "sex problems" and morbid "affinities," and the "newer woman" in her shrewd eyes is but an old fraud in a new garb. Her characters are honest English men and women, who endeavour to exercise some control over their passions and to live for others as well as for themselves. The skill with which Mrs. WARD develops a story which in other and less skilful hands would be a trifle tedious, exhibits her talent as a novelist of rare distinction. The death scene of her heroine in the garden of an Italian villa is drawn with exceptional pathos and feeling. The book is, moreover, enlivened throughout with subtle touches of characterisation, clever descriptions of social life, and pen sketches of scenery. In a word, this is a book to read, and to keep to read again. *The Light Behind* makes a distinct advance upon Mrs. WARD'S first novel, *One Poor Scruple*, and that is saying a good deal, for, as the Baron's readers will remember, that was one of the best books published last season.

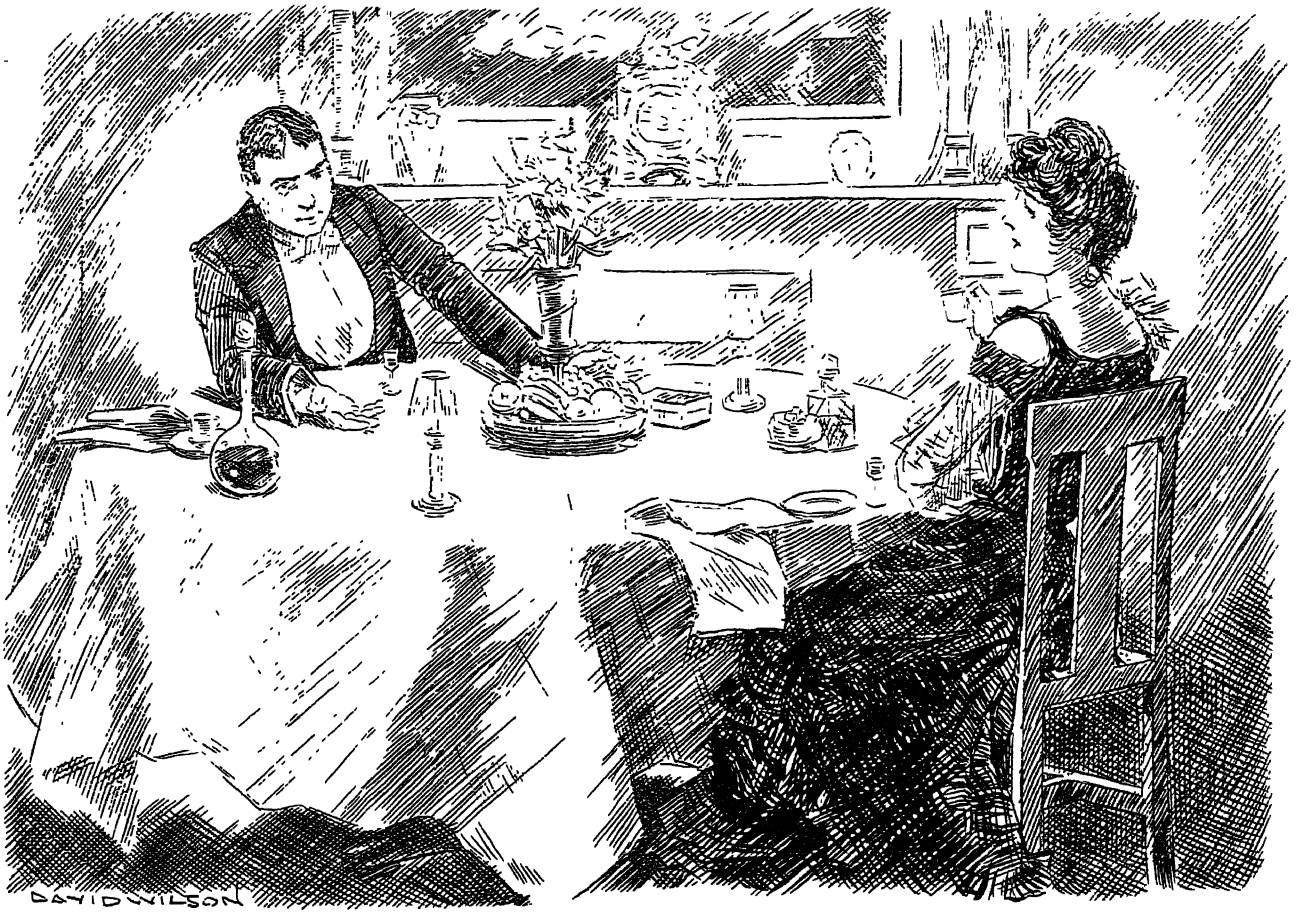
If Mr. MORLEY ROBERTS in his *Other Sea Comedies* could only have kept up to the high-water mark of the first two of these tales, namely, "The Promotion of the Admiral," which is the story that gives its title to the book (published by EVELEIGH NASH) and its sequel, "The Settlement with Shanghai Smith," Mr. JACOBS might have had to set all his canvas and forge ahead of a somewhat dangerous competitor; but, as it is, the author of *Many Cargoes* need have no fear, since Captain MORLEY ROBERTS has overladen his vessel with such heavy cargo as "The Policy of the *Potluck*," "The Crew of the *Kamma Fundes*," and the "Rehabilitation of the *Vigia*," of which the first two bales might have been left ashore, and the third could have been compressed by judicious editing. "Three in a Game" is very nearly up to the first two in order of merit, but it is misplaced, as, according to the sequence of events in the life of *Shanghai Smith*, it ought to have been the first story in the volume. The last, called "The Scuttling of the *Pandora*," "an 'orrible tale, to make your faces all turn pale," is told with considerable dramatic power. It should have been the last but one, with a genuine irresistible "side-splitter" for the "grand finale." Some of these stories, as the Baron is informed, have already appeared in a magazine, but those of the Baron's readers to whom they may be novelties are hereby recommended, as accomplished "skippers," to tackle *The Promotion of the Admiral, and Other Sea Comedies.*

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



THE IRISH "PLANCHETTE."

RIGHT HON. G-RGE W-NDH-M (*to* MR. J-HN R-DM-ND *and* COLONEL S-ND-RS-N). "*LAND PURCHASE!* HOW SINGULAR! NOW, WHAT *COULD* HAVE MADE IT WRITE *THAT?*"



Adolphus (penitently). "SO SORRY, DEAREST, THAT I WAS ANGRY WITH YOU YESTERDAY EVENING, AND LOST MY TEMPER."
Olivia. "PRAY DON'T MENTION IT, DOLLY. IT WASN'T A VERY GOOD ONE, AND I'M SURE YOU CAN EASILY FIND A BETTER."

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(Author's Notes at Matinée, concluded.)

III.

4 P.M.—Back in authorial box—after somewhat warm altercation with Mr. FITKIN (*alias* Mr. OSRIC BELSIZE), who argued that he conceives the *Monster* as a sympathetical character. Also that his "young lady" was in front, and I could not reasonably expect him to present himself before her in the semblance of a thorough Guy. Finally he declared that it was a rotten part, and he was in the jolly good mind to chuck it and let me play it myself, as far better qualified. But, being no histrionic, I soothed him with timely and abject apologies, entreating him not to abandon my fortunes, and succeeded in so far mollifying him that he has offered *proprio motu* to erase the rosiness from his cheek.

Pianist is executing a rather monotonous melody entitled "*The Ragtime Coons' Cakewalk.*" Still no sign of Honble Editor! The Cake has ceased to promenade.

4.10.—Curtain raised. Why has Mr. Scenepainter depicted the *De Lacey Family's* "Cottage in an open country" as the rear-garden of some spick-and-span suburban villa-residence? And the *Monster's* adjacent ruinous hovel is palpably a large wooden dog's-house! Surely, even at a less West End theatre (such as His Majesty's) such makeshifts would not be tolerated!

In spite of his compact, Mr. FITKIN's cheek remains as blooming as ever! Partly, I think, owing to inattentiveness in the prompting department, this scene has fallen flat as a flounder. And yet all the performers have received an Academical curriculum! . . . A rap on the door—Honble Editor at last! . . . It turns out to be Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW kindly arriving to keep me in company.

He avers that the piece could not possibly go any better, and points out to me two notorious dramatical pundits in the orchestral stalls—to wit, the *Westbourne Park Morning Express*, and the *Paddington Evening Mail*, who are sitting dumb as fishes with amazement. *Mem.*—To ascertain the length of their feet.

The *Monster*, it seems, is prohibited by some grandmotherly County Council regulations from setting the *De Laceys'* cottage in a blaze as directed! I begin to apprehend why the British Drama is in such a sad state of decline!

4.50.—The Second Scene, which should present *Old Syndicate Frankenstein's* "Bungalow near Geneva," has turned out the *facsimile* of its predecessor, save for the removal of the dog's-house, and substitution of one or two garden-seats! Mr. DUCROW, whom I have reminded of his undertaking to spare no expense on sceneries, retorts that he has spared as little as possible, and that, as a dramatist, I am over prodigal in shifting my localities. But for that the book—and not myself—is surely responsible!

Miss Elizabeth Lavenza, though convulsed by suppressed titterings, has somehow contrived to tickle the audience's fancy. Every sentence of hers, and also of *Old Syndicate Frankenstein's*, is greeted with outbursts of cachinnation, which (so Mr. DUCROW assures me) with a British audience are the symptoms of intoxicated approval. . . . *Little Darling William*—in spite of his features being still insufficiently

abluted—is immediately the prime favourite. At length the audience is waking up! Even the two *Swiss Polices* make their exits pursued by rounds of applause.

I am proud to record that the concluding interview between *Mr. Frankenstein* and his *Monster* has gone off amid a catholic roar of delight. And this notwithstanding very indifferent acting by both parties, and a scenery which, so far from being a "lonely Swiss landscape with pine-trees, ice-crevices, &c.," is obviously some English country road with a finger-post pointing "To Portsmouth"!

Mr. DUCROW has warmly congratulated me on descent of curtain, saying that he had known all along that my Drama was to knock any audience into a cocked hat, and that they were already tumbling into it.

5.25.—I have utilised the interval to accost Misters *Westbourne Park Express* and *Paddington Mail*, and inquire their opinions of my Tragedy. They confessed that it had already affected them with phenomenal thirst, so that I had the presence of mind and *savoir faire* to invite them to consume Scottish whisky-pegs at my expense before the adjoining *buffet*. While they were doing so I seized the occasion to whisper that my aforesaid Drama would have appeared even finer had it been presented with more appropriate sceneries and less incompetently enacted—especially by so irresponsibly frivolous a feminine as Miss TITTENSOR, begging that they were to make due and proper allowances for such shocking shortcomings.

To which they returned guarded responses—but I can see that, whatever strictures they may express regarding the acting and sceneries, they are resolved to award myself as Author honorable mentions.

5.30.—Opening of Last Act. As a total abstainer from Swiss travelling I cannot positively affirm that no hotel in said country exhibits the title of a Barley Mow on a signboard, or inscribes upon its windows such a motto as "Fine Ales"—but I shrewdly suspect that this is a further display of insular ignorance on the part of Mr. Scenepainter!

Mr. and *Mrs. Frankenstein* have entered without their gilded palanquin, or indeed any bridal procession of even the most meagre proportions! I am at a total loss to conceive how the *Monster* is to accomplish his fearful diving, when there is no balcony for him to plunge from, nor any visible lake or pond!

He has not made any plunge whatever, contenting himself with putting out *Mrs. F.'s* light in a ground-floor apartment, and then announcing from window [in a very crude sentence of his own composition] that he is about to dive into Lake Geneva by some back door! *Mr. F.'s* pistol has refused to explode, and the entire scene has gone off in very tame insipid style. I still hope Honble Editor may arrive in time to witness the dog-sledges and Frozen Sea.

The grand views of "the Winding Rhone" and "the Blue Mediterranean, with the Black Sea vessel riding on its anchor," have been unceremoniously skipped out! And how are the spectators to divine that the same country road of Act II. is now posing as "A Desert Locality in Tartary and Russia"? Mr. Scenepainter has not even troubled to alter "To Portsmouth" on the guiding-post into "To St. Petersborough"! The Wilds of Tartary are only represented by their howls outside.

More scandalous parsimony on the part of Mr. DUCROW. Instead of a deceased hare, the *Monster* is furnished with the paltry substitute of an insignificant rabbit!!

Notwithstanding all such solecisms, the spectators are so ungovernably excited by the *Monster* chase that they halloo to him to put on a spurt, and inform *Mr. Frankenstein* on his appearance that he is "getting warm," and that the fugitive is only just round the corner.

They will shout even more lustily on beholding the dog-sledges.

Surely Mr. DUCROW could have selected from the stock sceneries some landscape of more Laplandish aspect than a Market-place with a central fountain-pump, and a very superficial sprinkling of snow!

The *Monster* has driven past on his sledge—which is simply some unwheeled coster barrow harnessed to a single hound of St. Bernard's breeding. However, he is greeted with genial ovations.

So likewise is *Mr. Frankenstein*, although *his* dog-sledge is an ordinary reversed cane chair, attached to two puggish curs, who are encased in woolly doormats, which one proceeds to scrape off, while the other, seating himself unconcernedly, scratches his ears with a back leg. As they are clearly incompetent to lug any vehicle, Mr. SILLIPHANT is compelled to get out and drag both sledge and quadrupeds himself.

I cannot too highly commend the goodnature of the audience in applauding them so vociferously.

6.15.—The Frozen Sea is a mere heterogeneous collection of furniture shrouded under white sheets, and the Midnight Sun entirely fails to put in an appearance as directed. *Captain Walton's* vessel, too, is an undersized wooden profile painted with a few portholes, and of such careless construction that it topples over, revealing a shockingly superannuated sofa.

Yet, by dint of transcendental penmanship on my own part, the spectators are so enraptured as to overlook all deficiencies in the performance itself, and hail the last moments of *Mr. F.*, and even the *Monster*, with thundering acclamations. I must candidly admit, too, that the red fire has provided a splendidly lurid finale.

The Curtain has come down, amidst indescribable enthusiasms. Some of the lively young hobbardehoys are rending the air with shrill whistlings, while others utter doleful cries of "Boo-hoo!" in lament that so superb a tragedy is concluded.

They are loudly demanding to behold the Author! It would be simply sheepish and *mauvais ton* to refuse to exhibit myself at the feetlamps. I may perhaps prove that for sheer rhetorical eloquence and fluency an Author's tongue may sometimes be as mighty as his pen.

[*Here my notes come to an end—but with kind permission of Honble Editor—who it seems carelessly mistook date of performance—I will relate the residue of my experiences in a future number, and can only hint that they may turn out very different from what the Reader is anticipating!*]

H. B. J.

Mr. Devlin, the Man for Galway.

THE Galway patriots begin
To show returning reason,
They say, "We 'll put the Dev'l-in,
They can't try *him* for treason."

A THUNDERING GOOD START.—The first number of a new Japanese Buddhist journal has appeared. It is called *The Thundering Dawn*, and this is how the editor breaks the news to the public:—"This paper has come from the womb of eternity, just as we all came. It starts its circulation with millions and millions of numbers. The rays of the sun, the beams of the stars, the leaves of trees, the blades of grass, the grains of sand, the hearts of tigers, elephants, lamps, ants, men, and women are its subscribers. This journal will henceforth flow in the universe as the rivers flow and the oceans surge." The report that *The Thundering Dawn* has a circulation *five million* times as large as that of any halfpenny morning paper has caused a profound sensation in Carmelite Street.

CAUTION.

(A Legend.)

[How many a doctor or architect must own that his professional life consisted of two periods—one in which he was too young to be trusted, the other in which he was too old to be efficient.—*Times'* leading article]

OH, read my melancholy rhyme,
Peruse my mournful ditty.
Two men there dwelt upon a time
Within a certain city.
Both were distinctly men of parts,
Well versed in their respective arts.

To fell diseases of the kind
That everyone who can shuns,
One of the pair had turned his mind,
The other's forte was mansions.
They were, as you 'd no doubt expect,
A doctor and an architect.

The latter, when but twenty-nine,
Planned a Titanic building,
A house of wonderful design,
All marble, stone, and gilding.
Said he: "My fortune 's made, I wis,
Men can't resist a thing like this."

With eager hope his heart beat high,
He took his plans up boldly,
And thrust them in the public eye:
The Public viewed them coldly.
"Pray take that rubbish right away,
You 're far too young for us," said they.

The doctor next, a gifted man,
Whose brain-pan teemed with umption,
Discovered quite a novel plan
For dealing with consumption,
By treating each consumptive wight
With hard-boiled eggs last thing at night.

He told the Public of his scheme,
But met with stern denial.
"Absurd," said they, "we shouldn't dream
Of giving it a trial.
Apparently you quite forget
That you are barely thirty yet."

The years rolled on. The doctor's schemes
Soared annually higher.
His fellow-sufferer covered reams
With plans that found no buyer.
The Public eyed with gentle smiles
These energetic juveniles.

More years rolled on. The hapless pair
Found life no whit the gayer.
The medico's luxuriant hair
Grew gradually greyer.
(The architect's was nearly white,
Through sitting up too late at night.)

And then—the Public changed their mood!
Their hearts began to soften.
They felt the doctor's cures were good—
(They 'd had that feeling often).
They also chanced to recollect
The merits of the architect.

"Come, plan us mansions, bring us pills."
Their cry no answer rouses.
No one alleviates their ills,
No one designs them houses.
Upon inquiry it appears
Each has been dead for several years.



SHAKSPEARE UP TO DATE.

"YOU SHALL NEVER TAKE HER WITHOUT HER ANSWER, UNLESS YOU TAKE HER WITHOUT HER TONGUE."
As You Like It, Act IV., Sc. 1.

"BY YOUR LEAF, GENTLEMEN."—Many eminent persons are considered as "pillars of the State." Henceforth Lord ROSEBERY will be remembered as, on his own showing, a "Cater-pillar of the State."

"NOT TAKING ANY."—After the recent trial, it is reported that to any invitation to a second helping or another glass of wine, Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES (of the Daiety Galy's and other theatres) invariably replies, "No MOORE, thank you."

WIND IN THE RUSHES.—"One excellent result of the multiplication of motor cars," says *Motoring Illustrated*, "will be to put a perpetual ban on beards. A beard liable to blow up and obstruct the sight is too great a hazard for the chauffeur." Motorists prefer close shaves, and statistics show that any blowing-up that may be considered necessary can be done by the car itself.

IT seems that Mr. BRODRICK, whose Army Corps have been likened to Minerva, new-sprung from the head of Jove, is not the only one who is advertising for someone to look after this kind of offspring. Such, apparently, is the interpretation to be put on the following advertisement, which appears in the *Glasgow Herald*:—

PRINTER'S Apprentice Machineman; also, Feeders for Minerva, male, female; constant.

"ANCIENT LIGHTS" AT THE GAIETY.

FOR a light sparkling entertainment the present programme of the Gaiety Theatre would be hard to beat. Astute Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES deserves success by the method he has hit upon for obtaining it. In any new musical piece, partly farcical, partly burlesque, with the slightest possible thread of a story to hold the brilliantly coloured patchwork together, let Manager EDWARDES detect a weak spot and at once he has excised it, and replaced it by a Tannerian, Rossian, Caryllian, or Moncktonian or anybodyelsian snippet; and, if *that* doesn't do, then out that goes, and something else is substituted. Then, being at present the happy proprietor of five excellent eccentric "low comedians," and of five light and airy comédiennes, the whole party actors and actresses, tuneful singers and accomplished dancers, he has a company at hand which can keep any piece going on the "one-lot-off-t'other-come-on" principle, backed up by a showy chorus and an alert orchestra. Consequently it is no wonder that, quoting the maxim of Cardinal RICHELIEU and applying it to all his ventures, the George-Edwardesian motto should be, "There is no such word as 'fail.'"

For how long *The Toreador* has been "running," or kicking about, in the sprightliest manner, the present recorder is not in a position to assert, but the interval between his earliest visit to it, and his latest, only last week, seems to him considerable. In the meantime there have been all sorts of new songs, new duets, new "comic business" mainly for the elder and younger inimitables, GEORGE PAYNE and GEORGE GROSSMITH (there ought to be two more clever comedians of the same Christian name, and then we should have a *pas de quatre* of "the Four GEORGES" at the Gaiety, *O tempora! O* THACKERAY!) who, with their "stall and pit audience" and their "motor-car" scenes, keep the audience in roars of laughter, and compel enthusiastic applause from the most *blasé* of the Gaiety *habitués*.

The *Toreador*, without a slow movement in it, is over at 10.15, and ten minutes afterwards commences the best specimen of theatrical *revue* (a sort of piece rarely successful with us, but invariably popular at certain theatres in Paris) that has been seen in London for a very long time. The light dialogue and, as I suppose, the slight scheme of this merry-go-round, are by GEO. GROSSMITH, Jun., and just exactly serve the purpose, which is to give a brisk *resumé* of all sorts of pieces and persons that have appeared at the Gaiety, "strutted, fretted," danced, and sung their short or long turns, and then have gone their ways to other theatres to increase their fame, or to be "heard no more."

Specially excellent is Mr. LIONEL MACKINDER's reproduction of EDWARD TERRY in the *Forty Thieves*, and of his jerky singing of

"Now I'm—off to—the Bodega! For some—sherry—wine!"

This song and the "concerted piece" and dance to the air of "*Never come back no more, boys,*" were received with as hearty applause as in the old days when NELLIE FARREN, TERRY, ROYCE, and their merry companions sang and danced on these same boards. Miss ETHEL SYDNEY as *Marguerite* and *Morgiana* (alas, poor KATE VAUGHAN!) sang *Sister Anne's* song from *Blue Beard*, and danced in the old graceful KATE VAUGHAN style. Mr. FRED WRIGHT, Jun. gives some clever touches of ARTHUR ROBERTS'S mannerisms, and of the style of singing of the late DAVID JAMES as *Blueskin* in *Jack Sheppard*. Time fails to recount all the good things for everybody in this piece, which merrily gives the finishing touch to a capital entertainment; but the *pas de quatre* for Mr. GRATTAN as EVIE GREENE in *The Country Girl*, FRED WRIGHT, Jun. as ETHEL IRVING in *The Girl from Kay's*, GEORGE GROSSMITH, Jun. as EDNA MAY in *The Belle of New York*, and EDMUND PAYNE as HILDA MOODY in *The Three Little Maids*, is such an undeniably clever specimen of genuinely comic dancing and romping burlesque as has not been seen, even on this stage, for some years. Only in bygone times have the celebrated *Clodoches* done anything approaching it, and the *frenchiness* of their action did not commend itself to everybody. Four men impersonating four women! What a howl there would have been from the stern critics, not so very long ago, when one and all of them, dailies and weeklies, penn'orths and ha'porths, denounced any such assumption of female dress by comic men as *contra bonos mores*, atrociously vulgar, and showing clearly and plainly the hopeless decadence of burlesque! *Mais—le "travestie" "vît encore!"* Nay, as it seems, it is going stronger than ever! For who among the oldest playgoers can remember four low comedians playing as four women in any one single piece, and "kicking up behind and before" after the manner of the ancient JOSEPH in a certain very old and forgotten negro song of "*Who 's dat a knockin' at the door?*" Well, "turn and turn about" is another Gaiety motto, and the merry company will dance along with this piece, adding to it and changing it "a little bit here, and a little bit there, Here a bit and there a bit, and everywhere a bit," until such time as the Old Gaiety shall be closed and the New Gaiety in all its glory of novelty shall be open to the laughter-loving public.

TO JINGO, ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

FAREWELL! majestic exile! Twenty years
Have seen thee brandishing those awful ears
For British buns; have marked thee, day by day,
Consume thy ton or so of British hay.
And year by year the youngsters of our race
Have roamed each crevice in thine outer case,
Or (having first concealed the same in cake)
Plied thee with pins to make thy stomach ache.
And maiden ladies whose maturer age
Forbids the louder forms of badinage
Have knit thee woollen waistcoats all complete,
And carpet slippers for thy weary feet.
And we have learned to love thee and to brood
On thine immeasurable magnitude,
Have learned to deem the ape's elusive guile
Less lovely than thy bun-compelling smile.

And thou must go! Thy masters, men of cold
Unfeeling breasts agog for Yankee gold,
Lashed by the satire of the *Daily Mail*,
Have put thee up for ignominious sale!
And ruthless ruffians, redolent of ale,
Shall twist thee rudely by thy speaking tail,
Shall bear thee hence, cribb'd, cabin'd and confined,
Or pushed by traction engines from behind.
Across the broad Atlantic thou must go
To be the apex of a travelling show,
The loved of young America, the pride
Of strident millions on the other side.

Last of old London's landmarks, fare thee well!
Shall we again behold thee? None can tell.
Wilt thou a home with PIERPONT MORGAN find
(Himself, like thee, the biggest of his kind),
Or in the intervening ocean sink,
Or simply pine away, or take to drink,
Or sit like Jumbo on a passing train?
Then may we never welcome thee again!
Never review thy mass with pensive brow,
And murmur with emotion, "This was *Thou*."



A BROKEN PLEDGE.

Sportsman on bank (to Friend in brook). "HALLO, THOMPSON, IS THAT YOU? WHY, I THOUGHT YOU HAD JOINED THE 'NO DRINKS IN BETWEEN MEALS' PARTY!"

QUEER CALLINGS.

II.—THE CENSOR OF THE HALLS.

I FOUND the Censor cleaning his Winchester repeating rifle. It was a beautiful weapon, and he held it like an artist.

"No," he said, "I have not begun in London yet. It was thought best I should get my eye in in the provinces. I have been in the north. But I am opening, so to speak, in London next week."

"At which hall?" I asked.

"Probably the Oxbridge," he said; "there are some old offenders there. My duty, you see," he explained, "is to discourage the banal, the trite, to make the favourites learn new songs and take pains."

"But why the rifle?" I asked.

"Music-hall artistes," he replied, "are not amenable to ordinary hints. It was found necessary to be more drastic. I rarely kill," he added, "but now and then it is necessary. As a rule, to chip an ear or remove a finger is sufficient even for a bad case; while to put a bullet into the scenery on the stage ordinarily serves. One has to be strict now and then, of course. The other evening, for example, at Bootle, I had to stop the '*Honeysuckle and the Bee.*' At this date, too! I had given several warnings, but to no purpose. It was a good shot; she hardly moved."

"You aim at the heart?" I asked.

"Invariably."

"Why not the brain?"

"Well, you see, they all have hearts, whereas——"

I understood.

"Who make the best targets?" I asked.

"Oh, the tenors and baritones undoubtedly. Their white shirts. I aim between the first and second diamonds, except when only one is worn. LEO STORMONT——but I must not anticipate."

"Do you never make a poor shot?" I asked.

"Now and then," he said. "Some artistes are so jerky in their movements. DAN LENO—supposing the time should ever come—would be very hard to hit neatly."

"But you have had no bad accidents?"

"No, nothing to signify. At Blackpool I hit the leader of the orchestra instead of a mimic; but it was his own fault. He moved his arm. After all, he was a bad musician. And once I killed the wrong knockabout; but they were both inferior. That is the compensation in my office: one's mistakes are beneficial."

"Where do you sit?"

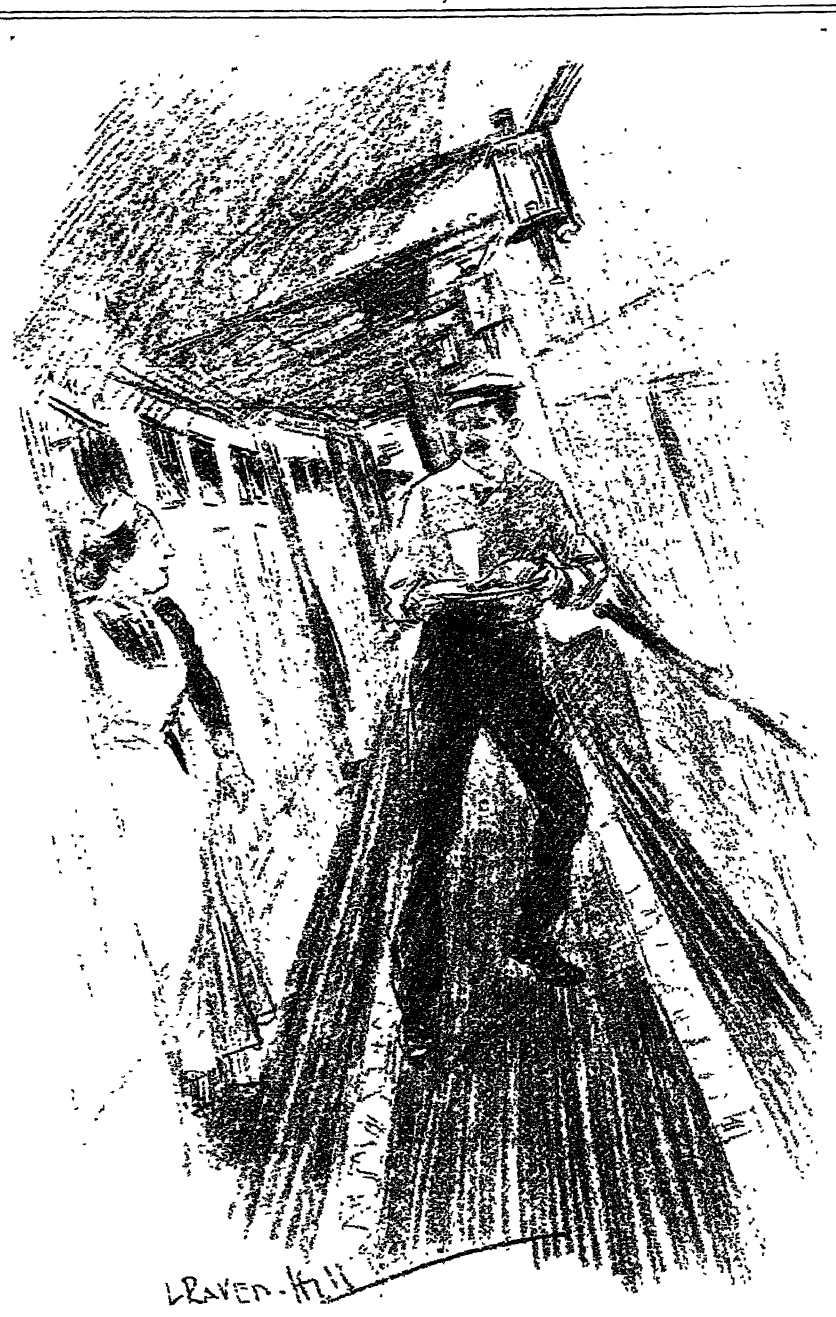
"The managements are very kind. They construct a little private box for me in the middle of the dress circle. I use smokeless powder; it inconveniences no one. Sometimes one does not have to shoot at all. I can remember whole evenings without provocation."

"And who is your employer?"

"Surely I told you that. Why, the Public Art Committee of the County Council, of course. They have absolute confidence in my judgment."

"And will you ever move on to the theatres?"

"The step is even now being considered. We have some names before us. Mr. WALKLEY is practising in his back garden at a running actor-manager—but I must not tell you any more."



Steward. "THIS 'ERE'S A NICE CURE FOR SEA SICKNESS! THIS IS THE FOURTEENTH BRANDY AND SODA I'VE TAKEN TO 91 THIS MORNING!"

CHARIVARIA.

JOHN CHAPMAN, of Galena, Texas, fell down a shaft at the Blind Tiger Mine, and dislocated his shoulder. On reaching home he tumbled down the cellar stairs, and the jolt restored the shoulder to its place. But the most wonderful part remains yet to be told. An English editor was found to believe the story.

In aid of a New York Bazaar tickets are being sold among young men at 4*s.* each, entitling the holder to a kiss. The identity of the ladies will be kept secret till the day of the Bazaar. There is an ugly rumour to the effect that they are all elderly spinsters, from each of whom the clever organisers are getting 8*s.*

A Bluejacket of *H.M.S. Good Hope* has been sentenced to three months' hard labour for writing a book. It is to be hoped that the movement will spread.

Some explorers in New Guinea have discovered a tribe of Ape-like Men. The tribe's description of the explorers has not yet come to hand.

Mr. HALL CAINE has been having a controversy with Mr. WILSON BARRETT in the columns of the *Referee*. Mr. CAINE writes, humorously enough, from "The Hermitage."

"Blood rain" has been seen in certain parts of England, and coal has fallen in America.

According to the *Novoe Vremya*, the new caravan road built by the English *via* Benda Abbas and the Quetta Railroad is proving a serious menace to the supremacy of Russia in Persia. Accidents will happen.

The *Neueste Nachrichten* declares that it is not the business of the Germans to teach the British and Americans manners. With that sound common sense which characterises the whole nation, the Germans never undertake a task of which they are incapable.

President ROOSEVELT and Sir WILFRID LAURIER have both expressed themselves as anxiously hoping for the final settlement of the Irish Land Question on the lines of the Conference Agreement. The selfishness of their motive is obvious. Fewer Irishmen would emigrate in their direction.

A newspaper having reported that our railway directors are at last aroused, several have written indignantly denying it.

The Woolwich election has been arousing considerable interest. Mr. DRAGE'S contention that half a loaf is better than no loaf has been hotly contested by Mr. CROOKS, who counts among his supporters many entire loafers.

A blow has been struck at the practice of Ministers going to sleep in the House of Commons. A silent nod on the part of Mr. BRODRICK that coincided with the asking of a question has been interpreted as an affirmative reply.

One of the most satisfying signs of the times in England is the spread of technical education. A new Anarchist Club has just been formed in London. A feature is to be a course of instruction for members in the use of chemicals for the manufacture of explosives.

Lord SPENCER has come to the conclusion that the conduct of the Irish M.P.'s in applauding the disasters to British arms during the Boer War was reprehensible. The decision is all the more valuable in that it is no hasty one.



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

Modern Penelope (Unionist Party). "JOY! JOY! IT IS INDEED MY ULYSSES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 2.—"*Et tu, Troute!* (Forgive the final unaccustomed vowel. But when one goes to Rome he must form his syllables as the Latins do.) It is true that once in yester year we behaved badly to you. Something, I think, to do with an omitted ticket for a garden party at Buckingham Palace. Or was it forgetfulness in respect of a voucher for a masked ball? However it be, since then your interests have been jealously guarded. Whenever arrangements are being made for any of the State frivolities dear to your heart, the very first question put in Cabinet Council is, has Sir TROUT had a card? And that reminds me that, only the other day, steadily overlooking your old pal, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, we knighted you.

"Things being so, it might reasonably have been expected that, burying all animosity, repressing all youthful tendencies to revolt, you would have subsided into a dutiful, uninquisitive Ministerialist. 'Instead of which,' as the Judge said, you go about the House beguiling immature young men like IAN MALCOLM, and raise the standard of revolt against the best of all Governments."



Mlle. Josephine takes the boards again at the scene of her old triumphs, after a most successful tour.

Thus PRINCE ARTHUR, reclining on Treasury Bench, making his moan. Sir TROUT BARTLEY, breaking out on matter of Galway writ, has led away forty-four young men and KENYON-SLANEY into the Opposition Division Lobby. Worst of all is the reflection that, unless screw had been severely put on, Sir TROUT'S amendment would have been carried, issue of writ for Galway being postponed till end of Session.

This after all had been so nicely arranged. In ordinary case Irish Whip would have moved the writ. Ministerial majority, left to its own impulses, recalling Galway's boastful selection of a Member on avowed ground that in time of peril he had taken up arms against the QUEEN, would have refused the writ. That wouldn't do just now when the patriotic, constitutional Party chance to be hand-in-glove with Irish Nationalists. So ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved writ on account of the Government. Ministerialists shown into Lobby with REDMOND *aîné*, who, when Galway election was pending, cabled encouragement of LYNCH'S candidature; in the rush Sir TROUT is trampled on.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S annoyance at whole business not lessened by knowledge of what has since taken place in the Lords. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah unexpectedly broke loose on Venezuelan question. Nothing more unexpected from early aspect of incident. TWEEDMOUTH in nearly empty House drummed away at Venezuelan business. LANSDOWNE made official reply on familiar lines. Thoughts of noble Lords turned affectionately to hats and coats in outer Lobby. When up gat ROSEBERY.

Long time since he was in such fine form. No sign of preparation, no note of reference. Out rolled the sentences, perfectly formed, coruscating with scorn, blazing with indignation.

"It is not," he thundered, "in accordance with the comity of nations, it is not in accordance with the relations that ought to sway the Governments of London and Washington, that the British Government should feel the pulse of Washington through the medium of the German Government. I wish to dismiss this ignominious and pitiful transaction as quickly as possible from my memory."

In his magnificent rage the Lion crushed some ordinarily inoffensive people, who really had nothing to do with the affair. AVEBURY, the mildest-mannered man who ever signed a cheque, generously attempted to defend the Government. ROSEBERY brushed him aside with reference to "the noble Lord who spoke with all the passion and pathos of a bond-holder." BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH, Secretary for Scotland, crossing the Border during the Recess, ventured to enter domain of foreign policy. "I have the greatest respect for my noble friend in matters appertaining to his own Department. I pay every homage to the Secretary for Scotland. But——" And here the mangled remains of BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH were carried out.

And what do you think he said about our GEORGIE? "Lord GEORGE HAMILTON is a very important Minister, or perhaps, to speak more correctly, a Minister who has held very important posts." Was biography ever more wittily or more discriminately summarised?

Business done.—Bad in both Houses for His Majesty's Government.

Tuesday night.—Few Members more familiar than JEMMY LOWTHER with rules governing debate in Committee. Man and boy—he is, to the delight of mankind, still a boy—has sat in House for nearly forty years. There have been intervals of absence due to fickleness of constituencies. Save for that (and the circumstance that he remains unmarried) he might be Father of the House. This afternoon, JEFFREYS being in Chair in absence of the other LOWTHER, the right hon. JEMMY found irresistible temptation to a lark. Deputy Chairman ruled debate should be kept within certain clearly defined limits. Several Members, attempting to get out of bounds, brought back. JEMMY approaches subject with that judicial air and magisterial voice which, combined with suspicion of tongue thrust in the cheek, command instant attention. Straying into forbidden paths was brought back by Chairman.

"Certainly. Of course," said JEMMY, waving his hand as if warning the Chairman off the course. "I bow, Sir, to your ruling. But, the hon. gentleman opposite having alluded to the topic, I felt it would have been discourteous on my part to omit all reference to it."

The bearing of this observation lies in the application of it, well known to laughing Members. Put into unparliamentary language, what JAMES means is that the Chairman had permitted one



"Too much 'Fourth Party' going on to please me!"
(The Prime Minister.)



Judge J-ffr-ys.
(Chairman of Committees.)

Member to descant on the forbidden topic, whereas when another approached it he is smartly hauled up.

As JEMMY proceeds and again transgresses, the Deputy Chairman interposes with increasing peremptoriness. The eyes of the watching audience glisten with delight. What if JEMMY were to be "named," suspended from the service of the House, peradventure carried forth by four stalwart policemen! JEMMY too old a Parliamentary hand to be caught in such trap. Has had his fun, gone as far as is safe, and sits down after flinging a last stone at the Chair.

"It is," he said, in tone and manner recalling his famous judicial appearance in the Jockey Club case, "to be regretted that we should have forced upon us truncated debate upon this important Blue Book."

Business done.—Supplementary Estimates.

Friday Night.—Through week of not unalloyed satisfaction a gleam of light has for a moment fallen on Brother GERALD. It was D. A. THOMAS who shed it. Been spending quiet Sabbaths in reading back numbers of *Hansard*. Came upon debate which took place in the Session of 1826 on question of salary of President of Board of Trade. Proposal made by no less important and disinterested person than Chancellor of the Exchequer of the day to raise it to £5,000 a year, On division proposal carried. No action taken, and to this day President limps along on pittance of £2,000 a year. THOMAS, thinking that since war is actually over, now is the time to spend a little money, gave notice of question Why this particular resolution had never been carried out?

Brother GERALD'S eye gleamed when it fell upon the question; so unlike the accustomed form of interrogation addressed to him. Not at all a bad fellow, DAVID THOMAS, though weak in respect of Home Rule, Disestablishment, Rights of Landlords, and One Man One Vote. Looked up HANSARD. Alack! Reason why resolution was still-born written on figures of division. In a small House carried by only eleven votes. Of course, if it were made a question of confidence, Party threatened with C.-B. on Treasury Bench, it would be carried by a rattling majority as was the Galway writ. But that sort of thing may be overdone. So GERALD, with a pathos that shone in his eyes and trembled in his voice, explained the matter to the Member for MERTHYR.

DAVID THOMAS is, inexplicably, gaining among his countrymen the character of a humourist.

Business done.—Private Members'.

THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

[Being a sequel to the "Admirable Crichton's" dissertation addressed to Lady MARY, and based on the splendid anachronism, "I was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave."]

POLLY, my reign is over;
BILL CRICHTON has played the game;
And I'm learning here in the Harrow Road
How hollow is earthly fame.
But I hope you will never forget, love,
(Believe me, 'tis all I crave,)
That I was a Cedar in Lebanon
When you were a Pilgrim's Stave.

I gave you the use of your limbs, POLLY;
I taught you "the joy of life,"
And the proper worth of a hairpin
(For I meant you to be my wife),
In that fair sub-tropical island
Where the cocoa-nut palm trees wave,
When I was the Tomb of NAPOLEON,
And you were a Nameless Grave.

Time's whirligig recompenses
The man who is down to-day.
Two hundred years ago, POLLY,
What were we? I cannot say.
But I seem to remember a conquest
You scored in a Catskill cave,
When you were a keg of Jamaica Rum,
And I was an Indian Brave.

And a thousand years hence, POLLY—
Ah! *will* it be just the same?
No matter! In *this* existence
BILL CRICHTON has played the game.
But, after the lapse of ages,
How, think you, shall we behave,
If I am the "Angel" at Islington,
And you are an Easy Shave?

AN UNFORTUNATE FIGURE OF SPEECH.

Doctor (in his own consulting-room, to lady whom he has always hitherto seen at her own home). "WELL, MADAM, THIS IS INDEED A CASE OF THE MOUNTAIN COMING TO MAHOMET!"

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

III.—A MODEL ARMY CORPS.

SCENE—*The Bureau of the* War Minister *of Ruritania. The* Minister, *at his table, leans back contentedly in his chair, washes his hands with invisible soap, and smiles benignly at his* Private Secretary, *who stands beside him with a bundle of letters.*

The Minister. Was our little hint to the British Minister, that *our* Guards were entirely officered by Retired Full Colonels over the age of 50, and that such a thing as a Subalterns' Court-martial is unknown with *us*, taken in good part?

The Secretary (*referring to a letter*). The Minister is most thankful.

The Minister. Is there any other military matter in which, by example or precept, we could assist those dear good muddling British?

The Secretary. They seem now to be in trouble over their Army Corps.

The Minister. Indeed.

The Secretary. In their Parliament one Party takes it for granted that the Army Corps exist, and declare that they ought not to; the other Party say that they are necessary, but profess not to be able to discover them.

The Minister. Is that their only difficulty? Were I in Pall Mall I think that I could show them how all parties could be satisfied without any burden being placed on the Treasury.

The Secretary. I feel sure that if I might convey a hint——

The Minister. We will form Army Corps No. VII. First select as a manœuvring ground any piece of useless land. If it is a swamp, point out its advantages as a training ground for an Upper Nile campaign; if it is all sand, liken it to the Sahara; if it is honeycombed with quarries, suggest that our troops may at any moment be engaged in a campaign against the Eskimo cave-dwellers. In the centre of the manœuvring ground run up some tin shelters.

The Secretary. Will they not interfere with tactics?

The Minister. They will afford an annual excuse for not holding the annual manœuvres.

The Secretary. They will be scarcely habitable.

The Minister. In summer, troops, of course, would be under canvas, and in winter no sane person would house them in the centre of a plain.

The Secretary. The Commander and his Staff, Sir?

The Minister. Purely honorary appointments. Let all the retired Generals who think that if they had their rights they should be in command of the First Army Corps take it in turn to show what they can do with the Seventh.

The Secretary. And the troops, Sir, what regiments will compose the Corps and what will be their strength.?

The Minister. Tut, tut, tut. I thought I had told you never to use the word "Regiment" again. We always talk of "Units" now, for a military "unit" may mean one man or a thousand. State as few figures as possible, and always preface a number with "estimated" and follow it with "available."

The Secretary. Certainly.

The Minister. "Estimated" carries with it a poet's license, and "available" means that the troops might be there if they were not somewhere else.

The Secretary. And as to men?

The Minister. The other Army Corps, consisting largely of Specials, the Seventh, should be composed of Extra Specials. The name to the British mind would suggest a pleasant association with Scotch whisky. We should draw largely on the surrounding parish schools, during play hours, for our material, and if awkward questions were asked, parry them with a stroke of facetious patriotism by alluding to the children in arms.

The Secretary. I quite comprehend. As to horses?

The Minister. The horse is doomed by the motor; but the motor has not yet reached the point of development which would justify any expenditure of money on it as a cavalry charger.

The Secretary. And the guns?

The Minister. It is a military axiom that guns in war frighten more than they hurt. In peace they retain only their frightening qualities. As we do not wish our troops to be frightened, the use of guns in peace time vanishes.

The Secretary. Anything more, Sir?

The Minister. The commissariat difficulty is met of course by the Napoleonic dictum that the Army should live on the country. I fancy that I have fairly disposed of all difficulties. When you have your chat at the Ministry, you may say that I shall be glad if at any future time I can be of any further use. Now let us turn to important matters. Have you the new design for the tunic buttons?

[*The* Minister *and the* Secretary *devote their minds to business.*

A GROVE OF BLARNEY.—Several people have written to complain that though their gardener's little nephew heard the nightingale quite a fortnight ago, Spring has not yet begun. It cannot be too clearly impressed upon the public that, in matters of this kind, what the nightingale says is not evidence.

EXPERTO CREDE.

["The other day I picked up a book and found it was *Homer*. I tried to get some enjoyment from reading it, but was disappointed. I got no enjoyment at all. When I read of Achilles praying for the success of his country's enemies because his own schemes went wrong, it was too much for me and I put the book away."—*Mr. Carnegie.*]

AMAZING how Professors waste
Their time at Oxford College
Instilling in those lads a taste
For worse than useless knowledge!
What oceans of the idlest lore!
What senseless stuff they chatter,
As they forever wrangle o'er
The things which do not matter!

How different the business mind!
How clear and sharp its vision!
How swift the hidden truth to find,
How prompt in its decision!
The problems which for ages back
Your purblind dons have reckoned
The hardest nuts they have to crack,
I settle in a second.

Take HOMER. Some few days ago
I'd never read a word of him
(For I'm a busy man), although
I certainly had heard of him.
Indeed, from some remark let fall
Or casual suggestion,
I'd learnt there is what scholars call
A great Homeric question.

Expectant I began to turn
The badly printed pages,
Devoutly hoping here to learn
The wisdom of the ages.
But what a revelation! What
A tale of petty quarrels!
These pagans were a wicked lot,
Without a grain of morals.

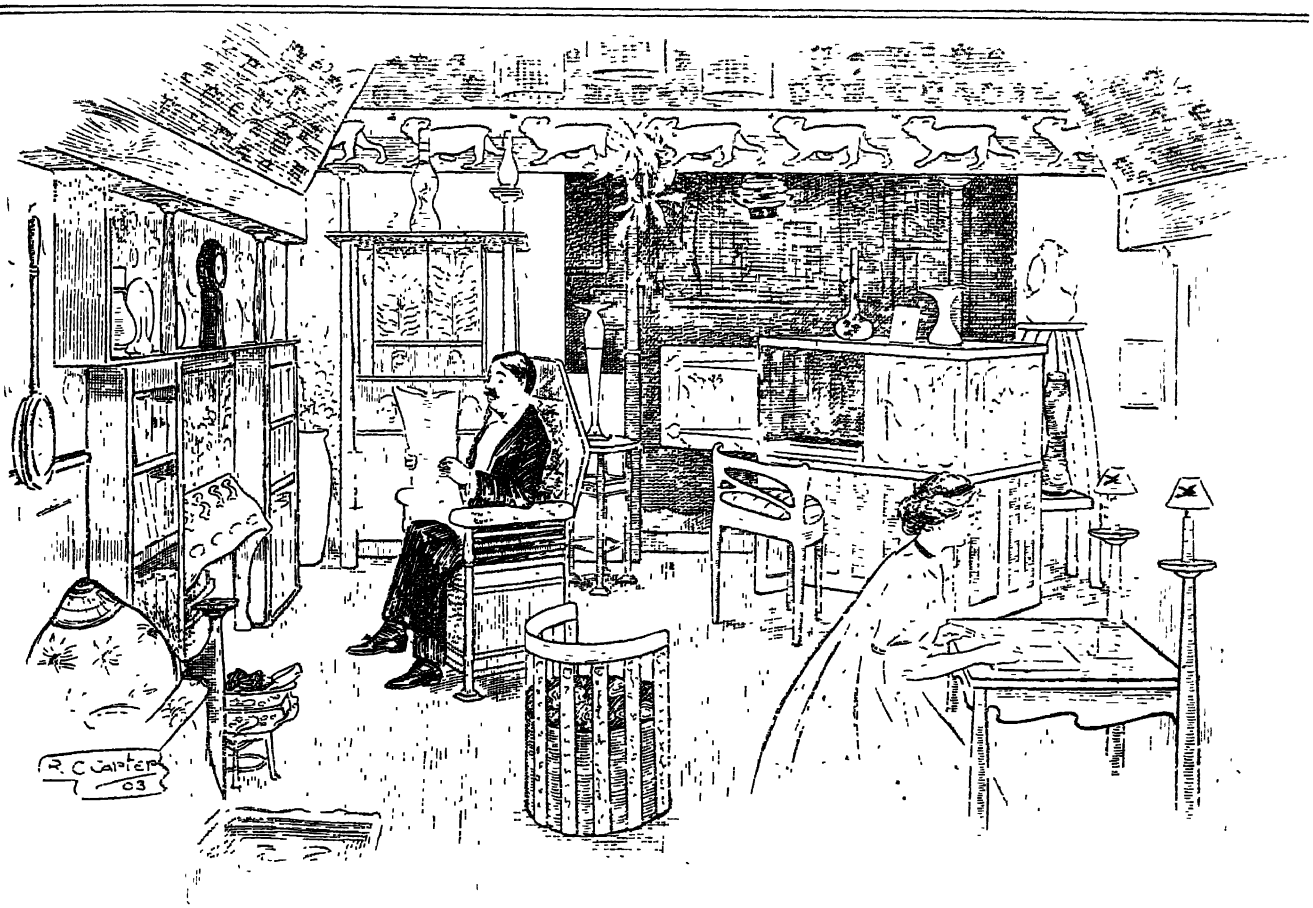
Not even patriotic they:
Beside the vile Achilles
The bad pro-Boers of yesterday
Were spotless as the lilies.
Hate, envy, malice, every sin
And villainy of NERO'S,
You find them all united in
These miserable heroes.

Is this, said I, the kind of stuff
Our youths are taught to swallow?
These bragging fools, this idle bluff,
This folly, vain and hollow?
A resolution came to me
As o'er the book I brooded:
From all my libraries I'll see
That *Homer* is excluded.

Our Skeleton Army.

THE scarcity of suitable officers is well instanced in the following advertisement, in which the age limit has been greatly reduced and other allowances made.

GENERAL, from 18, 20; no boots or steps.—*Glasgow Herald.*



THE LATEST STYLE OF ROOM DECORATION. THE HOME MADE BEAUTIFUL.

According to the "Arts and Crafts."

A HARD CASE.

Mr. Punch, himself the pink of courtesy, is delighted on occasion to give advice which will enable his readers to act in difficult circumstances as the dictates of good manners command. He has been asked to adjudicate in the following Hard Case, which he does with pleasure, having first, as a matter of interest, asked the opinion of a few of his correspondents, whose suggestions he appends to his own decision.

Mrs. A., a lady of social aspirations, living in the district known to the postal authorities as Bayswater, W., and to her friends and herself as Hyde Park, bears a marked resemblance to Mrs. B., originally her bosom friend, but now a mere acquaintance, owing to Mr. B. having risen in the world and rented a house in Lowndes Square, which Mrs. A. naturally resents as a personal slight. Mrs. A., on the third day of a charity bazaar, buys a knitted baby's petticoat, marked 5/6, from a stall held by Lady C., whose young daughter, the Honourable D. C., refuses to give her any change out of half-a-sovereign. During the altercation which ensues Lady C. comes up and says, "Oh, Mrs. B., how do you do? Haven't seen you for an age. No, we don't give change. Do come and lunch to-morrow—two o'clock, Belgrave Square. That's right." And then turns to Miss E., who is assisting her at the stall, and says, in a lower voice, which is however audible to Mrs. A., "She 's a horrid cat. But C. wants to keep in with her husband." What should Mrs. A. do?

Mr. Punch acknowledges the difficulty of this case, which may be looked at from more than one point of view. A careful consideration of the circumstances, however, has enabled him to make the following pronouncement:—

Mrs. A. should certainly lunch with Lady C. The expression "horrid cat," which she overheard, was used of Mrs. B. and not of herself. There is no reason, therefore, why she should resent it. Moreover, Lady C. had mulcted her of 4/6 beyond the price of her purchase, which would more than counter-balance any obligation she might be under in eating her luncheon at Lady C.'s expense. Mrs. A., on her way home, could call on Mrs. B., and mention, in the course of conversation, that she had been lunching that day with her great friend, Lady C., who had called her (Mrs. B.) a horrid cat.

Mr. Punch awards a pat on the back to JINGLE, KATERFELTO, MAIMIE, and WASPSTING, who have replied, "Mrs. A. should say nothing and go."

Answers adjudged incorrect.

DOUBLE DUTCH, JUMBO, SMILAX and WATERBURY.—"Mrs. A. should do nothing." (This is never the right answer to anything, though very popular.)

MOUSIE.—"Mrs. A. should say sweetly to Lady C., 'I think you are mistaking me for my friend Mrs. B., who may or may not be a *horrid cat!* Good morning!' (It was stated that Mrs. A. no longer considered Mrs. B. in the light of a friend. Besides, it was four o'clock in the afternoon.)

B.A., LOND.—"Mrs. A. should take the loss of her half-sovereign with a good grace, and remember the Latin proverb, *'Bis dat qui cito dat.'*" (Mrs. A. could not very well remember what she had never known.)

TOOTLES.—"Mrs. A. should pocket the insult and go." (Mrs. A., being a perfect lady, would not wear a pocket.)

ALPHABETICAL.—Mr. H. A. JONES may not know the A. B. C. of dramatic art, but he certainly knows the A. B. W. of dramatic criticism.



JONES DEFIES THE MESSENGER OF JUPITER TONANS.

A 1909 "FIRST-NIGHT."

ON the evening of my arrival in London after an absence of several years I decided to visit a theatre.

Greatly to my surprise I found the house surrounded by a ring of police. In front of them was drawn up a body of mounted troops, arrayed in an unfamiliar uniform.

I accosted an important-looking police-sergeant.

"Is it a fire?" I said.

"A fire? Why, no, Sir, it's a First-Night."

"A First-Night? What on earth are all these police and soldiers here for then?"

"Why, to keep the public out, of course," he answered.

"I don't understand it at all," I said. "Can I get a seat, do you think? I'm rather anxious to see——," and I handed him my card.

The sergeant touched his helmet and said he would send in my name to the manager. Shortly afterwards he beckoned me, and I was conducted into the *foyer*.

Here I was greeted courteously by Mr. BUSKIN, the famous actor-manager. I repeated my request for a seat. Mr. BUSKIN replied politely but firmly that he was afraid the thing was impossible—under no circumstances were members of the general public admitted on First-Nights.

"Never admitted on First-Nights!" I cried. "Why, when I was last at home a First-Night was *the* thing in the fashionable world."

Mr. BUSKIN smiled benignantly.

"Ah, yes," he replied, "but we stopped all that sort of thing long ago. It commenced with the stalls and balcony; we found ourselves compelled to close them on *premières* because people would come in late—an actor can't stand that sort of thing, you know. Moreover," he continued, "it distracts the attention of the audience, and they lose the thread of the thing. The slightest thing distracts the attention from modern plays, we find."

"But, but you *have* no audience on First-Nights, now-a-days," I objected. "Except, of course, the pit and——"

"Oh, indeed we have," Mr. BUSKIN interpolated, "employees of the theatre and our personal friends, you know. You are at fault, too, in your further remark. The pit is a thing of the past. We've done away with that long ago. I believe there is one house—on the Surrey side—which still keeps one, but they use it as an advertisement. People pay a certain sum to be shown over it."

"Well, the gallery?" I ventured; "is that open?"

"Not on First-Nights," replied the famous actor-manager. "Impossible. We tried admitting only one spectator to every three constables, but it was no good. They *would* 'boo.' DOGSON, of the Model Theatre, still admits a certain number on these occasions—sixty, I think it is—and each person as he takes his ticket is fitted with a pair of hand-cuffs, leg-irons, and a gag. But it's a risky thing, even at that, and I don't think he'll keep it up much longer—they will clank the irons, you know. It sounds rigorous, I daresay; but, you see, we must defend our own interests."

"I suppose you must," I assented. "What about the boxes?"

"Boxes? Boxes? Ah, yes, of course, I remember the word. Oh dear no; indeed, we don't have such things now. The space they formerly occupied is devoted to miniature batteries, in which we station detachments of our Theatrical Life Guards with fire-hoses. Each battery commands a certain portion of the house, and at a signal from the stage, any signs of disapproval or restlessness are immediately quelled by a well-directed stream of water."

"Most astonishing thing I ever heard of in my life!" I murmured. "This, of course, accounts for the police, they——"

"Certainly. They are to prevent any attempt on the part of the public to enter by force. On ordinary nights, too, they keep back undesirables. I daresay you noticed our Theatrical Life Guards as well? We employ them for the same purpose. Then we have, in addition, our skirmishers—bands of trained Hooligans. Their special duty is the belting away of critics. Oh, it's a wonderful system."

"It is, indeed," I concurred. "One last question, if you will be so good. About this chasing away of critics by Hooligans—what about the press notices—who writes those?"

"Why, the author of the play, of course. He does all that. Each member of the cast supplies him with a critique of his or her individual performance, which he tacks on to his own account, and—and that's how it's done. Far more satisfactory than the old methods, I assure you. *Good* evening."

As I stepped into the street a Chinaman flashed past me, pursued by a band of burly youths, uniformed in red and gold, and brandishing heavy belts. The procession passed like a streak of lightning.

"What's up?" I enquired of my friend the sergeant.

"Why, it's one o' them critics, trying to get in in disguise, Sir," he replied. "'E came as a 'Indoo last show we had 'ere. 'E'll get 'urt, one of these days, 'e will."

I passed the evening very enjoyably at a Music-hall. It was strangely full.

RIEN À DÉCLARER.

(Mem. for those with incomes.)

ANNUAL season of national perjury begins with issue of the Declaration-of-Income forms. Note, "income" may variously denote:—

Income as stated to our friends, say - - - -	£1,000
,, as credited us by our friends - - -	£800
,, as divulged to Surveyor	£250
,, as determined by Surveyor - - -	£700
We consider we are worth -	£1,500
Employer considers we are worth	£80
Actual income - - - -	£400

Note also we are requested to assess our income from "salt springs," "alum mines," "ferries," "cemeteries," "drains," and "streams of water"—after deducting "wear and tear of machinery."

Bewildered public usually enters "nil" in every column, and scribbles its name and family history indiscriminately everywhere, as with all official documents.

Note also under expenses "wholly, exclusively, and necessarily incurred in performance of duties of office or employment," we may include cab fares, drinks between meals, lunching expenses, and losses at poker.

Surveyor in general adopts principle of multiplying declared income by amount of deceit in householder's face, and insulting all applicants for rebate so grossly that no one with any self-respect will ever apply for anything again.

Motto for taxpayer:—Evasion is no robbery.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Miss Kitty Candour (who has just accepted dear Reggie, and is now taking him fully into her confidence). "I MUST TELL YOU, REGGIE DEAR, THAT THE GREAT FAULT OF MY CHARACTER IS THAT AFTER I HAVE TAKEN ANY RESOLUTION—IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT IT MAY BE—I ALWAYS BITTERLY REPENT IT!"

PRODUCTION OF MR. JABBERJEE'S PLAY.

(The Author's own narrative—concluded.)

LAST week I left myself about to go before the curtain in obedience to a vociferous request to behold the Author. But, being so transported with joy as not to know—till later—whether I was on heels or head, I fell down several stairs, which occasioned some delay.

Consequently when, in a profuse perspiration, I arrived on the stage, the spectators had already concluded that I preferred to remain as the Great Unknown, and, folding up their tents like the Arabs, had stolen silently away. And the members of the company, so far from felicitating my triumph, were engaged in a heated tittle-tattle and logomachy with Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW, whom they roundly reproached with having induced them to shell out hard cash to render themselves jesting-stocks in a piece which he must have known was to fizzle out in complete frost.

At this I politely poured oil upon their troubled vinegar by stating that, notwithstanding the niggardliness in scenery department and the incompetency of all the performers to speak what I had set down for them, the play itself had profoundly moved the spectators, as was shown by their hallooing and boohooing for the Author at the termination thereof.

Whereupon, to my surprise, they commenced to vituperate myself as an inflated native windbag incapable of writing a tragedy for nuts, asserting that said boohoings were the customary British method of indicating that the performance had not secured golden opinions.

This stirred up my dander to such a degree that I severely upbraided Mr. DUCROW as the *fons et origo malorum*, since it was due to his parsimony that so fine a tragedy had turned out a fiasco, and requesting him to refund all moneys paid as costs of production.

Which Mr. DUCROW declined, lamenting that he should have warmed an Indian serpent with a thankless tooth in his bosom, and maintaining that he was out of pocket by his benevolence, and that, in mere hire of curs for the dogsledges, he had expended at least fifteen bobs.

To his pupils he would merely say that each and all had that afternoon laid the stepping-stone of a brilliant career, and that he was assured of favourable criticisms in such important organs as the *Westbourne Park Morning Express* and *Paddington Evening Mail*.

One of the gentlemen-actors confirmed this, whispering that, to his private knowledge, Mr. *Morning Express* was on terms of sodality and chumminess with the Royal Oak Theatrical proprietor, while Mr. *Evening Mail* was the ardent admirer of Miss TITTENSOR, being a parlour-boarder with her maternal progenitrix.

Had I known all this earlier, I should perhaps have approached both critics in somewhat different style.

Mr. SILLIPHANT predicted that Messrs. London *Times*,

Telegraph and other leading periodicals would jump at such a chance to get their knives into him, and bitterly blamed himself for lowering his reputation as an artist by appearing in so footling a show, while Mr. FITKIN complained that one of the pug-curs had purloined a piece of his leg-calf, and that he should hold me responsible if he ever became a hydrophobiac.

And several of the performers declared that they had done with the Dramatic College, causing Mr. DUCROW to reply that they had given him inexpressible relief by resigning, since he was shortly expecting to be engaged to produce a high-class play by a real professional dramatist, whose name he was forbidden to reveal, and that he had had grave dubitations whether these particular pupils were sufficiently accomplished masterpieces to be conscientiously recommended for speaking parts. On which they obsequiously withdrew their resignations, and entreated that they might be retained on his good books, after which, perceiving that I was the neglected quantity and odd man out of it, I departed in disgust at the gullibility and conceit of amateurish incompetents.

* * * * *

Next Day.—So far from getting knives into Mr. SILLIPHANT, it seems that the London *Times*, *Telegraph* and other morning dailies have treated yesterday's performance on the silent system of a Sphynx—or is this merely a shocking example of Editorial sleepyheadedness? I have sent out for *Westbourne Park Express* and *Paddington Evening Mail* —and we shall see whether they will prove wider awake. . . .

From *The W. P. Morning Express.*—"A drama entitled *Mr. Frankenstein*, and apparently inspired by the Poet SHELLEY'S well-known poem, was performed yesterday afternoon at this popular and *recherché* little playhouse. Although produced for a *matinée* only, it was mounted with all the faultless care and taste which the enterprising lessee has accustomed us to expect from him. Of the piece itself, which we understand is the maiden effort of a gentleman hailing from India's coral strands, it is perhaps kinder, especially as it is not likely to be heard of again, to say nothing. Worse plays have been lived down."

From *The Paddington Evening Mail.*—"Seldom has it been our hard lot to sit out a weirder and more inconsequent piece of pretentious balderdash than the so-called Tragedy by an aspiring Indo-Anglian dramatist which was produced, &c. However, if the play possessed no merits of its own, it at least served to introduce a young actress of quite exceptional fascination and intelligence. The name of Miss ENID TITTENSOR is new to us—but we will venture the prediction that ere long she will be shining as a bright particular star in the theatrical firmament. Various other ladies and gentlemen, who have acquired their art under the tuition of that able elocutionist, Mr. CHESEBOROUGH DUCROW, rendered valuable assistance in characters which afforded them no opportunities for distinction, but Miss TITTENSOR, in spite of being evidently hampered by a sense of the absurdity of her part, played as heroine with a distinction and power that showed of what she is capable in a *rôle* worthy of her remarkable ability. West End Managers will do well to secure Miss ENID TITTENSOR before she is snapped up by some discerning American entrepreneur."

So one-sided a whistle as this is dearly paid for by casting Scottish whisky pegs before such ungrateful swines as Misters *Express* and *Mail!*

As I do not possess the bottomless *portemonnaie* of a Fortunatus I must now return forthwith willy nilly, with nose in pocket, to my faint afflicted family at Calcutta, and inform them that my mountainous hope has brought forth a bantling of insignificantly mousey proportions! . . .

Later.—Hip-hip-huzza! I am not to be so easily snuffed! I have just received a visit from a highly notorious New York playdealer, who, it seems, has had the curiosity to witness my Tragedy, which he is persuaded, if presented with elaborate magnificence and due solemnity before an audience of brainy American citizens, will not improbably tickle them to death!

At first, being apprehensive that he would invite me to stump up the residuum of my ready money, I was about to politely nill such a proposal, when—who 'd have thought it? —he produced certain contract-agreements, in return for signing which he would immediately hand me his cheque for five hundred dollars for advanced royalties!

I of course rejected so inadequate a bribe with the utmost indignation, and, after much chaffering, he consented to double the sum. I have just exchanged his cheque for forty Bank of England five-pound notes—which are very handsome birds in the hand, even if they are not the forerunners of fowls of even finer feathers at present sitting snug in the bush of Futurity.

One last word to Honble British Acting Managers. The time may come, Misters, when you will perhaps regret having disdainfully tucked up your noses to snub a splendid Indian swan, when passing *incog.* as the ugly duckling! I have no more to say to you, Gentlemen.

P.S.—Except that a truly magnanimous will never permit the rankling resentment of an injury to affect him in matters of business, and that my Sybilline books are still open to an offer for London rights from any genuinely A 1 quarter, *e.g.*, the National Drury Lane Theatre.—H. B. J.

THE END.

THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

["Dr. STILES, of the United States Agricultural Department, claims to have discovered the germ of laziness."—*Daily Paper.*]

In an age of rush and hurry, when you 've scarcely time to tub,
When you shave in twenty seconds and you bolt your morning grub,
When you hurry to the station with a crowd of the profane,
And you scurry through the paper in the early morning train—
In that vile suburban train,
With its freight of human pain,
Where you ruin your digestion and your temper and your brain!—

When you gallop through the morning and have scarcely time to crunch
Half an Abernethy biscuit as you snatch a lightning lunch,
When the after-lunch tobacco you religiously taboo
As you hurry back to business on the very stroke of two—
At that torpid hour of two,
If you 've lunched as you should do,
Not a care and not a worry would obtrude itself on you—

In an age when all is whirling in a ceaseless strain and stress
It is good to hear they 've lighted on the germ of laziness,
And I hope the worthy Doctor will elect to spend his days
In inoculating people and compelling them to laze—
Ah, if only they would laze,
And amend their horrid ways,
We should see a happy ending of this hurry-scurry craze.

Angry Sportsman (to Irish farmer who has let him a salmon fishery for £100). You may like to know that I have only caught three fish during the whole season. So they cost me £33 6*s.* 8*d.* cash a-piece.

Irish Farmer. Faith, 'twas lucky that yer honour did not catch any more at that price!



A DREAM OF ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

QUEER CALLINGS.

III.—THE SOCIAL STATISTICIAN.

"JUST now," said our host, settling himself further in his chair, "my studies are taking me into two very different channels: I am inquiring into cabs and wedding-presents. The idiosyncrasies of persons of eminence who ride in cabs are well worthy of patient investigation in the pursuit of those data by which character is ascertained. It may never have occurred to you that one man rides differently from another; but so it is. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, for example, when riding alone always sits in the middle of the seat and leans back. Mr. ASQUITH sits in the middle of the seat and leans forward. Lord ROSEBERY, Mr. MORLEY, and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE subside into the left corner. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH, Mr. GIBSON BOWLES and Lord HUGH CECIL subside into the right. Sir JOHN GORST folds his arms. The Duke of DEVONSHIRE closes his eyes. Lord SALISBURY forgets his destination. Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN takes two cabs and runs between them. Mr. WYNDHAM adjusts his moustaches in the glass. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL changes places with the driver.

"Then as to methods of payment—these also are full of character. Sir EDWARD GREY pushes the fare through the hole in the roof; Mr. LABOUCHERE pays in new sixpences; Mr. DILLON has an argument with the cabman; Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN asks for discount."

The Statistician paused for breath.

"It is very interesting," we remarked, "and certainly of the highest value. You mentioned wedding presents . . . ?"

"Oh, yes. The investigator has a practically endless field before him there. Take butter dishes. I find that in the last statistical year, closing with February 28, no fewer than 186,371 butter dishes were given away to young persons beginning the battle of life, or an average of 3·008 butter dishes to every cow in the kingdom, and of 7·042 butter dishes to every married couple. What does that teach us?"

"What, indeed!" we echoed with conviction.

He looked wearily at the fire.

"Coal-scuttles," he murmured. "Do you know how many coal-scuttles were presented last year?"

We had no notion.

"The figures," he said, "are remarkable: 49,816. I say coal-scuttles, but some of course were in the shape of cauldrons. Now of these I find that no fewer than 37,353 were given by aunts. Why do aunts give coal-scuttles?" he exclaimed. "It leaves only 12,463 to be divided among other relatives and friends. Why this disproportion?"

We were unable to supply a theory.

"I think," he said, "I think I have discovered the reason. It seems that there is a growing tendency to call wedding presents by the name of their donors; instead of saying, 'Pass the mustard,' as in our youth, we say, 'Pass Cousin CHARLOTTE'—she having presented the mustard pot to the bride. Now aunts know this: and aunts, I have ascertained, as a rule are vain and want to be remembered. Hence it has come about that they are getting more and more to choose for wedding gifts articles of solidity and perdurability. A mustard pot is easily mislaid or stolen; an epergne is breakable; a dressing-bag wears out; a butter dish is superseded. But a coal-scuttle goes on, it endures and keeps sweet the name and fame of its giver. Is not that interesting?"



The Owner (after five breakdowns and a spill). "ARE Y-YOU K-KEEN ON R-RIDING HOME?"
His Friend. "N-NOT VERY."
The Owner. "L-LET'S L-LEAVE IT A-AND *WALK*, S-SHALL WE?"

A Dyspeptic Ditty.

I LOVE little lobsters,
Their tint is so warm;
And if I don't eat them
They 'll do me no harm.

JOSEPHO AFRICANO.

LIKE Spring that calls the swallow,
With bud and bloom to follow,
For weary hearts and hollow
Piping a winsome strain,
Till tears and laughter choke us,
And tingling veins provoke us
To gambol with the crocus—
You come, you come again!

A prey to pure emotion,
The amorous waves of ocean
Have formed the happy notion
To fleck your cheeks with foam;
The salt sea-winds have kissed you—
How could they well resist you?—
And we, ah we have missed you!
O welcome, welcome home!

What with the *Times* so stirring,
And awkward things occurring,
And hope's prolonged deferring
To make us deadly sick,
So much your voice was needed
To get our motions heeded
That even AUSTEN pleaded,
"O father, do be quick!"

The few your faith relies on
Directed haggard eyes on
The sea's remote horizon
So dim and vast and wet;
And when they heard a blizzard
They trembled in the gizzard,
Saying "It is, it *is* hard
Luck if he gets upset."

Colleagues, unwont to squander
Their love on you, grew fonder,
And widow-like would ponder
Upon their absent dear;
With every new disaster
Their loving hearts went faster,
Yearning towards the Master—
"If he were only here!"

Now malice, once bedridden
Upon her native midden,
Has washed herself and bidden
The feast your fame has earned,
Who, through a hottish season,
Induced the ranks of treason
To bow to words of reason—
Until your back was turned.

Sedition leagued and banded
You countered single-handed
With lectures strangely candid
And wit supremely deft;
For still your stature rises
Equal to all surprises,
Reaching us many sizes
Larger than when you left!

In wounds that gaped defiance
At merely human science
With god-like self-reliance
You plugged the timely stitch;
You taught the Boar and Lion
To coo like doves in Sion,
And babes to play *I spy* on
The cockatrice's pitch.

Then, touching at Madeira,
You sketched the coming era,
Painting the British sphere a
Profuse and flaming red;
Showed how, by swift inflations,
Soaring above the nations,
We 'll knock the constellations
With high impinging head.

Elect of all the ages,
Come, pouch your triumph's wages
By three ascending stages—
Southampton, London, Brum;
Come where our Mayors await you
To puff, and stuff, and fête you,
Dignissime spectatu,
Come, AFRICANE, come! O. S.

PREPARING FOR THE BUDGET.

A ROYAL Mail cart dashed up Downing Street and deposited the Postmaster-General at the door. A minute later the Home Secretary alighted from a police van. "It looks ostentatious," sighed the Premier, as he watched from an upper window, "but if BR-DR-CK will come on a gun-carriage I can't blame the others." He strolled down to the Cabinet Room and airily greeted his colleagues. Then he took his seat at the head of the table, and addressed them.

"Gentlemen, we are here to-day to consider the forthcoming Budget. I think, perhaps, it would make for efficiency—and efficiency is popular—if each of you stated his additional requirements for the coming year. If R-TCH-E takes them down on a piece of paper we shall then know precisely where we are."

A murmur of admiration at the Premier's business habits ran round the assembly. The Chancellor of the Exchequer sharpened a pencil and looked round expectantly.

"Ten millions extra," said the War Secretary.

"What for?" snapped the Chancellor.

"To provide four new Army Corps in case of a Continental war."

"Twenty millions more," said the Earl of S-LB-RNE.

"Great heavens!" shouted the Chancellor, "and what do you want it for?"

"To build a fleet to escort BR-DR-CK'S Army Corps."

"But they aren't real Army Corps," said the War Secretary in a hurt tone.

"Well, this won't be a real fleet," said the First Lord angrily.

"Hush, gentlemen," said the Premier; "but if neither the Army Corps nor the Fleet are real, do you need real money? I don't think you need put those items down, R-TCH-E."

"Two millions extra for the Uganda Railway," said the Foreign Secretary.

"That was finished last year," said the Chancellor.

"Well, I can't help the lions tearing up the permanent way—can I?"

"Of course if they were British lions we must pay. Put it down, R-TCH-E."

"I want a million to start the local authorities working the Education Bill," said a youthful voice.

"Who is he?" whispered the Premier to the Chancellor of the Duchy.

"L-NG—Local Government Board—dog muzzler," replied the faithful henchman.

"Quite right—I thought he was a journalist who had slipped in—by all means let him educate his dogs."

"I want £3,492,378 13*s.* 2*d.* to improve National Education," said the Marquis of L-ND-ND-RRY.

"What a head for figures! Where did he get it?" said the Premier in an aside.

"In the coal trade," answered the Minister of Agriculture.

"A million for new gaols for aliens, and to provide polyglot warders," said the Home Secretary.

"Anything more?" asked the Premier.

"Two millions to improve the postal services," said the Postmaster General, "and father—I mean the Colonial Secretary—wants twenty millions for South Africa, a million for the West Indies, a million for British Guiana, and half a million for Fiji."

"Put down twenty-four and a-half millions more, R-TCH-E, and then add it all up."

"Thirty-two millions!" said the Chancellor, in despair, "and I 've promised to reduce taxation."

"Say twenty-four and a-half millions extra, my dear fellow. The rest is not of overwhelming importance."

"But how am I to get even that and reduce taxation?"

"Nudge D-V-NSH-RE, H-M-LT-N. Now, my dear Duke, we are in an awkward fix, and require your solid abilities to help us out of it. We want to increase expenditure by twenty-four and a-half millions, and at the same time to reduce taxation. How is it to be done?"

"Borrow," said the Duke.

"Make a note of that admirable word, R-TCH-E," cried the delighted Premier. "I knew the Duke would pull us through. What judgment! What knowledge of affairs! Gentlemen, I foresee that our worthy Chancellor will be able to bring forward a highly popular Budget."

A GREAT BLOW TO THE CHURCH.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to be proposing to coin a nickel twopenny-piece. Mr. YERKES has signified his approval.

"THE CHILD IS FATHER OF THE MAN."

"He was singing, and I told him to leave off," said a boy the other day, speaking of his father, whom he was charging with assault at the Marylebone Police Court. In answer to the magistrate the son insisted on his right to control the actions of his father.]

". . . . . You are wanted in the nursery!" The maid uttered the message at the library door.

"Who by?" asked the man faintly, his face assuming a deadly pallor.

"Your son, of course," replied the girl, adding, "And you'd better go quick, or I can tell you you'll catch it!"

Needing no second bidding, the man started to his feet, rushed upstairs, and knocked timorously at the nursery door.

For a moment no notice was taken. Then a voice called, "Come in!"

The trembling father entered, advanced with downcast head, and stood before his stern seven-year-old son.

"Why were you so long?"

"Please—I—I—didn't know you wanted me."

"Didn't know! You'd no business not to know! Didn't know indeed!"

"I'm—I'm very sorry, son," put in the parent faintly.

"Sorry? Of course you're sorry now, when you know what you will get. But I didn't send for you to hear excuses. I sent for you to ask you a question. What is this that I hear about smoking?"

No answer beyond a feeble muttering.

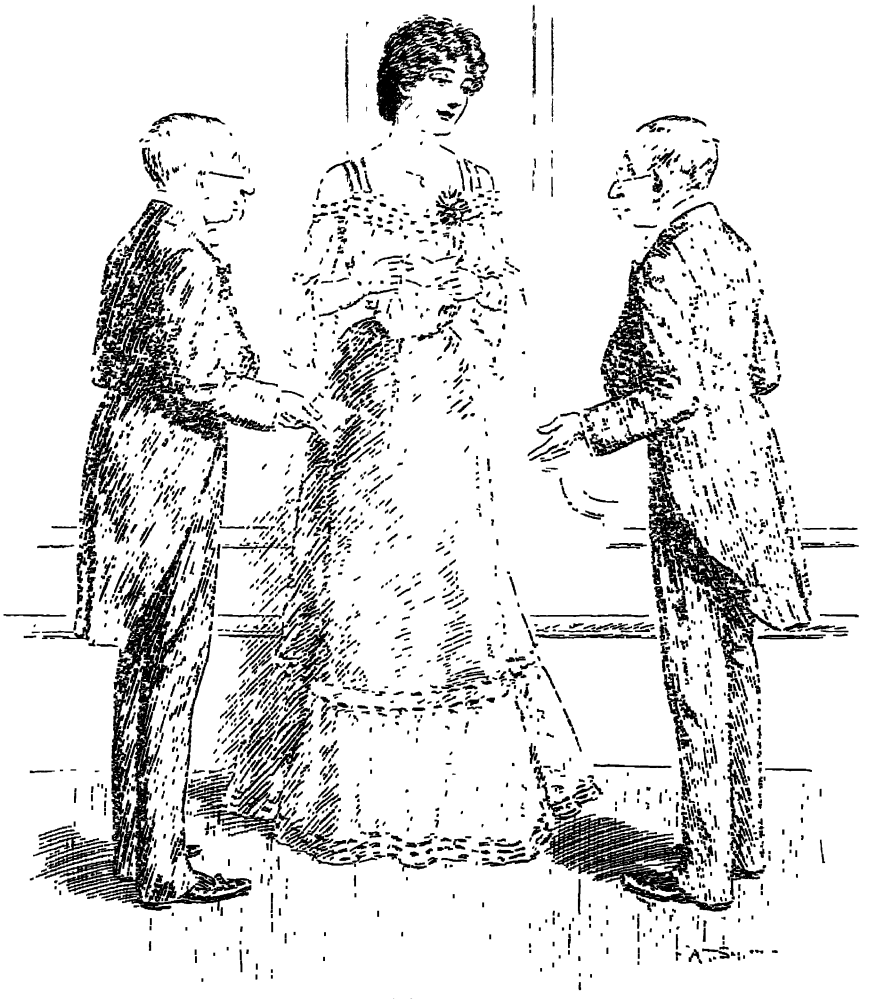
"Do you hear me?" cried the son sharply.

"I—I—wasn't smoking."

"How dare you tell me that! Your daughter was in the nursery ten minutes ago, and told me that she met you on the stairs last night, and that she distinctly saw you hide a cigarette. She has gone out driving in her perambulator, or she would herself charge you. Are you ashamed of yourself, or are you not?"

"Y-y-yes."

"Now, listen—you are to bring me every bit of tobacco you have in the house, and don't you let me catch you with a cigarette again! Is this the way you return all the kindness you have received at the hands of your daughter and myself? Often have we sat in the nursery far into the watches of the afternoon discussing your future—planning what we can do to make you happy and contented. (*Sobs from unhappy father.*) You have grieved me beyond words! I have given you a son's loving care, and you—but what is the good of talking? There is only one thing to do—though it will hurt me more than it will hurt you. *Lean over that rocking-horse.*" . . .



THE TRIALS OF A DÉBUTANTE.

The Twin Muddletons (both claiming the dance, after much argument, simultaneously). "Well, we leave it to you, Miss Brown. You must know whom you gave this Dance to!"

[Miss Brown, never having seen them before this, her first Ball, and quite unable to tell t'other from which, has no views on the question.

A BOURCHIER-ISED PRESS.

Mr. A. J. B-lf-r to Editor of "Punch."—"As your Mr. Toby, no doubt from a defect of temperament, seems unable to bring the requisite amount of seriousness to his report of the proceedings of the House of Commons, I shall be glad if you will arrange to have the 'Essence of Parliament' written by another reporter. It would be exceedingly painful to me to have to call in the services of the Sergeant-at-Arms."

Mr. Ch-mb-rl-n to Editor of "Westminster Gazette."—"Please give your Mr. Gould a long holiday. If necessary a cruiser will be provided to take him to the Cape. I do not object to reasonable caricature, but every picture by Mr. G. is a vote given to the Liberals."

Sir H. C-mpb-ll-B-nn-rm-n to Editor of "Daily Mail."—"Much as I appreciate your excellent halfpennyworth (being Scotch), I am compelled to direct your attention to your leader-writer, who has recently treated my leadership with scant respect. Give him the usual Institute of Journalists' notice or I shall proceed to take in the *Express*."

The Poet Laureate to almost any Editor.—"I have to request that my forthcoming book of verse be not given to the desperado who reviewed my last. Another review like his and I shall be revenged in an ode."

Mr. Cobalt, R.A., to Editor of the journal he most fears.—"I have to request that you will not send to the forthcoming Press view of the Academy the art reporter who treated my last year's work so shamefully. I need scarcely say that I do so entirely in your own interest, as we artists never read unfair criticism, and your circulation suffers accordingly."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Lady Rose's Daughter (SMITH, ELDER), Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD'S latest novel, will by many, including my Baronite, be reckoned her best. It is free from the weight of set purpose, and has no moral other than the elementary one, that attractive young ladies, deeply in love with a man engaged to be married to some one else, would do well not to accept an audacious proposal from him secretly to leave home and spend a few days with him in a remote country hostelry in France. With this bold divagation the story is simply one of everyday life in the upper circles of English Society. Mrs. WARD knows *au fond* the locality and the inhabitants. Her people, male and female, think, live and talk very much as do their models, only in respect of conversation they are, apparently without effort, much more brilliant. The heroine is a fascinating study of a wayward individuality. More familiar to London life are *Lady Henry* and the *Duchess of Crowborough*. The latter is quite delightful and really human. Perhaps unconsciously Mrs. WARD tints her portraiture with reminiscences of living personages. My Baronite seems to know the Duke. But his consort, the pretty little Duchess, gay, light-hearted, audacious, loving, throws one off the scent. The interest of the story never flags, culminating occasionally in such episodes as *Lady Henry's* descent on her unbidden guests, and *Julie Le Breton's* flight to Paris.

At a time when the intellectual capacities of the British officer have been called in question, it is a pleasure, says my Nautical Retainer, to have in my hand two excellent books of light verse, the work of "COLDSTREAMER" and "DUM-DUM," soldiers both, and inspired by Afric's sunny fountains and India's coral strand, respectively. While each has mastered the technique of the thing, and handles his material confidently—there is scarcely a line unrhymed or ill-rhymed in either book—"DUM-DUM'S" *In the Hills* (THACKER) is much more ambitious, and covers a far wider range. "COLDSTREAMER," in his *Ballads of the Boer War* (GRANT RICHARDS), confines himself to the philosophic comments of THOMAS ATKINS, to which he gives the best expression we have hitherto encountered in bulk. Coming from "one who knows," we must accept the language as truly representative of the type, although, when Mr. KIPLING or any other civilian imputes the same methods of diction to the private soldier, we are told that a great injustice has been done to that hero's sense of culture. "COLDSTREAMER" is nearly always too diffuse; and he is perhaps a little too ingenuous in his trick of making TOMMY abuse almost everybody but himself and the British officer, and reserve his highest compliments for the author's own Regiment. However, this last is perhaps only a proper *esprit de corps*, and nobody that reads these very human verses is likely to grudge anyone the rare honour of TOMMY'S panegyrics.

"DUM-DUM," as I said, is far more versatile, but he, too, tends to be diffuse (who shall throw the first stone?), and, like all of us at one time or another, keeps a little too close to his master, CALVERLEY. Elephants are, perhaps, his *forte*, and his address to one of these "two-tailed" monsters (discovered from behind on his knees) is a masterpiece. "DUM-DUM" should have been at home the other day, writing another "Vale Elephas" to our departing Jingo.

My Nautical Retainer joins heartily in the universal approval of the work of two of *Mr. Punch's* own henchmen, "E. V. L. and C. L. G.," whose *Wisdom while you Wait* (ISBISTER) has at last found a publisher fearless enough to produce this exquisite burlesque upon the methods of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* Syndicate. The town is coloured red with it. Laughter, "holding both his sides," is to be seen in every corner. The hospitals are full of patients with a strain in their ribs: but otherwise nobody is hurt at all.

The Last Foray, by R. H. FORSTER (JOHN LONG), is a commendable and recommendable attempt to revive interest in the historical novel. The style is good, and the author has sketched his period, the dawn of the Reformation, fairly well. The descriptions of Border life in the early days of Bluff King HAL are interesting, but the dialogue throughout is rather dull, a sort of cross between the pseudo-mediævalism of G. P. R. JAMES and the real thing.

At its commencement *A Red, Red Rose*, by KATHARINE TYNAN (NASH), suggests to the reader that he has entered, as a stranger, hospitably received, into the midst of a family party, whose conversation turns mainly on certain domestic matters, the importance of which he can only politely pretend to appreciate. As the visitor gradually begins to feel on a better footing with his entertainers, so he enters with increasing interest into their daily doings. Such interest, once aroused, increases as the story proceeds, but it is never at any time so strong as to be absorbing. There is much picturesque description that is admirable, and a great deal of quiet observation of human nature in circumstances of a not exceptionally trying character; and herein consists the special charm of KATHARINE TYNAN'S work.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

(New Style.)

IT is estimated by Sir ROBERT GIFFEN that the number of women who are to be deprived of the chance of marrying Herr KUBELIK is 51,391,472.

GOSPODIN BOLOSSY BOVRILSKY, the great Cossack contrabassist, has taken to golf. With a handicap of 56 he was actually 13 down on Bogey at the last monthly competition at Lompalanka.

Mlle. DANIELA DERONDA, the Syrian contralto, has been decorated by the SULTAN with the Order of the Jerusalem Artichoke. A portrait of the gifted artist, with artichoke, appears in the last number of *Home Prattle*.

M. PROSPER UKHTOMSKY, the Bessarabian pianist, has purchased a cattle-run in Arizona. He finds the work of a cow-puncher admirably suited to keeping his hand in.

During his recent tour in the United States the Chevalier BOLESLAS SIMJANKI, the one-eyed Armenian violinist, received offers of marriage from no fewer than seventeen millionairesses. The rival claims having been referred to a plébiscite of readers of the *North Atlantic Hairdressers' Gazette*, an overwhelming majority was returned in favour of Miss EDNA MCASSER, the Oregon Oil Queen.

Mlle. OBBIA BOHOTLE, the Somali mezzo-soprano, has given £3000 for her new motor car. With a generosity that cannot be too highly commended, Mlle. BOHOTLE has engaged a destitute English composer as chauffeur and accompanist.

Miss MAMIE CACHALOT, the New South Wales *prima donna*, who is so well known for her pronounced Imperialist views, has bequeathed her larynx to the British Museum.

M. SEVCIK, the Bohemian *maestro*, when not engaged in training prodigies, devotes all his leisure to the elucidation of Coptic palimpsests.

Sir CHARLES STANFORD has purchased a motor-bicycle, which he rides with the soft pedal down.

THE WOOING.

[The sporting instinct is now so keen among girls that a man who gallantly moderates his hitting in mixed hockey is merely regarded as an *incapable slacker* by his fair opponents.]

WHEN first I played hockey with KITTY,
I was right off my usual game,
For she looked so bewitchingly pretty
When straight for the circle she came;
As a rule I 'm not backward, or chary
Of hitting and harassing too,
But who can be rough with a fairy—
Not I—so I let her go through.

She scored, and we couldn't get equal,
The others all thought me a fool,
And KITTY herself, in the sequel,
Grew most unexpectedly cool.
They gave us a licking, as stated,
I was sick at the sight of the ball,
She thought me a lot over-rated,
And wondered they played me at all.

But she frankly approved PERCY WATERS,
Who uses his stick like a flail,
And always impartially slaughters
Both sexes, the strong and the frail;
A mutual friendliness followed,
I watched its career with dismay—
Next match-day my feelings I swallowed,
And hit in my orthodox way.

I caught her a crunch on the knuckle,
A clip on the knee and the cheek,
She said, with a rapturous chuckle,
"I see — you weren't trying last week."
Such conduct its cruelty loses
When it brings consolation to both,
For after she 'd counted her bruises
That evening we plighted our troth.

NEEDS OF THE NATIONS.

["If we may believe the Washington correspondent of the New York *World*, the U. S. A Government are to propose to Portugal that they should take a short lease of Lisbon for the purpose of blockading it, presumably with dummy shells. . . . The object is to prove that the American navy can cross the ocean to take the offensive."—*St. James's Gazette.*]

THE above passage suggests a new and extended field of usefulness for the property-market as well as a fresh era of prosperity for countries and cities which have known better days. Perhaps before long we may see some such advertisements as these:—

WANTED.—Good roomy continent for Army Manœuvres and colonising experiments. The larger the better. Good price offered for immediate possession. Also wanted, good-sized ocean and part fleet.—Wire, W. H., Potsdam, Germany.

TO BE LET, for summer season. Large ancient city; great historical and antiquarian interest. Admirably adapted for sieges, surprises, sorties, &c. Artillery, men, &c., can be let with city if desired, or bring own.—S. P. Q. R., Box 21.

STREET FIGHTING, every opportunity for.—Houses lean across streets; invading army inevitably destroyed by brickbats from upper windows. European tenants preferred.—Address, MAYOR, Carlisle.

BARGAIN.—Beautiful green island offered for internecine warfare. Home-grown enemy always in stock. Moonlight operations; every attraction. No English need apply.—Write, ERIN, Europe.

RULER of large and pleasant Empire has vacancy for pupil to learn autocracy and give moral support. Live in palace. Excellent mixed shooting. Strong head of Armenians in immediate vicinity. Army provided if wished, but better bring own. Religious convictions no bar.—Address, CALIPH, Yildiz Kiosk. (Excellent testimonials.)

REQUIRED AT ONCE. — Empty country, desert preferred (with lions and alligators), for settlement of undesirable aliens. — Apply HOWARD VINCENT, Army and Navy Auxiliary Stores, Great Britain.

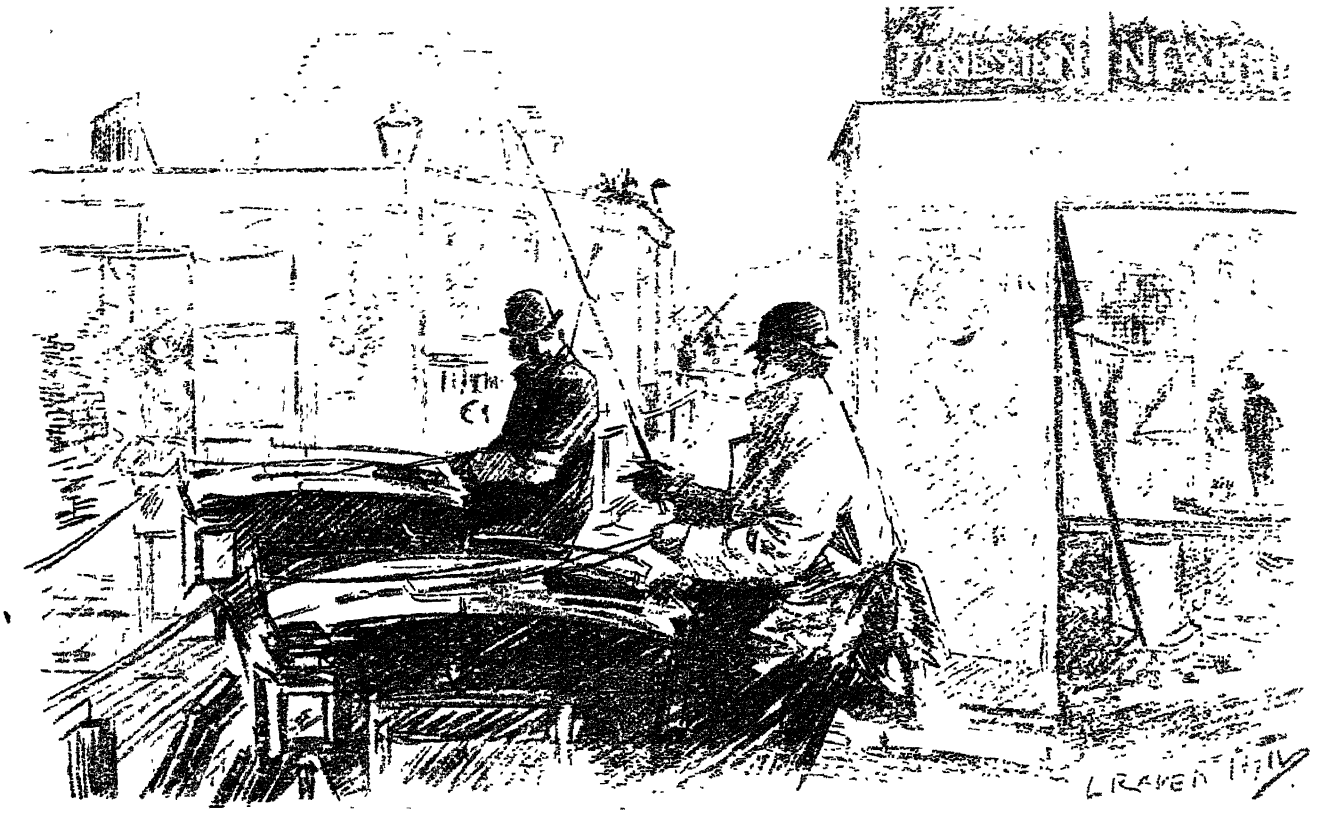
GOOD HOME, free life, every opportunity for expert criminals, unlimited prospects, no charges. — JOHN BULL, London, England. (*Testimonial:* "Since I came to London I have found it necessary to go nowhere else.—HAMAN UNHUNGSKI.")



SO VERY CONSCIENTIOUS!

Master of the House. "WHY, JENKINS, WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER WITH YOU? AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF YOURSELF?"

Butler (with great deliberation). "WELL, SHIR—IF YOU PLEASHE, SHIR—ITSH NOT QUITE MY FAULT. YOU TOLD ME TO TASTE EVERY BOTTLE OF WINE BEFORE DINNER, IN CASHE ONE SHOULD BE CORKED. I'VE ONLY CARRIED OUT IN-SHTRUCSHUNS."



LONDON DAY BY DAY.

First Cabbie. "NICE THING, AIN'T IT, GEORGE! BLOWED IF I KNOW WHERE LONDON IS, NOWADAYS!"

CHARIVARIA.

AT last a serious attempt is to be made to educate our officers. Meanwhile an intimation has been sent round to the Great Powers to the effect that we would take it as a favour if they would not make war on us until we have had time to give the new Education Scheme a chance.

We hear, on the authority of certain Senior Subalterns, that certain Junior Subalterns who recently severed their connection with the Brigade of Guards are to be attached to other Regiments as Regimental Pets.

The Picture Puzzle craze is spreading to all classes. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has, we hear, been going about with a drawing of an officer, a private, and a tin shed, and has been asking his friends to guess what it represented. Mr. BRODRICK secured the Consolation Prize.

More Submarines are to be built, and Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE is to ask the question whether it is not a fact that these craft frequently go down with all hands.

Of our two newest battleships, one has had to return three times owing to her boilers breaking down, while the other has gone through her trials satisfactorily. This is considered a very fair average.

A Russian spy was recently arrested while preparing to make plans of our fortifications at Aden. He was escorted back to his ship, and, quite rightly, told that he had been guilty of a breach of etiquette.

The *Daily Express* would seem to have an Irishman on its staff. An article in that paper on the Navy's Secret Code informs us that "the agents of Foreign Powers are known to have offered as much as £5000 for the unattainable little books which have before now been stolen."

England has made a pretty gift to one of her most loyal Colonies. On his expressing an earnest desire to go to Canada, a young burglar was set free at the Old Bailey last week to start life afresh.

A "Club du Silence," or Silent Club, for men, has been formed in Paris. An attempt to form a similar one for ladies has been found impracticable.

The feature of the coming season, in fashions, is said to be Short Skirts and Long Feet.

Lord MONKSWELL has been elected Chairman of the London County Council, and, in thanking his colleagues, said he regarded that office as the greatest prize in municipal life. We fear the Chairmanship is like London—greatly over-rated.

The *Novoe Vremya* considers that "so long as the British Army consists of hirelings, so long will its significance, from a military point of view, be, as heretofore, very small." Crimean Veterans, please note.

As a rule, upon marriage, the wife takes the husband's name, but a certain *cause célèbre* would seem to show that Mr. CAVENDISH, even before his marriage, became a Jay.

A SUBSTANTIAL EPITHET.—The *Daily Chronicle*, speaking of Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, says:—"Ponderosity immediately occurs to one as a suitable adjective to describe him." We sincerely hope that this kind of adjective will not occur again.



A SHORT MEMORY.

MR. BULL. "GOOD HEAVENS, MAN, I CAN'T AFFORD A DOG THAT SIZE!"

RIGHT HON. W. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK. "WELL, GUV'NOR, NOT SO LONG AGO, WHEN THERE WAS BURGLARS ABOUT, YOU WAS IN SUCH A BLOOMIN' FUNK YOU SAID AS YOU COULDN'T 'AVE A DAWG BIG ENOUGH, AND DIDN'T CARE WHAT YOU PAID FOR 'IM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 9.—Although of aldermanic race there is nothing in the appearance of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., suggestive of *Mr. Pickwick's* acquaintance the *Fat Boy*. Nevertheless, in capacity for making the flesh creep, he runs that immortal youth uncommonly close. Long time since House so startled as at his appearance this afternoon. Prayers just over; Members risen from their knees with chastened spirit, at peace with all men. The Irish landlord looked with softened glance across the floor at a quarter, for obvious reason empty at the moment, where representatives of Irish tenants sit. Millennium was at hand. He (the landlord) is to receive full value for his property; the tenant is to pay twenty per cent. less than its market price, and the British taxpayer will, out of his sorely drained pocket, supply the difference.

Pleased reflection on this prospect broken in upon by the voice of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart. "Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," he said, in voice choking with emotion and his just uttered "Amen," "I wish to call your attention to an ungentlemanly act performed this morning by a Member of this House."

Hon. gentlemen on both sides huddled together as sheep do in anticipation of a storm. What could have happened? Was it possible there had been introduced into the Commons House of Parliament the polished manners, the playful ways, of the Grenadier Guards? Had the Member for the stainless Borough of Truro, entering the House, bent on performance of his public duty, been waylaid, carried off to Committee Room No. 15, tried by a hybrid Committee, sentenced to punishment, and—Heaven forfend!—whacked?



"Son and brother of many aldermen."
(Sir Edw-n D-rn-ng-L-wr-nce.)



"L'ŒIL DU MAÎTRE."

(After the lithograph by Raffet.)

Only the SPEAKER preserved unruffled composure. Going straight to point he said, "The hon. Member had better state what is the act he complains of."

Members, their suspicions aroused, curiously watched the son and brother of many aldermen, as on the interposition of the SPEAKER he resumed his seat. They observed that the action was perfectly unrestrained, indicating absence of personal inconvenience. That seemed to dispose of the ragging theory. What else could it be?

Sir EDWIN with alacrity rose to explain. Coming down in good time for prayers he discovered, set in the brass sockets of the very bench below the Gangway to which his habitual presence lends distinction, cards bearing the names of two middle-aged young gentlemen who of late have spoken disrespectfully of the Secretary of State for War, and disclosed other indications of mutinous spirit towards a Government which enjoys the full confidence of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart. The proceeding was incontestably irregular. With an eye to the spiritual welfare of hon. Members, decree was long ago made that, in order to secure a particular seat, the claimant must be present through the devotional exercise that daily precedes attention to mundane affairs. The two gentlemen whose names were on the cards had certainly not been present at prayers, and, but for the eagle eye of Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., would have profited by their iniquitous proceeding

and secured an advantageous kopje from which they could fire on the riddled figure of the English CARNOT on the Treasury Bench.

This was very shocking. But, coming close upon exhilarating anticipation hinted at, it partook of the character and effect of an anti-climax. No one was hung, and Sir EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE, Bart., subsided.

Business done.—Army Estimates on. More sniping at the Treasury Bench from below the Gangway.

Tuesday night.—There may be bold difference of opinion as to merits of CARNOT NAPOLEON ST. JOHN BRODRICK'S Army Corps plan. There is none as to the service he has, undesignedly, done his party and the House of Commons by discovery of budding genius below Gangway on Ministerial side. This afternoon IVOR GUEST emerged from obscurity; moved reduction of vote for men in speech of conspicuous debating ability. Evidently prepared with care. After an illustrious example, cherished in the New Forest, he brought down series of impromptus fairly written out on irresponsive foolscap. These were deftly constructed, highly-polished. But not least effective passages were in reply to speech just delivered by Secretary of State. Practically, if not actually, this was a maiden speech. It instantly made its mark. Old stagers recognised in it here and there touches of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now worthily represented in the House he loved by two kinsmen, son WINSTON and nephew IVOR. After to-day's disclosure the latter will always be a welcome GUEST.

Another excellent speech on same side by another new man. EVANS-GORDON may have spoken before; either didn't hear him or he left no impression on my mind. In seconding amendment to-day he delivered weighty speech. His testimony, based on long official experience in India, as to grip England has got on that part of the Empire, created deep impression. Is worth close study at home and abroad.

Speech none the less effective for its almost tearful disclaimer of personal feeling against the Organiser of Victory. Standing immediately behind Treasury Bench, on which a martial figure reclined, tears from the emotional Major's trembling eyes were in danger of falling on CARNOT'S crest. By mighty effort he dammed their source.

Business done.—Young men below Gangway, sword in hand, fall afresh on hapless War Secretary, who, single-handed, pluckily confronts them.

Friday night.—Very few Members of present House were here when AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD sat in it, first as representative of Aylesbury, next as Member



A Long-Range Shot at Lord Methuen.
(From the Press Gallery to the Peers')

for Southwark. The years fell between 1852 and 1869. He was, on Mr. G.'s initiative, at latter date named Minister at Madrid, and commenced a memorable diplomatic career that terminated in turmoil and Constantinople. In the first, not least interesting chapter of his autobiography, just published by JOHN MURRAY, LAYARD writes of himself when a small school-boy, "I was very idle, self-willed, and troublesome."

Got over his idleness, but self-willed and troublesome he was to the last. Ready to quarrel with anybody, Providence by special favour placed him in



The "Brodder" or India-rubber Punching-Ball for Rising Statesmen.
No amount of pounding makes the faintest impression.

the same Ministry as AYRTON. Rumoured that in respect of two individualities, brotherly love didn't continue throughout Lord ROSEBERY'S brief administration. Nothing to the daily scenes in Mr. G.'s Government of 1868, in which AYRTON was Financial Secretary to the Treasury, and LAYARD First Commissioner of Works. ARTHUR OTWAY, whose reappearance in whatever capacity old Members warmly greet, contributes to the two handsome volumes a chapter describing the Parliamentary life of LAYARD, with which his own was contemporary. The First Commissioner of Works, he records, gratefully accepted the offer of Madrid. But the bitter drop in his cup, spoiling its sweet savour, was the news that AYRTON had been promoted to his vacant office.

Through a long career, chequered by many troubles, probably the severest trial Mr. G. survived was companionship in administrative office of LAYARD and AYRTON. Two terriers, each remembering how upon occasion the other had bitten him in a tender place, are peaceful neighbours compared with these self-willed, truculent gentry.

The last we heard in the Commons of LAYARD was on a memorable night in February, 1878. He was at the time Minister at Constantinople; naturally took to aping STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE'S masterful ways. House had gathered to consider Vote of Credit which DIZZY flaunted in the face of the CZAR. FORSTER, on the Front Opposition Bench, had given notice of amendment. Before he rose in crowded House, breathless with excitement, apparently on eve of colossal war, came a telegram from LAYARD announcing that in spite of armistice the Russians were pushing on to Constantinople, had driven Turks from important lines of defence.

"Our Ambassador to the Porte," said JOHN BRIGHT, who knew his LAYARD, "has been alarmed several times."

The sneer was swiftly justified. Even whilst BRIGHT spoke there reached STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on the Treasury Bench a communication from Russian Ambassador absolutely denying accuracy of LAYARD'S statement. The contradiction was fully verified by facts.

Turned over pages to see what LAYARD had to say on this dramatic incident. But story terminates in 1869, on eve of his departure for Madrid. We are half-promised the rest in due course; shall look for fulfilment. Can scarcely have too much in the way of personal record of this many-sided man, Member of Parliament, Ambassador, artist, traveller, who discovered the remains of Nineveh, and made mincemeat of every man (except AYRTON) who vexed his soul. *Business done.*—Debate round Church Discipline Bill.



THE CAPPING QUESTION IN THE SHIRES.

Trials of a Hunt Secretary.

LIGHT COMEDY FOR AN AUDIENCE IN THE DARK.

BRIGHTLY written is the true comedy dialogue that characterises the latest work for the stage of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, entitled *Whitewashing Julia*. The individualities of the thoroughly natural types with which he presents us in his *dramatis personæ* are clearly defined, and the scenes are highly amusing. The comedy is excellently played by Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH as *Julia Wren*, to whose name in the bill is prefixed neither "Miss" nor "Mrs."; by Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER as *Mr. William Stillingfleet*, "the wicked uncle;" by Miss M. TALBOT as *Lady Pinkney*, the wicked uncle's sister; and by Mr. CHARLES GROVES in the genial part of *Mr. Samways*, "the Shanctonbury Lawyer."

But, delightfully amusing as are these brightly-written and well-played scenes in quick succession, the comedy labours under one great misfortune and one hopeless fault. Its misfortune is to have been called by a title so unattractive as *Whitewashing Julia*. This ill-chosen title is misleading as being contrary to fact, since *Julia*, a lady "with a past," never is whitewashed, nor is there any such operation in process at any time during the play. Her own lawyer, *Mr. Samways*, would like to be able to whitewash her, which is quite another thing; but he cannot; nor can anybody else. So much for the "misfortune." Its "fault" is irretrievable, since it is the essential one of its construction. A secret there is, and from the very first the audience should be in possession of it; the whole plot turns on it. Yet at the end of the play neither *dramatis personæ*, nor audience, are one whit the wiser as to what that secret is!

The play ought to have commenced with a prologue giving that one incident in the life of *Julia* which, if subsequently it had become public property, would have ruined her reputation. Lacking such a prologue, the audience applaud players and dialogue, but depart unsatisfied.

Mr. SAM SOTHERN and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS represent the two brothers, the *Hon. Edwin* and *Hon. Bevis Pinkney*, who, the one a silly prodigal and the other a sententious hypocrite, are watered-down-to-date versions of *Charles* and *Joseph Surface;* and both parts are remarkably well rendered.

Miss ETHELWYN A. JONES is a spirited *Trixie*, a quick-tempered, untrained girl, though her colouring of it is a trifle too high, as is also her tone. As the low adventuress, *Mrs. Benbow*, without a single redeeming point, Miss DOLORES DRUMMOND plays the character for all it is dramatically (not morally) worth; and this is equally true of Miss ELFRIDA CLEMENT, representing her daughter *Rosie*.

There is a novel and capitally-contrived effect of a hail-storm, first pelting, then dropping, and gradually ceasing, on the overhead canvas of the "common or garden" tent in the First Act. Realistic to a degree. Not a drop too much! Just enough for two, ARTHUR BOURCHIER and Miss VANBRUGH. In the sudden violence and gradual cessation of this tempest we seem to hear symbolised that other storm that raged for a while between the Garrick Theatre and Printing House Square, concerning which Our Dramatic Poet sends the following vivid description, which he terms

THE DARING OF JONES.

INSPIRE me, Muse, to tell in awe-struck tones
The tangled tale of HENRY ARTHUR JONES;
Of HENRY ARTHUR JONES and ARTHUR BOURCHIER—
No faint-heart he, no common suppliant croucher!
Inspire me, Muse, and guide my pen aright,
Nor let me deal in *persiflage* or spite,
Or use such words as rack the tender bones
And pierce the heart of HENRY ARTHUR JONES.
If he resents, as men may do and live,
The pain a critic's sentences can give;
If, when he sees his play described as "*rosse*,
His being shivers with a sense of loss;
If Monte Carlo, when referred to, wrings
His mind with all the wantonness of things—
If praise, in short, offends him less than blame,
WALKLEY's the fault, and WALKLEY's be the shame.
It was a night in March and, well content,
Off to the Garrick Theatre WALKLEY went.
He was a critic, but he looked a man
Built on the ordinary human plan.
His hat was sleek, its brims were duly arched;
His collar and his shirt were stiffly starched;
White was his tie, and swallow-tailed and black
The trim dress-coat he bore upon his back;
His shoes were patent, and his silken socks
Were marked and flanked by decorative clocks
Trousers he had, a waistcoat and a chain;
An overcoat protected him from rain;
Next add a face, a mind most analytic,
Two hands, three studs—and there you have the critic.
Briskly he walked and, as he went along,
Whistled a stave, like one who thinks no wrong,
And trolled a snatch of some remembered song.
Unwarned of all the dangers that he dared,
His mind was calm, his pencil was prepared;
Thoughtless of BOURCHIER, who controlled the show,
Careless of HENRY ARTHUR JONES, his foe,
Without a fear, unconscious of a sin,
Straight to his doom he passed and so went in.
But "Hist! he comes!" ('twas BOURCHIER gave the word,
And from their lurking-place his minions heard),
"Now do your duty; let him hear our fiat,
And bid him go in peace and leave us quiet.
Thus JONES has ordered; JONES, who wrote the play,
Prefers that WALKLEY should be sent away;
But, lest we play the low-born dastard's part
And quite forget the decencies of Art,
Take him, to mitigate his dreadful doom,
Take him," said BOURCHIER, "to the ROYAL ROOM;
There, on the floor that Royal feet have graced,
Bid him be off with all convenient haste."
So said, so done. The public heard the story,
And cared no jot for all this wounded glory;
With noted names, in fact, they made too free,
Thinking what fools these playhouse mortals be,
And saying, lastly, in their boredom, "Bother!
We're sick and tired of this dramatic pother."

Lenten Discipline.

Aunt (to small niece and smaller nephew). Can't you two children give up some little pleasure before Lent is over?

Nephew. Well, MOLLIE's going to give up teasing me, and I'm going to give up hitting her when she does.

Suggested Reforms at the Zoo.

(1) That the Tapir be lighted up after dark.
(2) That most of the Monkeys be sent to the furriers for repairs.
(3) That a cheap book of etiquette be placed in their cage.
(4) That dress improvers be provided for the Llama and the Kiwi.
(5) That the Blotched Genet be put on the Black List.
(6) That the Dusty Ichneumon be swept.

SHAKSPEARIAN ADVICE (AND WILLIAM WAS AN OLD HAND) TO ACTOR-MANAGERS.—"Dally not with the gods."—*Taming of the Shrew*, Act IV., Sc. 4.

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—"Flat feeling all round" (*Stock Exchange Intelligence*).

THE BACILLUS OF LOVE.

["Some eminent professors in Paris have discovered that love is a bacillus, and a well-known specialist declares 'that love is one of our most dangerous inheritances from the dark ages, one that has been kept alive and fostered by polite literature. It should be under control of a Board of Health that possessed full police authority, and should only be dispensed with the greatest care—after the manner of a drug.'"]

SCENE—*The Love Department of the Board of Health. It is arranged after the manner of a chemist's shop, and is supervised by an elderly gentleman with a benevolent beard and a somewhat paternal manner.*

Enter MARY JENKINS, *a servant. She counts out six coppers and bangs them on the counter.*

Official (*beaming through his glasses like a railway lamp*). Yes, and what can we do for you?

Mary (*unabashed*). Sixpennorth o' them microbes like Misses 'as. My young man ses as 'ow 'e 's sick of the friendly 'ow-d'ye-do, and wants to get on with the "burnin' glow o' passion" like they do in the books.

Official (*gravely*). I am afraid you must bring a certificate from the rector saying that you are fit to be trusted with the "Passionate Glow." You see last week we sold half-a-crown's worth to an elderly statesman, and under its exciting influence he—well, he babbled, and there may be a complication. I can, however, let you have some of our "Brotherly Love" or "Sincere Friendship" put up in bottles. We are selling a lot just now.

Mary (*replacing the coppers in her purse*). I don't think that 'd do for JIM, Sir, so we 'll 'ave to do the best we can without. [*Exit.*

[Official *retires to the inner room and cuffs the* Errand Boy, *who is toying with the lid of a jar labelled "The Dawn of Love." The door-bell rings. Enter* PERCY. *He is just "*PERCY*" of the musical comedies. He raps on the counter; the* Official *hurries forward.*

Percy. I want a large box of "Love at First Sight." The strongest you 've got—what? And how do you use the dashed things—eh?

Official (*rapidly repeating formula*). Open the box in room or place where is the object of the affections, or administer a spoonful secretly, and the reciprocity will be instantaneous. Name and address, please, and state whether affections have been previously engaged. Only twice? (*Hands paper.*) Set forth the time, date, and address in Schedule A., and sign your name here, please. That will be seven-and-six.

Percy (*after scrawling his signature*). Suppose you couldn't send the box round with my compliments—what? Save such a lot of trouble, you know, eh?

Official. We don't advise that course. We did send the office boy on a similar errand once, and the result was disastrous. He incautiously opened the box in a 'bus, and for weeks the office was visited by an elderly lady who declared that she was "haunted by his sweet face day and night, and she would never rest till he was hers!"

Percy. I say, that was deuced awkward—what?

Official. Yes, it was really most awkward; and we had to call in our amatory expert. I must say he dealt with the case in a masterly manner. He advised a spoonful of an "Inexplicable Aversion" mixture in a cup of tea, and in five minutes the aged one had boxed the errand boy's ears and quitted the shop. The husband came next day and said that things were very wrong at home, and he would like a ten-shilling bottle of "Wifely Love" for domestic purposes. (*Musingly*) After all, the Department did very well out of that case. I beg your pardon, Sir, your change. Thank you, good morning.

Percy (*as he takes his parcel and exits*). Old boy can chatter. Suppose he 's been through this sort of thing and is weather-proof. Hope this 'll come off all right. Jolly beastly if it doesn't.

[*In the Department business is quiet during the luncheon hour. A small boy tries to purchase a box of "Sincerest Devotion," and is severely cross-examined by the* Official. *Upon being told that it is to be used in connection with a head-master's elder daughter the application is refused, and there is another broken heart in the world. The* Official *answers two or three letters, and addresses several hermetically sealed boxes to well-known actors and poets. He then puts on a broad-brimmed hat and flowing cape-coat, to live up to his office, and goes out to lunch. He unwisely—and against the regulations—leaves the Department in charge of the* Errand Boy. *Ten minutes later enter a* Young Lady. *She would look upon twenty-three as old age, and is sweet and delightful from hat to shoe.*

The Errand Boy (*in weak imitation of the Platonic Chief*). And what can we do for you, Miss?

Young Lady (*blushing and speaking in a pretty whisper*). I want a box—a small box of those things that you use when you want to let anyone feel that they are—that they may hope.

Errand Boy (*cheerfully*). Oh, you want a box of the "Come to my Arms" brand.

Young Lady (*eagerly*). Oh, not quite so strong as that, please. Something more reserved, but something that will make PERCY—will make people understand.

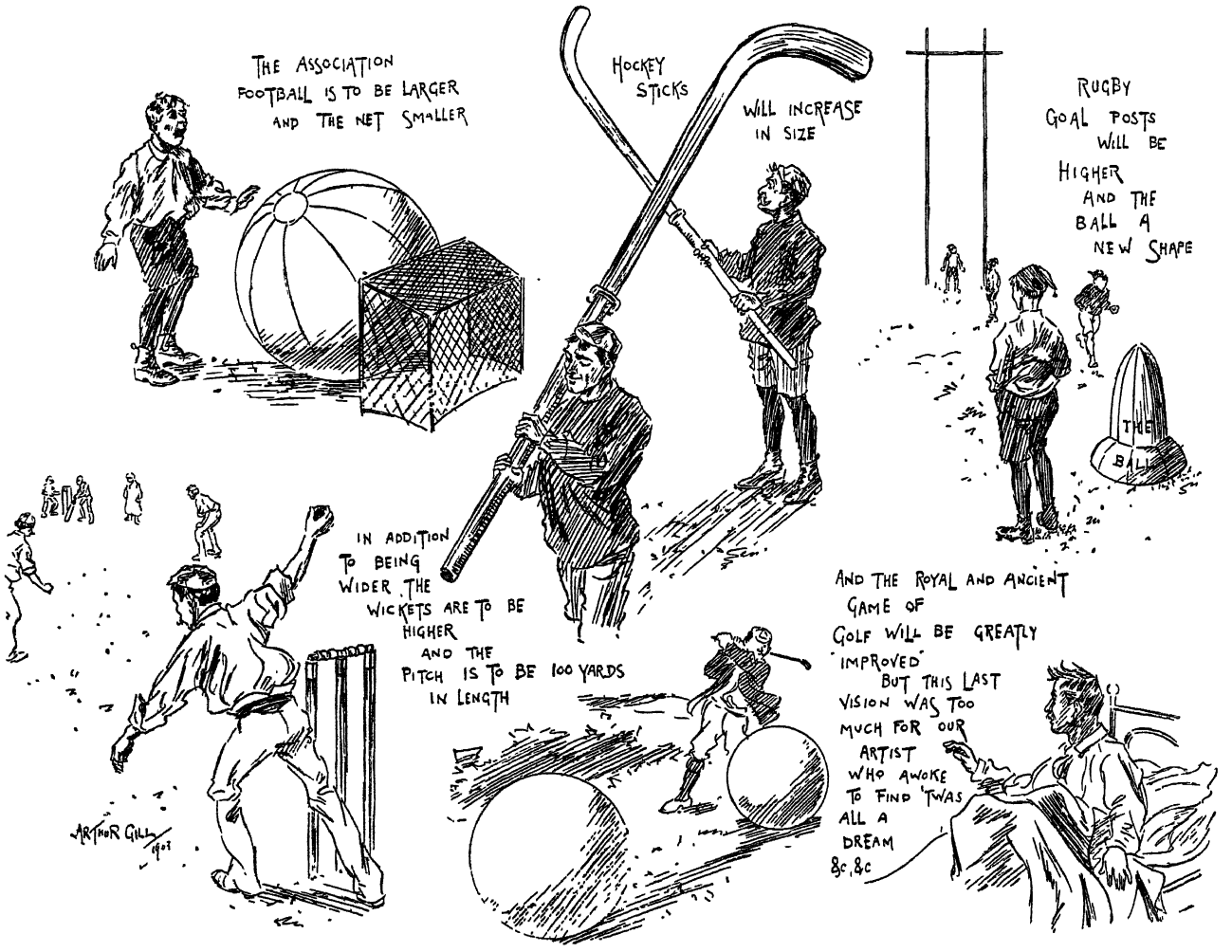


LIFE'S LITTLE IRONIES.

SCENE—*At an Art Exhibition.*

He. "WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE BROWN'S PICTURE?"

She. "THAT ONE? WHY, I THOUGHT IT WAS YOURS! VERY BAD, ISN'T IT?"



SOME MORE INNOVATIONS.

Errand Boy. Right O!

[*Pleasantly wraps up a box of the strongest brand in the Department. To intimates and experts it is known as the "Keep off the Grass" brand. The* Young Lady *accepts it gratefully and exits.*

[*The* Errand Boy *whistles cheerfully, and, unconscious of having done mischief, plunges into the thrills of "Blood-Stained Bill; or, the Terror of Clapham Common." Enter* Mr. JACOB DRYSDALE, *a distinctly country solicitor. He is middle-aged and short-sighted, carries his coppers in a purse, and wears thick clumping boots.*

The Solicitor. Have I the pleasure of addressing the head of the Love Department?

Errand Boy (*proudly*). That 's me.

The Solicitor. Really! Well, let me state my case briefly and succinctly. I am, alas! a widower. I think there is One who returns my passion, but I am doubtful.

The Errand Boy. Ah, we 've 'ad them sort of cases 'ere before.

The Solicitor. She is no longer young, nor would I approach her in the boisterous manner of youth. I would therefore purchase something that might enable me to convey my devotion in a straightforward and simple manner without the necessity of florid embellishments. Am I understood, my young friend?

The Errand Boy (*anxious to return to "Blood-Stained Bill"*). Cert'nly, Guvnor, 'ere y' are.

[*Hands him a box containing the "Romeo and Juliet" brand, which should only be sold on the strength of a certificate signed by three Bishops and a Master in Lunacy. The* Solicitor *exits, and the* Errand Boy *returns to see what the Bandit does with the bus.*

Mary Jenkins (*re-entering*). 'Ere 's my certificate, young man, and now I 'll 'ave sixpenn'orth of that "Passionate Glow."

The Errand Boy (*without looking up*). Right! [*Hands her the nearest box and puts the coppers in the till.*

[*Exit* MARY *beamingly. Within a few seconds the door is opened hurriedly. Enter the* Platonic-looking Official *excitedly, with the benevolent beard ruffled and in a terrible state of confusion.*

Official. EDWARD, have you served any customers since I 've been away?

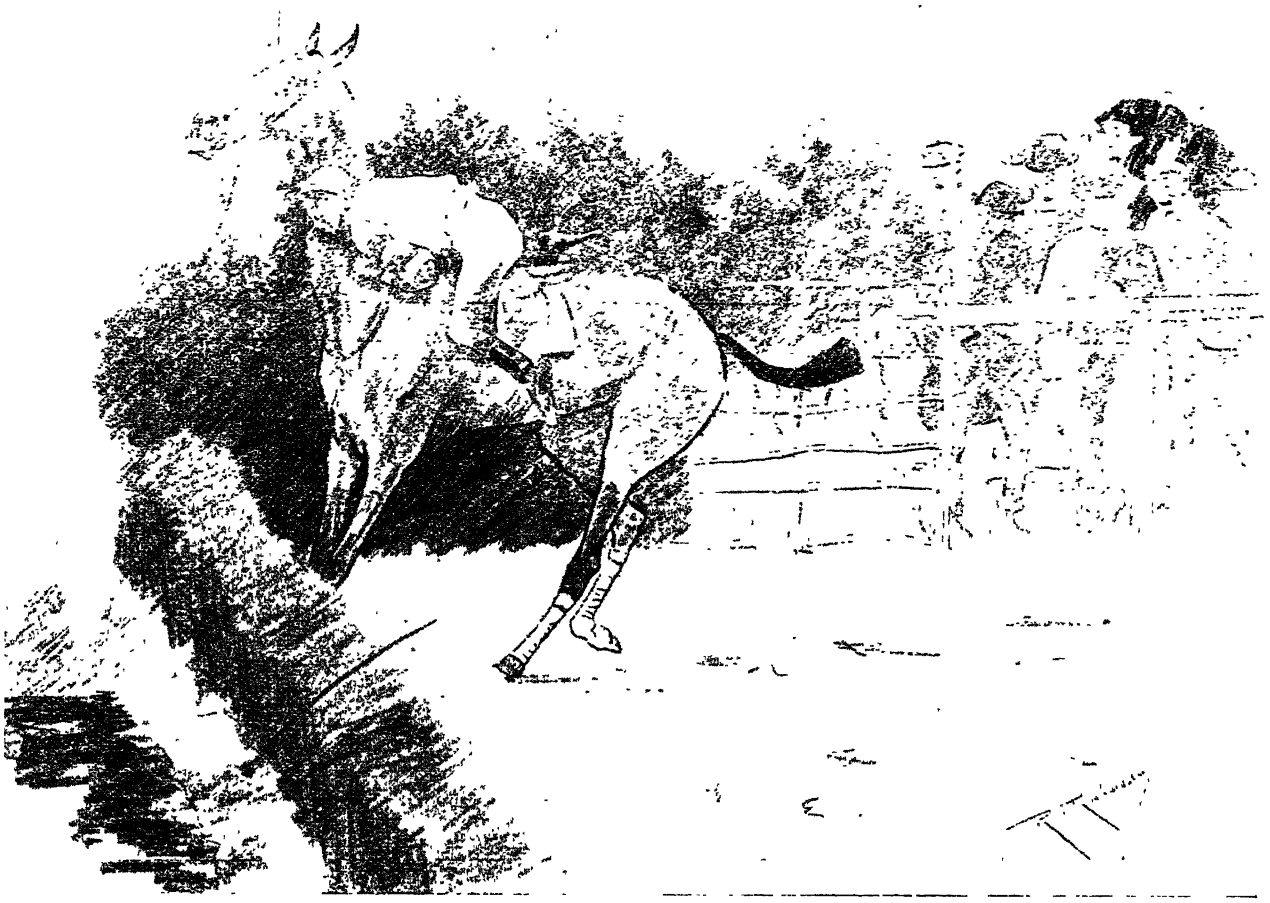
The Errand Boy (*startled*). Yes, Sir, two or three.

Official (*wildly*). Was there an elderly gentleman amongst the lot?

The Errand Boy. Yes, Sir.

Official (*collapsing into a chair*). I thought so. I *thought* so. I saw an elderly idiot outside being asked by the apple-woman to fly with her. What did you sell him? You don't know? Well, whatever it was he opened it before the time, and (*rushing to the door*) there he goes, the police have got both! Oh my, there 'll be trouble over this. Put up the shutters. I 'm going home, and you 'd better take your money and not come back. Oh, this is awful!

[*Retires to inner room and writes out his resignation, while the* Errand Boy *mournfully puts up the shutters and wonders what "Blood-stained Bill" would have done under the circumstances.* (*Curtain.*)



AT THE WATER JUMP.

Voice from the Crowd. "TAKE 'IM 'OME, CAPTIN. 'E'S GOT 'YDROPHOBIA!"

THE COMPLETE INSPECTOR.

[A resolution was recently carried by the Ayr School Board to memorialise the Education Department "not to send the same inspector as the last, because neither the teachers nor the children could understand him." The accusation was summed up by one member, who said "he talked most beautiful English."]

MR. PUNCH has great pleasure in coming to the assistance of a harassed Department, and thinks that the difficulty would be met by means of a *vivâ voce* examination to be passed by all candidates for inspectorships. The specimen subjoined is of course liable to modification, as local exigencies may demand—an Irish accent for Ireland, a Welsh accent for Wales, suggest themselves. Three examiners should prove sufficient, and one of them might with advantage be conversant with the dialect.

First Examiner (*to entering candidate*). Good day, Mr. JONES. Pray be seated. Will you have the goodness to answer our questions in the Scottish dialect?

Mr. Jones (*who has crammed in the kailyard school for a month*). Ou ay.

Second Examiner. How would you say "attention" to the children if necessary?

Mr. Jones (*puzzled and doubtful*). Hoots?—(*corrects himself hastily*)—a'weel.

Second Examiner (*apparently satisfied*). Let us now hear you put a few questions to them.

Mr. Jones (*timidly*). Aiblins, bairns, ah'm thinkin' ye'll no ken wha was WULLIE WALLACE.

Third Examiner (*encouragingly*). Very good, Mr. JONES. Pray proceed.

Mr. Jones. Hoots, gin a body gie ye sax bawbees, an' ye spen twa in a puckle sweeties an' twa in bannocks, an' gin ye len ane—(*with growing confidence*)—tho' yon's no juist to be recommended, ah'm speirin' hoo many 'll ye hae left forbye?

First Examiner. Excellent. (*To his fellows*) They will be able to understand that, I think. (*They nod approval.*) A little more, if you please.

Mr. Jones. A'weel, bairns, in the kintra o' Egypt there 'll be a reever that aince iccan year rins in spate by a proveesion o' nature for the grawin o' the parritch. Hoo ca' ye yon?

Third Examiner. A few words of valediction to the master, Mr. JONES, if you please.

Mr. Jones (*gathering himself together for a great effort*). Hoots, dominie, ye 've a wheen sumphs amang them, forbye aiblins ah'm no sayin' they 're sae ill-spellers, an' no a'thegither wi'oot understaunin'. The deescipline is no that ill. Ah'm thinkin' ye 'll hae to be biggin a new stair; yon's gey an' rotten. A'weel ah maun be gangin'.

[*The* Examiners *confer in low tones.*

First Examiner (*putting the final decisive question*). What, Mr. JONES, is a—ahem!—*fush?*

Mr. Jones (*triumphantly*). It 'll be a sawmon, ah'm thinkin'.

[*He retires with all honour and success.*

THE FLOWING TIDE.

FILL up the ruby bumper with crusted old Cinque Port!
Fling wide, O Rye, your nostrils in one delirious snort!
Exude, ye Romney Marshes, your world-renowned sloe gin!
The Tory hold is shattered, and HUTCHINSON is in!

Time was within your harbour our merchant fleets would lie
Until the adjacent ocean withdrew and left you dry;
But lo! a Liberal seaquake renews your fallen pride,
And round your roofs the galleons sweep with the swelling tide.

What though that surge of waters which nothing now can staunch
Last month escaped our notice upon a Chatham branch,
To-day in hall and hovel, palace and barn and club,
They freely name your hamlet the Universe's hub!

The philosophic Premier, turning a deathly tint,
On this occasion only perused the evening print;
While BRODRICK, famed in crises for military tact,
Sent and invited ROBERTS to read the Riot Act.

Men saw in JOSEPH'S window the light of battle leap;
'Twas said the Duke distinctly stirred in his beauty sleep;
And LONG, with less complacence than usual in his eye,
Threw off a tearful stanza of *Muddlin' through the Rye*.

Nor was the feeling local; all earth sustained a shock;
Wall-Street at once recorded a slump in Monroe stock;
And ABDUL, swiftly fearing the weight of England's hand,
Composed polite *iradés* for Aden's Hinterland.

The ribald throats of Europe grew on the instant dumb;
They felt the hour of England's efficiency had come:
And WILHELM K., insisting that Heaven should do its part,
Ordered the German nation to have his Creed by heart.

So through the trembling peoples the fame of Rye is blown,
Of Rye by whom the rotters were met and overthrown;
And March is made their symbol, that month of windy shams,
Since they who came like lions are skipping out like lambs.

And when the tale of Empire is told in times to be,
And infants lisp the record of those who ruled the sea,
Heading the string of heroes whose names refuse to die,
They 'll bracket WILL of Woolwich with HUTCHINSON of Rye.

O. S.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. I.

WHEN I was a lad we lived at Peckham, and my old Dad used to give me no end of talks about getting on in the world. He wasn't a bad old fellow in his way, though he did start as a dissenter and had done a good deal in the praying line before he made a bit of money in the hardware business. Soon after that, of course, he dropped Chapel-going, and when we moved into the new place at Peckham, we were all Church folk, and quite as good at the game as any of the older hands. Before this, too, we had been a Radical family, strong for reform and the ballot and free trade and all that sort of mouldy old nonsense, but there was a bit of a quarrel at one of the elections, all about somebody getting a job that father ought to have had if there hadn't been corrupt influence at work, and father began to see things in their true light. Mother and he were invited to a garden party at Plantagenet Lodge, the Conservative candidate's place, soon afterwards, and he told Lord COPLEHURST how things were, and how he had got to think that the prosperity of the country was bound up in resistance to reckless and ill-considered legislation. Those were his words. I've often heard him tell the story, and how Lord C. talked to him for quite five minutes, though there were lots of people about waiting to get in a word, and had assured him that those were the kind of sentiments which had made the British Empire what it was.

Well, to return to what father used to say to me: "JOSHUA," he used to begin, "you mark my words: it's vulgar people that always go wrong. If you want to make your mark in the world it's no use being vulgar. Look at poor old HUNNIBALL. He's got plenty of money, and he gets his name into one or two good subscription lists, but there he stops. The nobs won't have anything to do with him, and he'll be nothing but a grocer all his life. The reason is, he's vulgar—much too familiar and free-and-easy with his betters, and, of course, they won't stand it." And so he would run on. I often think of it now that he's gone, and wonder where he got all his ideas from. I remember after one of these talks meeting old HUNNIBALL on the top of a bus: "Halloa, young 'un," he shouted, "how are shovels and tongs going? Pretty brisk, eh?" I thought the allusion most indelicate, but I couldn't stop him. "Look here, my boy," he went on, "I haven't seen your father lately. You tell him, with my compliments—old TOM HUNNIBALL'S compliments, remember—that I've got a lot of prime Stiltons just in, and if he likes to come round he's welcome to take one away with him—but he's got to come round himself, mind you."

I didn't know which way to look, for there was a girl on the next seat sniggering in a very silly way, with a dirty bit of handkerchief in her hand, and looking at me every now and then with her mouth made up to say Stilton. But there you are; that was HUNNIBALL all over.

The whole thing came back to me the other day when I was in one of the Tube lifts. There were three of us in it, ROGERSON, PLUMLEY and myself. We had been dining with the Lampblackers' Company at one of their big dinners, and very well they'd done us too. PLUMLEY'S due for Prime Warden next year, so he made sure of getting the pick of everything that was going. Well, we waited a longish time in the lift with the gates open, and the lift-man playing with a toothpick outside. I said to PLUMLEY, "Some chaps get easy jobs, don't they? Lifts don't take much working, and going up and down free gratis all day don't want much muscle, especially if you're waiting outside half the time."

I meant to be sarcastic, for I was tired of waiting. The man said nothing, but he gave me a look which showed I'd got home, and directly afterwards he came in and began to close the gates. While he was doing this and starting us he kept talking to himself. I heard him say plainly:—

"'Oo's got a face like a suet pudden'?" he said. "I wonder where ole Suet-face 'as bin 'avin' 'is bit o' toast an' water?"

I couldn't let this pass, so I took him up at once.

"Were you addressing those remarks to me?" I asked quite calmly.

"Well, no, I wasn't," he answered, "I was talkin' to the ole cat we keep 'alf way down the shaft—but now I come to look at you, I'm blessed if there isn't somethink about your cheeks——"

"Don't give me any of *your* cheek," I said as quick as lightning, "or I'll report you."

"Report away," said the fellow, "and tell 'em you met a chap as knew a suet face when he saw it. Now then, 'urry up, or you'll never get to Hanwell to-night."

And with that he slammed open the gates and let us out.

ROGERSON, I'm sorry to say, was laughing, and so was PLUMLEY. I asked them how they could encourage the man in his vulgar insolence, and PLUMLEY said I began it. I'm sorry for the Lampblackers when he comes to be Prime Warden.



HIS CHEF-D'ŒUVRE.

(For the Westminster Royal Academy.)

Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m. "'THE CONTENTED IRISHMAN'! IT 'S A GOOD SUBJECT—BEST THING I 'VE DONE. IF *THIS* ISN'T ACCEPTED, WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY *DO* WANT!"

THE EVOLUTION OF FATNESS.

[Dr. ROBINSON, in the *North American Review*, asks, "Why should babies be fat, when the children of their pithecoid ancestors must have been lean? ... The suicidal swallowing capacity of the modern baby is an inheritance from the habits of the crawling cave-dweller."]

"BABY boy, whose visage chubby
Doting mother marvels at,
Full of health, albeit grubby—
Why are you so fat?

"How unlike your rude forefather—
Prehistoric, pithecoid!
Who with nuts he chanced to gather
Filled his aching void;

"Who, whenever hunger goaded,
Ate to please the passing mood,
Nor his stomach overloaded
With some patent food.

"No! but later generations
Come, in which the infant staves
Hunger off by dint of rations
Picked up in the caves.

"Holding future meals in question,
Grasping all with eager fist,—
To the mill of his digestion
Everything is grist.

"Consequently, you, who follow
Him in lack of self-control,
With atavic impulse swallow
Dirt, and pins and coal."

Thus, with sage pedantic chucklings,
Watching each unwholesome bite,
Science from the mouth of sucklings
Still receives new light.

R. S. V. P.

To THEATRE-LOVERS.

A PAPER on "The Discomforts of Playgoing" is to be read to the members of the O. P. Club on the 29th inst. We suggest a few sub-headings in the form of queries:—

Ought the private boxes, with their present slantwise or bird's-eye view of about half the stage, to be abolished, or should they frankly and squarely face the audience, so that their occupants could be adequately inspected by each possessor of an opera-glass?

Should the space now allotted to the stalls be reduced by yet another inch, so that the seat-holders would be wedged into a solid mass, and any going out between the Acts for a smoke and a drink would thus be rendered impossible?

Should late arrivals to the more fashionable parts of the house be accommodated with Standing Room Only at the back of the gallery?

Should parties who, through the incapability of the architect, the opacity of the persons in front of them, or the exuberance of feminine head-gear, are able to see only 1 or 2 per cent. of the show, be charged *pro ratâ*, and not the full price of the seat?

Ought the gods to be regarded as the sole arbiters of the fate of a play; and does critical infallibility vary inversely with the cost of admission?

Would there be less discomfort if critics wrote the play, while authors managed the theatre and managers composed the criticisms?

Is any play that was ever written worth the inconvenience and unpleasantness of waiting one or more hours in a *queue*, being marshalled like schoolchildren by policemen, fainted against by faded females, and exasperated by itinerant banjo-men?

And lastly, are any of the discomforts of playgoing surpassed by that of having to sit out a bad production?



SOMETHING NEW.

Young Ass. "AW—I'M BORED TO DEATH WITH LIFE!"
She. "WHY DON'T YOU DO SOMETHING?"
Young Ass. "AW—THERE'S NOTHING WORTH DOING THAT I HAVEN'T TRIED."
She. "ISN'T THERE? THERE *MUST* BE. *TRY AND THINK.*"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE success of his first volume of *Froissart's Modern Chronicles* (FISHER UNWIN) naturally induces F. C. G. to give us more. If possible, perhaps because the effect is more immediate, the *Chronicles* of 1902 excel in delight those of 1901. There is the same humour, point and appositeness in their portrayal of current events. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, as usual, is irresistible to the facile pencil. He has an added attraction in the coming to the front of son AUSTEN, whom F. C. G. promises to make as familiar to the Man-in-the-Street as is his illustrious father. There are delightful sketches in which Lord ROSEBERY, C.-B., Lord SALISBURY, the late Archbishop of CANTERBURY, Lord KITCHENER, and other political personages appear. Not least delightful, and more than usually pungent, are the two illustrations from Remount Records. One shows an English squire buying from a wily Jew scraggy horses for the Army in Africa. In the other Sir BLUNDELL DE MAPLE protesteth that towel horses would have better served the Army. It is hard to say which is the more delicious, the expression on the face of Sir BLUNDELL, or that conveyed by the towel-horse. My Baronite is not in a position to speak of the personal likeness of the portrait of "Sir TOBY DE LUCE, who has great knowledge of affairs of State." For the rest, beneath a genial mask of caricature, living likenesses of public men add greatly to the value of the record.

Mrs. HUGH BELL, according to my Occasional Assistant Baronite, is a sage lady who moralises as well as SOLOMON himself. *The Minor Moralist* (EDWIN ARNOLD), written by her, is a volume not to be read lightly, but to ponder seriously if it be your wish to acquire "good manners," to learn how to conduct yourself rationally when you reach "middle age," and to "manage your servants" properly at all times. If you obey such a monitor and guide to propriety as Mrs. HUGH BELL, you will live long and honoured in the land. The best of this series of little lay sermons is the one on the art of how to behave when we reach what DANTE called the *mezzo cammino di nostra vita*. It is not exactly pleasant reading for those whom "the gods don't love—and who dye old," for Mrs. BELL reminds us only too forcibly of the errors and follies of seeking to disguise with artificial roses and *poudre de Ninon* the ravages of passing years.

⁂ *The Magazine of Art* (CASSELL & Co.) for March is quite up to the high standard to which it has been raised by Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN. Among the many interesting articles, all charmingly illustrated, in this number, the brief monograph on "Ephraim Lilien," written by SOLOMON J. SOLOMON, A.R.A., will offer the greatest attraction to a considerable number of readers. The reproduction in colour of a sketch by BERTRAM HILES, "the armless artist," is excellent, and the story of his artistic career and triumph over apparently insuperable difficulties is simply and sympathetically told.

The reader of *Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son* (METHUEN) will not be surprised to learn that it has had an enormous sale in the United States, where it first saw the light. Mr. LORIMER is instinct with that peculiar, inimitable humour we call American, which finds varying exposition in the author of the *Biglow Papers*, MARK TWAIN, and Mr. DOOLEY. Shrewd insight and common sense abound on every page, expression being given after the fashion of the making of proverbs. The trees are so full of plums, it is impossible to select one and say, "Here is of the finest." Opening a page at random my Baronite finds written the following axiom:—"It isn't what a man knows, but what he thinks he knows, that he brags about." When the thing is said it is obvious, almost to the point of the commonplace. But no one before Mr. LORIMER compressed the truth in so small a space with such attractive package. "OLD MORALITY" died too soon. Had he lived to read this book, which he would have done with intense pleasure, there would have been fresh salt and savour in the copybook headings with which he was wont to admonish the House of Commons.

Martyr, by JOHN STRANGE WINTER (F. V. WHITE & Co.), is a simple story, thoroughly interesting, and admirably told. *Ars est celare artem.* If you may "take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds," then for double the money you may accept that of THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE LICENSING MAGISTRATE'S GUIDE AND PROHIBITIONIST'S MANUAL.

IT is frequently a little difficult for licensing magistrates to provide themselves with an adequate reason for refusing any particular licence. We have therefore with infinite care and research compiled a table of reasonable grounds for objection which will render the refusal of any licence an easy matter. The objections may be tabulated under three headings—the Landlord, the Premises, and the Liquor.

THE LANDLORD.

Description.	*Ground of Objection.*
Is a highly respectable man.	Too good for such a trade.
Is a disreputable vagabond.	Unfit for such a responsibility.
Runs an air-gun club.	Encourages the Jingo spirit.
Does not run an air-gun club.	Is lacking in patriotism.
Has a red nose.	Is a secret drunkard.
Has not a red nose.	Must be saved from such a possibility.
Reads HALL CAINE'S novels.	Is evidently mad.
Does not read HALL CAINE'S novels.	Fails to encourage literature.
Gives good measure.	Encourages drinking.
Gives bad measure.	Robs the public.
Permits cards and dominoes.	Is enticing the young and frivolous to his house.
Prohibits cards and dominoes.	Has turned his house into a mere boozing den.
Supplies refreshments.	Is setting traps for the "mealers."
Does not supply refreshments.	Fails to provide for the public convenience.
Has been convicted of offences against the licensing laws.	An example must be made.
Has not been convicted.	Obviously a deceptive hypocrite.

THE PREMISES.

Are draughty.	Public health will suffer.
Are not draughty.	Lack of adequate ventilation.
Have a back door.	Police unable to supervise.
Have not a back door.	Police deprived of legitimate refreshment.
Are tied to a brewery.	Must sell any swill sent them.
Are not tied.	Have not the benefit of the supervision of a respectable company.
Do a good trade.	Clearly a drunkard factory.
Do a poor trade.	Evidently not required.

THE BEER.

Is good.	A hideous temptation to the community.
Is bad.	A public danger.
Is indifferent.	Will never be missed.

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XIII.—Dr. Hans Richter.

An express train to Manchester brought us to our destination just in time for the Hallé Concert. At the close of the first part of the programme a message to the famous conductor evoked the response that he would be glad to see us in the artists' room. We entered, and were cordially greeted by the genial *chef d'orchestre*, who was seated at the piano, wearing his good-conduct medal. Dr. Richter, we need hardly remind our readers, is a man of massive build, with a full beard, a leonine aspect, and an Olympian glance. The likeness to Jupiter positively leaps to the eye. Grasping our hand with a powerful grip, he waved us to a chair in 5/4 time, and remarked in a *ritmo*



"Seated at the piano, wearing his good-conduct medal."

di tre battute, "*Wie bist du, meine Königin?*"

"Very well, thank you," we replied; "and how many instruments do you really play?"

"Only fifteen with impunity," replied the Doctor. "I have given up the bass tuba and the contrafagotto since my last attack of influenza."

"Were you very musical as a child?" we asked.

"Certainly," was the answer. "Leading strings appealed to me in infancy. As a boy I accompanied Piccolomini on the piccolo. The only illness I ever contracted in my youth was Scarlattina, and long before I took to conducting I never went out without a band on my hat."

"And how do you like Manchester? Does the Ship Canal compare favourably with the beautiful blue Danube?"

Dr. Richter returned a somewhat evasive reply.



"The likeness to Jupiter positively leaps to the eye."

"Manchester," he observed, "is a fine city. Its fogs are second only to those of London. My orchestra is second to none, and since my arrival the number of Viennese Bakeries has increased to such an extent that I now feel quite at home."

"And your plans?"

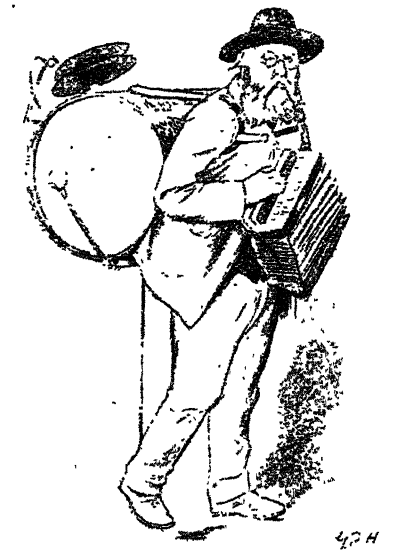
"Well, there is some talk of my conducting a series of performances of *The Ring* at New Brighton this year, but I have stipulated that the name of the place shall be first changed to New Bayreuthon, and the local authorities have not made up their minds. Then my duties as President of the Society for the Protection of British Composers seem likely to occupy a good deal of my time. You see, since the invasion of Richard Strauss, they have all emigrated to Venezuela, and I have been asked to arbitrate between them and the Venezuelans. That, I fear, will involve a journey to South America, and I have accordingly purchased a Panama hat."

"Is it true, Dr. Richter, that London 'never heard an orchestra' before the visit of the Meiningen band?"

"That I cannot say. But Manchester certainly did before I came."

"Then you have hopes for the future of English music?"

"Certainly! Has not England given us Shoolbred's Unfurnished Symphony?



"How many instruments do you really play?" "Only fifteen with impunity," said the Doctor.



"I generally run twice round St James's Park before breakfast."

Is there any other country in the world where people study scores so closely or compile them more freely? Those of the great *maestro* Ranji in particular seem to me in complexity and variety of resource to be at least equal to those of Sousa."

"And what are your recreations?"

"Perhaps my greatest relaxation is going to Ballad Concerts to watch the expression of Mr. Henry Bird's face when he is accompanying one of the superb compositions of Stephen Adams. Mr. Barrie's *Little White Bird* is nothing to it. When I am in London I generally run twice round St. James's Park before breakfast. Here I spend a good deal of my leisure in playing with my two toy terriers, *Fafner* and *Fasolt*, who always accompany me to the concerts in the Valhall—I mean the Freia—the Free Trade Hall."

MY LADY NICOTINE.

["A Bill is to be introduced into Parliament for the prevention of juvenile smoking, which will render tobacconists liable to be fined if they sell tobacco in any shape or form to boys under the age of sixteen."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

'ERE, errand-boys and piper-boys and every gutter-snipe
Wot knows the consolytion of a cigarette or pipe,
Ain't this a crool 'ard stroke
For hany wukkin' bloke?
'Ere's Parlymint a-syein' as we ain't ter git a smoke!
It 's ollers hinterferin' wiv its everlastin' nag,
But, s'elp me, if it ain't too much ter tike awye our fag.

'Ow can us men stop smokin'? When a biby in me pram
I tried ter cultivite instead a simple tiste for jam,
But Baccy seemed ter call—
It ollers does ter all
Wot 's learnt ter smoke, like you and me, afore we learnt ter crawl.
And so, when pore ole muvver tried the comforter, you bet,
She 'd precious soon ter substitoot a farvin' cigarette.

Nah, can the nigger chinge 'is skin? In corse 'e carn't, and wot 's
The good of arskin' lepers for ter chinge their ugly spots?
It 's jest a bit too lite
Ter struggle wiv yer fite—
'Ow can yer chinge yer 'abits when yer 've reached the ige of ite?
And if the Dook 'as 'is cigar, the wukkin' man 'is shag,
Be sure the errand-boy 'll see as 'ow 'e gets 'is fag.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING CANDID.

READERS of *Mr. Punch's Dramatic Sequels* knew just what to expect from Mr. ST. JOHN HANKIN'S delightful gift of irony when they went to see his play, *The Two Mr. Wetherbys*, performed before the Stage Society. It is a comedy of not very original action, but most fresh and piquant in dialogue. The lot of *Mr. James Wetherby* is cast in a colourless suburban interior, rendered intolerable to a man of innocently carnal tastes by fear of the wife whom he adores, and by the paralysing importunity of her relations, whom he detests. Into this milieu, redolent of that heinous kind of hypocrisy which pretends to be at a missionary meeting when it is actually playing Bridge at the club, enters brother *Richard*, the other *Mr. Wetherby*, bringing with him a cool draught of seductive candour. He, too, had been invited to barter his freedom for a mess of *potage à deux*, but by the simple process of acknowledging his escapades and jumping readily at his wife's demand for a separation he is now at large, with no worse shackles than the obligation, named in the deed, of meeting his wife once a year. At the first of these annual interviews, arranged to take place at the house of brother *James*, he displays a breezy indifference, tempered by genial *camaraderie*, which is greatly resented by the wife, already weary of a position that has "all the disadvantages and none of the compensations of widowhood." A really excellent scene.

In the Second Act *James Wetherby*, divided as to his soul between envy of his brother's chartered course of candour, and horror of a domestic embroilment, is only arrested on the devious paths of hypocrisy by the accident of a discovered music-hall programme, which reveals to his indignant wife the objective of his evening's excursion. His case is not immediately assisted by the sudden truthfulness with which, in a moment of expansion inspired by his brother, he voluntarily exposes his past career of deception. His wife promptly arranges to leave him. *Richard*, who has hitherto been the serpent in this rather stuffy Paradise, now employs the *entr'acte* in changing into a veritable god out of a machine. Instructed by his own wife's experience in the matter of their separation, he sketches, with a charmingly impersonal detachment, the gloomy outlook of a woman who deliberately absents herself from conjugal felicity. His tact brings about a reconciliation, and *James* returns to an Eden thoroughly aired and purged of relations-in-law.

I suppose that *Richard* must have been moved by his own eloquence, or the fear of seeming illogical; otherwise I cannot understand what induced him to follow the advice which he had invented out of mere altruism and take back his wife, that very thorny rose, to his bosom.

Mr. HANKIN'S play reminds one of the definition of the globe in the elementary geographies. It is like an orange, a little flat at each pole. But all the rest is nice and round and full of good stuff.

The interpretation was in good hands. Mr. NYE CHART as *Richard* was admirable in by-play, and Mr. A. E. GEORGE was something more than conscientious in the much less easy part of *James*. Mr. EADIE, in the *rôle* of a poor relation, sodden as an old sponge, and with a penchant for vicarious philanthropy, showed a diverting humour. A notable characteristic of all the players was their right sense of values—a quality so rarely to be found on the regular stage. No one attempted to dominate the scene at the wrong time, or obscure the less important parts by the obtrusion of his own personality.

A YOUNG STAGER.

DE JINGO MORTUO.

A Fragment.

FROM babyhood, for one-and-twenty years
Beloved by all who knew him, in the Zoo
He lived (and might have died) a blameless life
On nuts and buns. But ah! 'Twas not to be.
Not for his blamelessness could he escape
The common doom of all the "biggest" things—
The almighty dollar stretched its tentacles
Across the herring-pond and roped him in.
They broke his mighty heart; he would not eat.
For sixty hours* on end he trumpeted
(Oh, SOUSA, what a golden chance was here!),
And murdered sleep, till on the afternoon
Of March the twelfth he died. Oh, fatal date—
Just three days short of that pale Ides of March
When CÆSAR perished—A.D. IV. Id. Mart.
They wrapped him (doubtless) in the Stars and Stripes.
They hoisted up a derrick and they hove
His body overboard; and all that day
Six tons of Jingo floated on the deep.
Bang went eight thousand golden sovereigns,
And rather more than thirteen thousand pounds
Avoirdupois—which, if you work it out
By simple rule of three, makes elephants
Eleven and eleven pence a pound,
Twelve times the price of honest British beef—
Butchered to make a Yankee holiday.
Yet one word more. For him, he sleeps in peace,
He, who out-Jumboed Jumbo in our hearts.
But—mark the writing on the Party-wall—
"Our JOE returns: our Jingo is no more."
Does that perhaps, like Woolwich and like Rye,
Suggest that Jingo Governments may die?

* There seems to be some doubt about the actual length of this concert. A northern provincial paper says, "He trumpeted for 66 years prior to his demise."

CHARIVARIA.

WE are authorised to deny the report that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES will take the chair at the annual dinner of the London Association of Correctors of the Press to be held on the 28th inst.

Mr. BRODRICK has stated that he approves of drunkards and men of low character being kept out of the Army, but he will not lay down rules which would debar young fellows from being enlisted by reason, perhaps, of impertinence to their late masters. The War Minister, it is understood, is desirous of leaving it open to Mr. BECKETT and Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL to take the KING'S Shilling.

There is much grumbling among officers at the frequent changing of uniforms, and Sir FRANCIS JEUNE has been led to make some strong remarks on the epidemic of military suits.

Mr. BALFOUR'S great feat of hand-shaking at the banquet to Metropolitan Conservatives last week attracted universal attention, but it is whispered that, since Rye, it is not only hands that are shaking in the Conservative Party.

Curiously enough the Prime Minister himself acknowledged that the present Government has been an indifferent one. In replying to a trade deputation which accused Licensing Justices of unfair confiscation of property, he said that the Government would not remain indifferent.

Fortunately we still have a man to stand by us in our hour of need. Mr. WHITAKER WRIGHT has declared to an interviewer that he had no intention of abandoning England.

The same financier has also announced that he does not owe a penny to anyone. No one had suggested that that was the figure.

The KAISER has decided to reform his language.

The Poet Laureate, who has so often caused pain, is now to help to alleviate it. His play, *Flodden Field*, is to be performed in aid of Guy's Hospital.

The production, it must be understood, is to be purely a matter of charity.

Forty years ago a Camberwell woman ran into her knee a needle which has just emerged from her right shoulder. For some time past she had suffered acutely from stitch in the side.



"——HE WOULD HAVE SAID."

A beautiful stroke missed! A favourite club broken! No words to bring relief!

American Friend (in the background, after a long pause). "WA'AL, BROWN, I GUESS THAT 'S THE MOST PROFANE SILENCE I'VE EVER LISTENED TO!"

An attempt is to be made to induce men to wear gayer attire. It is an undoubted fact that, with the spread of teetotalism, the one bright spot about a man is tending to disappear.

From Germany comes a new cure for insomnia. The patient must first stand upright, slowly raise the arms till they are above the head, then bring them forward and down again, at the same time bending the body till the finger-tips almost touch the ground. His head will now be hanging downwards and his body bent limply in two. Sleep will then ensue.

REWARDS WHILE YOU WAIT.—At a time when much criticism is being passed on the War Office for their delay in distributing South African Medals it is pleasant to record the promptitude of Sir REDVERS BULLER in awarding honours for ambulance work in the field. "In the afternoon," says the *Northern Daily Mail*, "he kicked off at the Batley football match, and in the evening presented medallions and certificates to the local ambulance brigade."

A CLERICAL "MUFFIN SCRAMBLE."—The *Daily Chronicle*, reporting Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S speech at Leeds, quotes him as follows: "Their (the Tories') opposition to Home Rule is breaking down before our very eyes. (*Cheers.*) *It received the deadliest blow out* during last autumn when the Irish . . . came to the rescue of . . . the bench of Bishops. (*Laughter.*)"



She. "IT'S REALLY WONDERFUL HOW THIS PART OF THE WORLD SUITS OLD PEOPLE! THERE'S MY GRANDFATHER, HE'S EIGHTY-NINE NEXT MONTH."

He. "REALLY! ALMOST A—WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT?—A *NONENTITY*, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

IV.—ON THE EVE OF BATTLE (1923 A.D.).

The Scene *is the interior of the tent of the* Commander *of the British Forces the evening before a great battle. The veteran* Field Marshal Professor SMITH, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., M.O.M., &c., &c., *sits in consultation with the* Chief *of his Staff. A map is spread out before them.*

Field Marshal (his finger on the map). A deep study of the strategy of Xenophon inclines me to believe that here will be the turning point of the battle.

[*He quotes a few sentences of Greek.*

Staff Officer *purrs sympathetically.*

Chief of the Staff. I should not depend too much, Sir, on the reverence of our adversary for the classics. He is a shockingly uneducated person, I am told, and has a way of doing unexpected things out of his own head.

Field Marshal. And it is against such a man that I must pit this intellectual army, officered almost entirely by "honours men." Mere "pass men" would have sufficed for so contemptible an adversary. The Cavalry will of course cover the advance?

Chief of the Staff. The learned Doctor GROTIUS, their commander, has occupied their time so thoroughly with his lectures on the parabolic flight of the bullet, on the laws of muzzle-velocity and gravitation, and on the expanding powers of the powders of all the European Powers, that they have a really excellent theoretical acquaintance with their new weapon, the latest rifle, but have not had time to study equitation. Two of their squadron leaders were "double-firsts" in theology and music.

Field Marshal. Then we will use the cavalry as a reserve of infantry. What troops hold this wood?

Chief of the Staff. A northern Regiment. Their officers mostly went up to Durham, not brilliant scholars but well grounded—very well grounded.

Field Marshal (brightening up). Order them to entrench themselves where they are. What Regiment lies by this stream?

Chief of the Staff. The Cambridge men, Sir.

Field Marshal. Ah! my quick calculators. My gallant lads for whom the binomial theorem and the differential calculus have no terrors. Send those of their officers who are Wranglers over to parley with the enemy, and try and find a bridge—scientific, you know, and with low points—for the occupation of the others.

Chief of the Staff. The Oxford Guards are here, Sir, by the chapel.

Field Marshal. A splendid corps! Every officer a Fellow of his College. Great scholars and most retiring men. Let them form the rear guard. What corps holds the inn?

Chief of the Staff. The College Green Rifles.

Field Marshal. Trinity, Dublin, of course. Fine English scholars, but with too much push. We mustn't place them before the Oxford men. Put them on fatigue duty, and let them employ their push on the waggons.

Chief of the Staff. What Regiments shall we detail for the attack?

Field Marshal. None of our crank—I mean, crack—officers must be sacrificed; great learning deserves immortality. Order up some of the quite ordinary Regiments officered by mere Sandhurst men.

WONDERS WILL NEVER CEASE! — The *Westminster Gazette* man, reporting Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S visit to the City on Friday last, in noting the presence of celebrities, said, "The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, who was one of the early arrivals." The Duke, early! Strange, most strange! What does this portend?



"NONE SO BLIND," &c.

Right Hon. St. J. Br-dr-ck (*Gardener in Government Conservatory*). "I SAY! THIS IS A BIT TOO THICK! THE GUV'NOR *HAS* BEEN AND GOT HIMSELF DISLIKED!"

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XIX.—PATERNITY.

A DENSE yellow almost impenetrable fog. It is close on midnight; the bridge is to all appearances deserted, save for a party of homegoing revellers singing the latest pantomime song, who have just passed me to fade away next moment into mere voices in the obscurity. Leaning over the parapet I gaze with aching eyes into the dark void, somewhere beyond which the hungry river is moving on in awful silence. The pantomime chorus in the distance grows muffled and feeble, then expires. I am alone in Infinity.

A shout from below, but whether from the river or the bank I cannot tell. The shout is repeated again and again. I turn and hasten towards the end of the bridge, then grope my way through two posts that suddenly rise up out of the fog before me, and down a steep slope towards the towpath. The shouting grows louder, and resolves itself into something approaching intelligibility.

"Hi-i-i! Urray urra-a-ay! Hi-i-i-i-i!"

I draw nearer. The shouting swells to a roar. The next moment a dark figure looms out of the fog—the figure of a man leaning against the fence at the side of the towpath, with one arm hitched round the top rail, and yelling at the top of his voice. Suddenly he sees me and desists.

"'Oller, boys," he remarks explanatorily.

"Is there anything wrong?" I inquire.

"'Oller, boys," he repeats, giving his arm a further hitch round the rail, "earn yer livin' an' *'oll-er!* Hi-i-i! 'Urra-a-ay!"

He pauses and gazes at me jubilantly.

"Thet's it," he observes, "not in a 'arf 'arnce wye. Earn yer livin'. *'Oll-er!* Hi-i-i! 'Urray! 'Urra-a-ay!"

He desists again breathlessly.

"Has War or Peace or something been declared?" I venture to inquire.

He regards me hazily.

"Buful boy," he remarks.

I hesitate to accept the compliment, and look at him interrogatively.

"Buful boy," he repeats.

"*Nimium ne crede colori*," I suggest.

"Not 'arf," he responds. "I'm a fawther."

I congratulate him.

"A fawther," he repeats. "Buful boy. Mine an' my wife's."

I congratulate him again. He grasps my hand.

"You're one o' the right sort," he observes, "not one o' them—one o' those——"

He expectorates with an infinite disgust for the vague class in question.



NOT A BAD JUDGE OF THE MARKET.

Benevolent Old Gent (to Newsboy, who is eagerly devouring the contents of the latest edition). "WHAT ARE YOU DOING, MY BOY?"

Sharp Urchin. "PLEASE, SIR, I'M LOOKING OUT TO SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING 'SPESHAL' SENSATIONAL. 'COS IF SO, I MAY BE ABLE TO RAISE MY PRICES!"

"Tell yer wot it is," he observes. "I'm a fawther—buful boy, an' I'm goin' ter cellar——"

He pauses, apparently in difficulties of some kind, then resumes again.

"Buful boy, an' I'm goin' ter—ter cellar——"

"Aren't you confusing the gender?" I venture.

"Cellarbrathoccasion," he says rapidly. "Mynasejohnwhite."

He eyes me with solemnity and importance.

"JOHN WHITE my name is," he repeats, obviously conscious of the sensation he is about to create, "an' I live in London."

I am duly impressed. He laughs in exultant glee.

"An' I'm a bricklayer," he adds triumphantly.

I murmur astonished plaudits.

"JOHN WHITE my name is," he repeats, "an' wot's more I can *prove* it to yer. It's on my shirt 'ere."

He begins to struggle out of one sleeve of his coat, his left arm still hitched round the railing.

I endeavour to dissuade him, but without success. I glance about me. The fog seems to have grown colder and denser if anything; above us I can just discern the dark shadowy mass that is the bridge; all else is one yellow blank.

"I can give yer *proof*," pants my friend resolutely between his struggles; "yer cawn't ask fer more than thet.—Up top o' the sleeve there—JOHN WHITE."

"Ah, I see," I declare.

He pauses suddenly and looks at me narrowly.

"No yer don't," he states, "becos' it ain't light enough. I'm goin' ter *prove* it to yer. Give us a metch."

I produce a box, and he strikes a match with difficulty.

"There nar yer can see it," he says, holding the match so that it sheds a

glow on my boots, "at the top o' the sleeve there."

"Dear me," I exclaim, not without apprehension, "so it is."

Honour is satisfied. He throws away the match, and proceeds to struggle into his coat-sleeve again.

"JOHN WHITE," he repeats with satisfaction. "An' wot 's more, if you 'll wait while I go dahn ter the Broadwye, I can bring yer still more convincin' proof."

With difficulty I convince him that this is not really necessary. He becomes meditative.

"Tork abaht FRED SMILER," he observes with an infinite disgust, "why, I cud eat more bricks 'n 'e cud stack."

He glares at me aggressively. I assure him earnestly of the low opinion I have conceived of the said Mr. SMILER, and prepare to go. He detains me by the arm.

"My wife 's a treasure," he informs me.

I suggest that he return to the treasure without delay. He pays no attention.

"The best o' women," he continues. "She 's somethin' like a wife, she is. If she wasn't I 'd—I 'd knock 'er bloomin' 'ead orf."

Suddenly he is struck by a brilliant idea.

"I 'll go 'ome an' knock it orf this minute," he declares.

He makes a move, but some spirit seems to restrain his feet. He hitches his arm round the railing again.

"Tork abaht FRED SMILER——" he begins.

The cold and fog are getting too much for me. Mindful of the unseen river beyond I suggest that he accompany me as far as the bridge.

"I 'm goin' ter stay where I am," he states emphatically.

I use all my powers of persuasion. He becomes menacing.

"'Oo yer gittin' at?" he demands. "I 'm a fawther I am, an' I 'm goin' ter stay 'ere an' 'oller. Earn yer livin', boys. *'Oll-er!* Hi-i-i! 'Urray! 'Urra-a-a-ay!"

Unable to prevail I make my departure up the slope, and through the wooden posts on to the bridge. The yelling from the towpath continues intermittently. I look back; nothing is to be seen but fog. Halfway across the bridge a bright ray of light suddenly penetrates the fog in front of me. It is a policeman with a lantern. I answer his questions and he moves on towards the towpath. Fainter and fainter as I advance comes the voice of the proud father from the fog behind.

"'Oller, boys, earn yer livin' an' *'oll-er!* Hi-i-i! 'Urra-a-ay!"

OF BARBARA.

(*Lines suggested on reading a Lady's Paper.*)

Is she then old or young in years?
More stately, daintier than her peers?
Sprightly and fair, or dark, demure?
Of one thing only we are sure:
Cast in a different mould is she
From other maids—if maid she be—
This BARBARA.

When serious doubts our path oppress
In life, love, etiquette, or dress;
In cookery, religion, sport,
In choice of holiday-resort:
Enfin, in matters small or large,
Advice is given, free of charge,
By BARBARA.

What "MOUSIE" should to "H." reply;
When "PEARL" may don her gloves—
and why;
How "J." will lessen, "L." repair
The growth or waste of flesh or hair:—
With every hope of certain aid
All troubles may be safely laid
On BARBARA.

But most one feels, when dull despair
Comes, and the soul is sick with care;
When other friends are fallen away,
And all the world looks lone and grey:
There beats in perfect counterpart
One heart—the great responsive heart
Of BARBARA.

EXTRACTS FROM FOOTBALL REPORTS.

I.—OLD STYLE.

"WHEN the game had lasted about an hour, and each side had scored two goals, there was a keen fight for the winning goal. The Scots Foresters took the ball down to the South End goal, but BENTON missed the kick and TOMLIN cleared. The South End team made a good run after this, and TOMSON kicked the ball into the goal, but as he was 'offside,' it did not count. For some time the ball was kept pretty much in the middle of the ground, but at last GRIGSON ran through the South End ranks, and got the ball well in front of the goal. Being hindered by the opposing backs, however, he had to give time for the players to run up from all parts of the ground, and a short, sharp struggle took place. No one knew quite how, but the ball at last went through, and so the Scots Forest team secured their third goal. There was no more scoring, and the Scots won by three goals to two."

II.—NEW STYLE.

(*Adapted to the same incident.*)

"The game had now been in progress for a full hour, and as there were barely thirty minutes left for play, and the record stood 'two-all,' each side put forth efforts compared with which the labours of Hercules were puny and infantile diversions, the object being the gaining of the winning point. The Foresters rushed away with what appeared to be absolutely irresistible force and momentum, and with the leather well in hand—or rather at foot—swooped down upon the fold like a pack of hungry wolves, or the Assyrians of SENNACHERIB as described by BYRON. But alas! BENTON in his excitement failed to judge aright the relative positions of his pedal extremities and the sphere, with the result that it trundled away towards TOMLIN instead of itinerating to INSKIP, who was waiting to guide it gracefully between the goal posts. As a result the South Enders got possession of the bubble, swept like an equatorial tornado across the field, passing the opposing woodmen or brushing them aside like stubble, till TOMSON sent in a beauty which eluded the watchfulness of the Verderers' custodian and landed in the net. The Ref, however, had a word to say, and that combination of letters was 'offside.' So the Enders' jubilation was ended and the Scots' danger was scotched. In the final stage of the contest, GRIGSON carried the pilule through the astonished array opposed to him, and deposited his charge magnificently in front of the sacred enclosure, but a temporary hesitation gave the meridionals time to recover themselves and flock around him in defence of their cherished citadel. At last, however, a shout rent the heavens, and announced to a waiting world that the result of a lively scrimmage in front of goal was that the pellet had found its way past the guardian of the South, and given the Scottish representatives of ROBIN HOOD the coveted lead. Thus did the Cock of the North once more evidence his superiority over the fowl from warmer latitudes, and gain the right to crow over a glorious and well-deserved victory."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Getting Round the Globe. By WHITAKER WRIGHT, author of "America as a Health Resort," "The Strange Adventures of Miss Browne," "Directors I Have Known," "Detectives who Have Known Me," "Fables of Finance," &c.

Men of Action: Charles Henry Strutt. By H. S. H. CAVENDISH, author of "Religious Beliefs of Patagonia," and of a paper on "Spirits Above Proof," published among the Transactions of the Chemico-Psychical Association.

The Admirable Barrie: a Fantasy. By WILLIAM CRICHTON, author of "Sentimental Sweeny," "The Licensing Problem in London," and many other works.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 16.—DON JOSÉ back again, bringing his sheaves with him. Had his ups and downs of favour and disfavour with the public. To-day, on return from South



A LEADING MISSIONARY.

Just home from his "mission."

"This taxation (against polygamy) was suggested by a leading missionary."—*Mr. Chamberlain's Speech.*

Africa, scores high water-mark of popularity. Not long ago new diplomacy in disrepute. DON JOSÉ as its principal exponent, if not its actual inventor, reviled. The latest development of new diplomacy—the Minister in charge of a problem of far-reaching interest wending his way by sea and land to study it on the spot—struck a chord of approbation in the breast of an essentially business-like people. It was positively bringing to bear upon the affairs of the Nation elementary principles that would animate a private firm of traders in the direction of their own affairs.

Innovation startling enough to stir in their graves Cabinet Ministers of yester year. Even living Permanent Secretaries shake their heads in ominous doubt. Where's this thing going to end? If vulgar business principles, suitable for banks, great shipping companies, or the firms of merchant princes, once gain footing in Downing Street, what is to become of the country?

However, sufficient to the day is the innovation thereof. It really seems as if DON JOSÉ's mission to South Africa had been productive of good. Certainly no harm done beyond the danger hinted at of the example spreading — say SELBORNE, cutting off his beard and moustache, shipping before the mast of an armed cruiser (if it has such a thing), studying state of Navy from that perspective. Or of CARNOT BRODRICK disguising himself in civilian dress, enlisting in an Army Corps and observing how it works in wet weather on Salisbury Plain.

Entering the House this afternoon DON JOSÉ was hailed with ringing cheer from the side which in Aston Park Riot days howled at him with at least equal vigour. Applause was echo of that which shouted Farewell when, three weeks ago, he left Cape Town, and was answered at Southampton on his arrival. Earlier friends and companions dear on Liberal benches did not join in demonstration. But not to be outdone in complimentary appreciation. For DON JOSÉ's special benefit saved up CROOKS, the latest product of Royal Arsenal's workshops extolled to-night by ARNOLD FORSTER on introducing Navy Estimates.

In accordance with ordinary usage the new Woolwich Infant would have been dragged across Palace Yard last Friday, and placed in position on the kopje to the left of the SPEAKER commanding Treasury Bench. But DON JOSÉ would be *so* glad to be present at introduction of a man who had accomplished a transfer of six thousand votes to the detriment of the Government. By hooks or by CROOKS his pleasure must be gratified. So the Woolwich Infant was kept back, and this afternoon Opposition had their bout of cheering as he was trundled up to the Table to take the Oath.

Nothing suggestive of skeleton in personal appearance of Mr. CROOKS. On the contrary, for British workman in time of exceptional distress, he is decidedly plump. It was the MEMBER FOR SARK whom I heard murmuring quotation from famous passage in a speech delivered in days of sin.

"He performs in the Liberal Party the useful part of the skeleton at Egyptian feasts. He is there to repress our enthusiasm and to moderate our joy."



"THE WOOLWICH INFANT."

(Mr. W-ll Cr-ks.)

"Nothing suggestive of skeleton in Mr. Crooks."



THE VICTOR.

Not one's usual idea of a Rye face.

(Dr. C. F. H-tch-ns-n.)

Thus DON JOSÉ, talking about JOKIM in the hearing of a delighted audience gathered at Trowbridge on an October day more than seventeen years sped. There's nothing new under the sun. Here's the skeleton, in another form, with application to another party, at its old work.

Business done. — In Committee on Naval Estimates.

Tuesday night. — Something really terrifying in the way CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES to-night flung himself on Financial Secretary to the Treasury. Been comparatively quiescent since he last demolished what was left of SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR. Interval of Sabbath rest, instead of soothing the old salt, has caused the patriotic blood to surge through imperialistic veins with fresh energy.

This afternoon, in Committee of Supply, came on excess vote of seventy-seven pounds fifteen and fivepence for



"Cap'en Tommy Bowles flung himself on Financial Secretary to the Treasury."
(Mr. T. G-bs-n B-wl-s and Mr. H-y-s F-sh-r.)

National Art Gallery of Ireland. Chairman submitted proposal; was proceeding to declare the "Ayes" had it, when up gat the Cap'en and in quarter-deck voice declared it "perfectly scandalous" that Financial Secretary should attempt to smuggle the vote through without word of explanation.

HAYES FISHER, trembling in every limb, rose to explain. A delightful story he told, flooding with light obscure working of British Constitution. It seems that the Director of Irish National Art Gallery, an admirable judge of the value of figures whether in statuary or painting, cannot bring himself to practical dealing with them when they represent pounds, shillings and pence. According to HAYES FISHER, the Treasury and the Auditor General have through revolving years been beseeching him to send in his little account. Always he has murmured, "*Mañana, Mañana.*" To-morrow came, but no statement of account.

He has been sat upon by various sub-Committees, and nothing squeezed out of him. ARTHUR HAYTER told with tears in his voice how, only last week, Committee on Public Accounts spent precious hour in going through the business. They concluded with the usual remonstrance. For years remonstrance has rained upon the Director, with fructifying result in all directions save that of his little bill. HAYES FISHER, varying his despondency with note of triumph, informed sympathetic Committee of resolution finally come to at Treasury. Director is to have one more chance. If in coming financial year he doesn't make up accounts of his Department, a Treasury clerk will be turned on to do the work, and he will be left to his pictures, his sculptures, and any ancient Irish treasure trove he can recover from grasping British Museum.

"Meanwhile," said the Financial Secretary, with satisfaction of a man who feels that, England expecting him to do his duty, he has not failed Motherland, "the Director has been again severely reprimanded."

Particulars of the Vote to-day agreed to were extracted only after two years' wrestling with the reticent Director, and after despatch of successive reprimands increasing in weight till of late they have, from motives of economy, been sent by Parcels Post.

Once moved to grapple with the subject, the much-reprimanded Director discloses unsuspected and encouraging aptitude for accounting. Observe the precision of his little bill—seventy-seven pounds fifteen and fivepence. *Mr. Mantalini*, who had similar constitutional aversion to accurate accounting combined with unconquerable contempt for "demnition coppers," would certainly have made it seventy-seven pounds fifteen and sixpence, or, more probably, have merged details in presentation of bill for round sum of £78. *Sir Mantalini* of the Irish Art Gallery, once he brings himself to the point of grappling with figures, will have them exact to a penny piece.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Friday night. — MEMBER FOR SARK much amused by little whim of policeman on duty in octagon hall.

"Are the Lords still sitting?" SARK asked to-night.

"No, Sir," said the policeman, dropping his voice to reverential note. "Their lordships have arisen."

This subtle suggestion of the LORD CHANCELLOR, and a dozen Peers who happened to be in their places when the end of the Order Paper was reached, being snatched up and carried heavenward, probably in chariots of fire, is delicious. When we poor mortals finish our appointed task and go home it is curtly said, "The Commons are up."

"The Lords have arisen."

Business done.—Private Members'.

In a Minor Key.

Hearty Friend (meeting Operatic Composer). Hallo, old man, how are you? Haven't seen you for an age! What's your latest composition?

Impecunious Musician (gloomily). With my creditors.

["*Exeunt severally.*"

"ON IONS."—Such was the subject of Sir W. CROOKES' most recent lecture. Were they Spanish? Pickled? Boiled or fried? With or without rabbit, steak, or shoulder of mutton? They were made "visible." This was hardly necessary, as in such a case the evidence to the eyes would be less convincing than that to the nose.

INTERNATIONAL LETTERS.

(Lost between London and Berlin.)

Lieber Graf Bülow.—Ich bin so gefreut zu sehen dass der Kaiser hat commandirt ein simplification in Deutsch. Jetzt ich werde sein able zu schreiben ganz easily, und nimmer mit der verb an der end von der sentence. Das war furchtbar. The language ist schlecht genug, ohne solche absurdities, wenn Sie willen allow mich zu sagen so.

Bei Jove, ich habe gehabt ein furchtbar Zeit lately, mit Gibson Bowles, Winston Churchill und die andere alle badgerend mich zu einst. Viele Zeite ich war ganz angry. Es war genug zu machen ein Bursche toll. Ist es nicht verdammt impudence on their part zu attempt zu teach mich? Ich habe gesehen der Deutsch army, so ich weiss was ein English army soll zu sein. Es war especially irritating weil ich hatte gekommen zurück von Malta und Gibraltar, wo ich ging in ein Mann von Krieg, und hatte salutes und reviews, und war ganz wie ein König, oder at least wie ein Viceroy. Ich würde lieben zu sein ein Viceroy, wie Curzon. Haben Sie gehört dass ich habe some chance of succeeding ihn, wenn Balfour hat zu chuck mich aus von der War Office? Aber es ist ein secret, so sagen nichts herum es. Natürlich nach solch ein swell journey es war disgusting zu sein heckled by mere ordinary common Members of Parliament.

Ich wünschte zu haben mein show vor Chamberlain kam zurück, weil er schneide uns alle hinaus. Ich dachte ich konnte arrange dass der Secretary für Krieg sollte immer haben ein escort von cavalry. Denken Sie nicht es wurde sein sehr grand, ich in khaki, mit mein beautiful Rot Adler on, in ein gilt state carriage mit ein cavalry escort? Das ist der Sorte von Ding dass ich liebe. Aber wir hatten solch ein row dass es war impossible, und besides Balfour hates any grandeur or state, und liebt ganz shabby clothes weil er spielt golf immer.

Bei der Weg, wenn es sollte happen dass ich kann nicht sein Viceroy von India, glauben Sie der Kaiser würde machen mich Viceroy von Kiao-chau? Ich thue so brauchen zu sein ein Viceroy, mit uniforms zu tragen, und mit salutes und reviews jeden Tag. Sehend dass ich habe der Rot Adler, und kann sprechen Deutsch und schreiben es auch mit der verb immer in der Mittel, ich bin jetzt halb ein Deutsch official. Balfour und die andere fellows sagten kein Wort when I accepted der Rot Adler—accepted, I jumped at it!—so ich bin sicher dass sie würden sein ganz calm wenn ich ging zu Kiao-chau wie der Deutsch Viceroy, und people are so ungrateful, sie würden sein probably ganz gefreut und fertig zu springen für Freude. Ich hoffe Sie sind wohl. Gütig regards von alle. Ihr sehr treulich,

St. John Brodrick.

Dear Mr. Brodrick,—Received have I your high interesting and very pretty letter. Put I now always the verb, or verbs, at the beginning of the sentence in any language in obedience to the high to be respected Order of my Imperial Master—*Magister* now, as well as *Dominus*, supreme in syntax as in everything. How charming the latin language for quotation! Is not the new position of verbs difficult in German, and even in English? Obey must we however always.

Referring now to your nice letter. See you here our difficulty. Begin must I another sentence for another verb. Produce I therefore short sentences as those of your abusing Kipling. How much better the longer and beautifuller phrases of Germany's greatest friend and only foreign praiser, Maeterlinck! What a clever long sentence of mine, without any verb at all! Practise I such constantly in obedience to the Imperial Order and for the gratification of his Majesty.

Referring again to your letter. Have you cause for complaint in view of the acceptance of all your estimates? Have you not your many millions pound for the english army? Compare us. Opposed by Richter and others. Reduced have they our estimates for China by three millions mark—hundred fifty thousand pound.

Reminds me this of your request. Seeing this reduction, any gold or other carriage for Governor of Kiao-chau impossible. Goes he to foot therefore henceforth, but with cavalry escort. See you? If therefore governorship no longer desirable, even if Englishman or half-Englishman eligible, what alternative? Offer you very gladly the distinguished position of stationmaster on a branch line of the Prussian State Railway. Uniform very elegant, with real sword, and red cap quite charming. What a chance for you! Quieter than India.

Your truely, von Bülow.

Awful Torture! Fatal Result!—It is confidently reported, though at present we are not at liberty to mention any names in connection with the tragic occurrence, that a certain well-known musical critic went, by invitation, to an amateur concert, where *he was put into a seat and actually bored to death!* The matter is in the hands of the police, and the mysterious affair will be strictly investigated.

HAVE I ANY REDRESS?

Sir,—I am a strong anti-Imperialist and, holding sacred my opinions as I do, I was moved to write a few lines of sarcastic welcome to Mr. Chamberlain on his return from his vaunted South African mission. Having finished them in the rough, I handed them, according to my custom, to my wife to make a fair copy and post to the Editor of our local Radical paper, the *Herald*. These were the lines in their finished state:—

JOE'S TRIUMPH.

Assured of praise the braggart comes;
A smile of triumph bares his gums;
The fawning crowd their plaudits sound,
To greet their Joe on English ground—

Their Joe, not ours. Soon, soon may he
Be robbed of his supremacy,
And his imperialistic faith
Die an unmourned, degraded death!

The hunt for approbation o'er,
Now must he set to work once more;
Would that his holiday ne'er ended,
Since all he does must be amended.

F. T. L.

Owing to some misunderstanding my wife addressed the envelope to the Editor of the *Mercury*, a Conservative paper of a very bitter type, the Editor of which, instead of returning them, as a gentleman would have done, made a few alterations and printed them, with my initials, as a genuine address of welcome to his demi-god! I quote his garbled version:—

IO TRIUMPHE.

Secure of praise the hero comes,
Amid the thunder of the drums;
The happy crowd their plaudits sound
To greet their chief on English ground.

Their chief and ours. Long may he live,
Fresh proofs of statesmanship to give,
And propagate, while he has breath,
His grand Imperialistic faith.

His federating mission o'er,
Now will he work at home once more;
Would that his labours never ended,
Their final outcome is so splendid.

F. T. L.

Comment is needless—such are Imperialist manners. I am,

Yours, &c., F. T. L.

Extract from the Diary of a Scholar of New College, Oxford.—"In the early afternoon of this day, overtired by delivering his marvellous Lecture on 'The Underlying Oneness of All Material Phenomena' (showing that each created thing is fundamentally identical with every other created thing), our learned Master put his tea-kettle into the large easy-chair, and went and sat on the fire. The next lecture of the course has been unavoidably postponed."

THE NAVAL ENGINEER.

A Rough Rime by an Ancient Mariner.

["The engineer feels that on engineering depends not only the mere propulsion of the ship, but also gunnery, torpedo, electricity, and everything else."—*Daily Paper.*]

WHEN the Admirable CRICHTON
Adorned this hemisphere
He must have been a "bright-un"
And a Naval Engineer.

Old admirals and captains stout,
And such like poor small beer,
Would all be lost at sea without
The Naval Engineer.

No longer an apprentice dunce
He toils in workshops drear;
But, like Minerva, shines at once,
A Naval Engineer.

The genius and the poet sit
On the same level here,
Their motto, "*Nascitur, non fit,*"
Suits the Naval Engineer.

He spends four years at College,
"*Exams*" he need not fear
In any branch of knowledge,
Our Naval Engineer.

Let guns and hull superfluous be
With engine-room and gear;
On Belleville boiler goes to sea
Our Naval Engineer.

Torpedoes in each pocket,
Two guns in front and rear,
Some fire-balls and a rocket
Completes the Engineer.

Come on then, every mother's son,
We'll all sing "*Cheer, Boys, cheer!*"
WATT, NELSON, both rolled into one—
Aren't equal to that great big gun—
"The Naval Engineer!"

SCRAPS FROM A HOCKEY LUNCH.

SCENE—MRS. DISTRAIT'S *country house.*

PERSONÆ—*Two hockey teams about to play a match, and a handful of harmless house guests.*

Mrs. Distrait (*the gentle hostess, carving chicken*). Do you like the wing, Miss SHYNGARDS?

Miss Shyngards (*a player, casually*). Oh, yes, the right wing best.

Mrs. D. (*much puzzled*). Oh, is it supposed to be better than the left?

Miss S. (*absently, scanning the other team*). It's much less hard, I think.

Mrs. D. But these aren't tough, I assure you. Even the legs are tender.

Miss S. (*with sudden attention*). Ah, there I can sympathise. My guards are very little protection.

* * * *

Mrs. D'Oyle (*a guest, on* Miss SHYNGARDS' *other side*). Have you seen Miss FOWLER'S photograph?



SIGNS OF SPRING.

Miss S. Is that the half-back?

Mrs. D'O. No, the side-face.

* * * *

Mr. Golightly (*a guest*). Are you a friend of Miss GOALDUST'S, Miss HOOKER?

Miss Hooker (*a player*). Not by any means. She's too abominably selfish—she never passes anything.

Mr. G. Oh, but perhaps she's very hungry, or perhaps you haven't asked her.

Miss H. That wouldn't be the least good. She simply dribbles all the time.

Mr. G. At the table?

Miss H. No, on the ground, of course.

Mr. G. (*shudders*). How disgustin'!

* * * *

Miss Dodger (*a player*). I like being centre in a mixed match, don't you? You always know there are several men around you.

Miss Hacker (*a guest, loftily*). Yes, there's safety in numbers, I admit; still, there's a little element of danger sometimes.

Miss D. (*thoughtfully*). Well, of course there *is* more danger, so you must mark your man.

Miss H. Mark your man, indeed! I never get to that length—I simply cut them. [*Cuts* Miss DODGER *also.*

* * * *

Mrs. Distrait (*speaking down the table*). I saw Miss PASSMORE to-day.

Mr. Golightly. I'm sure *she* plays hockey.

Miss Hooker. How do you know that, Mr. GOLIGHTLY?

Mr. G. By her ankles, of course.

Chorus of Guests and Mrs. Distrait. By her ankles?

Mr. G. (*pluming himself to deliver his hardworked epigram*). Why, don't you know? everybody plays either to show her ankles or to justify them.

[*The* Guests *smile. The* Players *try to look indifferent.*

* * * *

Miss Bluestocking (*a guest*). In my opinion there's no one like MEREDITH on a winter afternoon.

Mr. Goodwin (*a player*). Do you mean the MEREDITH that got so hacked last week?

Miss B. I can't say anything about last week, but he was rather severely cut up by the *Onlooker* the week before.

Miss Lark (*a player*). The onlookers have no right to interfere—that's my opinion!

Miss B. (*recognising her existence for a moment*). Quite so.

Mr. G. (*impatiently*). Well, but is MEREDITH any good?

Miss B. Quite in the front rank, I should say.

Mr. G. What's his strong point?

Miss B. His treatment of women, I think, undoubtedly.

Mr. G. He's not rough, then? You've got to win somehow, you know.

Miss B. Yes, he's a little rough on them sometimes, but he's really very fair.

Miss L. (*unquelled*). I don't mind a man being rough so long as he's fair.

Miss B. (*ignoring her*). His men are generally a bit weak, unfortunately.

Mr. G. How does he place them?

Miss B. In very awkward positions, sometimes; but then, MEREDITH always had a knack of getting out of awkward positions.

Mr. G. Which do you consider his best?

Miss B. Richard Feverel, I think, or *Lord Ormont.*

Miss L. (*excitedly, rising once more*). O, I never heard of a real Lord playing hockey. Do tell me! *Where does he play?*

[MRS. DISTRAIT *gives the signal to rise, and retires to lie down with a headache.*

THE *Cape Times*, describing Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S visit to Groot Constantia, says, "There were carriages by the score and motors by the dozen. On the stoep of the old homestead were assembled all the rank and fashion of the Peninsula, panting painfully with that distressful monotony peculiar to the breed, also gave forth a pungent aroma, common to their species." A very nice derangement of epitaphs!

THE NEW CHILD.

["The KAISER and KAISERIN are much interested in a little musical prodigy who has arrived in Berlin from Madrid. This child, called PEPITO ARRIOLA, is six years old, and is said to be a complete master of the piano, and deeply versed in harmony and counterpoint. He has personally presented the KAISER with a march of his own composition."—*Weekly Paper*]

From the "Baby-Bookman," April 1, 1906.

MR. A. LYTTLECHAP, whose new novel is attracting so much attention, frankly declares himself a disciple of GORKY. He is seven, and began to write four years ago. His realistic pictures of the horrors of nursery life, particularly of the oppression of arrogant grown-ups, and his satires on the gross favouritism shown to children under one year, are the result of direct observation. The second of a trilogy of novels from his pen, dealing with the epic of the Child and entitled "Teething," is announced for immediate publication.

From "M.A.K." (Mainly About Kids), April 1, 1916.

Mr. JACK HOWLER is a singer who possesses a voice of singular beauty and expression. He is now four years of age, and first began to sing before he was three months old. At that time he was studying with his father, and much of his practising was done during the night time. It is doubtful, however, whether Mr. HOWLER, Sen., while fully appreciating the breadth and range of his son's organ, was at the time quite alive to its great and wonderful charm.

From "M.A.K.," April 1, 1926.

The new Academician, who is best known for his delightful *My Lady's Perambulator*, and exquisite *View of Coal Scuttle looking East*, first attracted attention by a brilliant impressionist sketch on his mother's drawing-room wall.

From the "Nursery News," April 1, 1936.

KENSINGTON GARDENS DIVISION ELECTION.

Our correspondent writes, "The election is likely to be closely contested. At last night's meeting Mr. TOOTSICUM, the Liberal candidate, appealed to his fellow kids on the ground that since his birth 5 years ago he had lived much of his time in the constituency. The Venerable J. M. BARRIE, in supporting, said that he had had great pleasure in watching Mr. TOOTSICUM'S career from the bottle to the booth. Mr. TOOTSICUM in his election address expresses himself as a supporter of the Better Control of Nursemaids (Policemen) Bill. The Conservative candidate declines to pledge himself to any such proposed legislation, but says he is willing to extend his support to any well-considered measure dealing with the problem of Local Option in connection with the Babies' Bed Hour."

From the "Mail Cart," April 1, 1946.

What is likely to prove the most unpopular Budget of many years was introduced yesterday. The Sugar Tax, affecting as it will the price of sweets, is one which cannot too strongly be deprecated. We trust that our representatives in the House will do their utmost to have this iniquitous impost withdrawn. If the tax is suffered to pass, there will go up from the nurseries of England a howl which all the soothing of all the grown-ups in the world will not silence. Let the Government then beware of stretching too far the patience of long-suffering British kids!



"SENDING-IN" DAY.

INDIGO BROWN TAKES HIS PICTURE, ENTITLED "PEACE AND COMFORT," TO THE R.A. HIMSELF, AS HE SAYS, "THOSE PICTURE CARTS ARE CERTAIN TO SCRATCH IT," AND, WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF HIS CABBY, ADDS THE FINISHING TOUCHES ON HIS WAY THERE!

From the "Baby-in-Army Gazette," Ap. 1, 1956.

The new officer commanding the Life Guards (Little Boy) Blue is Colonel BATTLEDORE. Born eight and a-half years ago, he early distinguished himself in encounters with the wild street Arabs, and for his services received the D.S.O. (Dad's Slipper Order). He is firmly opposed to flogging on the part of seniors, and may be trusted to stamp out from the Regiment any practices of the kind which may have prevailed prior to his coming.

THERE is not much difference between an epigram and an epitaph. An epigram says unkind and true things about the living—the epitaph says kind and untrue things about the dead.

THE INTRUSIONS OF P****.

'Tis said there's nothing in a name;
It furnishes no clue to nature;
A rose, in fact, would smell the same
By any other nomenclature;
Yet there are some that so convey
The man himself and all his works,
One sees his image clear as day—
And such is P****.

Though to my naked eye unknown,
I picture him alert, defiant;
My mind from just his name alone
Instinctively constructs a giant;
NAPOLEON'S force and WESLEY'S fire,
A brain like BRIGHT'S, a tongue like BURKE'S—
All gifts, I tell myself, conspire
To make a P****.

Dazed by the letters five that burn
Like beacons down my daily paper,
I find his form at every turn
Cutting some fresh heroic caper;
Our hopes above, and under, ground,
The cause alike of tubes and kirks—
Our very life revolves around
The pose of P****.

Like Atlas, on his Liberal head
He bears the Empire's awful burdens;
'Tis his to urge towards the goal
Those feet that dally at the Durdans;
By his good pen the word was writ:—
"Off with the Irish bond that irks!"
And Surrey's Nonconformist split
Was due to P****.

His is the high controlling hand
That guides our young Imperial legions,
Uprears a new Aquarium and
Electrifies the lower regions;
Fearless to hunt the flying heels
Of bishops, infidels, and Turks,
He is our coming god on wheels,
Our peerless P****.

There are who say the Tories' knell
Had long ago been clearly sounded,
Only the Other Thing would spell
Confusion rather worse confounded;
Under correction I would give
The answer even ROSEBERY shirks—
I say the sound alternative
Is simply P****.

O. S.

POOH-POOHRI FROM A SURREY BACK GARDEN.

THE appearance of my third volume of gossip about my garden (and other things too numerous to mention) has been so kindly received by the Press that I gladly accept *Mr. Punch's* invitation to begin yet another in his hospitable pages. After all, why should I stop at three volumes? Why should there not be a fourth and a fifth? Why, indeed, should I ever stop at all? There is no valid reason why this kind of thing should not go on to infinity. Like *Tit Bits—very* like, some people say—my volumes of Pooh-Poohri may go on for ever. With this brief paragraph by way of preface, I plunge at once into my subject (whatever that may be).

The daisy (*Bellis perennis*) is just beginning to flower in my garden. It is a common flower in many parts of England. It should not be confounded with the small celandine, which it in no way resembles. Daisies may be sown in the Autumn or they may not. In either case they will come up on the lawn in the Spring. Spring is with us now in Surrey (and elsewhere), and the lush water meadows are full of *Marigoldia palustris, Pocula regia*, and *Buttercuppia common or gardiana*, while beautiful specimens of *Superbia Londinensis* adorn the flower beds of careful gardeners. How romantic the Latin names of flowers are! They lend a dignity to even the humblest species!

A good way to cook potatoes is to place them in water with a little salt and boil them till they are soft. This novel recipe was given me by a lady I met last year in Balham. I have not seen her since.

Many people who are addicted to gardening suffer from black and discoloured nails. Several remedies have been suggested to me for this, but perhaps on the whole the best is to wash them.

A good way to cure a headache is to stand on your head in a corner for ten minutes. If you can go to sleep in that posture, so much the better. This treatment has also been found advantageous in cases of rheumatism and affections of the bronchial tubes.

I cannot allow my new volume to appear without devoting fifty pages or so to advocating vegetarianism. If persisted in it will entirely prevent that feeling of fulness after meals which is one of the most distressing features of Eupepsia. As my friend Dr. BLOGGINS has said no vegetarian ever eats enough to feel *full*. Indeed, he has no temptation to do so.

Yesterday I went with a friend to Goring in order to see a noted herd of Jersey bulls. The owner, unhappily, was away from home, so we had to return without seeing them. But the circumstance is worth recording on account of its intrinsic interest.

I have just finished Mr. JONES'S book on *Mary, Queen of Scots*. Poor woman, what a troubled life she had! Fotheringhay, I notice, should be spelt with two h's. FROUDE spelt it with only one. How like him!

To bake apples, select the required number and then place them in the oven. When they are done, take them out.

A friend writes to me from Hanwell that the walls of the institution in which she is confined are quite covered with *Honisucklia apiensis* in full flower. She has also observed more than one specimen of the *Dandeleo vulgaris* in the grounds. I have had quite a number of communications from other inmates, to which I shall refer in this or subsequent volumes.

August is the season for the *Gooseberria gigantica* or *Fleetstreetiana*. It begins to appear early in the month, and should be permitted to grow gradually, a quarter of an inch a day. By the 30th it will measure a foot in diameter.

To-day I distinctly heard the note of the golden-crested Water-Wagtail (*Philomela movicaudata*) in my shrubbery. The housemaid heard it too. But the cook said it was a pheasant.

The sunflowers are now (January) in full bloom in my garden, which only shows what a perfectly wonderful garden it is! And all done by kindness! I cannot think why other people don't grow sunflowers. Their seeds are greatly appreciated in Russia. Pigs may be fed on their leaves. And I see no reason why paper might not be manufactured out of their stalks if somebody would find out how. But English gardeners are so blind to their real interests!

To make nettle-tea pick all the nettles you can find (or, better, get someone else to do so), add a pinch of Plasmon and simmer for a fortnight.

(*The Editor declines to print any more.*)



NO RACE.

JOHN BULL. "H'M! PRETTY STATE OF THINGS THIS! ONE CREW GOING TO PIECES, AND THE OTHER NOT IN SIGHT!"

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

["It is stated that Mr Wilson, Secretary for Agriculture in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, is experimenting with a view to obtaining a breed of bald fowls."—*Daily Paper.*]

This must be good news for American journalists. If the gentleman succeeds in producing the unhappy breed he threatens, the American journals will of course treat the matter as follows:—

A NEW FOWL.

THE SECRETARY WILSON BREED.

AS BALD AS A POLITICIAN.

Special Interview with the Bird.

A *News* reporter heard yesterday of a new kind of fowl. It was understood that Secretary-for-Agriculture-Wilson was responsible. Upon application to the Department the *News* man was referred to the bird. It was clucking in a cage on top of a pile of pamphlets relating to the state of corn in Missouri. Even there the bird didn't look happy. The reporter looked at the bird. It clucked as much to remark:—"Say—ain't this too bad of Wilson? 'Spose you ain't got any hair-restorer handy? No—nor a wig neither? Reckon I feel just cheap." And it cocked its eye at the reporter, looking just like a Tammany politician on the stump. That bird with the high forehead won't do. It don't look big enough to masquerade as a vulture, and there 's a prejudice in favour of fowls with their hair on. So what 's the use?



THE SERVANT QUESTION.

"Oh, I say, 'ave you seen the Papers about 'Shall we do without Servants?' I should like to see 'em try, that's all!"

"Yus, and me too!"

CHARIVARIA.

Following on the news that proceedings have been instituted by Belgian representatives against Captain Guy Burrows on account of alleged libels in his book, *The Curse of Central Africa*, comes the announcement that the Russian Government are about to take steps against the publishers of a certain popular Natural History which contains the statement that "the upright position is unnatural to a Bear."

Mr. Morgan has at last become the victim of too much trust. He is stated to have been duped by the famous Paris art forgers.

Meanwhile suspicion is the order of the day in Paris, and doubts are even entertained as to the *Portrait of Rembrandt, by Himself*, in the Louvre. Such fears are, however, groundless. We have seen the picture, and he is undoubtedly by himself.

In these days of heavy taxation complaints are heard that Great Britain should continue to maintain diplomatic representatives at petty Principalities such as Darmstadt. It is forgotten that we must have someone there for the Germans to insult when we are at war with somebody else.

As regards the outcry over the little Brodricks in South Africa, it is only fair to the Secretary of State for War to point out that it was foretold long ago that our new Colonies would form a splendid nursery for our army.

We are requested to state, in order to avoid confusion, that Mr. Perks of the *Daily Mail* has no connection with Mr. Miggs of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Apparently Miss Ellen Terry did not approve of *If I were King*. She is to produce a play the title of which asks the question—*Vikings*.

The Stock Exchange walking-match from London to Brighton promises to be a big affair. It is realised that the practice may one day prove invaluable to a defaulting broker.

It is rumoured that swagger canes are to be abolished in the Guards.

A Russian newspaper declares that England is actively preparing for war against Germany and Russia. The name of the paper is the *Russki Li-stok*.

A newspaper announces that the Japanese play to be produced in the Autumn at His Majesty's Theatre will be "in every respect the heaviest production yet undertaken by Mr. Tree." Mr. Hall Caine is said to be furious at this slur on *The Eternal City*.

"I fear no foe in shining armour," sang the man at the concert.

"Don't you, old chap?" grumbled the bachelor in the front row. "Then you try and open a sardine tin with a pocket-knife."

"What an awful voice that man 's got!" said the Manager, who was listening to the throaty tenor.

"Call that a voice," said his friend; "it 's a disease!"

A SPORTING OFFER.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has unearthed fourteen additional stanzas, being the beginning of a supplementary canto, of BYRON'S *Don Juan*. Like a good deal of *Don Juan* they are extremely poor stuff. *Mr. Punch* would be happy to supply the remainder of the missing canto on extremely moderate terms if Mr. MURRAY is inclined to bid. A specimen is subjoined:—

When I have nothing specially to say,
No view to urge, anarchic or subversive,
No tale to tell fit for romantic lay,
My Muse inevitably grows discursive;
I range abroad and let my fancy play
Round every theme. And I should do it worse if
I hadn't hit upon this ambling metre
To clothe my jibes and make the stuff look neater.

My Muse, grown garrulous, turns here and there
As suits her taste. I don't attempt to stop her.
Her methods are peculiar, I 'm aware,
Her subjects, I am told, not always proper.
But if I ever tried to trim or pair
Her stanzas I should only come a cropper.
Besides, this sort of thing is bought and read
By many, so I let her have her head.

The moralist declares:—"*Nemo repente*
Fuit turpissimus," and I concur.
I wrote much better stuff when I was twenty,
But I am lazier now and I prefer
To turn out stanzas, *calamo currente*,
On things in general. Many men aver
That verse like this, as far as writing goes,
Is just as easy to produce as prose!

I know my rhymes are harsh, my measure rough,
That half my stanzas are not much to boast of,
That t'other half are but indifferent stuff
Compared, my Muse, with other works thou know'st of;
But I am very sure they 're good enough
For my good readers (whom I have a host of).
In fact, they 're widely quoted by the noodles
Who spend their lives at BROOKS'S and at BOODLE'S.

&c., &c., &c.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. II.

I 'M all for keeping up our old English sports and all that. What 's the use of running down horse-racing and skittles and air-gun shooting and coddam and billiards? None whatever, as far as I can see. People will have them, and you 've just got to give in to it whether you like it or not. I was talking to GAMBLE the other day about this very thing. GAMBLE'S father was a grocer in a pretty good way of business, a near neighbour of ours in the old days before we moved to Peckham. Young GAMBLE—he 's old GAMBLE now, but I call him young to distinguish him from his father, who 's dead—young GAMBLE married a tidy bit of money, and set up for himself as a provision merchant and general purveyor in the Brompton Road. Many 's the joke we used to have together years ago when we were both boys. He used to call me Shovel and Tongs, but I flatter myself I got even with him the day I called him Little Oil and Colourman right in front of SALLY CRUMP, who afterwards became Mrs. GAMBLE. SALLY laughed, and GAMBLE was cuts with me for about a week, but he 's a good-natured forgiving sort of chap, and the day he was married he said to me, "JOSH, old boy," he said, "I feel as if I 'd got wings. You may call me an Italian Warehouseman if you like, and I won't even offer to knock your crooked old nose out through the back of your head." When a man talks like that you always know he feels things pretty deeply.

GAMBLE stuck to the old dissenting line and Radicalism, but I 'm for standing by a man no matter what his religious and political views may be. He 's got on pretty well, too, and they tell me he 's well in the running for Mayor of his Borough Council. The present Mayor is Major HICKSON, who used to be in the Artillery Company. Well, GAMBLE and I were talking about sport not long ago, and he was all for doing away with racing and betting and drinking in public-houses. I took him up there at once:—

"GAMBLE," I said, "you may try till you 're blue in the face, but you mark my words: you 'll never make men sober by Act of Parliament."

I never saw a man so taken aback in my life—but, of course, though GAMBLE 's good enough in his way, he doesn't move in very intellectual circles, and he can't be expected to understand the way things are done.

Anyhow, I 'm fond of a bit of sport, and I don't mind admitting it. The Derby, or a football match, or the Boat-race, it 's all one to me. Sport 's sport all the world over, and there 's this about it too:—it wouldn't go on long if the public didn't support it and go and look on at it. I 'm not much of a boat-racer myself, though I have been out in a pleasure-boat at Richmond one of those days when they had fireworks and a river fête there, and I reckon one boat 's much like another when you 're once inside of it. Still, I 'm sure boatracers ought to be supported, otherwise there wouldn't be so much about them in the papers every morning, so I made up my mind to run down to Putney one day last week to have a look at the Oxford and Cambridge College chaps making ready for the race. There was a big crowd hanging about in front of their boathouses when I got there, and a fellow with a blue guernsey on was telling another with a yachting-cap on the back of his head what he thought about the race.

"There 's only one in it," he said, "and they know it theirselves. Why, they 've took the Oxford coxswain twice over the course to-day, and you know as well as I do what that means. You can't go agin it."

I was just going to ask him to explain when I saw the eight Oxforders come down the steps of their boathouse, and two or three policemen came along with a "Stand back there, stand back!" so as to make us give them room to bring their racing punt out. I stepped back pretty brisk so as not to give any extra trouble, when I found I was stepping on the toes of someone behind me, a big man in corduroy trousers and a moleskin cap.

"'Ere, I say, stow it," he cried out, "I ain't an automatic weighing machine, and anyway it 's more 'n a penny job for a man o' your weight."

It was a vulgar remark, but it 's no use making a row in a crowd if you can help it, so I merely turned round and smiled at the fellow. This gentlemanly behaviour seemed to redouble his anger.

"Ho," he said, in a sneering way, "I see what it is. You 're a travellin' post-office, you are, with that mouth o' yourn slit wide open. Very kind of the Postmaster-General, I 'm sure. Blest if I don't post a letter to my gal in your mouth,"—and with that he pulled a dirty bit of paper out of his trousers pocket and forced it into my mouth. This was more than flesh and blood could stand.

"Policeman," I said.

"What 's up?" said the policeman.

"I want to give this man in charge."

"What for?" said the policeman.

"For posting a letter in my mouth." I didn't mean to say it in that way, but the words popped out before I had time to think.



Miss Dora (to Major Putter, who is playing an important Match, and has just lost his ball). "Oh, Major, do come and take your horrid Ball away from my little Dog! He won't let me touch it, and I know he must be ruining his teeth!"

"Don't you give me any o' your lip," was all the answer I got. "Stand back there, stand back!" and thereupon he shoved me insolently back into the crowd.

I went away at once, of course, and wrote to the Chief Commissioner of Police. I shall insist on the man's dismissal.

A ROUNDEL OF FOLLY'S KALENDS.

April, the first of the months of sweet Spring,
Comes to us all for its beauties athirst;
Hail to its joys! of which brightly you bring,
April, the first.

Too long, stern Winter, you grumbled and cursed.
Hence! and give place to glad birds on the wing—
Let the young hawthorn and lilac-buds burst.

Thus, as aside awhile wisdom we fling,
(With dull monotony often rehearsed),
Let us crown Folly this one day as king—
April the first.

Serious Charge against a Child.—By an error in filling in a schedule of previous convictions, a burglar was charged at Edinburgh with having been engaged in his professional duties at the age of two, and it would have gone hard with him had not his one-time nurse come forward and deposed that, though a fine child, and remarkably heavy for his age, he had never been known to crack his crib. Valuable evidence was also given by his schoolmaster, showing that prisoner had in his youth been extremely fond of cribs. The charge was finally dismissed.

ANTIQUARIAN NOTES.

["Mummies are now manufactured in Paris, and are sent to Egypt to be 'naturalised,' before being re-shipped for the European market."—*Daily Paper.*]

The large hoard of Roman coins, bearing the legend "Bona Spes," with the initials "J. C." (doubtless Julius Cæsar), which recently came to light at Birmingham, has been temporarily buried at Silchester, in order that the pieces may acquire the requisite patina. It is understood that the Early English oak furniture discovered the other day in Wardour Street has already had a fortnight's sojourn in a North of England Manor House, and only requires a few more volleys of small-shot to render it worthy the attention of connoisseurs.

The bust of Ariadne which was found in Kensington is stated to be greatly improved by its six months' submersion in the sea off the island of Naxos.

We hear that Mr. Fakerley, the eminent copyist, has just completed another Romney. He is now restoring it, preparatory to losing it in the lumber room.

The pre-historic Man in the British Museum having naturally excited the cupidity of all those who are desirous of enshrining some really *recherché* object in their own homes, an enterprising firm have arranged for the exclusive use of the celebrated bone cave of La Madeleine in the Department of the Dordogne, and hope shortly to be in a position to cope with the demand for this class of antique. Early application, specifying whether a dolichocephalous or other specimen is desired, should be made to B. Snatcher & Co., St. Paul's Churchyard.

1953. A RETROSPECT.

[*The Outlook* recently published a letter dealing with the present "remarkable move Canadawards," and dwelling on the prospects open to emigrants in the Saskatchewan valley.]

LONG since in far Saskatchewan
(I humbly trust that word will scan)
There lived an enterprising man.

He used to dwell with some dexterity
Upon the region's great prosperity,
And much of what he said was verity.

He stated that this Eldorado—
He used the word without bravado—
Knew neither tempest nor tornado.

There was no deadly secret wire
To rouse the gentle Nimrod's ire,
And leave him sprawling in the mire.

Alas, that things should thus befall!
Sportsmen and farmers heard his call,
And emigrated one and all;

And now our rural districts are a
Sort of a desert like Sahara,
And empty as the Halls of Tara.

Therefore I do not like the plan
Of that far too seductive man
Who dwelt in fair Saskatchewan.

QUEER CALLINGS.

IV.—THE RELIC HUNTER.

WE found Mr. ALBERT CHIFFONIER in his comfortable offices, busily engaged in sorting out some of his recent acquisitions.

"I have made some interesting additions to my collection lately," he said, "but it is impossible to keep anything very long. Purchasers throng my doors, especially Americans. Had you come yesterday I could have shown you the last string from Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's eyeglass, but Mr. PIERPONT MORGAN purchased it by telegram this morning. However, I have the refusal of the next—the present one—when it is worn out."

We expressed our sorrow.

"Ah," he said with genuine feeling, "it was a real treasure; not a unique, but a very rare article."

"How did you come to go into this line of business?" we asked.

"Well," he said, "I noticed a growing interest in curiosities connected with persons of eminence, and a corresponding lack of opportunity of acquiring them. Autograph letters, yes; but nothing else, nothing really personal and intimate—such as bootlaces, buttons, stumps of pencils, bus tickets, cigarette ends. I therefore determined to fill the vacancy, and here I am with as extensive a *clientèle* as QUARITCH. Perhaps you would like," he continued, "to see my new Catalogue? It will be published next week."

We glanced at the proofs which he offered us. Here are some of the items:—

Pen with which Mr. A. B. WALKLEY (the Man of *rosse*) reported on *The Princess's Nose*. £5

Pencil from Mr. CAVENDISH's planchette. Very rare. £4

Husk of a Cape gooseberry eaten by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Graaff Reinet. 25*s.*

Lark, stuffed, which inspired the Poet Laureate in his great poem "The lark went up." 6*s.* 8*d.*

Tumbler (with dregs) from which Mr. BECKETT refreshed himself during his speech on the Army Estimates. 10*s.*

Broken sprocket pinion from Mr. KIPLING's motor car, mounted as a paper-weight. 35*s.*

"Do you mind putting your initials on the proof?" said Mr. CHIFFONIER, handing us a gold style as he spoke. We appended our modest symbol. "Thank you," he replied. "My next catalogue will contain the lines 'Proof sheet initialled by *Mr. Punch*, £10 10*s.*'"

CAUTIONS FOR APRIL 1.

CIRCUMSPECTION is always advisable; but on All Fools' Day above all others it behoves one to walk warily, to look out for pitfalls, and to take everything *cum grano*. *Mr. Punch*, therefore, feels bound to issue the following warnings:—

Do not place implicit reliance on the Weather Forecast for the day; remember it is always April the First with the Meteorological authorities, and to-day they are likely to be more so than usual.

Do not believe what the papers say about the Boat Race. Go and see the result for yourself, and make quite sure that Cambridge are not wearing Dark Blue for a change and in celebration of the date. You might go very politely to the Light Blue Stroke (that is, the one who sits next to the helmsman) and ask him if he is or was a passenger in the Cantab craft. You should keep a good oar's length off while awaiting his reply.

You had better not travel first-class with a third-class ticket to-day. The joke, if detected, is almost sure to be taken in bad part by the Railway Company's inspector.

Beware of the first cigar that may be offered you in a friendly way, as it might explode on being lit. Put it in your pocket instead, and take one or two more out of your friend's case. This will minimise the risk.

Steer clear of Picture Puzzles this week. There is here a large field in which your leg may be pulled. What is the use of gaining a Thousand a Week for Life, and having your understanding permanently dislocated?

Regard with suspicion any rumours that the cuckoo has just been heard in a suburban back-garden, that the late lamented Jingo has turned into a sea-serpent, that the British tax-payer is going to have any appreciable remission, and that the Opposition, *if* they got into power, would run the Empire any more cheaply than the present Government, supposing there was any Empire left to run.

LOVE AND COURTSHIP.

(*As they appear from certain Answers to Correspondents.*)

VANITAS.—You are not bound to tell him. If the bright golden colour of your naturally dark hair is due to the excellent preparation recommended in another column, and he tells you he does not admire dark girls, why not keep on? The bottles are really quite cheap at nineteen and eleven. Of course, if it weighs upon your conscience, you might give him a hint, but he will probably talk about deceit, and behave in the brutally outspoken male manner so many readers complain of.

AMELIA.—Have you not been rather indiscreet? You should never let him see you cry before you are married. Afterwards it has its uses.

BLANCHE AMORY.—Cheer up. As you very cleverly put it, history does repeat itself. You are now once more in a position to undertake a further instalment of *Mes Larmes*. No. We are overstocked with poetry. The man, of course, is beneath contempt.

TWO STRINGS.—Your *fiancé* must be a perfect *Othello*. It is, as you justly remark, monstrous that he should object to your cousin seven times removed taking you to the theatre once or twice a week. Of course he is a relative.

SWEET-AND-TWENTY. — Your remarks about tastes in common are perfectly correct. So long as you both collect post-cards you will always be able to give pleasure to each other at a distance.

BUSINESS GIRL.—If you have found out that he only gave twenty-five pounds for your engagement ring, it may be, as you shrewdly observe, that he has a contract with the tradesman for a periodical supply of such articles. The fact that his income is under a hundred a year makes it only the more probable that he would adopt such an arrangement for economy's sake. Be very careful.

PITTI-SING.—Your only course is to box his ears. Let us know how you get on.

BELLONA. — Sorry to disappoint you, but this is not the place to describe the undress uniform of the Grenadier Guards.

TO THE SOLDIER TIRED.

My Tomkins! why sheathe your invincible steel,
And return to an era of prose?
You were eloquent once on your country's Appeal
And the need of repelling her foes;
You established it clear that your natural sphere
Was the region of battles and blood;
But your ardour for gore would appear to be o'er—
As you think that you're out of the wood.

Have you wholly forgot how you glorified Force
With an air that was martial and stern?
How you drilled and you shot; how you rode on a horse
(Or expressed an intention to learn)?
How you went into Camp, and were hungry and damp
(Which was all for your ultimate good)?
How you slept in a tent—till your ardour was spent,
And you thought you were out of the wood?

You would prate by the yard in the stress of the storm
On the need of Machinery New,
And you bored me to death with your Army Reform
And the things Mr. Brodrick should do:—
But a slump, I presume, has come after the Boom,
As an ebb will succeed to a flood,
And you'll alter the caps of your Army—perhaps,—
'Tis enough, when you're out of the wood.

Oh, the helmet you wore is replaced on its rack,
And the sword's in its scabbard again,
And you do not discourse on a Frontal Attack
With the persons you meet in the train.
But you solace your soul with the Oaf at the goal,
And applaud the disgusting display
Of the Fool at the crease (*he*'s the hero of peace),
In your ancient ridiculous way!

Yet remember once more, ere your weapons you drop,
And desist from your efforts to kill—
There are parties abroad with an eye on your shop
And the cash that you keep in the till;
For the change in your mien that I've recently seen
Has an ending regrettably plain:
Though pacific your mood, as you're clear of the wood,
You'll be in it, my Tomkins, again!

OF INTERNATIONAL INTEREST.

In a recent number (March 19) of the *Boulogne Times* we read—

"There is to be a Calvacade next Sunday afternoon on the occasion of Mid-Lent and from what we hear it is likly to be well worth seeing."

Accidents will happen, even among the best regulated international compositors.

Then the following item of news in the same paper—

"The Rev. —— (accompanied by his daughters) is leaving on a visit to his old haunts at Rheims for a few weeks, but hopes to return by Easter."

'Arry, 'earing this read aloud, exclaimed, "What an ignoramus! What's he put 'h' in before 'aunts' for? And," added 'Arry, "who cares if the reverend gent did go and visit 'is old aunts."

In the same paper is announced the appearance on the scene (French coast) of a new watering-place or "International Pleasure Resort" in which, under the name of "Le Touquet," we recognise our old friend of many years ago, yclept "Mayville," adjoining "Paris-Plage." This was to have been the most fashionable of all International Resorts for summer and winter on the "Pas de Calais" coast. Mr. Whitly, founder of the successful Earl's Court Exhibition, and his ally, Mr. H. P. Stoneham, are, as it here appears, offering to lovers of sport and searchers after healthful amusement such attractions as rival resorts will find it uncommonly hard to beat. What is not offered there in the way of exercise, sport, and amusement of all sorts by day and night, including sea fishing and river fishing, will, evidently, not be worth mentioning. There is to be a railway from Étaples, on the Paris-Boulogne line, to convey the eager traveller, express pace, right away down to the sea front, where all the blandishments Messrs. Whitly and Stoneham can employ will induce him to prolong his stay.

Why, what a treat it would be at any time to see an "uninterrupted West Frontage three miles in length embracing Le Touquet Woods!" There's a picture for you! The charming Mlle. West Frontage embracing the somewhat shy Monsieur Le Touquet Woods! And when is this Paradisiacal Plage to be ready? Le Touquet, "equidistant from London, Paris, and Brussels," is "in its infancy," but this summer its growth will be, so 'tis announced, considerably developed. The scheme, *en attendant*, has *Mr. Punch's* best wishes, it being certain that some new seaside resort abroad, which should be in every way a thorough change, yet within easy distance of London, would be heartily welcomed by a vast majority in the brief holiday time at their disposal.



REVISION.

B-A-T? Bat.
C-A-T? Cat.
H-A-T? Bonnet!

During the trial of the Parisian "Flower Medium," as lately reported, one of the witnesses called for the defence, a certain Professor Sellin (a name rather suggestive, in English, of a practical joker), described as a "venerable" scientist seventy years old, quoted the opinions of the great philosopher Kant as to spiritualistic probabilities and possibilities. Just so: but very dangerous ground, as if you begin with Kant you are not unlikely to end with Humbug.



THE ENGLISH RECRUIT, OR, "LITTLE BRODRICK" QUESTION.

(It is stated that nearly all the recruits in this Country are barely up to the "5 feet 3 inches standard," while on the Indian Frontier the "average man" is six feet.)

LITERÆ HUMANIORES.

[Mr Stead's scheme for civilising London, published in the March *Review of Reviews*, includes the establishment of "a human library." "Copious descriptive catalogues of persons willing to be lent for a meal, for an evening, or for a week-end, will be issued periodically." In one of these "human libraries' our Prophetic Phonograph has recorded the following scraps of dialogue.]

"Well, it's very annoying—I've had Mr. Sparkler down on my list for some *weeks*, and you say he's still out! . . . no, a second-hand copy won't do at all; I want something *quite* new . . . Mr. J. Ester? Why, everyone knows him by heart . . . Oh, new and revised edition, is it? Are you certain he's only just published? . . . Very well, you can send him . . . Something humorous, Sir? Let me see, Mr. Bonmot has a great circulation, and there's a steady demand for Miss Giggles . . . Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir; I did not understand that it was for a smoking-room . . . we're just issuing Colonel Rubicund in scarlet cloth . . . yes, we'll guarantee that he'll keep awake till two in the morning . . . Madame Chose, eh? Got any reviews of her? . . . Um; ah; I see . . . *piquante* and all that, but for my *daughters*, you know . . . Miss P. Latitude, strongly bound in calico . . . ah, that's better; send her by tea-time, please . . . not at *all* what I expected . . . not your fault? Rubbish, you *distinctly* told me that Mr. Oldstager's reminiscences were fresh and entertaining . . . the Duchess came that night, and she went to sleep before we'd got to the end of his first chapter! . . . Really thrilling, is he? Because if this Mr. Scallywag is like the things you've sent me lately, I shall have to drop my subscription . . . just finished five years' penal servitude? . . . Yes, that sounds quite delightful, only mind you send him, and not something else instead . . . Pay a fine? Why? . . . *all damage done to bindings must be made good?* I'm sure his dress clothes were just like that when he came—and if my butler *did* upset a claret-decanter over him, it wasn't *my* fault! . . . Obliged to stick to our rules, Sir. You should not have returned Mr. Soker in that state. He's laid on the shelf completely, and we shan't be able to issue him again for a week or more . . . no, Madam, we cannot permit you to retain Mr. Nimbus after the time allowed . . . at least a dozen of our subscribers have him down on their lists . . . I got your note, asking for the immediate return of Mr. Stumper—but we can't find him. I fancy the Admiral put him in the coal-cellar, or the duck-pond, or somewhere . . . no, it's *your* fault, entirely; I asked you for something political for the Admiral, and you knew his views . . . if you choose to send this Mr. Stumper—who's a kind of socialistic tract—you must take the consequences! And he's only mislaid—not really lost. . . . oh, Mr. Sampler, *so* glad to meet you—you're a critic, and you can tell me what to put down on my list . . . precious little but rubbish published nowadays; what were you thinking of taking? . . . no; I can't recommend Miss Snooks; no form, no finish, no construction, you know! . . . for a railway journey?—ah, well, she might do for *that* . . . yes, Lavinia, one has to be very careful in these days . . . I thought *travels* were quite safe, but I took out Mr. Gadabout last week, and some of his stories . . . my nephew Dick is inclined to be flighty, as you say. I'm sending him down, for his week-end, a pleasant surprise—two political economists and an Archdeacon—and I hope they'll do him good!"



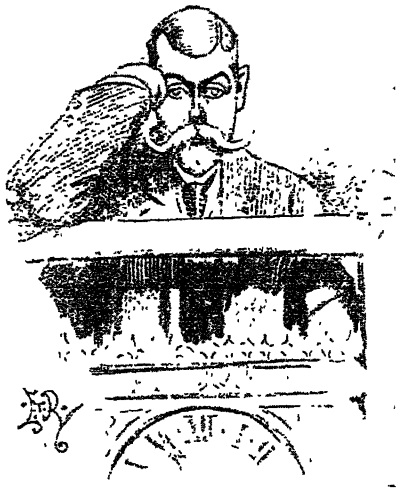
THE ROSEBERY SWORD-DANCE.

Mr. Punch. "I KNOW HE CAN DANCE,—NO ONE BETTER. BUT I 'M AFRAID THAT 'S THE ONLY USE HE 'LL EVER MAKE OF THE SWORD."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 23.—Twenty years ago the pleasant presence of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was familiar in the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery. In those days, the Fourth Party being in its lusty



H.R.H. Mast-headed.
(The Pr-nce of W-l-s.)

prime, Parnell and his merry men in full swing, for dramatic scenes, quick changes, unexpected results, the T.R. Westminster beat all others whose doors were then open. H.R.H. was in his accustomed place on the famous Wednesday afternoon when Mr. Joseph Gillis Biggar spied strangers, and the heir to the Throne, in company with the German Ambassador and other dignitaries, was compelled to withdraw.

Albert Edward is now King Edward the Seventh, and there is another Prince of Wales. Of late H.R.H. has displayed interest in Parliamentary proceedings even exceeding that of his Royal father. In the Eighties, as hinted at, there was something to see and hear from the Peers' Gallery. To-day incident is rare; Irish humour takes the form either of calling the Colonial Secretary a liar, or of dancing up and down before Treasury Bench shaking a fist at Prime Minister, and beseeching bystanders to "let me at him," after the fashion of Mr. Nathaniel Winkle on the eve of battle. It is true there is what the Lord Chancellor would call "a sort of" Fourth Party. John O'Gorst, regarding it with grandfatherly interest, mentally comparing it with the original, doesn't think much of it.

Peculiarity of Prince of Wales's visit is choice of occasion. A sailor by profession and training, he naturally takes interest in all connected with naval matters. Marvel comes in at his patience in voluntarily sitting through proceedings whose dulness gives headache to the hardened Mace. Last Monday remained mast-headed for three hours. This afternoon, not arriving till four o'clock, there was possible only an hour of drear delight. By that time process of exhaustion had worked its way; debate collapsed, and Navy votes agreed to. At no moment of sitting was a quorum present. Members briskly moved off when Lough rose to move reduction of number of men.

The overflowing Lough! How wide are the shores his waters lap! This afternoon Runciman, protesting against proposal to cripple the Navy, and still desirous as loyal Member of Opposition to gird at Government, said his hon. friend should leave the Navy alone, turning his attention to wasteful expenditure on the Army. Lough by this time pretty tough. Hasn't through ten years confronted an iniquitous Government without the gentler fibres of his nature becoming hardened. But Runciman touched him to the quick. Army Estimates often on through past fortnight. To suppose Member for Islington would sit dumb through their discussion was a difficult intellectual feat. Yet Runciman had accomplished it.

"You should have turned your attention to the Army."

"I did," said Lough, in a tone wherein pained anguish mingled with just indignation at the banality of a man who supposed he would miss an opportunity of delivering a speech.

Business done.—Consolidated Fund Bill read a first time.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—"The House of Lords," said the Member for Sark, surveying the gilded Chamber from Gallery over the Bar, "is more than ever becoming a one-man place.



"We go on getting the Speaker out of the Chair on Tuesday, and we hope to get him out by the end of the week."
(Mr. B-lf-r's Speech.)

Whilst the Markiss was still here there were two. Now, as they sing with reference to the Ten Little Niggers and the six Army corps—now there is one. Only prospect of a speech from Rosebery could fill this ordinarily empty Chamber. Pity 'tis 'tis true. An overpowering personality, like an overwhelming Opposition, is a bad thing for a legislative



Not quite what he intended to say.
"If I may say one more ridiculous thing than another, Mr. Speaker,—I—er——"
(Sir Arth-r H-yt-r)

Assembly. Now the Markiss has gone, the only Peer on Ministerial side who can stand up and face Rosebery is the Lord High Chancellor. He, alack! is handicapped by over-bearing sense of semi-judicial position, and a constitutional disinclination to take a Party view of a public question."

When Lord Rosebery stood at Table to move his resolution touching National Defence, the scene was of a character witnessed only once or twice in Session. Benches on both sides full. As regards the Opposition this of course a comparative term. At best the muster is scanty. Lord Avebury, thoughtful of the smallest detail, divides his support. His vote he gives to the Government that placed a coronet on the head of John Lubbock; his presence he contributes to the quiet dignity of the Opposition side.

To-night, observing the disadvantage of Opposition numbers displayed to gaze of Peeresses in the side Gallery, he conceived and skilfully carried out a delicate manœuvre. It was not absolutely original, being suggested to his teeming mind by consideration of the habits of the busy bee. When approaching the hive, this intelligent,

industrious creature, instead of directly entering the structure. Lovers about it in a moving swarm that to the casual onlooker conveys a sense of at least double number. Thus, whilst the Peers assembled, settling for the most part in the hive to the right of that Queen bee, the LORD CHANCELLOR, MILNER moved up and down along the back benches to the left with buzzing, bee-like movement. Now above the Gangway, now crossing behind Front Opposition bench, suddenly appearing below the Gangway, always with a countenance of supernal gravity, he managed to enliven the Opposition benches with an appearance of bustling activity quite exhilarating.

Its effect, subtly conveyed, was seen when, in course of his speech, ROSEBERY was able to contemplate the possibility of noble Lords on Front Opposition bench some day finding themselves strong enough to cross the floor and turn out the present Government. It is true the prospect was darkened by the certainty that ere that epoch is reached the present custodians of the public purse will have extracted and spent the ultimate threepenny bit. That is a mere incident. What is noteworthy and significant is that so shrewd an observer, so accurate a judge of current of political events, permitted himself to contemplate a time when a body of statesmen now, as division lists show, in hopeless minority, will be reinstated in power.

This was directly due to JOHN LUBBOCK'S manœuvre, his ingenious device rising far beyond the ordinary stage super's tactics in its effect of almost crowding the Opposition Benches.

Business done. — ROSEBERY moves resolution demanding adjustment of the National armament to the naval, military and financial conditions of the Empire. In course of speech generously paid tribute to a much abused statesman. "I believe the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR," he said, "to be a capable and industrious Minister. I *know* him to be industrious."

Charming discrimination between belief and knowledge.

Friday night.—Heard a good deal lately of the Man in the Street; commonly supposed to be of modern creation. Find he is at least seventy years old. Looking through *Greville's Memoirs*, came upon what is probably the first reference to this potent influence in British politics. Under date, March 20, 1831, being the eve of the division on the Reform Bill, GREVILLE writes:—"Knowing as the man in the street—as we call him at Newmarket—always does the greatest secrets of kings, and being the confidant of their most hidden thoughts," &c.

Here is the origin of the now classic phrase. The Man in the Street, the subtle pervading power that represents the common sense and intelligence of the British Electorate, had his progenitor in the Newmarket tout who knows the potentiality of every horse in and out of the running.

Business done.—The Lords debate on National Defence fizzled out.

THE LAST INSTANCE.

"THE journalistic profession," said TEBBIT, "is full of perils. Have you heard about SMYTHE?"

I said that I had not heard about SMYTHE. TEBBIT needed no further encouragement.

"It is my painful task to inform you," he said, "that SMYTHE, though still living in a sort of way, is for all practical purposes no more. He is going to be married."

"Married!" I gasped. "SMYTHE! The perfect bachelor, the chaffer at Cupid, the mocker at matrimony, the detester of domesticity! Surely you are thinking of another SMYTHE. You have mistaken the name."

"No," said TEBBIT, "there is, alas, no mistake. She is a Mrs. ROBINSON."

"Tell me all," I said. "What were you saying about the perils of journalism?"

And TEBBIT explained.

"SMYTHE," he said, "after roughing it for four years at Oxford, came down without, of course, the remotest notion of what he intended to do for a living. The Civil Service was out of the question. SMYTHE was a man of parts, but his talents did not lie in that direction. Finally, after he had rejected the Army as philistine and commerce as bourgeois, he consented to a compromise. He was to think the matter over, and in the meanwhile to read for the Bar.

"It was while he was reading for the Bar—at the Millennium Palace of Varieties — that he met a college friend of his. Over a social beaker they discussed the position. The friend suggested that SMYTHE should take to journalism. It was the finest profession in the world, he said. All that you had to do was to write articles and send them to different papers, and the editors sent them back by return of post. In fine, a game closely resembling Ping-pong, only easier. A child of ten could master it in five minutes.

"SMYTHE was immensely taken with the idea. He became a journalist, and shortly afterwards got the post of 'Aunt JANE' on a paper called *The Cosy Corner*. His business was to answer correspondence, much of which dealt with the subject of proposals of marriage. How should they be made? How should they be rejected?"

"Well?" I said.

"Well," said TEBBIT, "for some time these presented no difficulty to SMYTHE. During his University career it had been a sort of hobby of his to propose to at least one of his partners at every dance he attended. I remember once remonstrating with him for this, as being opposed to his known bachelor principles. But he replied, with some show of reason, that as his personal appearance was curious rather than striking there was no danger, and it all helped to make conversation. In this way he had gathered some very useful facts about the whole art of refusing a proposal of marriage. As for the question of how such proposals should be made, he held definite views on the subject, and his male correspondents never went empty away.

"After a time it occurred to him that it might be profitable if he collected these fugitive papers, and published them in book form. SPOOPENDYKE AND BROWN took the book, paid him a magnificent royalty, and asked for more. He was to write a companion volume, entitled *More Refusals*, on his own terms. SMYTHE accepted the offer, drew up a list of terms in a large and liberal spirit, and set to work to collect material.

"To all attempts on the part of his friends to dissuade him he paid no attention. You see he had been paid in advance, and long since spent the money. A week ago he told us that one more instance would complete the volume. He said he was determined to make it a good one. He was, in my opinion, intoxicated with success. Otherwise there is no accounting for his criminal rashness in proposing to Mrs. ROBINSON. We all did our best to save him."

"Alas, poor SMYTHE!" I sighed.

"And the most pitiful part of the whole business," said TEBBIT, "is that the unhappy man actually appears now to enjoy his position. And"—here TEBBIT completely broke down—"he—he's threatened to send me a piece of the wedding-cake!"

ONCE you shake the tree of knowledge you can't put the fruit back. This cryptic utterance reads like an extract from IBSEN. In reality it means that if you knew what was going to happen you would never let your wife learn Bridge.

Obsequious Porter (to Enthusiastic Golfist). Would you like yer 'ockey-knockers with you in the carriage, Sir?

INFANTS IN ARMS.

["Lord STANLEY said there was no limit of age or size for 'Brodricks' (*i. e.* juvenile recruits) sent to South Africa."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*]

THE schoolboy's tedious task is done,
And now upon his back
The coat is red, and Standard I.
Is changed for Union Jack;
Nay, *crèche* and cradle, pram and cot,
And eke the baby-farms
Are sending each its little lot
Of infantry-in-arms.

Pall Mall, with eager ardour filled,
Is busy framing rules
And making estimates to build
New mounted-infant schools;
And BR-DR-CK has explained with pride
His cheap and novel course
For teaching raw recruits to ride
Upon a rocking-horse.

To fill our phantom corps will take
Unlimited supplies,
And no one will inquiries make
Respecting age or size.
Then send your babies, mothers all,
Of whom you'd be relieved—
All contributions, howso small,
Most thankfully received.

BRIGHTON PREFERRED.

(For a Little Walk.)

ON most Fridays a good many stock-brokers go down to Brighton by train, but on Friday, May 1, over a hundred intend to go down on foot. Leaving the Clock Tower at Westminster at half-past six in the morning, they will walk to the Brighton Aquarium. That dismal, decaying, shabby music hall, run by the Brighton Corporation at the expense of the Brighton rate-payers, contains hardly any fish, though it is still called an aquarium, but in a small cage on the entrance steps there is, very appropriately, an unfortunate bear. It would be easy enough to put a bull in another cage on the other side of the steps, and if a stag and a guinea pig could be obtained for the occasion, the competitors on arrival would feel so much at home that they would think themselves back in the City again.

It is expected that BERTHAS, DORAS, and other lady friends of the competitors will go down—they often do on Fridays—and receive the heroes at the finish of the walk.

The competitors will have the option of taking any line, except the Brighton line. Those who collapse on the road will be conveyed on Barrows by the Johnnies of the neighbourhood to the nearest Vickers. If they have then no Hopes of reaching the goal they will display a placard inscribed "Brighton Deferred," and after a refreshing bath in a Spiers and Pond they will partake of Salmon and Gluckstein, stewed Pears, and other light refreshment.

As regards the Market on May Day it is confidently expected that there will be a rising tendency about 5.30 in the morning, and a strong upward movement about Brixton Hill. Later on some sagging will be noticed, followed by a drooping tendency near Reigate. There may even be a few slight falls. At the close competitors (in bed) will be very flat.

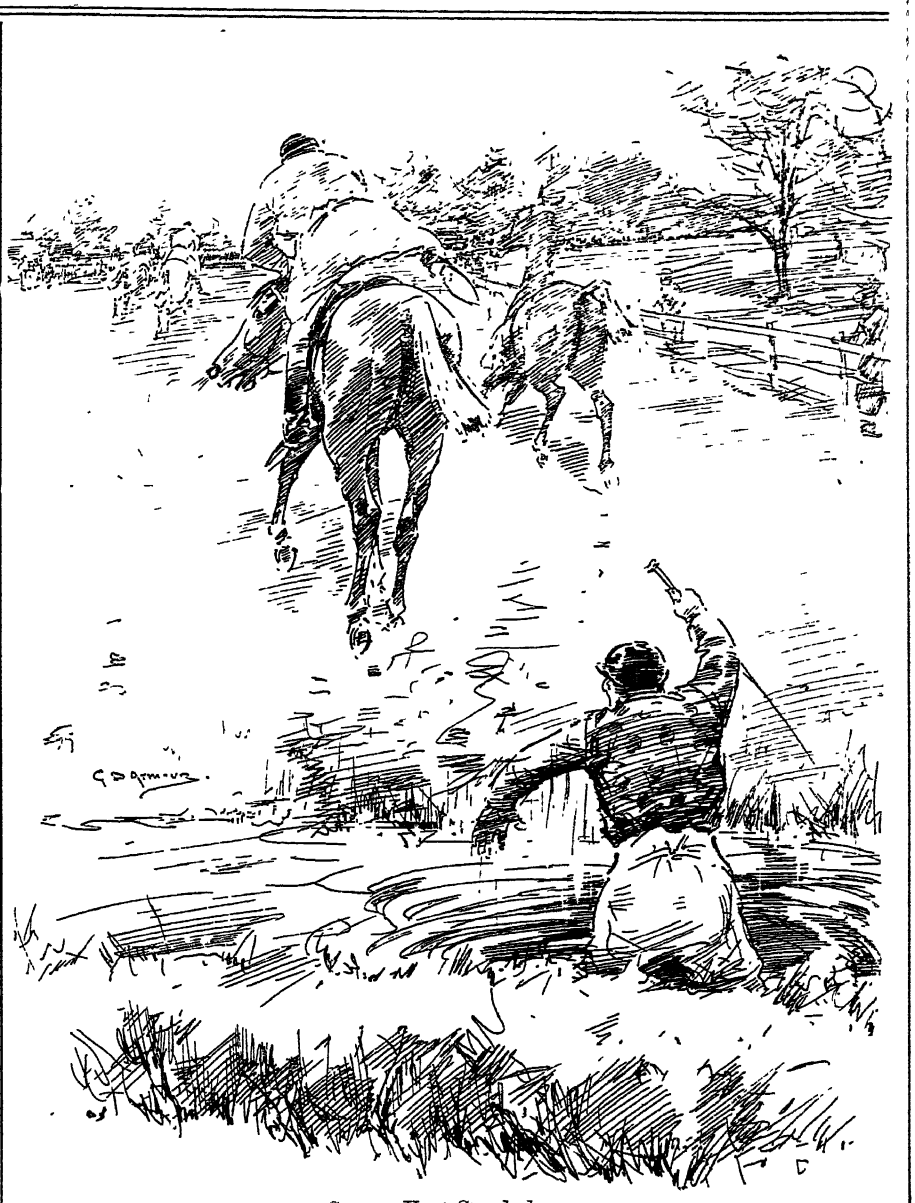
The carry-over (of competitors from the Aquarium to the hotels) will be accomplished without much difficulty.

Rates will be light, as eighteenpence is a generous cab-fare to any hotel.

Business in the street will be brisk.

The transfers will be witnessed by large numbers of persons.

All competitors will wear Coats, Bags, and Boots. It will be optional to wear Central New Jerseys. Also stocks round the neck, gilt-edged or otherwise, according to taste. As most stock-brokers always appear in elegant, or even smart, clothes, it is expected that large quantities of extra garments will be sent by train packed in Grand Trunks.



SCENE—*Hunt Steeplechase.*

Jockey (from the brook). "HI! HI! HERE, YOU 'VE GOT MY HORSE!"

School Inspector (anxious to explain the nature of a falsehood). Now, supposing I brought you a canary, and told you it was blue, what would that be?

Student (with taste for Natural History). Please, Sir, a tom-tit.

MOTTO FOR (SOME) AUSTRALIAN MINE SHAREHOLDERS.—A share in the Rand is worth two in the Bush.

"THE INNOCENTS ABROAD."

(At the St. James's Theatre.)

Old Heidelberg. Rudolf Bleichmann's English version of Meyer-Förster's comedy *Alt-Heidelberg*, although only an episode dramatised, yet is it to be fairly classified under the generic definition of "comedy;" as a "mixture of seriousness and mirth." It ends in "sweet sorrow," and therefore is no "genuine comedy." The charm of this particular play lies in its dramatic simplicity.

The *dramatis personæ*, distinctly characterised, belong, however, to genuine comedy—all save two, and these are *Prince Karl Heinrich*, and *Käthie* the peasant maiden, who are the hero and heroine of a romantic story that is bright in its commencement, buoyantly, yet sweetly, happy in its continuation, and utterly sad in its termination.

The play represents in dramatic form the loves of *Karl* and *Käthie:* of *Karl*, who, a royal prisoner, bound by etiquette from childhood upwards, knows no more of "life" outside the Palace walls, than does a novice bred up in a monastery; and of *Kathie*, a peasant maid, concerning whose perfect guilelessness it would be pardonable were more than one man or woman of the world to have their doubts.

Of movement, as differentiated from "action," there is plenty; and in this respect, since it is chiefly in the hands of gay young German students, this portion of the "comedy," with its music, songs, and choruses, suggests the idea that it is an *opera manqué*. For would not the libretto have well served Massenet, for example, on the lines of *La Vie de Bohême*, which, after all its merriment, ends so sadly with the death of *Mimi*, while this finishes with two broken hearts, of which, one, it is a relief to feel, for the sake of the ruler himself with all his life before him, for the sake of the State he has to govern, and for the sake of the Princess to whom he is betrothed, will not be long a-mending.

There are no villains in the piece, and no villainy even of the very mildest description, although *Lutz*, valet to *Karl Heinrich*, with his phenomenally pale face and insufferable bearing, a part admirably played by Mr. E. Lyall Swate, misleads everyone into supposing that this unhealthy piece of affectation is a villain of the deepest dye, a conspirator against the master whom he so effusively serves. But no, he is only a *Malvolio;* and, more fortunate than that self-sufficient and easily gulled courtier, *Lütz* is never the object of cruel practical jokes, although hard-headed, soft-hearted, rough-mannered, but rather "larky" old *Dr. Jüttner* (a perfect performance by Mr. J. D. Beveridge), the young Prince's tutor, might have been to the valet as was *Sir Toby Belch* to *Olivia's* chamberlain.

Wisely, as it proves, has Mr. George Alexander given up for a while the middle-aged men of comedy and returned to his *première jeunesse*. The boyishness of his youthful Prince is delightful; his modesty delicious, not one whit overdone; his frolicsomeness is that of a boy out for a holiday, and his love-making is that of a novice in the art.

And how excellent is the *Käthie* of Miss Eva Moore, the light-hearted, merry, impulsive girl,—almost a "tom-boy" among her sworn friends and honest admirers, the students,—who suddenly falls in love at first sight with the Prince, concerning whose rank she has, however, been previously informed. That she should have been made aware of his rank is regrettable, as her knowledge of this fact is destructive of her ingenuousness; for who that sees her almost throwing herself into *Karl Heinrich's* arms, on their very first meeting, would not be inclined to set her down as a sly little minx, an artful coquette, if not something worse? Were Prince, peasant, student, all alike to her—not as fish that come to her net, but as being merely good fellows and playmates—then her conduct would be in keeping with her republican faith. But such is not the case. She worships Royalty; she is charged with the delivery of an oration on the arrival of the Prince,—which she does with the utmost timidity, being frightened out of her wits at having to address a Royal personage. And yet—within a few minutes the peasant girl is head over ears in love with the Prince, and he with her; and in four months' time they are just off together "for a lark" to Paris! Does not this situation recall a similar one in the opera of *Manon* and the duet of "*A Paris nous irons*"? Certainly. But does this little innocent German girl recall to us, in any way, *Manon Lescaut* at the commencement of the latter's career? Isn't it difficult to believe in *Käthie's* complete innocence when she joyfully consents to accompany her young lover, the Prince, to Paris? Is she going as a sister? Not exactly. As a wife? Not precisely. Well then—as what? Any way, they do *not* go, and *Käthie* is broken-hearted at losing such a chance of becoming either a *Manon Lescaut*, a real Princess, or the morganatic wife of *Prince Karl*. The young impulsive Prince, it is needless to say, is beyond measure angry with every one except his tutor *Dr. Juttner*, and bitterly disappointed at the failure of his projected escapade. And *Dr. Jüttner*, but for his honesty and vein of seriousness, is only a counterpart of the tutor in *Betsy* to whom was intrusted the guardianship of *Adolphus*.

So the curiously innocent young man is forced to leave the strangely innocent young woman; but they will meet again, only once, and then for the very last time, two years later. And, in after life, will any suspicion rest on *Käthie?* Has she any packet of letters written by the Prince? Any compromising "puff-powder box," or other evidence against character that might have been found in the room where they passed summer nights together, fondly embracing, and gazing out on to the moonlit stream? If so, then we have some inkling of what the secret was that clouded the fair fame of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's latest heroine, *Julia Wren*, now undergoing nightly "whitewashing"—quite a spring cleaning, in fact—at the Garrick Theatre. Alack and alas! It is mighty difficult to believe in the sublime innocence of *Käthie* the barmaid.

It may not be fair to look too far ahead, but, without peering into the crystal, is it not uncommonly likely that when the Prince is married, and still more utterly bored by Court etiquette than he is now, he will somehow contrive that *Käthie* should be restored to the place that has been kept warm for her in his heart of hearts? And *Käthie* would be ready and willing, that is, supposing nothing of any importance had happened in the interim.

Take what view we may of *Käthie*, this *Old Heidelberg* is a delightful piece, excellently acted. Mr. Vivian Reynolds' presentation of *Kellermann* shows true appreciation of the humour in the character; Mr. Ernest Leicester's *Graf von Asterberg*, representing the leader of the students' Corps Saxonia, is a genuinely good performance; as indeed is that of all the students engaged, whether they be shouting, singing, dancing, or drinking, with all the customary honours so dear to the German students, and still fresh in the recollection of the present scribe, though 'tis some years since he was among them as a guest invited to witness their duels, and to be a partaker of their hospitality during various festivities. The scene in the "beer-garden" (turned so frequently into a "bear-garden"), with the harmonious rendering of students' choruses, is reproduced to the very life on the stage at the St. James's, where the scenic art of Mr. Walter Hann lends enchantment to the view.

So to the prosperity of *Karl* and *Käthie*, the two "Innocents Abroad," we raise our glass, clink, and heartily exclaim, "*Prosit!*"

LETTERS FROM THE ZOO.

The following letters have been selected from a large number received upon the subject of the Zoological Gardens Management:—

Mr. Punch, Sir,—The life of an elephant is not all bananas and bath-buns. Personally I am full of marbles and bus tickets. Instead of a silver-plated howdah and a Maharajah, I have a garden seat on my back and a keeper. I object to starting out on a journey any number of times each day and never arriving anywhere. "There and back,"—with a lot on my back. Humiliating. So are small boys, sponge-fingers, and American enterprise. Why were there no Durbar festivities in the Elephant House? This should be inquired into.

Yours faithfully,
A Tusk 'Un.

P.S.—Alas! Poor Jingo! I knew him well. The subject is too painful.

Sir,—So we eagles fail to give satisfaction? And it's not to be wondered at after all the nonsense that has been written about the "King of birds soaring above his dizzy eyrie." To expect that sort of thing for a shilling, and sixpence on Bank Holidays, is out of the question. Besides, we couldn't do it, even if we had the apparatus. Dignity is our strong point, and as long as the authorities permit sparrows to hop and chirp about our premises as though they belonged to them, the thing's impossible. Yours, etc.,

Another Eagle.

P.S.—I hear we have a new Secretary Bird just elected. Something may come of recent meetings. I've got my Eagle Eye on the Fellows who run this show.

Gentlemen,—As a good-natured brown bear I naturally object to turning rusty; yet I have heard it said that, in more ways than one, I am rapidly going off colour. Here is the whole matter in a nut-shell—I should say, a bun-bag. For years I have lived at the bottom of a pit, and my only inducement to come to its top has been to escape the daily shower of buns. I wish to state publicly that I loathe buns. Place me well above the public, so that its bun aim will be uncertain, and I shall get my colour back. Of course something to hug——but I am trespassing on your valuable space. Obediently yours,

One of the Fourbears.

Dear Sirs,—I hope upon behalf of the Tortoise House that there will be no unbecoming hurry. Why not wait two or three hundred years and see if matters are working smoother then? *Remember the hare.*

I subscribe myself, seasonably,
Festina Lente.

Pretty Mr. Punch,—Reform? Certainly. "One parrot one parrot-house" is our motto, and we shall go on screaming till we get it. Is it surprising that directly they enter our house visitors say, "Let's go and see the hippopotamus," and rush out? I swear fluently, but here I am as ineffective as a saint. Yours, Pretty Poll.

Gentlemen,—We suggest the removal of the barrier which separates us from the visitors. We have long thought it superfluous. Yours in anticipation,

Ad Leones.

Sirs,—What are all these wild-cat tales? Let those who find our house "unpleasant," hold their noses and their tongues! Who are they a kitten at? Yours, Cato.

ANTIPATHIES OF GREAT MEN.

It is a natural human trait to desire kinship with great minds, and partly for this reason the world loves to hear of the little weaknesses, inconsistencies, and illogical prejudices of its intellectual giants. The following, then, a carefully compiled and, so far as the writer knows, absolutely authentic list of the antipathies of certain past-masters may prove of general interest.

Shakspeare, it seems, disliked a forced abstention from victuals.

Lord Chesterfield hated to have the chair upon which he was just sitting down withdrawn from under him.

The Iron Duke (and it may be remarked in passing that Lord Roberts of our own day has a similar aversion) would grow quite uneasy if shut up in the same room with a mad dog.

Dr. Abernethy, a man proverbially intolerant of mere fads and crotchets, had yet a strong personal objection to sleeping in damp sheets.

Schiller would never, if he could avoid it, write with a broken nib.

Carlyle never liked being alluded to as a "blithering idiot."

Keats would go out of his way to avoid a lunatic with a knife.

Faraday, the great chemist, disliked the sensation of nitric acid on his hands.

Macready had a great disrelish for either the flavour or perfume of bad eggs.

Mendelssohn did not like the sound of a finger-nail being drawn across a slate. A thumb-nail caused him similar disquiet.

Disraeli would walk about or stand rather than sit upon a freshly-painted bench.

Dr. Johnson hated to have anyone run and butt him in the waistcoat.

Sir Walter Raleigh had a marked objection to prison life; and Lord Burleigh, his great contemporary, never liked to slip off a curbstone with his tongue between his teeth.



PROOF.

Master. "Pat, I must say you're very contradictory."
Pat (emphatically). "I am not, Sorr!"

SECOND QUARTER.

(*From "Young Moore's Almanack for* 1903.")

April.

Death will be active this month, and we may hear that someone in the Navy will be amongst those called away. Crimes will be committed, and the police will at least find a clue if not the perpetrators. Many people will celebrate the anniversaries of their birthdays towards the middle of this month, and Young Moore is pleased to predict the silver wedding of a certain happy pair, who shall be nameless. The weather for April will be of great variety.

May.

News of a more or less disturbing character may reach us from China, Morocco, Macedonia, Somaliland, Venezuela, Afghanistan, and Upper Norwood, but Young Moore bids you be of good cheer and not let this depress you. Several shares on the Stock Exchange will come in for attention. Extremes of weather may be looked for—in fact the word "Varied" might be applied to the weather of this month.

June.

Wild rumours about of the *Times* having been bought by an American magnate for two millions, but Young Moore is able to predict that he will only have to pay the usual 3*d.* for it, literary supplement included. The prophet foretells that a child will be born in a northern city, who, if he lives, will be Somebody Somewhere Someday. June weather will be long remembered for its variety.

THE COMPLETE PRIG.

[According to a recent number of *Harper's Weekly* Mrs. W. D. McCrackan, of the Department of English at the University of Chicago, has declared that such nursery tales as *Jack and the Beanstalk* and *Bluebeard* have a "moral squint" about them, and are unfit for childish reading. She has mapped out a really moral literary course for the mother to superintend during her children's infancy. The main features are here faithfully reproduced.]

I'm pained when I reflect upon the stuff that people print,
And call without a blush a children's story;
Your *Jack the Giant Killer* has a nasty moral squint,
And *Bluebeard* is as wicked as it 's gory;
The tale of *Mr. Bruin* and his *Mrs. Mimy-Muff*,
Which childhood in its innocence still swallows—
I beg that you will substitute for all such sorry stuff
The moral and instructive course which follows:—

Until your child is seven let her feed her infant mind
On simple, pretty tales about the fairies,
Provided they are free from squints (supposing you can find
That such a fairy story anywhere is).
Till nine her soul may meditate as deeply as it can
('Twill benefit it very much to do so)
The pious lucubrations of that most religious man,
The blameless and improving *Mr. Crusoe*.

Her early teens with classic tales she may perhaps beguile
Of Perseus, Jason, Hector and Ulysses
(Of course you 'll skip all episodes in fair Calypso's Isle)
And Helen (when of course you 'll skip the kisses);
The educative stimulus contained in such a tale
Can hardly be too highly estimated—
Of course you 'll take the greatest care and never never fail
To see that it is duly expurgated.

Romantic tales might next afford some wholesome mental food—
Knights-errant in the cause of virtue fighting—
But bear in mind the knights must all be very very good,
Their deeds, however brave, not too exciting.
Then let her read Miss CHARLOTTE YONGE, whose highly moral pen,
Instinct with virtue, never met its fellow,
And possibly a novel by Miss CAREY now and then,
But never, never one that 's bound in yellow.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MY Baronite has fond memories of Early Masters in pictorial art who illumined childhood's days. They worked on a commercial system known as "Penny plain, tuppence coloured." RITA'S *Souls* (HUTCHINSON) belongs to the latter category. The more sober taste of my Baronite hankers after the severer style. The novel purports to present a realistic picture of the way in which what are called "Society people" live. The impression conveyed to the mind of the reader is that it is an early literary effort of a soured lady's maid accomplished in hours of retirement, when her mistress, who is really no better looking than herself, is mingling in the giddy throng. In the conversational passages the gifted authoress has made a study of the literary style of OSCAR WILDE, and has succeeded in reproducing the occasional emptiness of his phrases without their frequent sparkle. If RITA'S deliberate plan was to show what the envious lady's maid would achieve in the circumstances indicated, she has, by many subtle touches, presented a masterpiece of art. If this is pure imagining, and the work is seriously offered as a picture of what RITA describes as "high-born and apparently exclusive Society ladies," it must be dismissed as a tiresome screed in which, save perhaps in the person of *Zara Eberhardt*, there is not a natural note.



A MATTER OF WEIGHT.

She. "HAVE YOU DERIVED MUCH BENEFIT FROM CYCLING, MR. POUNDS?"
He. "OH, YES. WHY, I'M *MUCH THINNER* THAN I WAS!"

To the biographical *Memoir of George Douglas Brown* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Mr. ANDREW LANG contributes an introduction. It perhaps reveals more personal matter relating to Mr. LANG than to its avowed subject. That conclusion naturally follows on the circumstance, frankly admitted, that his acquaintance with the author of *The House with the Green Shutters* was of the slightest. To tell the truth, Mr. CUTHBERT LENNOX and Mr. ANDREW MELROSE, whose contributions complete the little volume, have barely any story to tell. BROWN'S history was only beginning when it was cut short by the hand of Death. Son of a Scotch farmer, he won a scholarship that enabled him to half-starve at Oxford. He gravitated to London, grasped the skirts of journalism, and awoke one morning to find himself famous as the writer of a powerful, if somewhat gruesome, novel that caught the public fancy. As *The House with the Green Shutters* grew to the proportions of the orthodox novel out of what was intended as a story for a magazine, so this memoir has evidently been elaborated from the basis of the portion that appeared in a weekly journal. Out of scanty material the authors have done the best possible.

The Transit of the Red Dragon, and Other Tales (ARROWSMITH), is a book containing three short stories by EDEN PHILLPOTTS, whereof the one that gives its name to the volume is decidedly the best. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE "CORNER" IN CURRANTS.—The representatives of the late Master Jack Horner wish to repudiate all connection with this proposed monopoly. It was *plums*.

Mr. Punch's Competition.

(After a Distinguished Precedent)

A CARNIVAL FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE RADIUM OF RESEARCH IN THE PITCHBLENDE OF PRINT.

A Billion Facts for a Million Trackers.

The Competition organised by *Mr. Punch* is of a quite unparalleled and all-embracing sort. There will be no penalty whatever to the peaceable and well-behaved, there will be little risk of danger (except from brain-fever and writer's cramp), and only an unavoidable amount of discomfort and disappointment. Each of the awards offered by *Mr. Punch* will be paid, under protest, to one single (or married) competitor, the questions being so arranged as to require not more than a lifetime of useful and stimulating investigation.

THE AWARDS.

The Most Successful Competitor (whatever degree of omniscience his answers may possess—there is no maximum qualification) will receive, at his or her peril, either:

A Lodgership of Thirty Shillings per week for One Year, covering all the expenses of a finishing course at any high-class boarding-house in Bloomsbury; *or*

An Insurance Policy for £50 in money, payable to the Creditors of the Policy-holder.

The following other awards, amounting in the aggregate to a sum which defies all computation, will go to other competitors in order of merit.

The Second will be granted a Paying-guestship of Twenty Shillings per Week for One Year, tenable in any respectable family in Bayswater; *or*

A Burial Fee of £10 in money, payable as soon as a post-mortem has been made and the inquest held.

The Third will be granted an Almshouseship of Ten Shillings per Week for One Year, tenable at any Parochial Infirmary; *or* a commutation of One Pound in Gold.

The Fourth and Fifth will be granted Rowtonships of Ninepence per Day for One Year, tenable at any Rowton House within the Radius; *or* a commutation of Five Shillings in Silver.

The Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth will be granted Dosserships of Fourpence per Night for One Year, tenable at any East-End Doss-house approved by the Sanitary Inspectors; *or* a commutation of Fifteenpence in Copper.

The Twenty next will, if approved by General Booth, be granted Salvation Army Sheltherships of One Penny per Visit; *or* a commutation of One Dozen Tickets in Soup.

The Fifty Next will be granted Open-air Exhibitions of One Farthing per Hour, tenable at any Bench on the Embankment or in the Park; *or* a commutation of

Being moved on by the Police.

Papers have been prepared, by expert enigmatists, to be answered by the competitors at their own homes (or as near as possible); and each candidate will be allowed the term of his or her natural life for serving the sentence.

The questions, as will be seen from the specimen given below, supply a test of how much a man or woman will stand in the pursuit of an elusive fact.

No one is too young to enter for our competition. A bright infant of either sex will profit in the fullest degree by the opportunities we are offering. We shall then feel we are illuminating whole lives, from babyhood to extreme old age, with the virtues of hope, determination, energy, combativeness, patience, and resignation.

SPECIMEN QUESTION.

The following question, which, of course, will not be employed in the Competition, has been constructed for the purpose of showing the general trend and animus of those which will be used. The reader to whom it seems very elementary may be reminded that the crux of a question often lies in some small inconcinnity which a careless student might not detect.

Specimen Question I.—A certain day in early spring has for many centuries been dedicated to various forms of practical joking. That this, however, was not the case in the time of a famous personage in antiquity we are justified in assuming from the fact that, if he had been addicted to horseplay, some biographer would have handed the incident down to us. Who was this personage?

Answer.—Alexander.

Explanation of the foregoing solution.

The most suggestive clue here is at the commencement of the paragraph, where April the First is clearly indicated.

Turning to the index entry "All Fools Day," we are referred to Vol. 14,257, p. 202a, where we discover amongst other interesting information that Prince Bismarck was born on that day.

Following this up, in Vol. 262,177, under his biography, we find that Bismarck was invariably represented by caricaturists as having a bald head, with just three hairs sprouting from the top. Here we are confronted with the equally inviting alternatives of Trichology and Cartooning; but choosing by instinct the former, we look up the article "Hair" in Vol. 726,001, p. 1996d, and almost immediately light upon the following quotation:—

> "Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
> And beauty draws us with a single hair."
> *Pope, Rape of the Lock*, Canto ii, Line 27.

We are thus within measurable distance of the goal. On consulting the life of this author in Vol. 1,650,974, p. 43c, we read at once that his Christian name was *Alexander*. The connection is now clear, and we have thoroughly established the fact, difficult as it is to prove a negative, that Alexander the Great was the personage in antiquity in whose time the cult of All Fools Day was unknown.

There are, of course, few private book-collections which can supply the details necessary to elucidate such problems as these. *Mr. Punch* has therefore made arrangements to republish the entire library of the British Museum, now amounting to 2,546,379 volumes, together with 3,752 volumes of the Catalogue-Index. It will not be needful for every competitor to purchase these books outright. They may be paid for in instalments of 20,000 at a time, or the whole may be had on loan, and will be brought round by traction engines on receipt of a postcard. For terms and inquiry forms please address Publication and Steam Crane Department, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.—No. III.

WHEN I was a youngster, after I had left school and got to work, I used to go once a week to a harmonic meeting at the Fallowfield Arms Hotel close by where I lived. We had a President, who wore a red sash with a silver motto worked on it over a harp—something about Orpheus it was—and there was a Vice-President in a blue sash with the same badge, only smaller, and there were about twenty members. We were all expected to sing a song or get up a glee or play some instrument, and we smoked clay pipes and drank hot brandy and water.

There were a lot of rules, and fines were collected for breaking any of them. Consequence was somebody was always being fined and objecting to it, and so we had very lively discussions, and very often, when the time came for breaking up and going home, there hadn't been any singing or playing at all, and everybody had lost his temper. Still that sort of thing made the President's position a very difficult and honourable one, and as one of the rules was that the President should always be addressed as "Your Grace," there was usually a hot competition for the post, and all kinds of canvassing and backstairs working for about a month beforehand. When I stood against GAMBLE and RUNCIMAN I was first favourite for a long time, but GAMBLE got it through a mean trick. He gave RUNCIMAN a large order for trousers, six pairs of them, and hinted that it would be an annual thing if he got elected. There was a lot more hocus-pocus of that kind, and in the end RUNCIMAN retired from the contest the day before the meeting and asked his supporters to vote for GAMBLE, who beat me by two votes; and as the Club broke up at the end of that year, "in consequence of the marriage of members and other calamities" (that was APSLEY'S way of putting it) I never got another chance.

APSLEY was our funny man. I never knew a chap who could make better jokes, and even when you couldn't quite make out what he was driving at he had a way with him that made you laugh whether you wanted to or not. He was the only man who could do it. I often used to try his jokes at home or in other places, but somehow they never went. APSLEY, of course, had had great advantages. He knew the chairman of one of the big music-halls (this was in the days when every music-hall had a chairman who sat near the stage, facing the audience, with a table in front of him and a little hammer, and called out the turns), and once, when this official was suddenly taken ill and had to go out, he left APSLEY in charge, and everything went off without a hitch.

The fact was, APSLEY had a genius for that kind of business, and there's no going against genius: it's bound to come out and show itself sooner or later. Besides that, he played the banjo like a professional, and you couldn't beat him for hornpipes or imitations of animals, nightingales, cocks, cats on the roof, dogs howling at German bands—it was all one to him. But his funniest turn was a bit he'd invented himself about a man going out to dinner and coming home about two in the morning, and taking off his boots and crawling upstairs on all fours only to find his mother-in-law waiting for him on the landing with a night-cap on and a razor-strop in her hand. You could see the poor beggar crawling, crawling up and up, slipping here and there and barking his shins, but not daring to howl out, and last of all getting up erect when he thought everything was safe, and giving a shriek. Then you could hear the razor-strop going sixteen to the dozen, and I swear it made you rub yourself, till he dashed into his room and slammed the door after him. It was better than a theatre. Of course APSLEY had had lots of offers to go on the stage, but he always said he preferred his liberty.

APSLEY wasn't a married man—fellows like that don't run well in double harness—and he was always down on marriage, most of his songs being about men who got bullied by their wives or abused by their mothers-in-law. Somehow our ladies didn't like him. Mrs. RUNCIMAN thought him a sneering fellow, and Miss CRUMP said it made her feel cold all over merely to look at his eye. But then women never can see a joke, and they haven't got the smallest appreciation of real humour. I remember trying to tell my mother all about APSLEY'S best turn—mother-in-law, razor-strop and all, and she only looked gloomier and gloomier.. At last I said, "Don't you think it's funny?" And all she said was, "No, JOSH, I do not, and I'm surprised you should, after the way you've been brought up. You mark my words:—the man who invents and describes such scenes of coarse debauchery will come to no good, and the sooner you give up his society the better for you." Of course I only laughed, and told her that I quite agreed with APSLEY that marriage was a mug's game. I stuck by that idea for a long time, too, but I got changed at last. Another time I'll tell you how it happened.

AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

["Does the average man, who is content so long as his coat is fairly well fitting and his nether garments show no symptoms of senile decay, realise the amount of [illegible] that is brought to bear upon the question of clothes by the young exquisite, who devotes all the brain he possesses to the consideration of this important matter?"—*Daily Paper.*]

GREAT Scott! And shall mere ordinary men,—
The doctor with his physic and his fee,
The journalist who plies a busy pen,
The merchant or the eminent K.C.—
Shall these, I say, with their plebeian sneers
Look down on me?—forsooth they cannot guess
That I have spent long weary months and years
Achieving my pre-eminence in dress.

What do they know? Their souls are dull and cold;
Can they appreciate what's really chaste?
Their wardrobe by necessity's controlled,
And seldom they dispute their tailor's taste.
Ideas they've none—or of the lowest grade;
The process of selection simply bores;
Their hats and boots they purchase ready made,
And very likely patronise the Stores.

The plodding student burns the midnight oil
And hopes to be a SOLOMON—but oh!
I went through days and nights of endless toil
Ere I could tie a really faultless bow.
The statesman works to win a short-lived fame;
The soldier fights to bring his country peace;
But mightier obstacles I overcame
To keep my trousers in a proper crease.

From mental calculations I don't flinch.
One problem frequently is solved by me,
For I can tell—to sixteenths of an inch—
How wide a modern hat brim ought to be.
Then I have wandered all throughout the West
When Inspiration cast on me her spell,
Until I found a certain fancy vest
That suited my complexion very well.

Talk not to me of politics, I pray,
I have no time for matters so remote;
And if I'm too much worried, well, it may
Result in wrinkles in my shapely coat.
Some day I'll be applauded by the mob
Which now, from lack of education, mocks—
At present I'm engaged upon the job
Of hunting for a novelty in socks.



A GRACIOUS PROMISE.

MISS CONNAUGHT
MISS ULSTER
MISS LEINSTER
MISS MUNSTER } (*together*). "*THEY 'RE COMING!* SURE 'TIS THE GRANDEST NEWS WE 'VE HAD FOR MANNY A DAY!"

["The visit of the KING and QUEEN to Ireland is likely to be in every sense a landmark in Irish history . . . . It may be hoped that they will find time to enjoy the hospitality of all the four Provinces."—*Times*, March 31, 1903.]

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XIV.—Signor Marconi at Poldhu.

To the question "Is the Sig. at home?" a friendly fisherman of Poldhu directed us to the battery; whither we



"He opened a bottle of wireless champagne."

proceeded and found the great inventor in the act of transmitting an ethergram message of birthday congratulations from the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* to the Editor of the *New York Sun*.

While waiting for the reply our host invited us to a hurried lunch, consisting of Irish Stew and Polenta, washed down with a mixture invented by Mr. Marconi, of Asti Spumante and John Jameson, known as the Pol Dew. For ourselves he opened a bottle of wireless champagne.

Mr. Marconi, being of mixed Irish and Italian parentage, always carries a shillelagh and an accordion, invariably takes ice-cream with his potatoes, and talks in a mixture of the choicest Tuscan and Rathfarnham dialects.

Mr. Marconi is a spare, closely-knit young man—we had almost said wiry, but he is of course anything but that.

We congratulated our host on his *rapprochement* with the Post Office.

"'Twas time for it," he replied. "If they hadn't done it, I'd have put the curse of Cornwall on them! But young Chamberlain," he added, "is the broth of a boy. Funiculi, Funiculà! Take another drop of the *creatura*."

"You must be amassing a great fortune," we murmured enviously.

"Well, I don't know about that," responded Mr. Marconi, "but at any rate, if I am a Mullionaire I'm the only man in England who isn't a wire-puller."

Encouraged by Mr. Marconi's affability we hazarded the question:—

"Do you know the answer to Sir William Preece's new riddle—'Why is Marconi like Hinde?'"

"No, what is it?"

"'Because he produces waves in the air' And now another question. Are you a Freemason?"

"Yes, certainly."

"May I ask what Lodge you belong to?"

"I belong to no Lodge."

"Rayleigh!"

It seemed time to change the subject.

"Do you not allow yourself any rest?" we asked.

"Corpo di Begorra!" said he. "What do I want with rest? Sure I'm inventing continually. I invent with both hands at once, begob! and my right hand has often no notion what my left has been devising. My very latest is a wireless piano to render the suburbs comfortable. It emits no sound. Then I have got a great idea—wireless netting to keep out rabbits. You see, I'm very fond of animals. I like all kinds of dogs except wire-haired terriers, and I am even now perfecting an invention to utilise the electricity in cats for domestic telegraphic purposes."

"One word more, Mr. Marconi. Do you think that the establishment of your system is likely to promote friendlier relations between England and America?"

"Is it *think?*" responded the Signor with great warmth. "Sossagio di Bologna! I'm convinced of it. Hasn't Teddy Roosevelt given orders that Coney Island is to be rechristened Marconi Island? Oh, they're a grand people the Americans. Such beauty! such wealth! such a literature!"



"I invent with both hands at once, begob!"

"Then you do find time to read American novels?"

"Yes," replied the Wizard of Poldhu, with an expressive wink. "All of them except Cable!"



"I am even now perfecting an invention to utilise the electricity in cats for domestic telegraphic purposes."

"CAPPING."

Mr. Punch's Sporting Correspondent sends a few suggestions for putting next season's hunting on a sound financial basis.

That every Meet should be held in a place surrounded by barbed wire, to give the Secretary a chance.

That the Secretary be provided with a special uniform, in order that visitors may not be imposed upon by unscrupulous individuals personating this official.

That "the cap" might be made to cover an accident insurance for the day of issue.

That half the money be returned on blank days.

That a graduated scale of charges might be made, according to the kind of country to be hunted, and probability of damage, the same to be advertised. For instance:—"Cheap Hunting! Great day on the Downs with the Rumford! Only £1, or £1 10*s.* *including a brush. No jumping.* All old turf, &c., &c."

That "Pilots" with a good knowledge of the country, gates, &c., be provided at a moderate charge, on application to the Secretary.

That the Secretary be provided with a sufficient force of police to secure the proceeds of "the cap."

THE NEW "WEST-ÖSTLICHE DIVAN."

[Sequent upon the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, the profound sensation produced in the literary world by Mr. YONE NOGUCHI's fascinating volume of verse, *From the Eastern Sea*, in which he attempts to clothe his native phantasies in a loosely-fitting English dress, has caused *Mr. Punch* to anticipate an immediate boom in Oriental methods. These methods being still unfamiliar, the following fragmentary essays in this kind, composed by his request, will kindly be regarded as tentative.]

I.—TO THE SLEEPING BEAUTY OF DEVONSHIRE.

By Lord R-s-b-ry.

The deafness of my Beloved is the deafness of the Sea.
Her peach-blossom lips are parted,
Her chin droops like a nocturnal petal
On the indolence of her heaving bosom.
My song is wasted on her; my
Song is no more to her than
A rivulet trickling from the unresponsive dome
Which is the back of a duck.

II.—SPRING.

By Sir H-nry C.-B.

Odorous April knocks at the door of my tabernacle.
About my boots the young birds
Hop in happy convulsions.
Rye-tooral!
But, alas! one swallow declines to make a spring to me,
One primrose turns
Her saffron cheek from me away.

III.—O YOHI.

By Mr. Arth-r B-lf-r.

My soul was a fairy-lantern with
The tallow sagging just anyhow,
Till you came back, my O YOHI,
Till you came back from the bottomless
Breezes of Ocean's commanding silence.
As a flame in the plate-glass window of a lighthouse
Looking across the tempest in a willow-pattern tea-cup, so
Was your opaline eye-flash in its crystal shrine;
As a lithe Geisha on the housetops
In a forest of chimney-stacks, so
Is your orchid to the rest
Of this balmy conservatory.

IV.—THE CAVE.

By Mr. St. J-hn Br-dr-ck.

Ecstatic I scaled the heightless heights,
The breath of afternoon dandelions was in my hair.
I mocked the menace of swords;
I passed through them as through the pale shadow
Thrown by the odourless ghost of a gossamer.
Alas! there is no Eden without a worm.
I looked beneath the earth-mists
To where, in a low-down cavern,
Abutting on the roots of the Tree of Knowledge,
Sat HU, my Comrade, making faces,
And he that was the WINSTON-pippin of my eye,
Turning sour.
O Faith! O *Esprit de corps d'armée!*

V.—THE ISLE OF GREAT CONTENT.

By Mr. G-rge W-ndh-m.

From Tarara's Halls I caught the harp that once,
For this occasion only, no more.
I smote on it *Boom-de-ai;* I
Invited alien jigs on the green.
Out of the verdant-isled lakes that are her eyes, she
(O the wearing of the orange-blossom in my heart!)
Glanced a side-long fragrance on me and said,
"Thou art my WYNDHAM in the reeds!"

VI.—THE UNRENEWED LICENCE.

By a Tory Publican.

Lazily dreamed my boat on a tide full of poem;
Jauntily it slid like a sloe-jinricksha
Over a carpet of daffodils,
Or else cherry-blossoms.
The peace of perfect rotundity was my peace.
Could it have been an octopus?
Something, I know not why or how,
Removed the bung of my boat; I
Heavily downward disappeared
Into the infernal moist.
As I descended I heard in my ear,
Like the voiceless murmur of a shell picked
Up on the beach of Solitude,
Over my melancholic head the back-ebb of the tide.

VII.—MOTES AND SUNBEAMS.

By a Competitor for the Gordon-Bennett Cup.

What the dancing mote
Says as he kicks the beam, I say;
What the four-wheeled shamrock hums,
I hum.

O. S.

COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE IN U.S.A.

["The following Resolution has been passed by the Senate of the State of Missouri. Resolved—That the Committee of Criminal Jurisprudence be instructed to take into consideration the necessity and importance of the passage of a law providing for the taxation, branding, and licensing of foreign lords and noblemen, both real and genuine, bogus and fraudulent, found running at large in the State of Missouri, and providing severe penalties for the violation of the said law, to the end that the young women of Missouri may be protected and fully warned against engaging in speculation of so risky and dangerous a character."—*New York World.*]

IN the following handbill, left at the doors of a fair correspondent in Missouri, we seem to trace the culminating cause of the above scare:—

THE MISSOURI PEER-IMPORTING COMPANY.—This Company was formed to meet the ever-increasing demand for lords and noblemen in the State of Missouri and U.S.A. generally.

Absolutely no risk run by our customers!

Ladies dealing with us are assured of fair treatment and prompt delivery.

Without fear of contradiction we affirm that our Peers are superior in rank and pedigree *and in position in their own countries*, to any noblemen now on the market.

Every lord supplied to our customers is branded with the State Stamp, and no goods that are not up to the Government standard are retailed at our stores.

Our stock of British Dukes is the finest in the world, and at the Missouri Exhibition we were awarded the Gold Medal for this rare and beautiful type of goods.

A choice selection of belted Earls is always on view in our showrooms.

We highly recommend our "B.B.B." or British Baron Brand. These may be had in three styles—English, Irish, or Scotch. We do a large business in these goods with people who like a good article but cannot afford the more costly brands. As, however, the supply is limited, customers are advised to purchase early.

We have a very cheap line in French Counts, which we are offering at prices to suit the smallest purse. Such of these goods as we sell bear the Government imprint, though personally we do not care to recommend them, having had frequent complaint regarding their quality.

We beg leave to observe that the lowest-priced Peers—such for instance as Polish Counts—we do not stock, as in very few cases have they been found satisfactory. We venture to urge upon our clients the advisability of paying a somewhat higher price and ensuring quality.

Peers delivered to any address in U.S.A. free of duty and carriage paid.

The following are samples of the testimonials which we are receiving daily:—

The Marchioness of Fitz-Portcullis (*née* Miss Polly Porker) writes:—"Your Marquis is simply lovely—and so intelligent. Please send two more, as I want them for birthday presents for my sisters. Am going to England shortly.

"Yours sincerely,

"Polly Fitz-Portcullis."

A Countess (who desires to be anonymous) writes:—"Earl recently received and gives every satisfaction. Have shown him to friend who bought Russian Prince last year, and she says she wished she had heard of your Firm then, for she certainly would have tried one of your Earls.

"P.S.—Please send me French Count suitable for presentation to elderly maiden aunt. Was delighted with Irish Baron."

QUEER CALLINGS.

V.—The Cat's Colourman.

"Well, to put it briefly, I am a specialist in chromatic kittens."

"Chromatic kittens?"

"Yes. It was at the time of the Green Carnation that I just began to study the question. If flowers could be changed in hue, I thought, why not creatures? The ordinary cat spends most of its time on the hearth-rug—a sufficiently conspicuous position—but how few cats really harmonise with that or any other article of furniture? Being myself intensely sensitive to discords of colours, I decided to invent the decorative cat. I soon started the scheme on a business-like basis, and now I can assure you that hardly a day passes without my receiving fifty white kittens by rail from all parts of the kingdom. These are dyed as required, instructions being supplied with each. It would never do, of course, to place a scarlet cat in a pink drawing-room, or to give a crushed strawberry cat the *entrée* of a dining-room decorated in Pompeian red."

"Of course not."

"Still, I get curious requests occasionally. As, for example, here is one from a disconsolate widow asking for a heliotrope cat, as it was 'her favourite colour.'"

"But, Mr. Pash," we interjected, "doesn't it interfere with the health of the animal?"

"Not a bit," was the prompt answer. "One of my first experiments was on a rather dilapidated tabby, and a coat of Eau de Nil gave it a new lease of life."

"Do you think of applying your method to dogs and horses?"

"In time, perhaps, when the horse ceases to be a beast of burden, and is permitted to lead a purely decorative existence. As for dogs, I am inclined to think that the employment of green foxhounds, for example, might sensibly add to the exhilaration of the chase."

We hinted our assent.

"But to return to our kittens. I am far from having exhausted the possibilities of the invention. For example, I am experimenting at present with a view to producing a kitten with an iridescent coat. If rainbow trout, why not rainbow cats?"

"Of course. And who are your principal customers?"

"They are drawn from all strata of the social system. Only yesterday Mr. Hall Caine sent me a beautiful Manx cat to be upholstered in Cardinal red, and this morning a basket containing a Kilkenny kitten has reached me from Lord Dunraven, to be embroidered with shamrocks, and despatched as a *pignus amoris* to Mr. John Redmond. And now I fear I must ask you to excuse me, as these commissions must be executed without delay."



AN OMISSION BEST OMITTED.

Brown (on foot). "Do you know what the Total is for the Season?"

Simkins (somewhat new to country life). "Fifteen pairs of Foxes, the Huntsman says. But he seems to have kept no count of Rabbits or 'Ares, and I know they've killed and eaten a lot of those!"

Change of Name.—The practice of taking a new name on coming into property is common. It is more rare to do so on the strength of being "cut off." This, however, is the case with Fleetwood-on-Wyre, which, not by arrangement with the Postmaster-General, will adopt the style of Fleetwood-off-Wire.

THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE.

["GOVERNESS WANTED, who will be able and willing to inflict sound corporal punishment on two unruly children, aged 11 and 13. State experience and salary required to Mrs. ——"—*Christian World.*]

YE vinegar virgins, come hither,
Whose temper has always been such
That wooers have left you to wither,
Nor ever felt tempted to touch;
Forbidding, bespectacled, bony,
The nightmares that nurseries dread,
With hearts that are cruel and stony,
And hands that are heavy as lead;

Ye spinsters of mustard and pepper,
Whose services no one will need,
Who live the lone life of the leper,
Come hither, come hither and read;
For though you be grim as the Gorgon,
And equally fatal to view,
You may find in this excellent organ
That someone is looking for you.

Come hither, ye feminine *Squeerses*,
And all ye *Miss Murdstones*, and ye
Whose passion for juvenile tears is
As deep as the bottomless sea;
Two small desperadoes, unruly
And simply inviting the cane,
Await your attentions—it 's truly
A chance you may not get again.

And as for the laws that are written
You never need care what they be,
Because there are judges in Britain
Who laugh at the S. P. C. C.
So wallop your victims, endeavour
To urge them along in the search
For wisdom, remembering ever
That knowledge's tree is the birch.

OUR POINT TO POINT LUNCHEON.

To finish the hunting season, a dozen of us who were to ride in the Point to Point steeplechase agreed to lunch together in a tent beforehand. We thought it would be such a pleasant function.

It began to rain just before twelve, and the wet was dripping steadily through our canvas roof into the salad bowls and on to the beef, as we, with mutual greetings—loud, but lacking somewhat in joviality—took our places at the trestle table.

"Looks like a thing to support a coffin on!" cried young BILKINS.

It was a cheerful remark to make under the circumstances, and it struck me that three or four men immediately became gloomy.

THRUSTERFORD JONES was voted to the chair, and his first remark was:—

"I say, you chaps, it 's a ripping course for to-day: regular cut-throat line, eh? I like these thumping big courses myself."

Nota Bene.—T. J. was not riding in the race.

I replied:—"Ye-s—oh, yes—so do I." But somehow my own tones lacked conviction.

T. J. (cheerily). It 's far best to make up the fences really big: horses rise at them better—until they tire, of course, then you get a crumpler!

I repeated rather absently:—"Yes, then you get a crumpler."

T. J. I mean to go down to that beastly-looking place—the drop into the lane, over some high new timber. *That* 's the spot where the "grief" will come in!

I said mechanically:—"Yes, that 's the spot where the grief will come in," and pushed my plate away from me. Never could stand the smell of cooking when not feeling very well.

T. J. (laughing boisterously). By Jove, I wouldn't have that timber and the drop beyond if you were to offer me fifty pounds!

ARCHIE SMITHSON here struck in:—"Oh, rot, THRUSTERFORD! I saw DARLINGTON get safely over it last season."

T. J. Yes, on a horse he paid a monkey for! But wait till you chaps get down there to-day! By gad, I wouldn't miss the fun for any money!

Always was a breezy creature, THRUSTERFORD. Did not feel particularly breezy myself at the moment.

T. J. (to me). You 're eating no lunch, FUNKFORT. Feel a bit off colour?

Everybody turns to look at me, whilst conversation is momentarily suspended. Could have cheerfully attended THRUSTERFORD'S obsequies at that embarrassing moment. So exhilarating for those about to engage in hazardous emprise to listen to his agreeable prattle.

I say, "Ha, ha! deuced funny fellow you are. Pass the *Moet*, will you, old chap?"

That "Ha, ha!" did not ring quite as true as I could have wished, but to bridge over the dreadful moment of silence it served.

I was to ride THRUSTERFORD JONES'S *Sudden End* in the race, and now his owner told me all about him.

"He 's a splendid jumper, and although he pulls very hard and rushes all his fences, he gets over them—*somehow*. And he 'll jump this course to-day—all but that place into the lane, and there you 'd better have it somewhere out of the crowd; he 's pretty sure to 'come it' over the rails, and then you can take your toss without the rest jumping on you. Well, ta, ta. I 'm just going to see that the surgeon is here, and the ambulance men not too drunk to work when they 're wanted."

Wish I had THRUSTERFORD JONES'S bright, hopeful disposition. Swallowed lump in my throat and went out to my mount *Sudden End*—encouraging name for a steeplechaser. Told groom I thought horse not fit—groom said he was—groom a fool. Said I hadn't weights enough to make up the thirteen stone—groom said he had plenty—man 's a drivelling idiot. Told him at last I was sure the horse was lame in the stifle—groom about to deny it when I dropped a sovereign into his hand—groom closed one eye and immediately saw the lameness—groom very smart fellow, and led horse away directly. I promptly walked over to far side of course to see race—always see race best from far side of course: less crowd; besides, I did not exactly wish to meet THRUSTERFORD JONES: he—he—he might be feeling disappointed, and I had a sort of impression that he would not see that stifle lameness, and might insist upon starting the horse. Some men are very cruel that way, and have no consideration for their frien—horses'—feelings.

A PASTORAL.

THE weather (in the past
Emphatically bitter),
Seems to have changed at last.
The birds begin to twitter.

The rivers, decked with sedge,
In lavish streams are flowing.
On every side the veg-
-Etables, too, are growing.

The young man's fancy turns
In almost all directions;
Promiscuously burns
The lamp of his affections.

Approaches now the close
Of Rugby and of "Socker;"
The football jersey goes
Back to its native locker.

To make rough meadows flat
The cricketer is toiling;
He scans his favourite bat,
In case the thing wants oiling.

The bard begins to tear
His hyacinthine tresses,
Or polishes with care
Last year's returned M.S.S.

The farmer once again—
I learn from one who knows it—
Takes quantities of grain,
And walks about and sows it.

Dear friends, who hear my song,
Of brain decay acquit me.
That explanation 's wrong—
I 'll make it clear. Permit me.

The reason why I sing,
The point at which I 'm driving,
Is simply this: that Spring
Is rapidly arriving.

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

Dear Mr. Punch,—In view of the fact that representatives of the British Parliament have been invited to visit Canada during the Easter Recess, I beg to make a few suggestions and offer some hints that will be found of the highest value.

When the august company arrives at Halifax it will be met by Mr. Parkin and others, who will attempt to present an address expressing their satisfaction "at this further evidence of the spread of Imperial ideas"; but the committee should begin right by firmly refusing to accept addresses between meals. This will not only insure them a sufficiency of banquets, but save them from water-brash on the brain, due to an over-indulgence in illuminated rhetoric.

When passing through Montreal and Quebec the visitors must step lightly so as to "let sleeping dogs lie." While in Montreal they should not fail to visit the ruins of the Ice Palace, which is still freezing the reputation of the country, though a dozen years have passed since it was built.

When visiting Toronto in order to receive the homage of the Orange Lodges they will probably be waited on by a deputation from the Canadian Club, whose members will sing the new Imperial song, "*The Red Tape of Old England.*" As this song promises to become a favourite in all the Colonies, the visitors should listen to it attentively.

It will not be necessary to visit Ottawa, as most of the Knights who make up its population have already been on exhibition in England.

After banqueting at Winnipeg the explorers should leave the railway line and cross the plains on prairie schooners. These interesting conveyances are very comfortable, as they are so arranged that the traveller gets the whole spring of the axle.

They must not expect, however, to get any jerked buffalo meat or pemmican at wayside inns, for the buffalo has really disappeared. In the words of the poet:

"No more in herds the bison sweeps
Across the trackless plains;
The Eastern pie-belt wider creeps,
And holds its sodden gains.

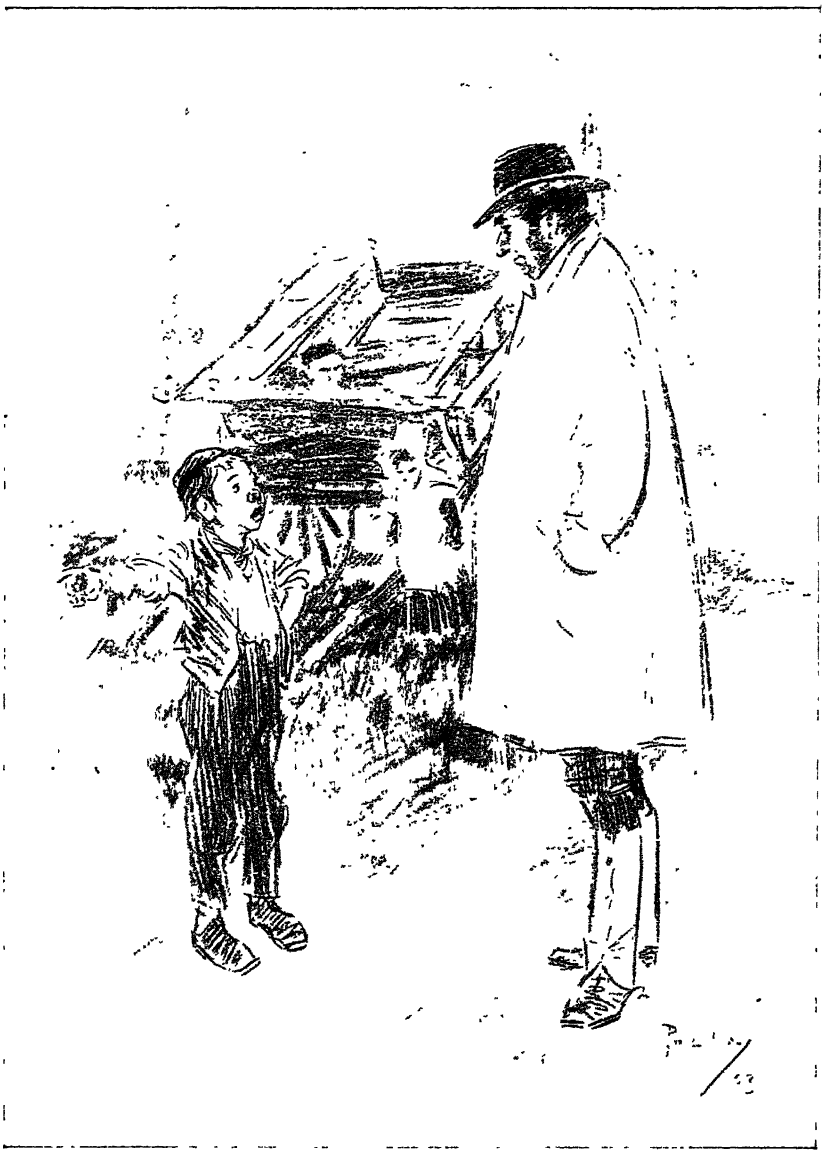
"Where once the Indian to the death
Chased pioneer and scout,
The Swede, with alcoholic breath,
Sets rows of cabbage out."

On reaching the Rocky Mountains they will be given a chance to select peaks and bluffs for which they will be asked to stand as godfathers. They should accept the kindness, as it is one of the pretty customs of the country to name mountains after important visitors, and there is still enough rock and ice to go round.

In British Columbia they will begin to see signs bearing the legend, "Keep off the Disputed Territory." They will be wise to take the hint. While in this district they will probably see hordes of hungry promoters hovering on their flanks. As it is really worth while to see these fierce creatures in action, they should devote some time to a study of their habits. All that is necessary is to show them a roll of notes, and they will do the rest. To see them pry apart a capitalist and his cash is a sight never to be forgotten—by the capitalist. In case, however, any visitor should wish to render himself immune from the mining fever—to be vaccinated, as it were—the writer begs to say that he has some mining stock which he bought long since, and is still hunting for another sucker to sell to.

By following these hints and avoiding the usual practice of distinguished visitors who travel with their mouths open and eyes shut, they will probably learn something that none of their home-keeping colleagues will believe after their return. Yours faithfully,

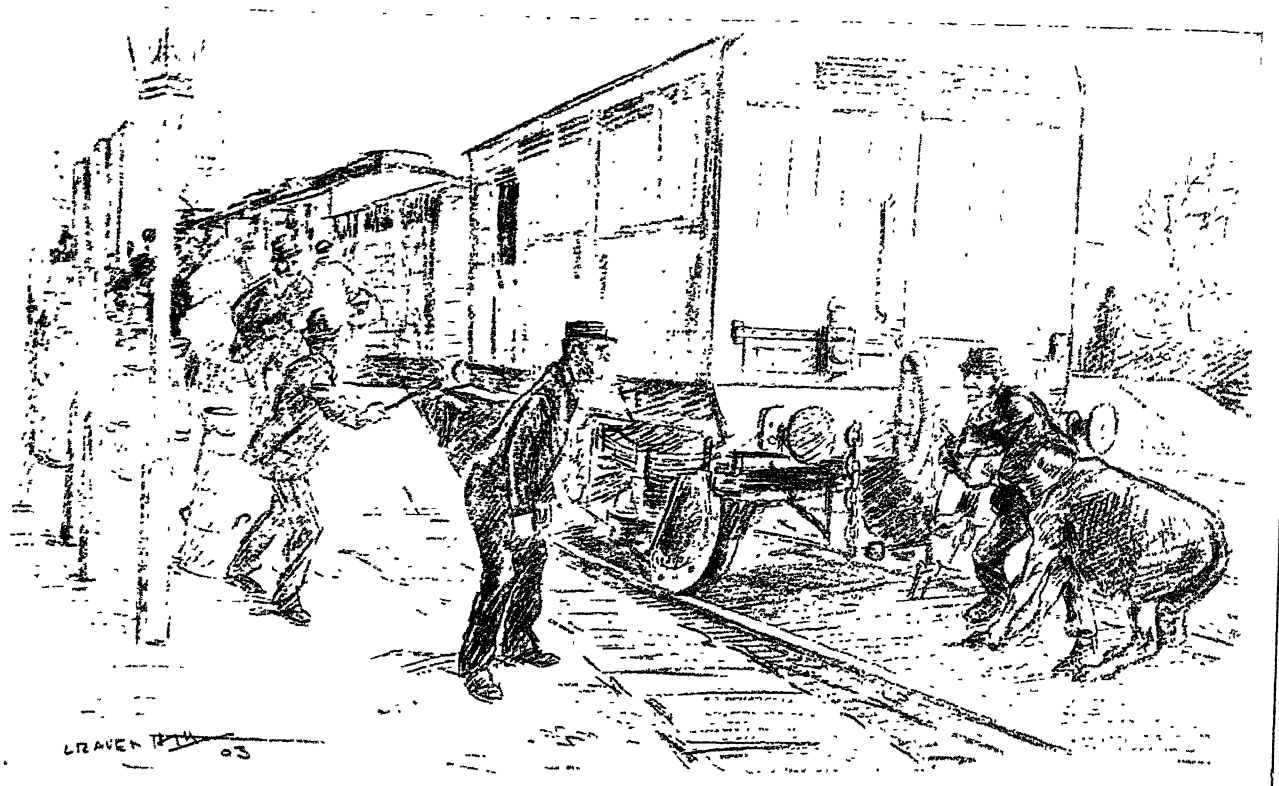
C. A. Nuck.



! ! ! !

Estate Agent (to Labourer's Son). "Here, my boy, where can I find your Father?"
Boy. "In the Pig-stye, Sir. You'll know him by 'is brown 'at!"

Message from Mars. A Libel Action.—If these phrases, culled from a poster of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, are to be interpreted on the principle of *post hoc, propter hoc*, it certainly seems a pity that thus early in the career of the Marconigram there should occur a regrettable incident likely to affect the tacit *entente cordiale* between two friendly planets.



SCENE—*An Irish Station. Fair Day.*

Porter. "AN' WHAT THE DIVIL ARE YE DOIN', TYING THAT DONKEY UP THERE?"

Pat (slightly under the influence, taking his new purchase home). "SHURE AN' I'VE A PERFECT RIGHT TO! HAVEN'T I TAKEN A TICKET FOR THE BASTE!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE Liberals in the House continue to be polite to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, and the Adulterated Butter Bill has passed through the Committee stage.

Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN has expressed himself as in favour of the payment of Members of Parliament. The Right Honourable Gentleman does not seem to realise that, if Members were to be paid, the Public might insist on getting value for their money.

A question has been asked in the House about the abolition of the lance in the Army. It may not be generally known that the abolition is due to the influence of Lord KITCHENER, who had such trouble with the State Lancers at the Durbar Ball.

Some disappointment has been caused because the Royal Commission on Sewage Disposal has issued its report without touching the question of Alien Criminals.

The War Office is about to embark on an expenditure of at least £160,000. Woolwich Arsenal is to be enlarged, and the cost has been estimated at £80,000.

Orders have been given for experiments to be made with a new Range-finder. Later on, attention will be given to the claims of a Patent Army-Corps finder.

The Presidents of Salvador and Guatemala have had an interview on board a vessel at sea, as a result of which the differences between the two Republics have been arranged. The Presidents were palpably sick of the previous state of affairs.

It is rumoured that there was no Revolution in Argentina last week.

At Moscow a judge has been found guilty of burglary, and has been condemned to serve for three years as a common soldier. The other men serving in the Regiment are asking what they are there for.

To judge by what one saw on Show Sunday, pictures on gloomy subjects will be a principal feature of the forthcoming Academy. Suggested name for this particular school:—The Depressionists.

It is reported that Mr. W. E. HENLEY has been served with a summons. It has been held that his poem on "Speed," in the *World's Work*, is so realistic that he must have exceeded the pace allowed by law.

With reference to the report that King EDWARD and President LOUBET will shortly meet, an Irish newspaper declares that it may be true about King EDWARD, but it certainly is not true about President LOUBET.

SOME "learned experts," observed Signor MARCONI in his clever speech last week at the Company's meeting, had declared that in order to converse with friends across the Atlantic by means of the Marconi system, "it would be necessary to erect towers at each end several miles high." Signor MARCONI had no difficulty in dealing with the absurdity of this "tall talk," and reducing it to the level of common-sense understandings.

VIRGIL ON GOLF. — "Miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba."

Georgics, 3, 283.



BUFFALO BALFOUR.

(End of first part of the entertainment. Two weeks allowed for refreshment.)

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M P

House of Commons, Monday, March 30.—Army and Navy both understood to be fighting forces. Happened to be to the front to-day in Committee of Supply. The difference striking. Morning sitting devoted to Navy, a sleepy stretch of hours through which the Admirals, the Captains, and the Overflowing Lough cooed to Arnold-Forster as gently as sucking doves.

But Linden saw another sight when the drums beat at dead of night. To be precise, it was about eleven o'clock. Army Estimates on since nine, with prevalent dulness almost rivalling the siesta hour of the Navy. Young Generals below Gangway on Ministerial side,



"Where's Beckett?"

The Prehistoric R-sch spoiling for a brush with the Cave-dwellers.

coming back after dinner—mess they now call it—and seeing Carnot Brodrick on the Treasury Bench, things began to bubble. It was Cousin Hugh who flung the fat in the fire. To his inflamed, distorted imagination, there is about the Warrior at the head of the office in Pall Mall something suggestive of a Nonconformist Minister who insists on being addressed as Reverend. A man of few prejudices, that happens to ruffle a temper constitutionally angelic. The fact that the fancy is absolutely baseless has nothing to do with its force. Wringing hopeless hands over Carnot, he insisted upon knowing, "Where are the guns for which the right hon. gentleman is waiting? Are they in the clouds, and is he waiting for them to materialise?"

This way of putting it (subtly, if not designedly, reminiscent of the case of Frau Rothe, of Berlin, whose gift in the direction of materialising spiritual flowers and heavenly oranges has just landed her in prison) plunged a loyal Ministerialist into condition of anguished remonstrance.

"Withdraw! Withdraw!" he moaned.

"This is not factious Opposition," Cousin Hugh meekly said, "as some people of less intelligence than my hon. friend behind seem to think."

Here other loyal Ministerialists—whom later Edmund Beckett described as "having their intellect atrophied from the effect of overdieting on the crumbs which fall from Ministerial plates"—cut themselves with knives (of course in a Parliamentary sense) and howled.

"Order! Order!" "Withdraw!" they shouted.

"What!" cried Cousin Hugh, regarding them compassionately. "Is it insulting to say that there are some people less intelligent than my hon. friend behind?"

This painfully ambiguous. The sting of it lay in the inflection of voice which revealed conviction that in the matter of intelligence zero had been reached in the case of his honourable but hapless friend. Anyhow the phrase was unassailable on the point of order, and Cousin Hugh, having sprinkled vitriol round a wide circle of honourable friends and esteemed leaders, resumed his seat with that attitude and expression that ever recalls the ascetic saint who has temporarily stepped from a stained glass window to mingle for a while with mundane affairs.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply on Army and Navy Estimates.

Tuesday night.—All afternoon debating Hanbury's Butter Bill. Next to Land Purchase most deeply interests Irish Members. Reveals fresh faction in their union of hearts. It appears that whilst certain provisions in Bill carry comfort to the Cork buttermaker, they are loathed by his colleague in Limerick. Hour after hour Irish Members rise in succession and go for each other with rival battle cries—"Limerick!" "Cork!"

Out of the *mêlée* looms large a personality that only Ireland could produce. It is Mr. Lundon, Member for East Limerick, by business a farmer, by aptitude and study a classical scholar of high degree. In Limerick County he is known as a "Professor of Languages." Unfortunately for us the one tongue he has not mastered is the English. For full half an hour he spoke in voice and accent the like of which was never heard on land or sea. Only here and there was drift of a phrase fully mastered. Mr. Jeffreys in the Chair, in absence of Speaker and Chairman of Ways and Means concurrently on sick list, anxiously strained attention to follow the oration For all he knew, the quaint-looking figure below the Gangway, with the strongly marked countenance, the pragmatical grey beard trimmed goatee fashion, waving its arms aloft as if hymning incantation, might be blaspheming or uttering sedition.

Quite gratefully the Deputy Speaker caught a reference to Scylla and Charybdis, the one represented by the landlord, the other by Gombeen man. (You should have heard the terrific hatred and scorn Mr. Lundon's inflection of voice managed to flash around the head of the Gombeen man.) Deputy Speaker pointed out that Scylla and Charybdis



A Peroration from Limerick.

Mr. L-nd-n beseeches the Committee not to put Irish Adulterated Butter between the Scylla of Landlordism and the Charybdis of the Gombeen man; nor to stretch it on the Procrustean bed where the legs of captives laid on it were cut off by tyrants who put them there if they were too long (or words to that effect).

had nothing to do with the manufacture of Irish butter.

Oh, yes, Mr. Lundon was coming to that; the Limerick butter-maker on his way to market had to steer his perilous way between the two.

Next he began a story about a pirate who boarded a ship and made the captain walk the plank. This was understood to have some personal reference to President of Board of Agriculture. But whether Hanbury was the pirate, or the doomed captain, not clear. Deputy Speaker dashed hope of elucidating matter by ruling both out of order in connection with the adulteration of butter.



"THE SOWER."
What will he reap?
(With apologies to J-n Fr-nc-s M-ll-t.)

Then Mr. LUNDON dropped into foreign tongue. REDMOND *cadet*, sitting behind him, believing it was ancient Erse, sagely wagged his head and truculently cried, "Hear! hear!" The keener ear of the MEMBER FOR SARK recognised the musical verse of VIRGIL babbling o' cool valleys, and the lowing kine and soft slumbers beneath the spreading tree:—

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variarum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque boum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

It was magnificent; but it wasn't butter, even with the lowing kine suggestive of milking time thrown in.

Business done. — Adulteration of Butter Bill read a second time.

Friday night. — House of Lords empty to-night. The statesmen who lend dignity and colour to stately Chamber are making holiday. To distinguish themselves from the commonalty they began their Easter holidays last Monday, and will not conclude them till the last two days of April. In this leisurely recess perhaps they will turn their attention to a small matter which happens to loom large in the convenience and comfort of some obscure fellow mortals. As everyone knows, the House of Commons, amending its ways, transposed the arrangements for its sittings on Wednesdays and Fridays. Formerly the SPEAKER took the Chair at noon on Wednesday, the sitting being adjourned at six o'clock, whereas Friday was an ordinary sitting, commencing under the old rules at three o'clock, terminating at midnight. Now Wednesday is in this respect as Friday, Friday as Wednesday. The avowed intention of the alteration was that Ministers, Members and others in close attendance through the week, might, if they pleased, start their week-ending on Friday afternoon.

This was a crumb of comfort bestowed in consideration of the longer hours of labour toiled through during the week under the New Rules. The House now meeting on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays at two o'clock, with an interval for dinner, sits at the minimum till midnight, sometimes later. The British workman who draws the line at eight hours a day will understand that when on Friday evening six o'clock chimes from Big Ben, his fellow labourer at Westminster is disposed to profit by his share of the bargain that took away from him Wednesday evening.

In establishing new Rules the Commons answered only for themselves. Four sittings a week, running on the average a duration of from five minutes to twenty-five minutes, suffice for noble Lords. They do not sit on Wednesdays, but go their even way on Fridays as if nothing had happened in the other House. Last Friday was selected for resumption of debate on Lord ROSEBERY'S motion on subject of Council of Defence. Commons up at half-past five, went off home assuming that, as usual, everyone else would be free and the place locked up. But Members of the Press Gallery, the little army of attendants at Westminster, and the police on duty outside, were compelled to linger on till, at half-past eight, debate in the Lords literally yawned itself out.

A small matter, as I have said; nothing at all to Peers, or even to Commons. As avoidance is, however, easy and obvious, it may be worth thinking about. There is no reason in the world why the sittings of the Lords and Commons should not synchronise, their Lordships transposing Wednesday's and Friday's arrangements, as the Commons did. Or, if that revolution would have a tendency to undermine the Constitution, at least care should be taken not to put down for Friday night subjects for debate calculated exceptionally to exceed the average sittings of the House. Twice in the brief section of the Session already sped this consideration has been overlooked. The adjourned debate of last week might just as conveniently have been put down for Thursday as for Friday.

Business done.—Private Members'.

Wednesday, 8th April.—Adjourned for Easter Holidays. School reopens Tuesday week.

HUMOUR AS AN EXTINGUISHER. — The *Sheffield Daily Independent*, in giving an account of a local fire, states that Superintendent FROST (a good name for a humourist) "soon had three powerful jests directed into the heart of the flames."



Mother (to Son, who has been growing rather free of speech). "Tommy, if you promise not to say 'Hang it!' again, I'll give you Sixpence."

Tommy. "All right, Ma. But I know another word that 's worth Half-a-crown!"

HINTS FOR AMATEUR NOVELISTS.

Of the Storyteller's Aim.—The art of the novelist is at present apparently complicated by the necessity of writing with one eye upon the theatres of the West End. It is not enough to conquer one world; having achieved publication, you will (to be in the fashion) naturally sigh for production in dramatic form. In reality this simplifies your task. It is no longer worth while penning long-drawn word-paintings of after-glows, or moonlit landscapes—thrilling though you would doubtless make them—since they would of course have to be cut out when your work bursts its Mudie chrysalis to blossom into the many-hued butterfly of (say) His Majesty's. A few brief words at the head of each chapter ought to be now all that is necessary. For instance:—"Chapter X. Same as Chapter IX. Lights down. Red lime. The reader will kindly hum three bars of '*The Honeysuckle, &c.*' to take curtain up. *Dulcinea* discovered."—and then get on with your dialogue as soon as you can get anybody there for her to talk to. *Mutatis mutandis*, the moonlit landscape may be similarly described.

Of Subjects to be avoided.—There are hardly any left, except, perhaps, the weather, which is usually considered in this country a subject sacred to *vivâ voce* discussion. At any rate, on occasions the date of which is fixed either by yourself or by history, the weather should not be more particularly described than you can help. Unless you are careful, some unpleasantly laborious person will be sure to write to the papers to say that he has looked it up, and that it was astronomically impossible that the moon could have been shining when you made her do it.

Of Local Colour.—Forget, every now and then, to translate out of their original tongue the remarks of your historical, provincial, or foreign characters. At least, give them an occasional swear in their native language. There are swear-words in Malay, for instance, that are worth six full-page illustrations.

Of Historical Costume.—The neighbourhood of Covent Garden is the place to study this, and, having regard to the subsequent destination of your novel, already foreshadowed, you might, whilst there, settle the colour of your heroine's wig. But modern dress is much more economical for touring purposes.

Of Portraits.—As of course you cannot foresee what the ladies and gentlemen who will ultimately embody your puppets will be like, it is best to leave their personal appearance somewhat vague. Sketch your heroine in a few bold strokes—"the face of a Gibson girl, with the expression of a Burne Jones angel," for instance. This makes things clear enough, and leaves your leading lady a free hand. But her laughter must "ripple" in the book, whatever it does on the stage.

Of Style.—The style is the man. What it is when—as by chance might be the case—you are a lady, there is no familiar quotation to declare.

Something by "turns" and nothing long.—Dan Leno.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XX.—THE DARE-DEVILS.

THE train, I am told, will be ready to start in ten minutes. Meanwhile the lights in the carriages have been turned off, and it stands by the platform a dark and inert mass, while its engine, enjoying a brief freedom, potters about short-windedly some little distance up the line. I grope my way into a [illegible] and taking the seat near the window, gaze out on to the platform, occupied only by a meditative porter and a few sleepy passengers on seats.

After a time I hear several footsteps descending the stairs, and the sound of voices and shrill giggles. In a few moments the party comes into sight on the platform; two young women in semi-evening dress and cloaks, and two young men in silk hats, one of them carrying a net-bag with shoes in it. They are disposed to be somewhat rowdy in a subdued kind of way. As they advance up the platform, the weak-kneed young man in pince-nez, whom I immediately detect as the chief dare-devil of the party, begins to sing in a fairly audible voice a mild comic song of the parochial bazaar type. At this the ladies are very fluttered and shocked, and on the whole a little pleased with the conviction that he is a terribly rowdy fellow, and that they are rather a gay party altogether.

After questioning a porter, the quartet continue their march up to the extreme end of the platform. I have risen and am looking out of the window. As they turn, Pince-Nez pretends to knock off the hat of his companion, a fat young man, in face rather like a dazed sheep, and the pair fall to fencing with their umbrellas amidst cries of consternation from the ladies. This ends in one young man dropping his umbrella on to the line and jumping down for it, which shows courage; and the other young man lifting him bodily up, which shows strength; and the first young man pretending to fall down again, which shows wit. At all of which the young ladies are shocked and pleased, and plainly conscious that they never did have such a time in all their lives.

Soon the party approaches the train, which is still in darkness, and, as it chances, selects the compartment where I am seated once more in the corner. They enter, Pince-Nez displaying humorous terror at the darkness—a terror which suddenly assumes a distinctly genuine note when he sits down unexpectedly on top of me. However, he retrieves his character by putting his head out of window, and addressing the meditative porter in a voice which seems to me badly pitched if it is intended to reach him.

"Porter, old chap, why don't you turn the lights on? I can't see to hear myself speak."

The ladies are quite overwhelmed by the reckless devilry of this last effort. Whereupon the Dazed Sheep is moved by a spirit of emulation to imitate a fog-horn, which gains a certain amount of admiration, though totally eclipsed immediately after by Pince-Nez—on the lamps being suddenly turned on—pretending to be struck by lightning.

At last the train moves on. As we get clear of the station Pince-Nez boldly strikes up the "*Swanee River*"; the Dazed Sheep joins him, and the ladies opposite, with a nervous glance in my direction, chime in in still small voices with a visible consciousness of the audacity of the whole proceeding. The chorus finished, Pince-Nez, elated by his success, proceeds to the second verse:—

"When I was playing with my brother,
Ha-ap-py was I——"

Suddenly Pince-Nez's top hat is whipped off his head from behind, and waved wildly in the air by a mysterious black hand. The ladies gasp, then almost shriek with terror at the apparition which has appeared above the partition, the apparition of a filthy face surmounted by a dented bowler hat.

"Tee tum tee tum tee tumty!" sings the apparition, beating time with the captured silk hat, "that's the style, boys an' gals—orl together:—

"'Woh tike me to my dear ole mother,
Theer let me live han die'"

The apparition pauses, and contemplates the scared group.

"Come on, some of yer," he urges; "that ain't 'arf singin'. Show 'em the wye, BERTIE,"—addressing the Dazed Sheep, who has fallen into a kind of terrified trance—"any song yer like. There ain't many as I cawn't sing, I give yer my word."

The quartet are silent.

"Tell yer wot I *will* do," remarks the apparition, replacing the hat boisterously over Pince-Nez's left eyebrow, "I'll give y' a chune myself."

He disappears for a moment behind the partition, then, reappearing again, lowers a greasy bundle on to Pince-Nez's lap.

"'Old my pawcel a minute, mate," he says, "while I git over." Then, to the consternation of everybody, proceeds to clamber over the partition into our compartment.

"That's the wye ter do it," he observes, scraping a pair of muddy hobnailed boots down Pince-Nez's arm as he slides heavily on to the seat beside him. "'Ere we are orl together, snug an' comferble. I'll tike the pawcel, mate."

He is a huge burly man, connected, I should say, to judge from his hands and face, with some industry with a good deal of black oil in it. The train has just stopped at a station; I notice the quartet glance towards the window in a hunted way, but the platform is deserted. The train moves on again, and they regard their companion apprehensively.

"If it's a song yer want," he observes with enthusiasm, "I'm the bloke for yer. Tell yer wot I *will* do. I'll give yer a chorus, then yer can orl join in. More sosherble. Narthen, boys an' gals, orl together!"

Amidst a general silence he proceeds to sing with energy:—

"We 're orl on the booze on the tiddley hi till Monday,
We won't be at 'ome with the missis an' the kids on Sunday.
If we get pinched we 'll kick the copper in the eye.
We put away the lotion as if it was the ocean when we 're on the tiddley hi."

He desists, and mops his face with the loose end of Pince-Nez's muffler.

"Yer didn't 'arf sing up, any of yer," he observes cheerily. "Give us a recitashun, CHAWLEY. You 've got a comic fice."

Pince-Nez, very flushed, affects to be interested in an advertisement. The oily man, in the best of spirits, turns to the lady opposite him.

"Woddyer think o' the Licensin' Act?" he inquires chattily. "Orl right, ain't it? Corl this a free country! Yer cawn't corl yerself free when y' aren't allahd 't' 'ave a pint o' beer, can yer nar? I ask yer."

The lady makes no reply.

"Wot 's more," he continues emphatically, "not only yer mayn't get boozed *yerself*, but y' ain't even allahd to 'elp a pal. I put it ter you, Miss, serposin' you ain't on the Bleck List yerself an' you meets a pal in the street wot *is*, an' she sez ter you, 'I 'm on the Bleck List,' she sez, 'buy us a bottle o' Bass, ole gal,'—are you goin' ter refuse 'er? O' *corse* you ain't. Not you. Why it ain't English.—Give us a song, BERTIE. *You* ask 'im, Miss, I see it 's you 'e 's a-mashin'. Why 'e 's carryin' yer little tootsie-cases for yer. Wot oh, BERTIE!"

I have never seen a sheep scarlet with confusion before, but I know now what it would look like under these circumstances. Pince-Nez is struggling between indignation, fear, and a desire to appear pre-occupied.

"Let 's 'ave the chorus agine," remarks the oily man cheerfully. "Narthen, boys an' gals—orl together:—

'We 're orl on the booze on the tiddley hi till——'

'Ere, ullo! Turn'ill Pawk?"

He rises hastily, and seizing his bundle, stumbles over the Dazed Sheep's legs out on to the platform, then puts his head in at the window.

"So long, CHAWLEY. Keep a-mashin' of 'er, BERTIE. Once more, boys an' gals!—

"'We 're orl on the booze on the tiddley hi till Monday,
We won't be at 'ome with the missis an' the kids on Sunday——'"

The train has moved on, leaving the oily man on the platform, beating time and waving farewells alternately with the dented bowler hat. His song grows fainter and fainter, then is merged in the rattle of the train. The quartet are painfully subdued. Pince-Nez is the first to speak.

"I had half a mind," he declares, "to chuck the fellow out at the first station."

"Ah, that 's just the point," puts in the Dazed Sheep; "but the question *is* —are you allowed to do it? How does the law stand?"

"That 's just what I was thinking," avers Pince-Nez, and, the ladies being silent, the pair enter upon a highly technical legal discussion, in which each party is most conscientiously precise in putting the other right on the remoter details of hypothetical side issues.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN *The Arcadians*, by J. S. FLETCHER (JOHN LONG), the freshness of the idea and the quaintness of the style are, at first, fascinatingly amusing. Had this series of chapters that set forth the slight story been contained within a limit very little in excess of that allowed to *The Wee Macgregor*, its success would never for a moment have been imperilled. As it is, however, the freshness gradually wears off, even the absurd nomenclature of the characters becomes wearisome affectation, and the bloom is no longer on the rye.

As throwing light on the Boer side of the war in South Africa, better far than some bulkier tomes is a little volume just published by FISHER UNWIN. *A Woman's Wanderings During the Anglo-Boer War* is its title, almost as lengthy as the average trek. The writer is quaintly presented as Mrs. General DE LA REY, as who should say Lady General ROBERTS or Lady General IAN HAMILTON. In a narrative that is a model of simplicity the writer always refers to her burgher husband as General DE LA REY. Mrs. General happily does not attempt to write a book. She just jots down what she saw and what at the moment she thought. For twenty months she and her brood were in flight, with METHUEN'S Khakis, as the Boers called the English, ever thundering at their heels. It is curious to note how little she knows of the trend of events over the wide battlefield. Few incidents of the campaign struck *nous autres* more sharply than DE LA REY'S swoop down on METHUEN'S little army, routing them and capturing their wounded General. MRS. DE LA REY makes very little of an astounding event over which Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL jubilantly chuckled in the hearing of a pained House of Commons. What she does mention is her afternoon call upon the wounded foe, and her friendly conversation. "I had a fat chicken killed," she writes, "and I took some biscuits and sent them with the chicken to the wounded lord." A *fat* chicken, look you. Nothing less for the pitiless hunter whom the much-entreated Lord had finally delivered into the hands of the burgher. A homely, cheerful, hopeful, resourceful woman is Mrs. General, whom my Baronite warmly commends to the personal knowledge of people who watched the War from afar.

The Occasional Assistant Baronite has just read two interesting books by an American humourist, yclept ALFRED HENRY LEWIS, and entitled *Wolfville* and *Wolfville Days*



MORE SIGNS OF A COMING SPRING.

(ISBISTER), and is more than ever convinced that the humour of one country is not always that of another. It is many a long year since the late BRET HARTE took two continents by storm with the pathos and drollery of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*, and other tales singularly rich in local colouring, whose lingo was sufficiently evident to amuse without wearying. Now the fault with Mr. LEWIS'S tales of Far West life is that there is a little too much dialect and not enough descriptive matter in sound every-day English. None the less, these reminiscences of an "Old Cattleman of Arizona" are very bright, very original, and, in a sense, even valuable, as giving us a vivid picture of a kind of nomadic existence often talked about but very rarely experienced. Both volumes abound in humour of an original sort, and will doubtless meet with as much success in the Old World as they have in the New. But, frankly, we would prefer not having to turn so often to an interpreter —otherwise a Glossary—to make things clear.

Semi-Society, by FRANK RICHARDSON (CHATTO AND WINDUS), is a cleverly-written story of a "set" in what the author terms "semi-society." The characters, all carefully drawn in black and white, black predominating, are suggestively representative of types familiar to the up-to-date man about town. The final strong sensation scene is well led up to.

The variety of subjects treated by many differing writers in Mr. JAMES KNOWLES'S *Nineteenth Century and After* ("and after" is delicious—what *is* it after?) for this month ought to attract any number of differing readers. Even a GALLIO, who "cares for none of these things" that arouse Lord HALIFAX and Lady WIMBORNE, will be anxious to know what Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES may have to say about "Literary Critics and the Drama," likewise how Sir WEMYSS REID regards the doings of "Last Month," and what may be Mr. KEIR HARDIE'S opinions on "the Independent Labour Party." An article on "The Novels of Peacock," by HERBERT PAUL, has specially attracted the attention of

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A Drastic Remedy.

THE *Daily Mail* publishes the following advertisement, from which we feel compelled, by courtesy, to omit the name of the inventor and his apparently murderous drug:—

REMEMBER THIS TO-DAY: no one can sleep or rest where there is the painful noise of whooping cough, most of all the child. Give it ——'s —— *and it vanishes.*

(The italics are our own, not the poor child's.)

A "BEAU IDÉAL" AT THE HAYMARKET.

COLMAN and GARRICK'S comedy entitled *The Clandestine Marriage*, the authorship of which a good many well-informed people, being asked offhand, would attribute to SHERIDAN, is a curiosity, not a classic. It owes its survival as a possible attraction to the character of *Lord Ogleby*, which, originally intended by GARRICK as a part for himself, offers rare opportunities to any distinguished comedian following in the line of KING and FARREN. Other actors who have attempted the part "were," according to DAVISON'S "remarks" which preface the published play, "but futile fellows." No wonder then that so perfect a comedian, and one so specially good in "character parts," as Mr. CYRIL MAUDE, should have chosen to revive *The Clandestine Marriage* at the Haymarket, and that his partner in the management, Mr. FRED. HARRISON, should have been in accord with him.

This comedy, which in its plot is inferior to GOLDSMITH'S *She Stoops to Conquer* (a "farce," as Dr. JOHNSON described it), and hardly worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with even SHERIDAN'S *Trip to Scarborough*, possesses a few scenes as dear to the good actor as they are delightful to an appreciative audience. Such are those where *Lord Ogleby* appears with *Canton*, his valet; and others in which the vulgarity and snobbishness of *Sterling* and his rich sister, *Mrs. Heidelberg* (not the *Old Heidelberg*, by kind permission of Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER), and the shrewishness of *Miss Sterling*, are dramatically contrasted with the gentlemanly tone of *Melville*, the quiet earnestness of *Lovewell*, and the placid sweetness of the somewhat too demure *Fanny* who is the real heroine of *The Clandestine Marriage*.

The last scene of all, where everyone is in night-dress and dressing-gown, save the clandestinely married couple and their lady's-maid, belongs to the realm of broad farce, and in a modern "comedy" would not be tolerated, unless the comedy were announced in the bills as "farcical."

The acting at the Haymarket is as nearly perfect as it can be, though the *Sir John Melville* and the *Lovewell* of Mr. ALLAN AYNESWORTH and Mr. C. M. HALLARD are rather out of the old picture, savouring too much of the young man of the most modern up-to-date comedy.

The Swiss valet (this sounds picturesque) of Mr. ERIC LEWIS is delightful. It is quite a fresh character; he is the most cheerful, the most imperturbable butt for his master's paltry witticisms, the most companionable creature, the most perfect superior attendant, without being a "gentleman's gentleman," that a nobleman like *milor Ogleby* could possibly have found.

And Mr. CYRIL MAUDE'S *Lord Ogleby!* Could it be improved upon?—in no particular that I am aware of. His manner, his grand manner—grand in spite of his having been intended by nature to be a *petit maître*—is perfect. His ailments are not overdone: we do not laugh at his grievances because they are evidence of his real suffering, wilfully incurred, it is true, for which we are angry with his lordship; but his real buoyancy, the buoyancy of animal spirits resulting from a naturally good constitution, keeps him alive. What is it that constitutes this ancient beau a general favourite with all those among the public who have the opportunity afforded them of making his acquaintance?—why, his really generous disposition, and the kind instincts of the true gentleman he would have been but for his overweening, yet harmless, vanity.

Mrs. CHARLES CALVERT does her very best with *Mrs. Heidelberg*, but this *Alt Heidelberg* is not a patch (powder included) on *Mrs. Malaprop* whom she preceded by about ten years. Miss JESSIE BATEMAN is a very charming *Fanny*, a colourless character, but deliciously painted; and Miss BEATRICE FERRAR, at high pressure as *Miss Sterling*, gives an importance to a part that, as far as I am aware, has never been previously attained. Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD'S *Sterling* is a broadly-humorous, strongly-coloured portrait of a vulgar millionaire.

Mr. JOSEPH HARKER'S scenery, especially that of the garden with its winding paths, is a most perfect framework to the action.

But, apart from any other consideration, the *Lord Ogleby* of Mr. CYRIL MAUDE ought to attract all playgoers, and secure for the old piece such a new success as, on its dramatic or literary merits, it could not possibly have achieved.



Mr. Fullwig (who prides himself on, amongst other things, his "ambidexterity"). "AH, MY DEAR MISS MAUD, NOT MANY—IF ANY—ARTISTS COULD DO AS I HAVE DONE. WHEN I SPRAINED MY RIGHT WRIST I PAINTED THIS PICTURE *ENTIRELY WITH MY LEFT HAND.*"

Miss Maud. "REALLY—AH—UM—BUT WOULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN MUCH BETTER—IF YOU HAD GIVEN YOURSELF A COMPLETE REST?"

[Delight of Miss M.'s young brother, who "can't stand that Fullwig at any price."

MARCH AND MANTALINI.

[The closing days of March were attended with furious gales, and storms of hail and rain, throughout the country.]

OH, turbulent March! your traditional claim
This year was a fraud and a sham,
For though we believed you were playing the game,
When a month ago "in like a lion" you came—
You went out like a "demmed savage lamb."

AN optimist is a man who always makes the best of bad luck—when it is another fellow's.

LITTLE FARCES FOR THE FORCES.

V.—Soldiers of "Character."

Waiting-room in barracks near Trafalgar Square. Colonels Smith, Jones *and* Robinson *in undress uniform are standing by the fireplace and chatting. All three have their eyes on the door which leads into the recruiting officer's sanctum.*

Colonel Jones. I intend to ask our county Member to press the Government to place all the recruiting in the hands of a first-class servants' agency, for some of the characters brought by the recruits who have been sent to my Regiment lately have been anything but satisfactory.

Colonel Smith. Quite so. I can assure you that lads have been sent to me with recommendations on which my wife says she would not engage an under footman.

Colonel Robinson. And the airs a recruit with a first-class character gives himself! I had a letter only the other day from a boy who said that he was thinking of changing his situation, and wanted to know if I allowed every Sunday out in my Regiment and whether I gave fish for dinner.

Colonel Jones. I had a lad before me the other day, a very smart young fellow, who objected to be attested for more than twenty-four months, because he made a point of never remaining more than two years in one situation.

Colonel Robinson. And the difficulty of obtaining the wretches! I always go personally to interview whoever it is who gives the reference for any recruit whom I am thinking of taking, and I do assure you the lies that I am sometimes told, the subterfuges that are resorted to, sooner than give a really straightforward answer!

Colonel Jones. It's heartbreaking, that's what it is.

Colonel Smith. I often say to my wife that I believe we shall come to taking Chinamen as recruits before long, owing to the airs and graces the young people of the lower classes with characters now-a-days give themselves. All the recruits of one of my companies threatened the other day not to do any drill and to report me to the Secretary of State for War because I gave them Australian mutton two days running, and because they thought the table beer—which I drink myself, so please you—was thin.

Colonel Robinson. And they ask for jam with their tea, and threaten to report me to the Domestic Servants' Union if they don't get it. Tyranny, I call it!

Colonel Jones. I often say I'd sooner do all the work of my Battalion myself rather than be bothered with my fine gentlemen's requirements and complaints.

Colonel Smith. At first I stood out against taking any youth who couldn't show an excellent character from two previous situations, but I had to give up being so particular.

Colonel Robinson. I advertise that there are billiard tables in all my barrack-rooms, concerts after dinner on Saturdays, and a tape machine with the latest racing results at the Quarter Guard, but even these attractions do not bring me quite first-class recruits.

[*The door opens and a* Staff Sergeant *appears with a paper in his hand.*

The Sergeant. Beg pardon, Sirs. We have two great big country fellows who say they've run away from unkind masters, a sailor who declares that he's tired of the sea, five strapping lads who've never held any situation, and a brewer's man who wants to lead a reformed life.

The Colonels. Not a man with a character amongst them! The service *is* going to the dogs.

[*Exeunt in anger.*



Tommy (mysteriously). "I shall have lots of Cake this Summer, all for myself."
Mother. "Oh! Has Aunty promised you some?"
Tommy (with withering scorn). "No. I've planted a Seed-cake in the Garden!"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Billiad. By Col. W. F. Cody, author of "The Codyssey."

How is Mrs. De La Rey? By the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., author of "Lines to an Aasvogel," etc.

Glorious Beer! By the Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., author of "Salus Publicani Suprema Lex."

The Beauty of Resignation. By President Castro, author of "Forgive Us Our Debts," and other moral tales.

THE POLITE ART: A REVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

FAITHFULLY to reproduce the style of conversation employed by our Nobility has never been an easy task for the makers of novels and "turnovers." Strangely elusive, it seems to escape crystallisation. From the many attempts to fix a type of dialogue suited for the Table or the Park we select just three examples:—

(1) There is the famous fragment, still enjoying a deserved anonymity, which runs as follows:—

"'H—l!' said the Countess, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation."

This we may at once discard as contrary to popular prejudice.

(2) There are the dialogues composed by a brilliant young writer in an esteemed evening contemporary. They are instinct with studied intellectual refinement, relieved by scintillations of sparkling paradox. They seem almost too good to be true.

(3) From Mr. COSMO HAMILTON'S new book, *The Danger of Innocence*, in which we have the results of a life-study of the manners of our Best Set, we quote a slight but effective passage out of a dialogue between the Duchess of SURREY and Lord EPSOM:—

"'Wot O, Eppy!' she cried . . .

'Pip-pip, Duch!' replied EPSOM."

This bears the stamp of truth. The style is easy without being too vulgar: natural and yet not profane.

Taught by these inspired instances what to accept and what to avoid, we propose to give an impression of a common or Rotten Row dialogue between two ordinary members of the Nobility, showing how, at a pinch, they can rise to the responsibilities of their station, and adapt themselves to the language expected of them by the better class of reader:—

The Earl (*replacing his hat*). Got 'em all on this time, what?

The Duchess (*recovering from a stiffish bow*). What an impossible toque! And she pads her hips, too. Can't think what induces MONTY to run her like this at Church Parade.

Earl. Must do somethin' for an honest livin', poor devil. Dessay she pays him by the hour for trottin' her out, like a Guardsman's cook.

Duchess. Talkin' of style, what do you make of these people motin' in the Park with cloth caps and all over mud?

Earl. Beastly sight, I call it. Ought to look smarter and put their fellows in livery. Been scorchin' lately?

Duchess. Runnin' down to Hardpans next week-end. Bridge party. Care to come?

Earl. Thanks. Don't mind if I do. MADGE asked me down to Sundials, but I shall chuck her. Can't stand this gardenin' rot at any price. Talks bulbs and herbaceous borders an' all that sort of truck, an' wants you to know the rotten names of things. Who's comin' to you? The GOLDSTEINS?

Duchess. Had to ask 'em because of a tip JACK wants about the *Blue Peters* combine. Woman gets on my nerves. Don't so much mind her cheatin'—you know how she squirms about on her chair when she wants it left to her—lots of 'em do that—but it's so sickenin' when she will keep on blockin' your long suit by holdin' up her high cards.

Earl. Always is a bit of a wrench with those kind of people, havin' to part. (*Dropping his voice.*) I say, BELL, see that chap hangin' round with the note-book, what? Does those Society dialogue-things in one of the evenin' prints. Shampooin' man at the *Tumtums*—bit above his place—pointed him out to me. Beastly clever an' all that. Seems to think we talk that way ourselves—repartee an' paradox an' that. Trick of takin' an ordinary phrase an' rottin' it, don't you know. Pity to spoil his illusions. Couldn't we make an effort an' let him overhear somethin' tall. *Noblesse oblige*, what?"

Duchess (*sotto voce*). All right, DOLLY. Shall I give you a lead? (*Aloud, after a pause for invention.*) How exquisite the first throb of Spring, my dear ADOLPHUS. This is the acceptable time when the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of Love.

Earl (*concealing the intellectual effort*). In the language of sport, Love and Zero are interchangeable terms; therefore the young man's fancy undergoes, at this season, no intolerable strain. Merely to move on from Monte Carlo to Aix is not to suffer an essential development, a vital change of temperament or condition. WORDSWORTH was right about our class. The meanest cauliflower is our moral superior. It furnishes thoughts that do often lie too deep for Peers. Sometimes, my dear AMABEL, I am almost persuaded to become a vegetarian.

Duchess. And devour the object of your admiration! You find the almond-blossom a dream, and yet, my dear ADOLPHUS, you would swallow the fruit of it burnt. Even our brutal soldiery did not go so far as that with JEANNE D'ARC. They burned her, but they never actually ate her.

Earl. What did the prince of paradoxologists say? "For all men eat the thing they love." But seriously, while on the subject of Spring, I rejoice in this modern fashion of gardening as a recrudescence in the direction of Nature.

Duchess. It is certainly healthier than slumming. But the names are so much more difficult. I learn a lot of them in the books, but find it so hard to connect them with the right objects. I go up to something in a greenhouse or an alley—the Dutch kind, I mean; not the sort with *Sallies* in it—and feel like the man who said, "I know your name so well, but I can *not* remember your face."

Earl. Yet we owe so much to your sex for this revival. I say revival, for there was doubtless a vogue of botanising in Eden.

Duchess. True. It was EVE, you remember, who drew ADAM'S attention to the smartest dessert in the garden.

Earl. And your potent influence is not confined to the introduction of novelties. Golf, cycling, Bridge, and good dining—each of these had long been a confirmed habit with our sex. It was you who made them the fashion.

Duchess. That is our gift of second sight. We re-discover the well-known. Besides, one must somehow bring the sexes together. There's our instinct for self-preservation.

Earl. A fatal instinct, my dear AMABEL. In order to bring the sexes together you must studiously keep them apart. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

Duchess. Mais ce n'est pas la guerre? (*Lowering her voice.*) Was that all right, DOLLY? No? Well, do let's stop. I can't keep this up much longer. Gettin' a crick in my brain. Come and sample JACK'S new *chef*.

Earl. Righto! *Teuf-teuf.*

[*Rise and exeunt, chatting easily in the aboriginal.*

O. S.

AN EXCLUSIVE HIERARCHY.—The Cavan and Leitrim Railway Company advertise in *The Cavan Weekly News* for a Station-master in the following fastidious terms:—

Must be a sound Theologian, having Divinity Testimonium . . . . Applicants from the back streets, slums, or from Ballybay not attended to. None but "Upper Ten" need apply.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—*Johnny:* Yes. Tan boots with a frock-coat are still permissible, but the latest thing among the Smart Set is to have them blacked.



A DESERVING OBJECT.

Right Hon. C. T. R-tch-e (*to himself*). "POOR CHAP! I WONDER IF I COULD SPARE HIM A THREEPENNY BIT?"

["The Income-tax payer has the strongest possible claim to relief .... The least that he is entitled to expect is a reduction of the Income-tax by threepence in the pound."—*Times.*]

LIGHT AND LEARNING.

["It is reported from Vienna that an Austrian scientist has invented a method of obtaining light from microbes."—*Daily Press.*]

With his usual "intelligent anticipation" of events *Mr. Punch* foresees in the future some such paragraphs as the following:—

The new Microbean Installation on the Embankment is giving great satisfaction. Of the various experimental illuminants the Influenza light has been found to be the most penetrating; its only practical defect is that it makes everything appear extremely blue.

On the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the relief of Mafeking the illumination of St. George's Hospital attracted universal admiration. The entire façade of the building was outlined with Mumps and Chicken-pox in fairy-lamps, while a singularly fine effect was produced by the employment of a tubercular search-light on the roof.

The alarming failure of the Bacterial system throughout the West-End last evening is said to have been the result of a deliberate outrage. It is supposed that the miscreants must have obtained admission to the central office and placed disinfectants in the generators. The affair is under investigation.

QUEER CALLINGS.

VI.—The Resuscitator.

"Yes," observed the Resuscitator, with an air of conscious pride, "mine is a noble calling. It 's easy enough to discover a thing that nobody knows anything about—radium or X-rays, or any silly sort of thing like that. But to discover things the existence of which is already well known—that is another story altogether. Yet I do it almost every week."

We hinted our craving for enlightenment.

"Well," he returned, "my business is exclusively concerned with the resuscitation of standard writers. You see everybody knows about them, but nobody reads them unless they can be galvanised into vitality. That 's where I come in. I write personal paragraphs about Thackeray, or Bulwer Lytton, or Walter Scott as if I had just found them out and read them for the first time—which is sometimes actually the case. Between ourselves, I never read *The Heart of Midlothian* till last week. This is what gives my work such freshness. No ordinary critic ever thinks of telling people to read Thackeray. He takes it for granted that they do. Now I know better. I tell him that they ought to, because he was such a big-brained, sane, splendid Englishman, and had such inside knowledge of the ways of the aristocracy—almost as great as that of Hall Caine. Now none of your literary critics would think of saying that, would they?"

We hastened to assure him that it was extremely unlikely that they would adopt such an attitude.

"Then take Scott. I admit that he wasn't a classy writer, that he wasn't well up in fashionable society, but I lay great stress on his industry, and I point out that his popularity is proved by the exclamation 'Great Scott!' and so forth, and so I arouse interest in the old chap and pave the way for cheap reprints, and introductions and notes by Mr. Andrew Lang or Mr. Edmund Gosse."

"And who are your latest discoveries?"

"Well, I 've had some failures lately. I tried to discover Fielding, but it wouldn't work. However, I shall give him another chance. Just now I am introducing Stevenson to the penny weeklies, but it 's a tough job. Too fond of fine language was Stevenson, but I intend to persevere."

We applauded his dauntless resolution, and took our leave in a transport of admiration for this great benefactor.



MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

He. "I hope you are better to-day. I thought you were not looking well when I was at your house yesterday."

She. "I had rather a bad headache; but it passed off soon after you left!"

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

[In the competition just announced by the *Times* the first prize is a scholarship of £300 per annum tenable for four years at Oxford or Cambridge.]

PETER PEEBLES copied letters,
  Perched upon an office stool.
But he sighed he loathed his fetters
  And the clerk's iron rule.
City! How could PETER love it
When he had a soul above it?
There were other things to covet;
  He was not a plodding mule;
He had plucked Parnassus' grasses
Growing at Extension Classes,
  Classes in an Evening School.

As he mourned his sad position,
  PETER PEEBLES chanced to hear
Of the *Times's* competition,
  And his brow began to clear.
Though the sordid name of dollar
Moved the cultured PETER'S choler,
Still 'twere sweet to be a scholar
  With three hundred pounds a year;
Sweet to leave the City's vices
For the banks of Cam or Isis,
  Isis with its atmosphere.

Seized with sudden wild ambitions
  PETER swiftly read the "ad."
As he studied the conditions
  PETER'S heart grew gay and glad.
Greek or Latin, mathematics,
Modern languages or statics,
No such mental acrobatics
  Bored the *Times's* undergrad;
If he meant to go to college
He might still dispense with knowledge,
  Knowledge which he never had.

All the facts required by PETER
  Might be found in certain tomes
Which defy this modest metre
  And encumber many homes;
So he spent his utmost saving
On the books which he was craving;
People thought he was behaving
  Like a maniac that foams,
When they saw the waggons shooting
Cartloads at his digs in Tooting,
  Tooting where the clerklet roams.

Till the night was old he tarried
  O'er the volumes big and brown,
And a tome or two he carried
  As he journeyed up to town.
Other men—mere clerks and drapers—
Might devour their morning papers,
Daily Mails and such-like ha'por's—
  PETER looked them up and down,
And amid his soulless neighbours
Still continued at his labours,
  Labours which should bring renown.

For at length the *Times* rewarded
  PETER, as was only right;
His the name which they recorded
  As the winner of the fight.
From the City, merry-hearted
As a cricket, he departed,
Packed his weighty tomes and started
  Off to Oxford, swift as light,
And at once began to hammer
At the Greek and Latin grammar,
  Grammar which he could not write.

Oft he donned his coat of sable,
  Oft his evening tie he tied;
Seated at his little table
  Once a quarter *Smalls* he tried.
But his pains were fruitless ever;
Howso oft he might endeavour,
Came the *Smalls testamur* never,
  Spite of his "complete inside,"
Till he longed to copy letters
And renew those hated fetters,
  Fetters which had galled his pride.

FLOREANT AMBÆ.

["A charwoman charged at Westminster with disorderly conduct said that she was only shouting 'Floreat Etona,' and the constable thought it was improper language."—*Daily Paper.*]

Mr. Punch has received two interesting letters on this subject, which he has great pleasure in laying before his readers.

St. Peter's College,
Westminster.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—While I would be the last to characterise the expression used by a certain lady in this vicinity as *improper*, I venture to submit that in the circumstances it is hardly *decent*. You, Sir, are aware that in the neighbourhood of Westminster the word "Floreat" can have but one meaning, and can apply legitimately only to the royal and ancient foundation of which I have the honour to be an *alumnus*. While, Sir, I yield to no one in my hearty respect for the royal school situated rather higher up the river, I very much fear that the lady in exalting Eton sought to taunt Westminster. I reflect that her remark synchronised with what is now the most important rowing event of the year, the University Boat Race; I reflect too that Eton took a large and honourable part in that race and Westminster no part at all; and then I reflect that in days gone by the Eton and Westminster race was what the University race is now, *the* event of the year, and I cannot dismiss a suspicion that the lady was ungenerously commenting on the fact that Westminster rows no longer. I think the action of the constable much to be commended, though I heartily congratulate our sometime rivals on their deserved success. Sincerely yours,

WESTMINSTER PINK.

Eton College, Windsor.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I am wholly at a loss to comprehend the high-handed action of a certain constable in arresting a lady for using the words "Floreat Etona," and further in describing them as improper language. I have not the pleasure of the lady's acquaintance, but I should like to say that she shows a very proper spirit of appreciation. I would hardly like to suggest that the officer was influenced by local feeling, but it would almost seem that a Westminster policeman could not endure the mention of Eton. I sincerely trust that he was not moved to jealousy by the reflection that Eton has been able to continue rowing, while Westminster, its old rival, has been compelled to give it up and become the sleeping partner in Third Trinity. The concurrence of the Boat Race and the arrest makes this supposition possible. I think his behaviour deserving of censure, though I cannot but say that, should Westminster ever put an eight on again, Eton would be the first to welcome the circumstance.

Sincerely yours, ETON BLUE.

ITS SOLITARY MERIT.

["This little book is well adapted to beguile the tedium of a railway journey."—*Literary Reviews, passim.*]

How bitter is your parent's cup,
  How sad, my little book, your case is!
I dreamed that men would pick you up
  At all times, in all sorts of places.
Alas! though critics praise your style,
  And hesitate to carp or cavil;—
You 're only useful to beguile
  The tedious hours of railway travel!

The well-nigh universal vogue
  Of Mr. KIPLING they refuse you;
Never, when canteens disembogue,
  Shall TOMMIES scamper to peruse you;
And never shall our studious boys
  Within your page be furtive dippers;—
Your function 's to augment the joys
  Of jaded, inexpensive trippers!

The "muddied oaf" I dreamed, O book!
  The scrimmage o'er, would prove your patron;
I thought you 'd win, by ingle nook,
  Approving smiles from maid and matron;
I hoped that dons, in cloistered shade,
  Would oft the merits of your tale weigh;—
'Twas not to be—you 're simply made
  To ease the boredom of the railway!

Never, on summer days, shall girls,
  Reclining in their hammocks, skip you;
The jewelled hands of haughty Earls,
  In moated castles, will not grip you;
I weep to think of all your bright
  And flashing phrases—such as one 'll
Not find elsewhere—condemned to light
  The darkness of a railway tunnel!



Licensed Caddy. "Carry your Clubs, Sir?"
Jones (who has chartered a small boy at a cheap rate). "No; I've got a Caddy."
Licensed Caddy. "Carry your Caddy, Sir?"

WHO IS IT?

In the *Times* there recently appeared an advertisement so naïve in its self-complacency that it seems to deserve the immortality which only *Mr. Punch's* columns can confer. It ran as follows:—

YOUNG WRITER of exceptional ability, author of highly successful novels, articles, poems, &c., original thinker, would be glad to hear of additional remunerative Literary Work. Terms moderate; views Liberal.

Who can it be? "Exceptional ability" at once suggests Mr. Hall Caine. But then he is hardly a "Young Writer." "Highly successful poems" seems to indicate the Laureate. But then what terms could possibly be sufficiently moderate? "Original thinker" might be Mr. Bernard Shaw. But in that case "Views Liberal" would be something of a litotes.

On the whole it seems best to give up the search for an answer to the riddle, or to reserve it for the long winter evenings. The *Times* might do worse than add it to the conundrums which all persons desiring a thousand pounds are now being invited to solve with the aid of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Or it might be made the basis of a new parlour game, and hostesses, at their duller parties, might hand round papers containing advertisements, and give prizes for the best guesses as to the identity of the advertisers. A few specimens are subjoined:—

MIDDLE-AGED STATESMAN of positively gigantic capacity desires more assured position. Party shows disposition to shelve him. Terms moderate. Views Liberal.

YOUNG TORY, greatly admired by section of the Press, desires Cabinet appointment, preferably Secretaryship for War. First-rate writer and speaker.

ADMIRED DRAMATIST requires critic of fairness and integrity to take post on great daily paper. Must write English.

DRAMATIC CRITIC desires head of admired dramatist on a charger. What offers?

CAPABLE ADMIRAL, good fellow but lacking in tact, requires Secretary to keep him from saying the wrong thing. Must be always at his elbow. Apply, White House.

MANUFACTURER OF ANTIQUES desires new sphere of activity. England preferred. Corots and Constables a speciality. Historic jewelry carefully simulated. Apply, Paris.

CHAIRMAN, LICENSING JUSTICES, would be glad to hear of city where licences may be decimated without arousing comment. Particulars in confidence at Colonial Office.

Adding Insult to Injury.—In an account of a lecture given at Portsmouth by a lady, on the subject of Miss Marie Corelli, the native Press says:—"The lecturer was divided into two parts." But this was not all; for we read lower down that "a vote of thanks to the lecturer brought the evening to a close." One would have supposed that the evening, as far as the lecturer was concerned, had ended with her tragic and violent disruption, and that the subsequent irony would leave her cold.

Classic Motto for a Boat-load of Bad Sailors during a rough Channel Passage (Italian pronunciation).—"*O si sic omnes!*"

THE MOTORISTS.

You see them sitting head to head
  Like pigeons on the tiles,
Whispering from breakfast-time to bed
  Of motor-cars and miles.
You see them all intent, profound,
  And rapt enjoyment gleaning
From phrases singular in sound
  And mystical in meaning.

First they discuss the car as such,
  And fill the listener's ear
With all the virtues of the clutch,
  The merits of the gear:
Then one explains the reason why
  His sparking plug is better,
And takes occasion to decry
  The other's carburetter.

From these momentous points the word
  To other things is borne,
That coats should, or should not, be furred,
  That goggles should be worn:
That some new-fashioned cap is just
  The wear for doubtful weather,
And that your driving gauntlets must
  Be more than dogskin leather.

About this conversational feast
  Much anecdote is strown,
Stories of highways unpoliced,
  And records overthrown:
When each, Imagination's aid
  To grace his tale invoking,
Tells of the famous run he made
  To Barnet or to Woking.

At last—with reverence be it told—
  To them that favoured are
At last, the coach-house doors unrolled
  Reveal the actual car.
It comes, pushed slowly forth by hand,
  A process antiquated,
But one to which, I understand,
  It is habituated.

Round it the motorists collect
  To solemnly admire,
Upon its beauties to reflect,
  And stroke its bulging tyre.
Stirred by the sight, with blame or praise
  Their busy tongues begin again,
They gaze and talk, and talk and gaze,
  And then they push it in again.

So be it: but when days are fine,
  When roads are dry and hard,
These pampered vehicles decline
  To leave the stable-yard;
A cog is bent, a valve astray
  In some obscure position,
While many, such is humour's way,
  Frankly defy ignition.

One horse of old was well content
  To pull us through the mud,
While yonder engines represent
  A quite extensive stud.
Ten horses: yet, when all is done,
  The mournful issues prove
That of them all no single one
  Can be induced to move.

Sometimes, when flaws are unforeseen,
  The owners puff and blow,
Twisting and tinkering the machine
  In hopes to make it go;
But oftener, with a genial calm,
  They greet the situation,
And seek the house their souls to balm
  With further conversation.

You see them sitting head to head,
  And murmuring on for hours,
Talking from breakfast-time to bed
  Of different motive powers.
About dynamics, oil or steam,
  My ignorance is crass,
But I should certainly esteem
  Their motive power as gas.

MUNICIPAL TRADING.

(What it may come to.)

COLONEL COURTENAY stepped into the municipal motor omnibus—a halfpenny any distance—somewhat slowly, for he was getting a little stiff from rheumatism and old age, and sat down next to his friend Dr. GOODHART.

"I'm as well as I can expect to be, thank you," said he in answer to the doctor's inquiries, "especially in these hard times. I see they're going to raise the rates again."

"Impossible!" said the other; "why, what are they now? I almost lose count. I think the last were at eighty-five shillings in the pound."

"Eighty-five and ninepence," replied the Colonel, "and now they're going to add another seventeen and tenpence. They say it's to pay the interest on the loan for finishing the Municipal Music-hall and Working Men's Club."

"Very likely," said his friend, "it all comes to the same in the end. We have to pay. Talking of Clubs, do you belong to any now?"

"My dear fellow, what a question to ask! I used to belong to the Rag and several others. By Jove, when I was a subaltern I thought nothing of joining a Club. But my old father paid the rates then, and they were only about three shillings in the pound. Doesn't that sound ridiculous? How could I afford any Club now, with the Income Tax always at half-a-crown and these infernal rates more than five times the assessment of one's house? Only a working man can afford a Club. I wish I'd been a working man."

"I imagine," said the doctor, "that you worked harder than any of these fellows when you were in South Africa, and in those other old campaigns. I wish I could have a six-hours day, with a half day three times a week, and no work on Saturday. When I was able to afford that shabby little brougham I got through my work in about nine or ten hours, not including night work, but now I'm obliged to walk, or ride in these municipal omnibuses, I can hardly get it in between breakfast and bedtime. However, there's always the Workhouse to retire to, only they do all they can to prevent a middle-class man from going there, because if the middle-class give up in despair there'll be nobody to pay the rates. By the way, did you ever get anything from the Municipal Tailoring Works? This suit came from there. Not bad for half-a-guinea, is it?"

"Of course not, because the difference comes out of the rates. But all the cloth is supplied by contract by one of the aldermen. I bought this great-coat for six-and-sixpence last autumn, and it's turned a different colour every fortnight since. Of course the cloth was dyed in the Municipal Dye Works. It's what they call a fast colour. However, it's good enough for an old soldier. It's only PERKINS, the Mayor, who can afford to cut a dash. Does he do any work for you now?"

"Not he! I've found a much better plumber than he ever was, an engineer come down in the world. The rates have crushed him. He was telling me about the new Workhouse, which has cost nearly a million."

"Why, that's as much as the new Town Hall," interrupted the Colonel.

"Oh, no! That cost a million and a half. But the Workhouse must be gorgeous. All the staircases are marble, there's oak panelling everywhere, and the best furniture from the Municipal Furnishing Stores."

"Ah, then, the chairs will break down under the inmates. I sat on a municipal chair once. All the wood is supplied by contract by one of the aldermen. What's going on here?"

"Oh, they're only tearing up the old electric tramways. They cost the town over a million, blocked all the streets for ten years, and were then given up altogether when these municipal omnibuses were started. These are run at a loss. We've had this one to ourselves all the way. However, the difference comes out of the rates, so the working man doesn't lose."

"Not he! And all the omnibuses are supplied by contract by one of the aldermen. What's that infernal noise? Is the thing going to blow up?"

"Very likely. I shall get out and walk. Good-bye, COURTENAY."

"I shall do the same, though these three-and-sixpenny boots from the Municipal Boot Works hardly keep the wet out after a few weeks, and my municipal umbrella is perfectly rotten. We're all going to the dogs as fast as we can. Good-bye."

PHENOMENAL HEROINISM!

(A Historical Fragment.)

[Under the heading "Fashionable Lady's Daring Innovation," a daily paper recently described, in half a column of wonderment, the apparition in the West End on the previous afternoon of a bonnet with dark green strings tied in a double bow slightly to the left of the chin of a lady most neatly and elegantly dressed, and still obviously and undeniably young; a tiny cluster of spring flowers adorning the "confection."]

The Kalends of April, Anno Domini Nineteen-Hundred-and-Three, was an epoch-making date in the history of the British Empire.

At half-past three o'clock on that afternoon a rumour spread like wild-fire from end to end of the metropolis to the effect that a strange and startling spectacle of a feminine nature was to be observed in Bond Street.

In a few minutes the Tube and suburban lines were blocked with streams of hurrying and perspiring *quidnuncs;* the service of buses had to be trebled and quadrupled on all roads converging to the above-named focus of fashion; extra drafts of police were hastily telephoned for from outlying districts; and by four o'clock the crush was so immense in this particular quarter that all traffic and circulation was impossible.

Things began to look ugly, and the crowd was getting out of hand, when the new Commissioner of Police, Mr. E. Richard Henry, thought it advisable to summon the military. Six Army Corps promptly arrived in as many motors, with Mr. Brodrick at their head.

By degrees a lane was made to the centre of attraction, after the Riot Act had been read and a volley of blank charge fired.

The cause of the disturbance was then ascertained and located by a picked body, numbering some hundreds, of interviewers and photographers, and led by *Mr. Punch's* own Special Representative at the Seat of War.

It was a Bustle of the Early Eighties worn (slightly on the right) by a prepossessing and very self-possessed young lady of some twenty springs.

Such a heroine had not been seen since the days of Grace Darling, and special editions recording the progress of the affair were issued until late at night.

All Fashiondom had been rocked to its foundation. Dressmakers were aghast at the audacity of the incident, while their clients, who had just purchased what they supposed to be latest costumes, were in despair.

Further details must be looked for elsewhere, as *Mr. Punch's* young man fainted with emotion on being present at such a portentous scene.



Eccentric Old Gent (whose pet aversion is a dirty child). "Go away, you Dirty Girl, and wash your Face!"

Indignant Youngster. "*You* go 'ome, you Dirty Old Man, and do yer 'air!"

CHARIVARIA.

A new Field Club for ladies is announced. A feature is to be a special room for pets. We think this differentiation between the members will lead to trouble.

Mr. Brodrick, who is all thoughtfulness for his recruits, is reported to be about to introduce a much-needed reform. In future our barracks are to have playgrounds attached to them, containing real sand, &c. Our readers will remember that similar enclosures are set aside for children in many of our public parks.

Hospitable Lisbon has been crowded with people embracing in the streets and lifting one another's scarf-pins.

Wonderful things are happening in Ireland. A new era of loyalty is being ushered in. At the Cork Agricultural Show the King's cattle were loudly cheered.

Since New Year's Day twenty persons have been placed on the Black List at Manchester. All were ladies.

What part of a man is the east end? "Man shot in the East End," as the papers say.

A Cambridge cycle-maker wrote to his sweetheart that he hoped Providence would find a means of separating them. His wish was granted through the agency of the local Court. The fee was just £100.

New by-laws for Bognor have put a penalty of £5 on steam-organ playing. Owners of Locomobiles in the neighbourhood are indignant.

We understand that the authors of *Wisdom While you Wait* are preparing to publish a sequel dealing with the *Times* Competition. *Mr. Punch's* young men are to be congratulated on their enterprise, seeing that the *Times*, like the Poet Laureate and the Kaiser, has taken to producing its own imitations of its imitators. One recalls the historic precedent furnished by Miss Cissie Loftus, when she burlesqued Miss Letty Lind's burlesque of Miss Cissie Loftus's burlesque of Miss Letty Lind.



EASTER MANŒUVRES.

Adjutant. "YOUR ORDERS ARE THAT WHEN YOU ARE ATTACKED, CAPTAIN SLASHER, YOU ARE TO FALL BACK SLOWLY."
Capt. Slasher. "IN WHICH DIRECTION AM I TO RETIRE, SIR?"
Adjutant. "WELL, THE PROPER WAY, OF COURSE, WOULD BE OVER THAT HILL, BUT——*THEY INTEND TO HAVE LUNCH BEHIND THAT FARMHOUSE IN THE VALLEY.*"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

ELEGY ON AN INDIAN COMPOUND.

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

THE time-gun rolls his nerve-destroying bray;
The toiling moon rides slowly o'er the trees;
The weary diners cast their cares away,
And seek the lawn for coolness and for ease.

Now fade the lessening echoes on the night,
And melancholy silence rules the scene,
Save where the bugler sounds, with conscious might,
And thirsty THOMAS leaves the wet canteen;

Save that from yonder lines in deepest gloom
Th' ambiguous mule does of the stick * bewail,
Whose *dunder* craft forbids him to consume
His comrade's blanket, or his neighbour's tail.

Beneath those jagged tiles, that low-built roof,
(Whose inmost secret deeps let none divine!),
Each to his master's voice supremely proof,
The Aryan Brothers of our household dine.

Let not Presumption mock their joyless pile,
The cold boiled rice, in native butter greased;
Nor scorn, with rising gorge and painful smile,
The cheap but filling flapjacks of the East.

Full many a gem of highest Art-cuisine
Those grim unleavened cates would overweigh;
Full many a "dish to set before the Queen"
Would lack the substance of that poor display.

Nor you, their lords, expect of these the toil,
When o'er their minds a soft oblivion steals,
And through the long-drawn hookah's pliant coil
They soothe their senses, and digest their meals.

For Knowledge to their ears her ample store,
Rich with the latest news, does then impart,
Whose source, when known, shall chill you to the core,
And freeze the genial cockles of the heart.

For once, to long neglectfulness a prey,
Resentment led me undetected near,
To "know the reason" of this cool delay,
And teach my trusty pluralist to hear.

There to my vassals' ruminating throng,
Some total stranger, seated on a pail,
Perused, translating as he went along,
My private letters by the current Mail.

One moment, horror baulked my strong intent;
Next o'er the compound wall we saw him go,
While dismal shrieks, with deprecation blent,
Deplored the pressing tribute of the toe.

The Moral.

To you, fresh youths, with round, unblushing cheeks,
Some moral tag this closing verse applies;
E'en from the old the voice of Wisdom speaks—
Even the youngest are not always wise!

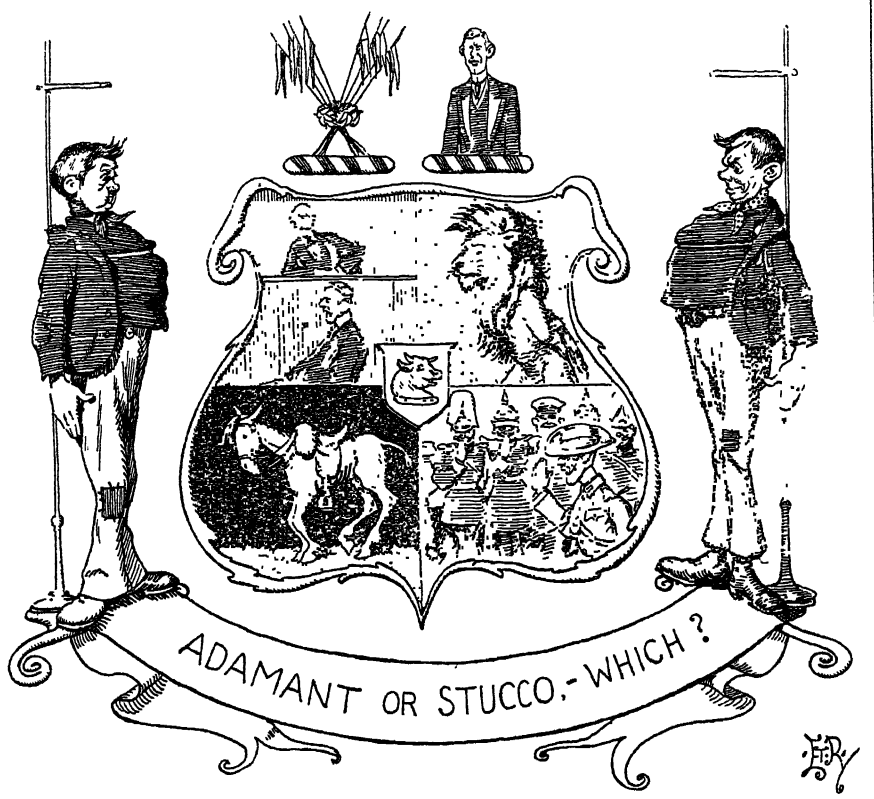
From Exploration's curious arts refrain,
The alluring fields of Orient lore eschew:
Lest you should learn—nor ever smile again!—
The dubious customs of the mild Hindoo. DUM-DUM.

* The *dunder-stick*—an ingenious instrument devised to defeat this extraordinary appetite.



THE INFANT HERCULES.

READY MADE COATS(-OF-ARMS); OR, GIVING 'EM FITS!



William St. John Brodrick, 1st Viscount Reckoner of Slumboys; Baron Schemer, of Armecore.

Arms—Quarterly: 1st, under a chief premier, loyal in support, issuant therefrom at intervals perfunctory cheers resonant in isolation, the humbert of debate on a bluff proper swelling out his war-chest unduly; 2nd, a british lion reguardant askance, holding in reserve a rod proper of chastisement, salted in pickle, shirty, chafy, hoping for the best or ——; 3rd, an antique hungarian war-horse or remount proper, warranty shady, spavined, dicky, groggy at the knees, rushed up moribund to the front, replaced mahogany or mules; 4th, before an expert teutonic staff, plumed, padded, tight-laced all proper in pince-nez, a civilian war-minister arrayed khaki for the nonce as a General (object) of Derision; over all on an escutcheon of pretence, a demi-bull in fury, mantled purpure, disillusioned in warfare, stricken in prestige, and bent erstwhile on changes drastic to the last, stumping up freely or and argent, gazing mesmerically hypnotised in fatuity at six sketchy hypothetical armecores, of the continent, damcillées in conception, anesthetically flaunted in solace. (*Supporters* not yet granted.) *Crests:* 1st, a sheaf of regulation cavalry lances imbrued gules on service in the field, wreathed in laurels, doggedly superseded, labelled passée in museums; 2nd, an impenetrable parliamentary target proper, case-hardened, harveyised, stubborn in surface, pounded, pommelled and slated, backed solid in concrete, invected flankwise by a band issuant from a cave of the fourth, sinister in design, but sejant supporterwise on the dexter side, led by an heraldic beckett or esquire urgent, gifted in debate, conjoined nightly in criticism, 1st, with a scion of talent, pallid, willowy, of the house of Cecil, clutchant twiny twisty of the wrists, 2nd, with a battle-stained junior subaltern, perky, sandy, guardant of the funds, bearing the distinction of Companion of the Vulture, skilful in réclame (*Motto:* "We are the coming 'suckle,' You are the B"). *Supporters:* Two typical "brodricks," or splay-footed recruitlets cornabois, urchins slouchant of the slums, inflatant puffy of the chest under medical inspection. *Second Motto:* Frangas non flectes—"*You* may break (away), but you won't bend *me*"

NEWSPAPER RECOLLECTIONS.

A.D. 2003.

[A popular feature of the modern newspaper is the column devoted to the recalling of anniversaries.]

This year has a melancholy interest in that it is the centenary of the terrible catastrophe which befell a portion of our Army and cast a gloom over England during the Spring of 1903. We refer of course to the sudden and awful disappearance of two entire Army Corps. Exactly how the tragedy occurred will never be known. No one seems to have seen the ill-fated troops prior to their supposed annihilation: yet that they were living at the beginning of the year is proved by the fact that about that time the War Secretary publicly referred to the recent formation of these bodies. Many conjectures were put forth regarding the fate of the troops, but the awful mystery was apparently never solved, and to this day we know no more of the matter than did our ancestors.

A propos of the Army an echo of the past is sounded to-day by the announcement that the War Office have decided to proceed immediately to the distribution of the remainder of the medals gained in the Boer War of 1899-1902. Descendants of heroes engaged in that campaign are requested to apply forthwith to the authorities at Pall Mall.

"Long-Bow" writes to say that he is still able to recollect seeing, when a very little boy, a domestic servant working in a kitchen. He says that "this eccentric person had the greatest contempt for the privileges of her station, and declined to join her fellow domestics in the drawing-room, preferring to spend her time with her mistress and family in the lower regions."

With reference to the recent international motor races, a correspondent reminds us that little more than half a century ago there existed people who were accustomed to make use of the public roads and highways for pedestrian purposes. Curious as it may seem, up to 1950 it was no uncommon thing to meet during an afternoon's motor ramble as many as a half-dozen persons pursuing this curious and obsolete mode of exercise. Tramps as they flew past on their second-hand machines would turn round and jeer, and facetiously offer the pedestrian "freaks" a ride to the next town. But the walking men were naturally impervious to criticism, or they would never have ventured forth without either a motor or an airship.

To-day will be celebrated throughout the land as the anniversary of the birth of Harmson Pearsworth, the greatest competitionist England ever produced. Going up to college with a brilliant reputation and a *Times* scholarship, he came out senior solver in the Picture Puzzle Tripos of 1950. On leaving college, Pearsworth settled still further down to the study of the great subject with which his name will be for ever associated. In 1957 he won the Bank of England and contents in the *Wit-Bits* competition for recognising, from thumb-nail sketches, the names of all the flying-machine stations in Wales and the Red Sea Littoral; while the year following, in the Portraits of Eminent Gaol-birds Competition, he gained the City of London and Tooting. Before he died, Pearsworth had added to his prizes France, Shepherd's Bush, Ireland (which he returned after a few weeks), the White Star Line, the Hotel Cecil, and a first edition of *Temporal Power*.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.—No. IV.

I SHOULD like to tell the story of how I nearly got hooked up the first time when I was quite a young chap. I wasn't a marrying man in those days—not much, and, to tell you the truth, I wasn't much of a one for ladies' society. Of course I used to go about a bit to dances and things of that kind, where you have to meet girls and be polite to them and let them chaff you, but I always felt it wasn't my game.

Of course I was dressed up all right—white tie, patent leather pumps, lavender kids with black backs, and a red silk handkerchief tucked into the opening of my waistcoat in top-up style, so as to look like one of those fellows with a decoration. It gives a tone to the whole rig-out that you can't get in any other way. Young ROGERSON'S handkerchief was bright yellow, but I always stuck by red as being in better taste.

But, after all, what can you do at a dance? It's all so cut and dried and conventional that a fellow never gets a chance of distinguishing himself. Everybody's pretty much like everybody else, so far as that goes. You go into the room and you see just the same faces as you saw last week, sitting round the walls like so many peaches waiting to be plucked. You can't go up to a girl as the chaps do in the books, and say, "Maiden, thy father sits revelling in the great hall with his boon companions and trusty knights; thy mother is at her orisons in an upper chamber. The portcullis is down and the moon is hidden. Beyond these castle walls are liberty and love. Wilt fly with me on the steeds that champ their bits at the gate? Or, say, shall we first, to lull their suspicions, tread a stately measure?" (I copied this out of *The Quest of the Morion*, and it seems to be the way they used to talk a good many years ago.)

If you said anything of that sort the girl would only snigger and say, "Lor', Mr. PASHLEY, how you do run on!" and her mother would put you down as dangerous. Instead of that, all a chap can say is, "May I have the pleasure of the third polka with you?" and, after it's over, "May I take you to the refreshments? Lemonade or claret cup?" and then you sit by like a fool while the girl's sipping, and you can't think what the deuce you're going to talk about next, and it's ten to one, if you do try your best, you manage to say the wrong thing. Once, I remember, I thought I'd been going pretty strong with a girl whose name I hadn't caught, and I'd just got to paying her a compliment about a dimple she had in her right cheek—it was something I'd read in a book of poetry about dimples being Cupid's weapons. I forget how it went exactly, but I know simple rhymed with dimple. Well, she blushed a bit and hung her head, so I went on to ask her if I might have the next dance too. She said, "Are you not engaged for that, Mr. PASHLEY?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "but I'll throw her over, of course. It's only an old frump, a fat old married woman, fifty, if she's a day, with great red mottled arms. What on earth a woman like that wants to be dancing for I can't conceive. Her name's CHOLLOP"—I put a lot of sarcasm into the way I pronounced it—"and she's old enough to be your mother."

"She *is* my mother," said the girl, looking at me like a tiger-cat; and with that she got up and left me sitting with a bit of sponge-cake in my hand. I made tracks jolly soon afterwards. However, that was the sort of thing that was always happening to me at dances. Just when I thought things were going best, I'd manage to get my foot in it and have to sing small. And there was another thing. Mother never liked my dancing. She said no doubt things were different from what they were when she was young; but she couldn't get over her old Puritan ways, and she was sure that dancing was one of the devil's snares. She seemed pleased to see me dressed up smart, only she warned me not to be led away by social successes, and never to forget that what a man's legs did was nothing; it was what he did with his head that mattered. I took it joking, and said I was sorry I couldn't dance on my head, not being a performing dog; but, as I've said before, mother never did see a joke.

So it came about that after a time I rather gave up dancing, and took to going out to theatres and music-halls with APSLEY and his lot. And that's how I dropped in for the business I meant to tell you about. But I shall have to keep it for another time after all.

A WAR OFFICE ENQUIRY.

SIR, *Mr. Punch*, the following is true.
Peruse my story written in blank verse,
For such a tragic metre seems to me
Peculiarly adapted to the subject.
From earliest years had I been singled out
As one whose talents leaned to feats of arms,
In view of which to Sandhurst I repaired,
Whence, in the second year from my arrival,
Steeped to the eyes in military lore,
I passed with honours.
Straightway did I speed
To the War Office, all agog to learn
The date when I might look to be gazetted.
Quickly arriving, I produced my card,
And to the nearest minion thus: "Good Sir,
In me a budding KITCHENER you see,
Who, at your leisure, would be glad to learn
The date when he may look to be gazetted."
"They'll tell you," quoth the knave, "at M.S. One."
To M.S. One, whatever that might mean,
I turned my steps. And, on arriving, "Sir,
To be succinct, I pant to ascertain
The date when I may look to be gazetted."
"Ah," said the minion blandly, "I should think
Colonel O'MAUSER is the man you want.
He'll give you information on the topic.
Call, therefore, on this noted son of Mars
At Number Thirty-seven, Bayonet Buildings,
Pall Mall."
I thanked him kindly, and departed.
Colonel O'MAUSER, I regret to say,
Was out.
His servant, having heard my errand,
Genially bade me "Ask at M.S. Two."
Bracing myself together (for by now
Faint did I feel with hunger and fatigue),
I called at M.S. Two, to be directed
With some asperity to Cox's Bank,
Where, I was told, I might expect to find
Major DE FORPOINT-SEVENING'S address.
He, they surmised, could tell me in a trice
The date when I might look to be gazetted.—
Shrewd man, the Major.
Cox's Bank was shut.
I tried to find him at the Foreign Office
Without success. And when a person there
Gave me instructions, which, I saw, would lead
Once more by devious routes to M.S. One,
I hailed a passing hansom, and returned,
Full of strange oaths, to my ancestral home—
And to this day, for all I've toiled and fretted,
I've no idea *when* I'm to be gazetted.



Old Woman (to young Lady Bountiful). "Yes, Miss, Nellie do grow. She skips out of 'er Shoes in no time. 'Er Feet are themenjeous. I should think a pair of yours would just fit 'er, Miss!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

GREVILLE'S study of King WILLIAM THE FOURTH leaves little to be desired, whether in sparkling point or graphic fulness. The diarist knew his sovereign intimately, and had what Lord HALSBURY would call "a sort of" contemptuous tolerance of him, contrasting with personal loathing of his predecessor on the throne. In a score of apparently casual entries GREVILLE makes our latest WILLIAM live for all time. He burns into memory his honest bluffness, his indifference to ceremonial, and his passion for after-dinner speaking, in the course of which he was even more than usually incoherent. Born to be the master of a sailing brig, accident of parentage placed him on a throne. Undaunted by this lion in the path, Mr. FITZGERALD MOLLOY has compiled two volumes in memory of *The Sailor King* (HUTCHINSON). As he justly observes, the reign, too remote for personal recollection, too recent for stately history, covers a space in national annals of which comparatively little is known. Mr. MOLLOY bridges it with pleasant chat and extracts obtained from all available sources. His literary style, more especially when he lets himself go, is appalling. Here is the opening sentence of his narrative: "Weary greyness still brooded above the world as just before dawn on June 26, 1830, GEORGE THE FOURTH passed into eternity." My Baronite hastens to say that this maudlin mixture of MACAULAY and milk punch is the result of supreme effort. Mr. MOLLOY, reversing the national practice of saving a trot for the avenue, thought he would start off well. And there you are. When he settles down to plain English he does much better. He has an eye to the picturesque, and has not been sparing of industry in picking out and stringing together choice bits from private and public records. Judiciously he avoids politics, dealing with the personal annals of courtiers, poets, writers, players, wits and women. Of the latter he devotes no less than three chapters to retelling the story of Mrs. NORTON, of whom a photogravure from a drawing by HAYTER adorns the second volume. On the other hand the Reverend EDWARD IRVING has two chapters to himself.

A Lad of the O'Friel's, by SEUMAS MACMANUS (ISBISTER), affords a delightful insight into Irish peasant life, by one who knows the Emerald Isle and her people thoroughly. After all, civilisation is less a matter of telephones and gramophones, motor-cars and "advanced women," than a high sense of the difference between right and wrong, courteous manners, and a wonderful resignation under trial. Seen in this light, the men and women depicted by Mr. MACMANUS are in advance, in point of true progress, of many who figure in the great world of wealth and fashion nearer home. What truer lady could we meet than the pure-hearted and pious *Nuala*, the heroine of this charming tale, or where could you find a young fellow with a higher sense of chivalry than *Dinny*, the hero? With many scenes of genuine pathos, *A Lad of the O'Friel's* is enlivened by touches of true Irish wit and humour. In the opinion of my Assistant Reader, therefore, this is a charming book, and one which is sure of lasting fame and popularity.

In *Overdue* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), CLARK RUSSELL gives us another of those fascinating stories of the sea, of which in these days he is "the onlie begettor." In a parenthetical passage in an early chapter he hints at the fact, sadly familiar to his personal friends, that, enchained in the grip of rheumatism, he has long been prisoner in his room. This, my Baronite tells me, happens, by one of the little ironies of life, to be situated in a town as far remote from ocean as the limits of the island permit. This makes more marvellous his power of picturing the sea in its many moods. As you read you smell the brine, see the great green waves leaping round the ship, or watch the moon illuminating illimitable levels of glistening water. Mr. RUSSELL'S word-pictures of the sea convey something of the touch of TURNER'S brush, with the advantage that whilst the painter dealt with river and lagoon, the writer deals with the mightier ocean. The *Dealman* goes forth in quest of sunken treasure, but on the long voyage there is no monotony. Mr. RUSSELL always has something turning up, from a belated balloon to a convict ship. There are some stirring scenes when Staten Island is reached. These the gentle reader is invited to study from the book.

Mr. FERGUS HUME'S mysterious romance, *The Jade Eye* (JOHN LONG), is so full of murders, burglaries, thefts, surprises, long explanations which leave the reader more puzzled than ever, crafty impersonations by different persons anxious for occult reasons to conceal their individuality and to play at being somebody else, that the Baron owns himself utterly baffled. It begins well, but after a while the perpetual repetition, by everyone in the story, of the words "The Jade Eye" is so irritating, that only a skipper, and he must be a master skipper too, can lightly o'ertop the bales of conversational padding and alight safely on the strong points of the story. To those who like such exercise this book is recommended by the Baron.

Out of the Past (JOHN MURRAY), by the Right Hon. Sir MOUNTSTUART E. GRANT DUFF, G.C.S.I., F.R.S., is the title of two volumes of well-written recollections that date back to the first quarter of the nineteenth century. His criticisms of men from whom he must have differed *toto cœlo* seem free from any political or sectarian bias. Altogether a most interesting, as it is a most useful, book.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

APOLOGIA.

(To a Passing, not even Nodding, Acquaintance.)

I STARED at you. No doubt it was a wrong—
Maybe, ungentlemanly—thing to do,
But still I looked, and looking looked for long,
I stared at you.

Apologies, dear lady. If you knew
You must admit my case was pretty strong.
If not to look at, why have eyes so blue,
Set in a face as sweet as sweetest song?
Had you been plain it never had been true
To say that, stopping still amid the throng,
I stared at you.

THE PARTING GUEST.—It was the humorous fancy of a New Brunswick housebreaker to relieve the monotony of prison life by escaping, putting in a brisk spell of burgling at various houses in the neighbourhood, and returning, weighed down with plunder, to his cell once more, where he would hide the night's earnings under the floor. Eventually, however, he foolishly requested the warder one evening not to sit up for him, as he might be late, and this, arousing the official's suspicions, led to his detection. When it was pointed out to him by the Governor that he was giving the prison a bad name, and that, loth as he was to interfere with the pleasure of a guest, this could not go on, he agreed to forego his rambles. The Governor, charmed by his ready acquiescence, courteously offered to provide him with a latch-key, and the episode terminated.

FELICITOUS TITLE FOR A NEW FIRE-PROOF MATERIAL.—Uralite.

THE SIMPLER LIFE.

A year or two ago, when I was still a bachelor, I seemed to be constantly meeting people who wanted to convert me to The Simpler Life. They sent me pamphlets on the subject, and directed my attention to articles upon it in the more expensive magazines.

The seed fell on good ground, and I became a convert. Many bachelors do. Indeed, the advantages of so doing are obvious. The Simpler Life relieves you from the necessity of wearing a frock-coat, or paying afternoon calls, or leaving cards after a dinner party. It is in fact quite an old theory of social behaviour which used to bear a less high-sounding name. It aims at abolishing snobbery and ostentation. Thus, liveried menials are prohibited by it. These I was easily induced to forego. It discountenances formality of all kinds. Hence the disappearance of calls and card-leaving and similar nuisances. In fact, there are quite a number of ordinary social customs and duties on which The Simpler Life looks with disfavour. All these I steadfastly abjured. Indeed, had I remained a bachelor, I am inclined to think I might have achieved a certain pre-eminence as a Simpler Liver.

Instead of this I married.

Now the Simpler Life inevitably tends to make more converts among bachelors than among married men. There is something in the institution of matrimony which is essentially hostile to it. Yet when I married Evelyn it was with the fullest intention of carrying out the precepts of The Simpler Life with conscientious fidelity.

Evelyn herself seemed quite ready to be converted.

"It is beautiful, John, quite beautiful," she would say when I expounded its tenets. "That part about not having servants in livery now. I think that is *so* right! Because you see, dear, we couldn't possibly afford to have them anyway, could we? So it would be much more comfortable if no one else had them either."

So we were married. The wedding was not quite as simple as I wished—there were twelve bridesmaids and three hundred presents, mostly duplicates—but Evelyn said it would please her mother, so of course I had to give way. And her going-away dress *looked* beautifully simple. After the wedding we went to Eastbourne for a week, before starting for Italy.

There is an obvious compatibility between Eastbourne and The Simpler Life. And yet it was at Eastbourne that the problem arose which ultimately led to my abandoning its precepts for ever. I remember how a vague feeling that all was not right seized upon me even at Victoria Station, when a young woman of pleasing appearance, carrying a hand-bag, met us upon the platform and buzzed round my wife officiously. But I said nothing. When, however, we alighted at Eastbourne, and the same officious female took possession of my wife's wraps and began to look after the luggage, my suspicion became a certainty. My wife had brought a maid!

Now The Simpler Life distinctly lays it down that the multiplication of servants is a useless and harmful luxury. Under that heading lady's maids would unquestionably be included. I pointed this out to Evelyn as gently as I could. She did not appear to be impressed.

"But that's absurd, dear," she replied calmly. "Parkins isn't *useless* at all. On the contrary, Parkins is invaluable. I simply don't know what I should do without Parkins. Who would look after my frocks; who would pack and unpack, if I hadn't Parkins?"

"The Simpler Life says we should do these things for ourselves," I observed gravely.

"But I couldn't possibly do that, dearest," she answered. "I shouldn't know how."

"But you might *try*," I urged. "*Do*, Evelyn. Let this



THE RULE OF THE ROAD: AN EASTER MONDAY EXAMPLE.

"I hope you are not hurt. But it was entirely your own fault. Why didn't you drive on your Right Side?"

"Why, that's just where I *was* a-driving! D'yer think I don't know Right from Left, Mister Hignorance!"

be a turning point in your life. Begin to be Simpler, dearest, from to-day."

"Not to-day, JOHN," she answered firmly. "You mustn't ask me, dear. These things ought never to be done in a hurry. You are always such an impetuous darling. Do let us wait and think it over."

No man can be called "an impetuous darling" by the lady he has just married and remain unmoved. For the moment I was silenced. But I determined to return to the subject.

I did return to it—more than once. EVELYN was very sweet about it. She is wonderfully reasonable when you put things to her sensibly. But she advanced a great many arguments which I had to meet before I could make any impression.

"I'm sure you *could* pack as well as PARKINS if you were willing to try," I said confidently. "You are so clever about everything."

"I *could* of course, dearest," she agreed. "But supposing I had one of my headaches just as we were starting for somewhere? You wouldn't like me to have to pack *then!* And I have such dreadful headaches sometimes."

"If you had a headache *I* would pack for you," I answered bravely. "You shall teach me."

EVELYN laughed gaily.

"Why, you poor darling," she said, "you don't know how difficult it is. All the skirts have to be folded so that they won't crease, and you have to put tissue paper in all the sleeves to prevent them from being crushed. You'd never manage it."

"Try me!" I answered. "Give PARKINS notice, and when you have a headache or feel tired I'll be your maid."

So we came to an agreement. PARKINS was not to be sent away altogether. EVELYN said that would be hasty. But she was to be given a holiday, and while we were in Italy we would take no maid with us.

I am forced to admit that this arrangement somewhat interfered with my enjoyment of Italy. We moved about a great deal: Milan, Verona, Venice, Ravenna, Florence, Perugia, Assisi, various parts of the Italian lakes were visited in turn. EVELYN seemed anxious that we should see as many different places as possible during the six weeks we were away. And at each of these a vast amount of packing and unpacking had to be done. Moreover, dear EVELYN'S luggage did not seem to have been very well designed for The Simpler Life. She had sixteen dresses, as far as I could make out, besides innumerable odds and ends in the way of shoes and stockings and petticoats and blouses and mysterious undergarments. And every one of these had to be unpacked and packed again at every place at which we halted.

"I can't bear living in my boxes," she declared plaintively. "I like everything arranged tidily in drawers. PARKINS always did it."

But that is, I understand, the feminine conception of travel. A man throws a few things into a bag, and when he reaches a halting-place only takes out what he wants for the night. A woman at once proceeds to empty every trunk she possesses.



SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR SPRING MILLINERY.

1. The Motor Hat (very smart). 2. The Basket (very useful). 3. The Frying Pan. 4. The Golf Hat. 5. The Gramophone. 6. The Tambourine.

Another thing which tended to mar my complete happiness during our tour was the state of EVELYN'S health. She appeared to have a quite unfair number of headaches. On arriving at an hotel for the night she seemed perfectly well, and would unpack her five large boxes with enthusiasm. But when, two days later, it was necessary to re-pack them, her health became unaccountably worse, and she would spend the morning with half-closed eyes on the sofa while I performed this task. And though her eyes were half closed they never seemed to close entirely, for she would exclaim at intervals reproachfully, "*Do* be careful, dear. You are crumpling that skirt dreadfully."

While we were in Italy we stayed at ten different hotels, and during all that time EVELYN only packed once. The result was that the greater part of my days was consumed in folding skirts and putting tissue paper into sleeves.

Once I suggested that it might be possible to leave some of her trunks behind, or at least not to disturb their contents at every halting-place, but on this point she was firm.

"I couldn't do that, dear," she said in a shocked tone; "I should never be able to get the creases out of my things if I left them in my trunks. Besides, it would be slovenly."

Whatever sins may be upon my conscience I can safely assert that on my wedding tour I was *not* slovenly. But I was acting in defence of a principle, and later on EVELYN'S health would improve, and she would pack and unpack for herself.

At last the honeymoon came to an end. I packed EVELYN'S five trunks for the last time, and we turned our faces homewards. I was worn out with the fatigues of this kind of travel, but I felt that I had gained a moral victory, and when we sat down to dinner on the first evening after our return I ventured to point out this fact to my wife.

"Now, dear, confess," I said, "you really did do quite as well without a maid, didn't you?"

"Well, JOHN," she replied, "it was certainly better than I expected. . . . But it was very expensive!" she added thoughtfully.

"Expensive, my own?" I inquired. "No. No. It was PARKINS who would have been expensive."

"I think not, darling," she answered gently. "It was sweet of you to help me with my packing sometimes"—that was how she put it!—"but I never *could* get you to fold things properly. I have just been looking through my frocks, and they're all utterly ruined. I shall have to go to Madame BLANC for an entire outfit to-morrow."

PARKINS has returned, and EVELYN and I have given up our aspirations after The Simpler Life. Indeed, so rooted is now my distaste for packing that when I next go abroad I shall take a valet.

ST. J. H.

COMMON EPIDEMIC ABOUT SPRINGTIME.—Angelina Pectoris.



Proud Father (to Son, who is showing a decided leaning to the artistic). "Now, Willie, my Boy, I want to see if you can draw me, just as I stand."

Willie. "Oh, Daddy! I—I love you too much!"

ULTIMATE AMBITIONS.

["A telegram from Springfield states that, among influential Republicans there, it is said that President Roosevelt's ambition is to succeed Dr. Eliot as President of Harvard in 1909."—*Central News.*]

It is bruited in Imperialist drawing-rooms that when Mr. Chamberlain has retired from the Premiership his paramount desire is to keep goal for Aston Villa.

It is commonly asserted in the Salons of Simla that when Lord Curzon resigns the reins of Viceregal office he hopes to be asked to succeed Prince Ranjitsinjhi as Captain of the Sussex County Cricket Club.

It is generally understood among Liberal Leaguers that on laying down his present onerous duties as detached leader of the Liberal Party Lord Rosebery's dearest wish is to win the Derby for the third time, "owner up."

It is beginning to be whispered in motoring coteries that when he has plumbed the sensational experiences of automobilism to their uttermost depths Mr. Alfred Harmsworth will apply for the post of engine-driver on the South Eastern Railway.

A strange rumour is current in fourth-floor flat-land that when, if ever, he ceases to control our phantom army Mr. Brodrick's pet desire is to succeed General Booth as the head of the Salvation Army.

Advices from Malwood state that when his present occupation of cultivating his own fireside has lost its charm Sir William Harcourt proposes to become Liberal Prime Minister.

In an interview with a representative of the *Musical Times*, Mr. Robert Thoms, who might be called the Santley of umpires, inadvertently betrayed the secret that Mr. W. G. Grace's darling project, on finally abandoning the willow, is to take up the bâton of Mr. August Manns as chief musical director of the Crystal Palace.

In the best cocoa cliques rumour is rife that Dr. Bibbles is not without hopes, in consideration of his superb testimonials, of being asked to become Vi-editor of the leading daily journal.

It is credibly alleged behind the scenes of the Gaiety that Mr. Edmund Payne, on the expiry of his present engagement, expects to be invited to understudy Sir Henry Irving in the part of *Dante*.

A profound sensation has been created on the Stock Exchange by the announcement that Herr Julius Seeth has decided to transfer his leonine responsibilities at the Hippodrome on the 1st of May to Mr. Daniel Leno, who, unsuspected by a frivolous world, has long cherished the desire to achieve the exploits of his namesake.

OUR PUBLIC ANALYSTS.

[The *St. James's Gazette*, commenting on Sir EDGAR VINCENT's letter to the *Times* on the subject of the depression in Consols, says: "What he decided to urge was the expediency of adopting a policy which would restore the country, at as early a date as possible, to the financial level from which it had fallen. Sir EDGAR, however, makes no definite suggestions."]

WHEN Consols from their giddy height
  Fall to the present parlous level,
Financiers point at England's plight,
  And say it is the very devil;
That things are looking black, or blue,
  Admits of hardly any question,
But as to what we ought to do
  We get no definite suggestion.

"Retrench! or you will shortly burst,
  Who once enjoyed the noblest credit!"
So cry our seers, in wisdom versed,
  And even common men have said it:
We all confess the fatal rot
  That mortifies our constitution,
But how to touch the damnèd spot
  Apparently defies solution.

O yes, the chartered leech's eye
  Is excellent at diagnosis;
"Your pulse," he says, "is fever-high,
  You need a course of cooling doses;"
But when we ask to be supplied
  With stuff to stem the inflammation,
He lightly puts the case aside
  As one for future consultation.

In the late war much wit was spent
  In marking here and there a blunder;
Men's prescience (after each event)
  Was noised about in notes of thunder;
But while "Had *we* been called in aid,
  This mess," they urged, "had long been ended!"
Yet somehow everyone mislaid
  His scheme for getting matters mended.

"Never," the Liberals all agree,
  "Never, in any moulting season,
Can one recall a Ministry
  So blind to facts, so deaf to reason!"
Yet when we say, "Produce your plan
  To cure the country's low condition,"
They cry aloud, "Of course we can,"
  But make no sort of proposition.

Best leave to Nature, if she would,
  To work the poison out at leisure,
Not trust to men that never could
  Compose a plain remedial measure;
Or, might we 'scape, with parting breath,
  The ills that Tory flesh is heir to,
There 's many an easy form of death
  We 'd gladly lay our bodies bare to.

Like *Hamlet* (who declined to die)
  We 'd let the enemy unseat us
If we were sure we could rely
  Upon a permanent quietus;
We 'd face the bodkin or the knife,
  Or even swift electrocution,
Were we convinced the ills of life
  Could just be solved by Dissolution.

O. S.

ALAS, POOR SHAKSPEARE!

THOSE persons who have a proper appreciation of unconscious humour should secure without delay a copy of the circular which is now being distributed by the London Shakspeare League.

The aim of the League is to promote the observance of April 23—St. George's Day—as an annual SHAKSPEARE festival, first in London and ultimately throughout the Empire. The programme of the forthcoming festival is full of merry items.

To-day, being the vigil or eve of the festival itself, the Folk-lore Society will hold a public meeting at Burlington House "under the auspices of" the League, and Mr. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ will deliver an address. What the League's "auspices" amount to is not very clear, but presumably the Secretary, before the lecture begins, will ascend to the roof of Burlington House and draw conclusions from the behaviour of the London sparrows. At least that seems the nearest approach to the ancient custom of taking the auspices that is possible in the metropolis.

On St. George's Day itself, after a performance of *Twelfth Night* by the Elizabethan Stage Society, with Elizabethan music by Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH, there will be a public dinner at a well-known restaurant to commemorate the bard. Particulars will be furnished by Mrs. GOMME. And yet SHAKSPEARE said "What 's in a name!" After the dinner a selection of SHAKSPEARE's songs will be sung, when Mr. DOLMETSCH and Mr. GOLLANCZ will sing

"Gomme undo dese yellow zands"

with electrifying effect. St. George for Merrie England!

On the 24th there will be a public meeting of the London Topographical Society, again "under the auspices of" the League. This time Mr. T. FAIRMAN ORDISH will ascend the roof. At least he will deliver the lecture. And as his style and title is "Director of the Commemoration," the sparrows also will probably fall to his share. Mr. B. GOMME (not, of course, the Begum of Bhopal) will send invitations, and Mr. T. FAIRMAN ORDISH will lecture on "SHAKSPEARE and London." What 's in a name, quotha!

But this is only the beginning of the League's activities. For a naïve paragraph remarks:—

"An even more effective celebration will, it is hoped, result if the Managers of the London Theatres, and ultimately Theatrical Managers throughout the Empire, may be prevailed upon to regard as their duty the performance of Shakspearian plays on or about the first—no, no, the twenty-third—of April."

"Even more effective!" Fancy that now! as Dr. IBSEN so often remarks in Mr. ARCHER's translations. But the expression strikes *Mr. Punch* as altogether too mild for the occasion. The stupefaction with which London would see the run of, say, *The Toreador* temporarily interrupted while Mr. FRED WRIGHT, Jun., stalked the boards of the Gaiety as the *Prince of Denmark* requires a more full-blooded epithet.

Lastly, it is suggested that April 23 should be made a holiday for all schools throughout the Empire, it having escaped the League's notice, apparently that in English schools at least, April 23 falls in the holidays already.

But we have no further space to devote to the League's exhilarating proposals. One omission only strikes us as we look through the programme. Nowhere do we see the name of Mrs. GALLUP. And yet how well that name would fit in with all the others! If it were only announced that that lady would ride her hobby round the theatre of Burlington House before Mr. GOLLANCZ began his lecture, the success of to-morrow's commemoration would be assured.



"THEY ORDER THESE THINGS BETTER IN FRANCE."

FRENCH TOURIST (*to* FATHER THAMES). "*DIS, DONC, MON VIEUX*, WHEN DOES THE NEXT BOAT START ON YOUR BEAUTIFUL RIVER?"

FATHER THAMES. "IT DOESN'T START. I AIN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE ANY BOATS."

A POPULAR FALLACY.

[The late Miss Pace, who was Mr Chamberlain's schoolmistress at Camberwell, "recalled Joseph as a shy and reserved child."—*British Weekly*]

Some people think success is due
To vulgar shove and push,
But let me, please, impress on you
That good wine needs no bush.
The common creed I quite deny:
Joe Chamberlain was ever shy.

You wonder how I did the trick
And managed to become,
Like Drury Lane's immortal *Dick*,
Thrice Mayor of mighty Brum?
Some murmur, "Push!"—but I reply,
From boyhood I was ever shy.

You ask how I became M.P.,
And how contrived to get
The place of pride from which, you see,
I boss the Cabinet?
Again some whisper, "Push!"—but I
Repeat that I was ever shy.

You ask why my ambitious soul
Desires to take in charge
The British Empire, as a whole,
And rule the world at large?
Absurd to talk of push! Pray, try
To realise that I am shy.

MORE INTELLIGENT ANTICIPATION.

[According to the *Academy*, a Scotch newspaper contains the following:—"One is inclined to think that the Persian astronomer-poet Omar Khayyám has been a diligent student of Shakspeare and Burns; if not, then the literary coincidences are somewhat remarkable." The writer goes on to observe that Omar should be styled the "Persian Burns."]

This fresh field in the domain of the Newer Criticism, from which we here gather a sample, clearly promises a rich harvest. Thus:—

There can be little doubt that Milton was a keen student of Marie Corelli. His picture of *Satan the Hero* is only too obviously a feeble imitation of the greater writer's chief character in her novel *The Sorrows of Satan*. Shakspeare, too, in *Portia's* speech refers to the "Force of Temporal Power." It is not difficult to guess what suggested the phrase.

Did Homer read Phillips? This question has been agitating the literary public for some time, and interest in the subject has been revived lately by an article in one of the Reviews, in which the writer discovers many points of resemblance between the story of Phillips' *Ulysses* and that of Homer's less memorable hero. And yet the Greek made no acknowledgment whatever of his indebtedness!

Scott owed much to Crockett. A great part of *Rob Roy*, *Old Mortality*, and other novels is strangely reminiscent of the master's work, and some passages seem to have been "lifted" almost entire from the pages of the Wizard of Penicuik.

One of Burns' chief claims to fame is that he wrote *Auld Lang Syne*, and yet it seems never to have been pointed out that the refrain of the poem—"The days of Auld Lang Syne"—is not really his but the glorious Ian Maclaren's. Honour to whom honour is due!

It would be impossible to mention every writer who owes something to Caine. Signs of indebtedness are everywhere. Julius Cæsar surely knew Rome through Caine's graphic description, and how often has the mighty Manxman's fine phrase "The Eternal City" been purloined by petty literary thieves! Wolfe too, who wrote *The Burial of Sir John Moore*, has a line—"We left him alone with his glory." Where could he have derived this idea but from the great scenes in which *Storm* is left in exactly the same way, "alone with his *Glory?*" But why go on? Instances of plagiarism such as these could be multiplied indefinitely.



He "No; all my Pictures are rejected."

She "What hard lines! *All* of them? I *am* surprised! And they hang so *much* rubbish!"

The next best thing to Godliness.

WANTED, by the School Board of Daviot and Dunlichity, Certificated Male Teacher for Brin Public School; salary £95 per annum with . . . an allowance of . . . £3 for cleaning.—*Glasgow Herald.*

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. V.

I MET her, that 's to say I saw her, for the first time at the Union Music Hall, where she was doing turn No. 8 on the bills—"Saucy Spanish Song and Dance by INEZ SANGAZUR, from the Alcazar of Seville," that was how it figured out. I had gone there with APSLEY, who, as I said, knew his way about, and was friends with all the music-hall lot. We hadn't enjoyed ourselves much with the first seven turns—performing dogs, acrobats, a man who whistled sentimental songs on his fingers, the Sisters SUZETTI in their refined drawing-room entertainment, and three others that I've forgotten. We were waiting for No. 10, The Stupendous BUNCE, who was down for two songs, "*Tuck me up quick before Daddy comes home*," and "*Who 's on the tiles with Mother-in-law?*" Everybody was singing these songs all over the place. I 'd heard them on barrel-organs and from butcher-boys, and I wanted to hear the real thing from the man who 'd written them. APSLEY had promised to introduce me to him some day. He said BUNCE was a first-class fellow when you got to know him—no side or anything of that sort, but of course he 'd got a pretty sharp tongue, and it didn't do to try and take points off him: he was bound to get the better of you every time at that sort of game, and the best thing was not to be too forward when you met him. "Over his champagne," said APSLEY, "he 's a pal—a real pal and no mistake—and it isn't every genius who 's like that, I promise you." APSLEY knew several geniuses, and I took it he was sure to be right when he said a thing like that.

Well, we 'd just finished with an encore of "*The Last Rose of Summer*" on the fingers of the whistling chap, when the chairman rapped with his hammer on the table and shouted out, "No. 8 on the programme! INEZ SANGAZUR from Seville!" and in she came. My eyes, but she was a teaser! Loads of black hair with sequins all over it, a yellow silk jacket, red and yellow silk short skirt, red silk stockings and yellow shoes, black eyes, red lips and a colour in her cheeks better than any barmaid I've ever set eyes on. She had a tambourine in her hand, and the very first time she waved it about and looked at me I felt as if I should have to tumble off my seat. I couldn't stop staring at her. She just knocked me silly. I 'd never felt like that before, but as soon as I could manage to pull myself together and think, I knew it was love. I don't know what she sang or what sort of a dance she danced, but I remember it was all beautiful—made me feel as if I 'd smoked a good cigar and eaten just enough honey and drunk a go of champagne and got carnations stuck all over me. That 's love, of course.

After she 'd gone off I said to APSLEY, "Look here, old man, that 's a tidy little bit of goods. Do you think you could introduce me?" "Of course I can," says he, and with that he went across to the chairman and said a few words to him in a whisper, grinning and pointing at me. The chairman grinned too, and before I knew what was up APSLEY had taken me round to the back and introduced me. I felt so foolish I didn't know what to say, but I tried to stutter out something about not knowing Spanish, and hoping it wouldn't make any difference.

"Spanish!" she laughed; "that 's a good 'un. Why, you silly boy, I 'm not Spanish. I 'm a right down regular blue-blooded Cockney—ain't I, APS?" And as she said this she picked up one of her little feet and landed APSLEY the prettiest light kick under the chin with the point of her yellow satin shoe. APSLEY wasn't a bit taken aback: he just sang out, "What ho, the bolero!" put his arm round her waist and swung her round like a feather. I could have killed him for it. He seemed so used to it all, so well up in ladies' society, while I stood there like a calf.

The days went on and I got deeper and deeper into it. Every night I went to that old music hall. I sent her bouquets of flowers with "From an Unknown Admirer" written on a card and stuck in the middle. I was off my feed at home, couldn't face a kipper at breakfast, and had to send away the eggs and bacon untouched. At last I made up my mind. I couldn't go on pining away any longer—mother had begun to notice it—so I decided to ask her to lunch at Hampton Court on the following Sunday and propose to her afterwards. I thought we might get lost in the Maze, and I could do it there. I invited her to lunch that very evening, and she agreed at once. She thought it would be almost too jolly, she said, but in her position she had to be careful, so perhaps I wouldn't mind if she brought her chaperone. Of course I said I wouldn't. I thought I knew plenty of tricks for getting rid of chaperones.

She was to meet me at the "Greyhound": she said she preferred that to going down together from Waterloo, so at one o'clock I was there in full fig, ordered a tip-top lunch and strolled about, waiting. A few minutes afterwards someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned round and saw—oh, yes, it was INEZ right enough, in all her Sunday best, but there was a man with her, a great big ruffian in a cloak and a slouch hat, with a pair of black moustaches and blue-black cheeks. I wasn't left long in doubt who he was.

"JOSH," she said, laughing a funny kind of laugh, "let me present my husband, Don GUZMAN SANGAZUR. He 's just back from Seville, and he 's dying to know you."

What was a chap to do? I had to go through the lunch somehow, but it all tasted like nettles, and it didn't make me any better to see Don GUZMAN paring his nails with a Spanish knife about a foot long. How I got home I don't know, but that little beanfeast ended my gallivanting for a long time.

TERPSICHOREAN HYGIENE.

IF you would keep in form and so your native grace enhance,
The very latest method is the matutinal dance.

The bolero your bathroom sees (and with sharp corners mocks)
Is followed naturally by cachuchas in your socks.

If haply, when you glide downstairs with many a pirouette,
The tea 's not made, you tread meanwhile an old-time minuet.

A tarantella you employ to shake your breakfast down;
With luck you get a galliard in, before you trip to town.

A hornpipe in the hall you try (though not for this 'twas planned),
Then down the garden path you pace a stately saraband.

Once out, the keen suburban air impels a jig or reel,
By this time you will really be surprised how fit you feel).

Last, at the station, you perform some high artistic kicks,
And with a rapid cake-walk catch your train from platform six.

News of the World in Brief.

A RECORD SPRING.—Our Ditcham-on-the-Dyke correspondent telegraphs that at 10.23 A.M. on April 17 he witnessed the phenomenon of a snowbow in the sky.

FINAL TIE FOR THE FRENCH MONASTERY CUP.—Old Carthusians *v.* The Agnostics. Re-entrance Gate-money estimated at a million francs.

INSURRECTION ON BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.

City Notes on the Massacre Market.

[Reuter reports Bulgarian "bonds" being sold in Macedonia—payable in gold after the liberation of the country.]

Mad Mullah Ordinaries shed a point on loss of another waterhole.

Macedonian Atrocity "B's" stiffened to 137 on rumours of a concerted rise in Albanians. Tightness of money at Constantinople (where short loans are in strong demand) may lead to general reconstruction and probable fall in pro-consuls.

Chinese Tortures Preferred cheerful. Boxer Outrage 3½ per cents. weaker on carrying-over of two insurgents to their long account.

Investors should find the new issue of Morocco Holy War Debentures a rare nibble; output of massacres for previous six months eminently satisfactory, and Sultan of Morocco All Fours are at 6's and 7's.

Closing Prices.

Land League Explosives (£1 Debentures)	1*s.*	1*s.* 2*d.*
Venezuela 3½% Arbitration Preference (1902)...	115	117
Philippine Punitives (Deferred Extraordinary)...	3*d.*	3½*d.*

TAKEN LITERALLY.

["The more learning a man has, whether he sweeps a crossing or controls a diocese, the better he will do his work. There is a country where you may see gamekeepers and shepherds going about with a copy of *Horace* in their pockets. I have myself known a railway porter who was a most accomplished astronomer."—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.*]

Belmont. The Servants' Hall.

Chorus of Shepherds, Gamekeepers, Ploughmen, *&c., discovered reading.*

Enter C.-B. carrying portmanteau, rugs, &c.

C.-B. With a thrill of purest pleasure
On this charming scene I gaze,
As I see you pass your leisure
In such meritorious ways,
Gleaning from the classic sages
All the wisdom of the ages.

Education ever blesses
One and all *me judice*,
And the more a man possesses,
All the better he will be:
Whether high or low his station,
Let him aim at education.

Will the man who sweeps the gutter
In a torn and tattered coat
Earn his daily bread and butter
Any worse if he can quote
Aristotle to his cronies,
And discuss the *lectiones?*

1st Serv. Ay, yon 's my sentiments.
2nd Serv. An' mine.
All. An' mine.
C.-B. Such harmony makes glad my heart like wine.
Friends, I have just arrived. Though far I roam,
The world has no such place as home, sweet home.
I come in search of rest and recreation
Most necessary. When I reached the station
It was the hour when porter Jeames doth scan
The heavens with his telescope, good man;
So I picked up my traps myself and came
Like this to Belmont Castle.
All. Welcome hame!
C.-B. I thank you for your greeting. Now to see
How fares the farm. Come, Jock, and show it me.



OVERHEARD AT PORTSMOUTH.

Jack. "Well, Polly lass, if it 's true as 'ow you 're going to get spliced to Bill, all I 'opes is that he 'll stick to you through thick and thin!"

Polly. "Well, 'e *ought* to, Jack. 'E works in a Glue Factory."

Jock. I doot 'twad no be worth your while at a'.
We haena touched it since ye gaed awa'.
C.-B. What! Haven't touched it!
Jock. Na, Sir, dinna look
Sae angry. I 've been busy wi' my buik.
C.-B. The *Georgics?* Really? They are charming pages.
Allow me, Jock, to pay you double wages.
No, do not thank me. Pray, resume your toil,
For I would be the very last to spoil
So useful and so studious a habit.
I 'll take my gun instead and shoot a rabbit.
Come, Sandy, any sport?
Sandy. I dinna ken,
For ilka day an' nicht I 'm sittin' ben,
Wi' lexicons an' grammars owre these.
[Holds out proof sheets.
C.-B. The what? The *Birds* of Aristophanes?
You mean you 're editing them, Sandy?
Sandy. Yes,
An' yon 's the proofs I 'm seein' through the press.
C.-B. Enchanting! Pray forgive me! I will see
Your salary is multiplied by three.
Sandy. I thank ye, Sir.
C.-B. What am I doing here?
I but disturb the studious atmosphere.
I 'll back to Westminster to cure or kill
This threatened London Education Bill.
And if I cannot raise the education
Of London to the standard of this nation,
At least to all the Members I will tell
What prodigies you are. My friends, farewell!
[Shoulders portmanteau, rugs, &c., and exit.

DAMON AND PYTHIAS.

A Romance.

SINCE Earth was first created,
Since Time began to fly,
No friends were e'er so mated,
So firm as JONES and I.
Since primal Man was fashioned
To people ice and stones,
No pair, I ween, had ever been
Such chums as I and JONES.

In fair and foulest weather,
Beginning when but boys,
We faced our woes together,
We shared each other's joys.
Together, sad or merry,
We acted hand in glove,
Until—'twas careless, very—
I chanced to fall in love.

The lady's points to touch on,
Her name was JULIA WHITE,
Her lineage high, her scutcheon
Untarnished; manners, bright;
Complexion, soft and creamy;
Her hair, of golden hue;
Her eyes, in aspect, dreamy,
In colour, greyish blue.

For her I sighed, I panted;
I saw her in my dreams;
I vowed, protested, ranted;
I sent her chocolate creams.
Until methought one morning
I seemed to hear a voice,
A still, small voice of warning:
"Does JONES approve your choice?"

To JONES of my affection
I spoke that very night.
If he had no objection,
I said I'd wed Miss WHITE.
I asked him for his blessing,
But, turning rather blue,
He said: "It 's most distressing,
But *I* adore her, too."

"Then, JONES," I answered, sobbing,
"My wooing's at an end.
I couldn't think of robbing
My best, my only friend.
The notion makes me furious—
I 'd much prefer to die."
"Perhaps you 'll think it curious,"
Said JONES, "but so should I."

Nor he nor I would falter
In our resolve one jot.
I bade him seek the altar,
He vowed that he would not.
"She 's yours, old fellow. Make her
As happy as you can."
"Not so," said I, "you take her—
You are the lucky man."

At length—the situation
Had lasted now a year—
I had an inspiration,
Which seemed to make things clear.
"Supposing," I suggested,
"We ask Miss WHITE to choose?
I should be interested
To hear her private views.

"Perhaps she has a preference—
I own it sounds absurd—
But I submit, with deference,
That she might well be heard.
In clear, commercial diction
The case in point we 'll state,
Disclose the cause of friction,
And leave the rest to Fate."

We did, and on the morrow
The postman brought us news.
Miss WHITE expressed her sorrow
At having to refuse.
Of all her many reasons
This seemed to me the pith:
Six months before (or rather more)
She 'd married Mr. SMITH.

A FORTHCOMING SOCIETY DRAMA.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—It is the custom, I believe, in theatrical circles, for dramatists to submit a scenario of their threatened effort to the Manager whom they have marked down as their quarry. The Manager then extracts the best ideas, hands them over to a friend to work up, and returns the scenario to its gratified author as unsuitable for production. It is with a view to avoiding this fate that I send the following notes to you instead of to the usual address. My drama is based on the following paragraph, which has appeared in some of the papers:—"SOCIETY CRAZE FOR TATTOOING.—Philadelphia Society has adopted the tattooing craze. Many young girls, the daughters of the best families, are not only being tattooed themselves, but are taking lessons so that they may ornament their friends." You notice that the craze is at present in America. Exactly. What America thinks to-day, England will think in a year or so, which will enable me to have my play ready just in time.

The hero of my drama, EMERSON P. ROCKITT, a young but rising candy manufacturer of unimpeachable morals and appearance, has fallen a victim to the charms of MAGNOLIA J. KEGGS, the daughter of an eminent pork-packer. Her beautiful form and profuse illustrations have conquered a heart previously adamant in its dealings with the tattooed sex. At the beginning of the play the course of true love appears to be running smooth. The happy pair are engaged, and the inauguration of the connubial orgies is only delayed by the non-arrival of the bride's trousseau. Unhappily, however, my hero has a rival, JASPER W. MORGAN, a rich but unscrupulous scoundrel residing in the immediate vicinity. JASPER is the proprietor of a peripatetic Dime Museum, and hopes to add MAGNOLIA to the programme as a Tattooed Princess. He has offered her the part on several occasions, only to be indignantly repulsed, and he now determines to resort to guile. Accordingly, disguising his handwriting, he despatches an anonymous letter to EMERSON, in which he bids him, ere it be too late, to lift the curl that hangs over MAGNOLIA J. KEGGS' left temple. His reason for this singular instruction appears later.

The one flaw in EMERSON P. ROCKITT'S nature is a proneness to jealousy which is often found even in the best regulated bosoms. He lifts the curl—this will be a great scene—and starts back with a stifled groan. On the temple is tattooed a heart; and in the heart the initials S.B.P. "Farewell," he cries. "Stay," shrieks MAGNOLIA, "I can explain all." "'Tis useless," says he, "I can't wait." Off he goes, MAGNOLIA faints, and the curtain comes down on a powerful situation. End of Act One.

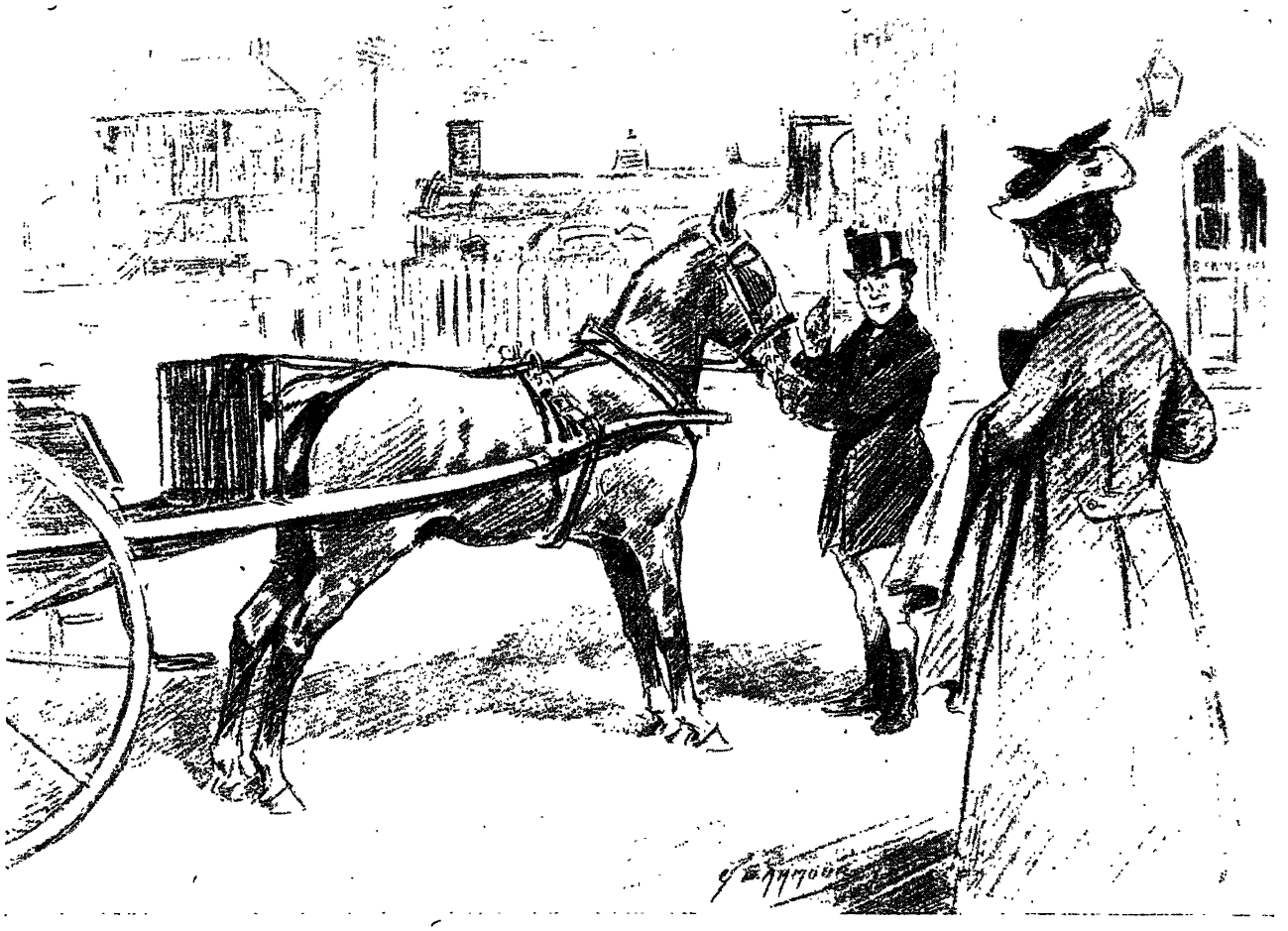
The rest of the play is, I am afraid, at present in a less completely thought-out condition. In Act Two, to give scope for scenic effects, I depict my hero's wanderings. I may make him go to Delhi, and work the Durbar in; or almost anywhere except Biarritz, Siberia, and the Mediterranean littoral.

But it is the last Act that will be the hardest. Briefly, what happens is this. Somehow or other EMERSON gets to find out that he has wronged MAGNOLIA. Of course, the initials on her brow are not those of a man at all. They were tattooed by her girlhood's earliest friend, SADIE B. POLKINGHORNE, of New Birmingham, Va., when they were at school together. How the hero is to find this out is at present unsettled. But he does find it out, and hurries back to Philadelphia, arriving just in time. MAGNOLIA'S father is ruined, owing to somebody else having cornered pork, and MAGNOLIA is just signing the articles which bind her to become a Tattooed Princess for life in JASPER'S Dime Museum at a salary of two dollars a week, when EMERSON enters, fells JASPER to the ground, clasps MAGNOLIA in his arms, and announces (*a*) that all is forgiven, (*b*) that he proposes to lead MAGNOLIA to the nearest altar at once. JASPER, with a hideous oath (stifled), recoils in anguish, and marries the Strong Woman attached to his Dime Museum, a powerful and hot-tempered lady who can be relied upon to make him repent everything. Curtain.

That is the plot, a little ragged at present, but with some judicious overhauling capable of being developed into a drama that will astonish nations and charm crowned heads.

Yours, &c., HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

BUDGET PROSPECTS.—An *embarras de* RITCHIE'S.



Lady (looking at new Cob). "HOW DOES HE GO, PATRICK?"
Irish Groom. "THE VERY BEST, M'LADY! SURE IT 'S ONLY NOW AND THEN HE TOUCHES THE GROUND IN ODD SPOTS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All letters on Natural History addressed to "Brute Creation," Punch Office, will be answered in the following week's issue. Enquirers are particularly requested not to forward the bodies of defunct beasts and birds to the office for identification.]

"BRIXTONIAN."—(1) The bright yellow bird you observed in a cage at your neighbour's house was in all probability a canary. It might of course be a hedge-sparrow suffering from jaundice. (2) A piece of mutton suet hung in your back-yard will attract badgers. As you live in the centre of a large town and the badger is a retiring animal, we should recommend you to smear the suet with a little treacle. We have found this an infallible bait.

"SPINSTER."—It is indeed awkward to have two cats whose colours do not harmonise. The suggestion of your friend that ink should be mixed with the white cat's milk is a happy one. But it would be far better to immerse the black cat for half an hour in a strong solution of chloride of lime (two kilometres of chloride to every gallon of water). The black cat will emerge from this perfectly white. Care is required in the treatment, as in unskilful hands it not unfrequently kills the animal.

"HUSBAND."—You wish for an amusing animal to please and pacify a fretful wife. A rattlesnake makes a charming domestic pet. Be careful to go to a reliable dealer, as the cheaper brands of rattlesnake have frequently been deprived of their fangs by unscrupulous tradesmen.

"CITIZEN."—It is perhaps true, as you suggest, that the monkey you keep in your cellar is suffering from intermittent apoplexy. The occasional heaviness of head, the collapse of the limbs, and the failure of intelligence all indicate this. Consult a skilled veterinary surgeon, and you might also see if your beer casks leak.

"LONG SPOON."—Your request is an unusual one. Most of our readers would be delighted to have a stork's nest on their housetops. However, if the storks will drop mutton bones on your great aunt we should advise you to cover your roof with coal tar and surround the eaves with a barbed-wire fence. A pleasanter method would be to hire a brass band for a week. The stork is unusually susceptible to musical influences.

"HARASSED."—Undoubtedly the howling of cats outside your bedroom window is a nuisance. As you say, it is illegal to poison them. We have found the following plan an excellent one—the only difficulty is that it involves the co-operation of your neighbours. It depends on the great principle that cats never howl except in company. Procure a pot of phosphorescent paint and daub all the cats in your locality with it. Whenever they meet together at night, the glare of light from the assembled company will convince them that morning has come, and they will separate and wend their way home. We have never known this plan to fail.

"MENAGERIE-OWNER."—We have not yet had to deal with the problem of a moulting camel. However, as hemp seed is the best thing for a moulting canary, why not mix a little oakum with your camel's hay? Let me know how this answers.



Curate. "YOU'RE LOOKING VERY WELL TO-DAY, MRS. GILES"
Chronic Grumbler. "AH, BUT YOU AIN'T A-SEEN MY INSIDE, SIR!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE uneasiness about spurious works of art continues. But it is felt that in the case of the "*Forge of Vulcan*" (VELASQUEZ) the candour of the title disarms criticism.

In this connection the claim of the *corps de ballet* in one of our music-halls to describe itself as "The Largest Collection of Antiquities in London" is still uncontested.

Mr. ANSON PHELPS STOKES has invented a floating battery which is said to be a veritable monster of destruction. He has been described as "the well-known millionaire and philanthropist."

Mr. BRUCE GLASIER has declared that it is not pig-dealers who are wanted in public life, but men of political intelligence. Mr. GLASIER is retiring from the presidency of the Independent Labour Party.

From an article in *Cassell's Magazine* we learn that Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES' favourite pastime is writing plays, but that, once the play is finished, Mr. JONES' pleasure ceases. It is at this point that the audience comes in.

Mr. KARL BLIND has written an article on "Afghanistan, Russia, and England," in which he offers some advice to the Government. A case of the Blind leading the Lame.

Owing to their superior education, German lads are able to do more than English lads of the same age. A German boy of twelve has been sentenced to four years' imprisonment for robbery, incendiarism, and attempted murder of his parents.

All the men of the German Army selected to attend the KAISER on his trip to Italy stand over 6 feet 6 inches. Some Emperors would be afraid of looking small in such company: but not WILLIAM II.

A practical example of the dangers of sleeping in church has been given at Windsor. A £5 note was discovered in a collecting bag.

The best-managed Zoo in the world is said to be the one at Vienna. The Inspector, it is stated, watches over all his charges with quite paternal care. Indeed, the monkeys might almost be his own children.

A gentleman is about to write to the *Daily Mail* to say that, in crossing the Channel, he tried the plan of breathing synchronously with the rise and fall of the vessel, and actually was prostrated not more than sixteen times.

"WE are succeeding," says the *New York Times*, "to the position in the affairs of the Far East which Great Britain for so long held and then in part abdicated." After this, it seems natural enough to find mention, lower down, of the "Yank-tse Valley" (*sic*).



UNVEILING THE BUDGET.

(After Gérôme's well-known picture of "Phryne before her Judges.")

Dramatis Personæ: THE UNVEILER . . . Right Hon. C. T. R-tch-e. THE JUDGES . . . *Expert No.* 1.—Right Hon. Sir W. V. H-rc-t. *Expert No.* 2.—Right Hon. Sir M. H-cks-B-ch. *Expert No.* 3.—Right Hon. Lord G-sch-n.

THE TURTLEDOVES' CHOICE.

[Anyone who has been inside a picture shop when young couples are buying engravings for their new home, will observe that, in the majority of cases, EDWIN and ANGELINA pay more attention to the size and shape of their purchases than to the subject or artistic merit of them]

A VERY cosy little nest,
My dearest, we have made.
The furniture is of the best,
The carpets have been laid.
But ere our neighbour's wife, my pet,
In solemn grandeur calls,
I 've brought you to this shop, to get
Some pictures for the walls.

That Alma Tadema is grand,
It cannot be denied;
But we want something longer and,
Say, eighteen inches wide.
You like those ones of LEIGHTON'S, too,
(How well each garment drapes!)
Ah, yes! but I 'd point out to you
They 're all such awkward shapes.

These "*Cattle Grazing by the Stream*"
Do not appeal to me,
But they 've been measured, and they seem
Exactly four by three.
Although your fancy leans, I know,
To types of ancient Greece,
Just think how nicely these would go
Above the mantelpiece!

Don't take it so to heart, my own,
It fills me with distress.
Let 's try and find a Marcus Stone
To fit in the recess.
"*The Honeymoon*" this one is named,
I like the rustic seat,
But here 's a "*Child and Monkey*" framed
To match our bedroom suite.

And now we 'll have that coloured print
(I don't know who it 's by)—
My study paper 's just the tint
You notice in the sky.
We shall be really settled soon,
And callers will confess,
Our purchases this afternoon
Have been a great success.



Miggs and Griggs, who have got away for a week-end holiday, have strayed on to the Golf Links, and have been watching the Colonel, who has been bunkered for the last ten minutes—and the language!!

Miggs. "WHAT'S HE DOING?"
Griggs. "*I* DUNNO. THINK HE'S TRYING TO KILL SOMETHING."

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF A SUN-ARTIST.

Sunday.—JOSEPHINE has just told me that the artistic temperament is difficult to live with. I like her to say this. I practise the new photography. I have been thinking out my next great composition, which is to be after LEIGHTON. JOSEPHINE'S remark arose from my saying that hers is not a purely Greek type of countenance. It does not matter. I can dodge it. She has consented to sit. Measured her for costume.

Monday.—Purchased fifteen yards of white nun's veiling and carried it home to JOSEPHINE. Read aloud to her from *Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities* the articles "Chiton" and "Peplos," and gave her a rough account of the Panathenaic Festival. She seemed to think the dress simplicity itself, and easily made. So far, so good. Went out into garden to inspect background. Porch Marcus Stone, no good for this sort of thing; neither is gate, a plain Birket Foster affair. Went into town to consult architect about having porch altered. Returning, noticed portico with Doric columns in front of police-station. The very thing!

Tuesday.—JOSEPHINE positively refuses to pose in that costume in front of police-station. Had interview with architect about introducing a classical element into my porch. Said he would make a drawing and submit it. Thought the slow, old-fashioned art of drawing had been superseded. Disgusted, went and got a note of two pillars of police-station. Large constable unfortunately came and stood between them just at the critical moment, but I can print JOSEPHINE on the top of him.

Wednesday.—Recollected what RUSKIN says about the value of repetition in the composition of a work of art, and decided to have some water in foreground to reflect figure of JOSEPHINE. Quite a Leightonesque, *Bath of Psyche* touch, this. Don't tell JOSEPHINE, how-

ever. Busy all day digging up gravel near front door, where I mean JOSEPHINE to stand, and neatly imbedding an old tin bath. Heavy rain in the evening saved me trouble of filling it. Policeman coming as usual about midnight to try front door failed to reach it.

Thursday. — Costume completed. Spent morning drilling JOSEPHINE into Hellenic attitudes. After lunch, as she expressed a desire to rest, assisted gardener to transplant a large poplar from other side of lawn to where I want it to show between bath and police-station (or my new classical porch when completed, or as much of either or both of them as will ultimately appear when I have finished toning down JOSEPHINE'S physiognomy to Pheidian proportions).

Friday.—Poplar evidently unwell. JOSEPHINE being still very awkward with her hands, went down to local theatre to try to borrow a property lyre, or something, for her to hold. Saw there a large drop-scene representing the Temple of the Winds. Considering it had been done by hand, it was not half bad. Just the background I want!

Saturday. — Six men from theatre fixed the Temple of the Winds against the front of my house. Transplanted poplar back again, as it was in a dying condition, and there were several trees on the drop-scene—fairly natural, for painting. Clouds, however, looked crude in the daylight, so blocked them out with white table-cloths, intending to insert in the space the very fine sky I got in the Isle of Wight last year. The fighting-tops of the man-of-war which appear in the last-named memorandum can be faked. Photographed JOSEPHINE in white costume, standing, with uplifted arms, on edge of bath. Presence of six men from theatre, who insisted on watching, probably accounted for her not quite happy expression. Engaged all night in blending, by processes only known to new photographers, the various details of my composition into a subtle harmony.

Sunday.—It is to be regretted that the figure of JOSEPHINE should have been lighted from the right-hand side, whilst the Isle of Wight clouds above her are lighted from the left, and so much of the drop-scene as is discernible (after the harmonizing processes already alluded to) appears to have the sun directly in front of it. But, after all, there was probably sunshine in all directions in that golden age. Good idea! Call it "The Golden Age," and confound archæological cavillers at details of costume, &c.

My friend the architect, having somehow evaded the bath and wriggled under the Temple of the Winds, called this afternoon with his drawing. I cannot understand why anyone in this twentieth century persists in endeavouring to express ideas by such a laborious and lengthy method. As I shall not now need the drawing, propitiated him by asking him to dinner. Afterwards, without telling him anything about it, showed him my Leighton. The Hellenizing of JOSEPHINE'S features—not to mention the suppression of the large policeman and the man-of-war — had necessarily resulted in a certain silvery shadowiness throughout the whole composition. Still, he is an intelligent man, albeit given to the practice of sketching with a black-lead pencil, and I gave him credit for some appreciation of the nuances of an art in which, of course, the lead pencil has no part. It was not as if I had hurried him. He examined "The Golden Age" carefully for seven or eight minutes. "*Theodora,*" he said. I must have a serious talk to JOSEPHINE on the subject of facial expression.

PICKWICK UP TO DATE.

III.—BARDELL *v.* PICKWICK.

THE public interest in this remarkable case shows no signs of diminution, and when its hearing was resumed yesterday, for the twenty-fifth time, the Court was crowded with a brilliant and fashionable assembly. Mrs. BARDELL'S costume excited general admiration; it was a *chic* creation of bombazine, tastefully trimmed with bugles and jet. Close to her sat Mrs. CLUPPINS, whose becoming attire was partially concealed by a brilliant Paisley shawl. All the smartest people may be expected to wear Paisley shawls this winter. Mr. PICKWICK entered the Court at 10·25 precisely, looking perhaps a trifle paler than usual. A well-authenticated rumour stated that he had spent the previous evening in trying a new variety of cold punch. Mr. TUPMAN was seated in the well of the Court, next to Mr. SNODGRASS, and followed the evidence with marked attention. A good deal of comment was excited by the fact that Mr. WINKLE had had his hair cut since the previous sitting.

As soon as Mr. Justice STARELEIGH had taken his seat, the examination-in-chief of Mr. JOHN CHOPPER was resumed. In answer to Mr. SKIMPIN he said that he had carried on the profession of a butcher for many years, and had frequently been called upon to supply chops to Mrs. BARDELL. He could not positively give the date of her first order. He did not deal in tomatoes, either fresh or bottled. Counsel then proceeded to draw from him the whole history of his life and that of his ancestors. Mr. SNUBBIN, K.C., objected to this evidence as irrelevant. Mr. SKIMPIN replied that it had long been established that in cases of this kind no evidence could be irrelevant. And it was most desirable to show the entire respectability of this important witness. Mr. Justice STARELEIGH over-ruled the objection.

At the end of Mr. CHOPPER'S evidence-in-chief (which lasted three hours), Mr. SNUBBIN, K.C., rose to cross-examine, taking the witness in detail through his transactions with Mrs. BARDELL. Witness did not know how many of the chops supplied were for Mr. PICKWICK'S consumption. Had never heard of a chop being used as a symbol of affection, but could not swear that it might not be put to this purpose. Would not swear that Mr. PICKWICK did not always have chops on Mrs. BARDELL'S birthday and the anniversary of her husband's death. Was quite sure that he knew the difference between chops and steaks. Could not say where Mrs. BARDELL procured her tomato sauce.

This sensational evidence caused the greatest excitement. At its close, Mr. BUZFUZ, K.C., said that it might be convenient to mention his programme for next day. The Court would remember that the witness SAMUEL WELLER had expressed his preference for spelling his name with a *v.* Some doubt had been cast upon the correctness of this, and, as it was desirable to have no doubt upon the matter, he proposed to call seven learned philologists to give evidence concerning it. Their evidence was likely to occupy the whole of the next sitting.

A Juror inquired when the case was likely to terminate. The fears he had expressed when sworn had proved to be well-founded. Owing to his absence, the boy who had looked after his chemist's shop had poisoned nine customers.

The Judge replied that this was a quite insignificant matter. To shorten the case would be unfair to counsel and the general public. He was bound to give it as long a run as possible, having regard to the interest taken in it.

The Court then rose for the day.

A THREEFOLD CHORD.

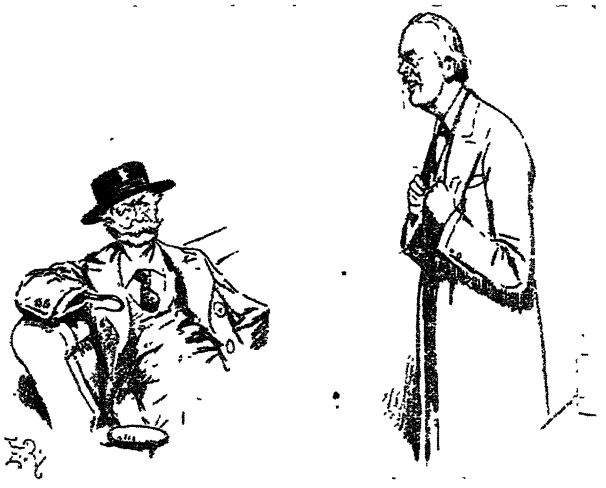
[T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of WALES will visit the Cookery and Food Exhibition at the Royal Albert Hall on April 24.]

DEEP in the hearts of Englishmen three fervent passions glow,—
For Food, the Royal Family, and Oratorio.

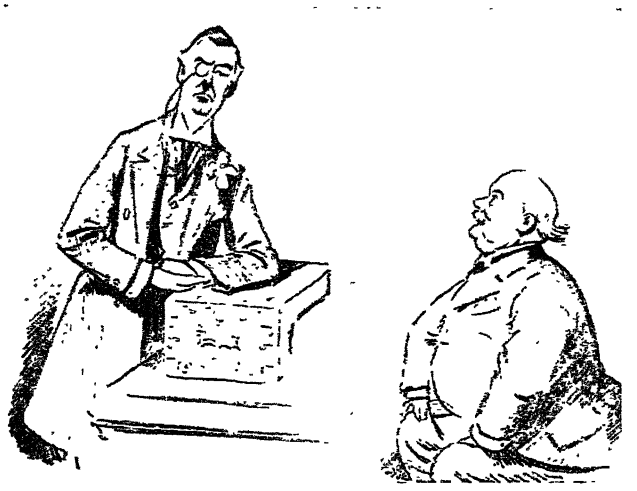
'Tis well that Royalty and Food be grouped in what we call
The "Home of Oratorio"—the Royal Albert Hall.

THE BITER BIT; OR, THE TURNING OF THE PARLIAMENTARY WORM.

A Suggestion for Enlivening the Proceedings of Parliament. Why should Ministers only be subjected to the ordeal of "Question-time?"



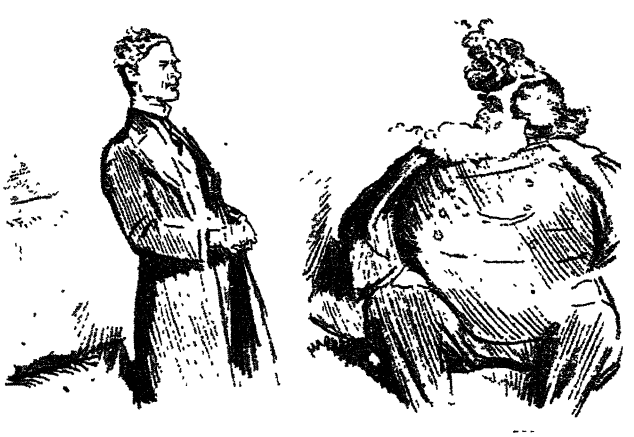
1. *Mr Balfour.* To ask the hon. Member for King's Lynn whether he is now able to name an approximate date when he will this year introduce to the House his annual white duck trousers, and whether, in view of the very general interest felt in all quarters of the House, he will consent to lay a copy of such trousers on the table of the House and a duplicate copy in the tea-room. with a statement of the material and an approximate estimate of cost, &c., so that hon. Members may form their own opinion as to the desirability of their general adoption. Also whether the hon. Member's attention has been drawn to the growing practice of appointing to Ministerial posts, as vacancies arise, almost anyone but the right and obviously qualified person for such posts; and if any correspondence can yet be laid.



2. *Mr Chamberlain.* To ask the hon. Member for Carmarthen District (Mr. ALFRED DAVIES) if he is prepared to agree to a return giving the age, habits, and individual eccentricities of the electors of Carmarthen who voted for the hon. Member at the last election; their reasons—if any—for so doing; and giving details of any other inhuman acts of the same description on the part of those electors, with a view to their early disfranchisement. Also whether the hon. Member can give to the House any tangible and sufficient reason why the choice of the constituency fell as and where it did. And would he kindly stand firmly on his legs while answering the question, answer it in a clear, manly voice; and at the same time refrain from giggling so far as possible.



3. *Mr. Brodrick.* To ask the hon. Member for Oldham (Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL) if his attention has been called to specific statements by members of the so-called Fourth Party in which they repudiate the idea that the Member for Oldham is their leader at all; and whether there is no disciplinary expedient available to restrain them from giving currency to statements so damaging to their cause. Also whether, in the event of an Army Debate being unexpectedly delayed, or of the hon. Member's share in it being by any misfortune postponed, he has considered the danger lest his future speeches on the Army should be published in pamphlet form before the opportunity has occurred of delivering them to an admiring Senate.



4. *Mr. Arnold Forster.* To ask the hon. Member for Gateshead (Sir WILLIAM ALLAN) if he would consent to a return giving an estimate of the extent to which the length and luxuriance of the hon. Member's hair and beard have entered into the effectiveness of his attacks on the Belleville Boiler; and whether he will consent to submit himself to the rules and requirements of the Naval Service in such matters, or whether he fears this would entail such loss of personal majesty and prestige that it would remove the last barrier that saves the nation from rushing to its doom.

POUR LES ENFANTS.

(*As others see us.*)

When the curtain rises, MARY, *aged nine, is discovered lolling in arm-chair, C., holding large doll by the legs:* ELIZABETH, *aged eleven, lies flat on floor, facing audience, reading book, hair over face, face propped on hands,* L.

Mary (*yawning*). I'm tired . . . I'm ti-erd.

Elizabeth (*still reading*). What?

M. I'm ti-erd.

E. What of?

M. Everything. Dolls, lessons, Fraulein, you, *everything*. I *wish* I was grown up.

E. So do I. (*Pushes back hair.*) But it's no good wishing. We shan't be—not for hundreds of years.

M. I hate having to go to bed early, and never eating things I like, and having my face washed, and always being sent out of the room when they want to talk about anything. It's *horrid!*

[*Bangs doll's head on floor, and throws it into corner, where it lies,* R.

E. Yes. I know. But sometimes they forget we're there, and then—I tell you what, MOLLY, let 's pretend we 're grown up, just for to-night, and have long petticoats, and talk like they do. Wouldn't it be fun?

M. But we haven't got any petticoats—not long ones.

E. (*getting up excitedly*). Oh, yes, we have. Here 's one for you. (*Pulls cloth from table, letting hat and cloak, which are on it, fall to ground, and pins it round* MARY.) There! Now you must have your hair up. (*Fastens it up.*) You must be Lady DE ROUGEPOT—you know, when Mother took us there the other day, and they forgot we were there. And I'll be Miss SIMPERTON.

M. But what are *you* going to wear?

E. Oh, that 's easy enough. Here 's Mother's cloak and hat. (*Puts them on, and tucks her hair into hat.*) You must be having tea. This table will do, and *that* 's the kettle-stand. (*Places table and chair by arm-chair,* C.) We 'll have to do without cups and saucers. We must pretend all that. Now I'm going to come in. (*Goes behind screen,* L.) Are you ready?

M. (*settling herself in arm-chair*). But what am I to say?

E. (*from behind screen*). Oh, you might say something about there 's the bell, and you hope it 's not Miss SIMPERTON. *You* know. Like Mrs. SPOONER did when we were staying there.

M. I remember. (*Takes up book, then throws it on floor as* ELIZABETH *says,* "*Ting-a-ling-a-ling.*") Oh, bother! There's that wretched front-door bell again. I know it will be that tiresome Miss SIMPERTON. She always comes when I want to read. I shall have to give her tea, I suppose.

E. (*coming from behind screen*). How lucky I am to find you in, *dear* Lady DE ROUGEPOT. It 's such ages since I 've seen you.

M. My dear Miss SIMPERTON! A whole week! How sweet of you to come all this way to see me. I was just wishing someone would come. But I never expected *you*. Bring tea, JAMES.

E. Oh, please don't have tea for me, Lady DE ROUGEPOT. *How* kind of you!—You oughtn't to have said that, MOLLY, when you know we haven't got a JAMES to bring it in.

M. Oh, it doesn't matter. We can pretend him. Besides, you *must* bring in servants somehow. They always talk about them.—That will do, JAMES. Put it there—no, there. And why don't you light the lamp? One lump, Miss SIMPERTON?

E. Two, please, and no cream, thank you. Don't you find servants very trying, dear Lady DE ROUGEPOT?

M. (*pretends to pour out tea, and then fill tea-pot from kettle, and both of them to be holding cups, and to eat and drink*). Trying! My dear, I can't tell you. It 's all this wretched Education. They get so above themselves in these days that really I should like to——

[*Pretends to blow out lamp.*

E. Oh, do let me help you.

[*Both blow alternately, and at last at the same time, and then sit back in their chairs.*

M. What are we going to talk about now? You ought to hold up your little finger like this, when you drink. And you know you oughtn't to drink with your mouth full.

E. Shall if I like. Besides, they do, often, although they won't let us.

M. Yes, that 's what 's so unfair about them. And they often put their elbows on the table.

E. *And* come down late for breakfast.

M. And eat things that aren't good for them, and get digestion.

E. And talk when other people are talking. Specially about babies. Then they all talk together.—May I have another cup of tea, dear Lady DE ROUGEPOT? (MARY *takes cup and pours out.*) Thank you so much. And how is your darling little HARRY? You haven't shown him to me, and I did so want to see him.

M. HARRY? Oh, he 's up in the nursery. He 's been so naughty I had to send him to bed. I'm sure *I* don't know how to manage him!

E. You *are* stupid, MOLLY. Why *that* 's HARRY, of course.

[*Pointing to doll.*

M. Of course. I forgot.—HARRY! HARRY! Now where is that child? He was here just before you came in. He 's sure to be up to some mischief. (*Gets up and finds him.*) Ah, here he is.—Only you might have known he was a she, LIBBY. I never have men-dolls. I don't like boys.—Come and sit on Mummie's lap, darling. And try to be a good boy, now.

E. How beautiful he is! So like you.

M. He might be if his nose wasn't broken.

E. Oh, yes, of course. I didn't see that. Yes, he *has* got his father's nose, hasn't he? May I kiss him? (*Takes doll on her lap, kisses it, chucking it under chin.*) Sweetest pettikins. Aboo! Aboo! Ugugugugug! Pecious ickle thing. Must blow its little nosey-posey.—That 's Aunt JANE, you know.

M. *I* know. She *is* silly about babies.

E. Oh, bother! It 's nearly time for nurse.—Well, good-bye, dear Lady DE ROUGEPOT. (*Exit behind screen, and looks round it as* MARY *gets up.*) No, wait a minute, MOLLY. (*Re-enters, minus cloak and hat, pinning on newspaper, as nurse's apron.*) Now, you come along, Miss MARY. Whatever 'ave you got on? Your ma's best table-cloth. Well, I never! Won't you just catch it, spoiling all 'er things! And where 's Miss ELIZABETH? Up to some mischief, I'll be bound. You children will be the death of me. But I'll give you what for. Why don't you try to be'ave like grown-up people?

[*Drags* MARY *behind screen: sounds of smacking and sobs. Curtain.*

MISSING WORDS.

IT is the business of our schools to train up the young for the whole duty of citizenship. As in the future this will naturally include the daily answering of Paper Puzzles, we are glad to receive from a Schoolmaster a few proofs of the success of his efforts to prepare his boys for this vast sphere of usefulness. They were set the task of completing certain given quotations. The results are taken from the life:—

"Don't carry coals"—they will burn the fingers.

"Every cloud"—rolls by.

"Stone walls"—have ears.

"We are lost"*—but not gone before.

"This day is called"—Christmas Day.

"The proper study of mankind"—is not difficult.

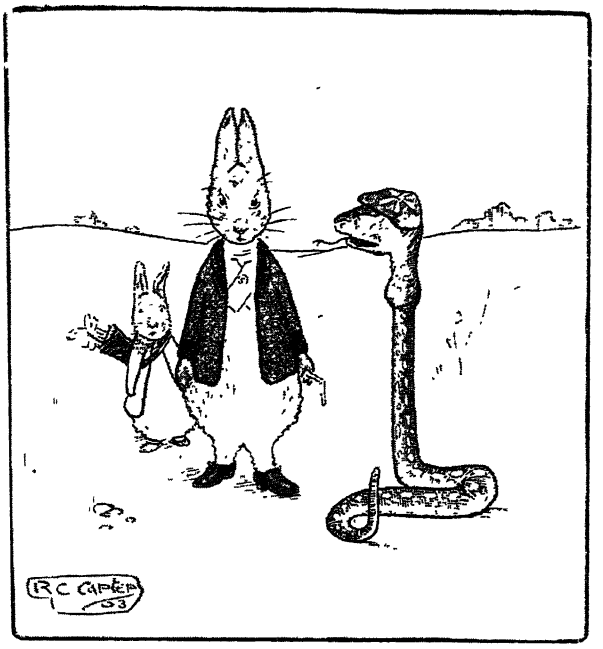
"Thus conscience doth"—and ever will do.

"A drowning man"—let him drown!

* The remark of the English soldiers at the burning of JEANNE D'ARC: "We are lost! We have burnt a saint!"

OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

In the Tail of the Peacock (Hutchinson) is the picturesque title of Isabel Savory's last record of travel. It is taken from a Moorish proverb, "The earth's a peacock; Morocco is the tail of it." It is to Morocco that the Sportswoman in India has later wended her way. The scene is in part familiar hunting ground for tourists, but that makes none the less pleasant Miss Savory's chatty discourse. She does not lay herself out for elaborate description; she jots down impressions as if she were writing letters home, which, in capable hands, is the best fashion. For persons about to make holiday in Morocco the book will be found instructive and useful. To those who have been there it is full of pleasant memories. The text is illustrated by nearly half a hundred photographs taken on the spot. Not the least interesting is a photogravure portrait which discloses to the pleased eye the travelled author in comfortable and becoming male attire.



Brer Rabbit. "I suppose you haven't seen such a thing as a Golf-Ball about anywhere, have you?"

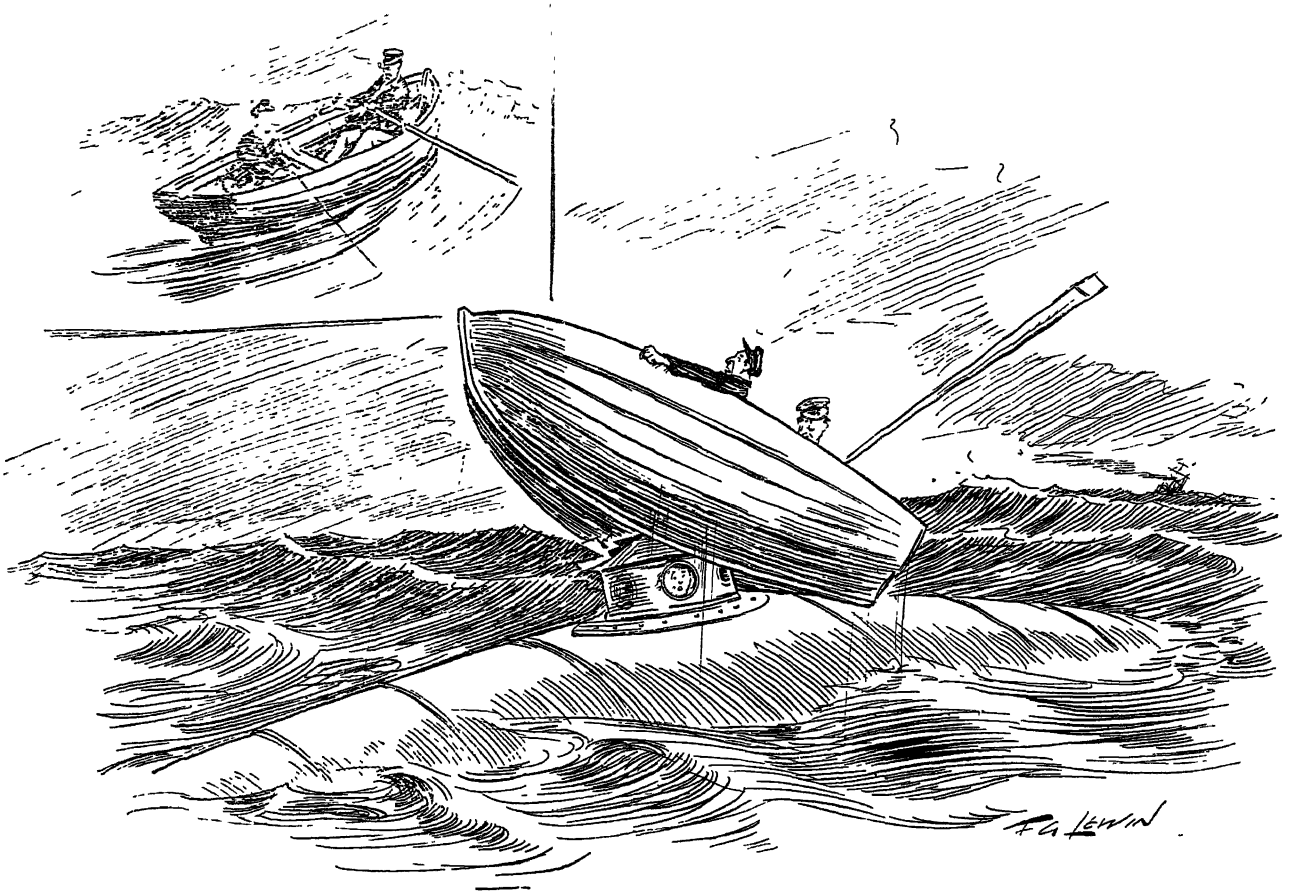
"Here, O Baron," writes my Occasional Assistant helpmate in the field of literature, "is a pretty book." He alludes to *The Art of Living*, by J. E. Buckrose (issued in a rare style of elegance by the *Gentlewoman*'s offices). To live well is a duty, but to live pleasantly is an art which is only to be acquired by experience, assisted by good taste and an amiable frame of mind. The worthy *Duchess* in this book, who, without assuming male attire, is, we are sure, no other than the venerable Mentor, *alias* Minerva, who accompanied the youthful Telemachus in his renowned journey, is a world-wise guide. She, apparently, has seen life in all its phases, and, having come to the conclusion that common sense and a good digestion are pre-eminently conducive to longevity and happiness, takes the opportunity—in and out of season—to impress the same on the various characters introduced into this improving work. Furnished with such a *vade mecum*, weak-minded, indeed, must he be who fails to acquire the Art of Living.

Those who go down to the sea in ships provided by the P. and O. Company, bound for Australia, little reck of the experience of passengers on the same voyage thirty or forty years ago. Incidentally Mrs. Ada Cambridge, writing notes on *Thirty Years in Australia* (Methuen), tells all about it. She left Plymouth in the spring of 1870, her husband (a curate with a call to a Bushland parish) having taken passage in a clipper ship of 1,150 tons, advertised to accommodate forty passengers. Seventy-seven days elapsed before they sighted Cape Otway. Three days they dawdled before landing at Melbourne. In those good old times cabin passengers were required to furnish their own berths, nothing being provided but food and such weather as happed. Fortunately Mrs. Cambridge was of the class, a beautiful but rare thing among women, who on voyage by sea or land make the best of everything. Good-tempered, plucky, resourceful, she met every emergency (save one) with smiling countenance. The exception was a Melbourne clergyman, a fellow-passenger to whom the newly-married couple were recommended by a friendly archdeacon. Him, perhaps, they could have stood. His wife, "a second who had been the servant of his first," was too much even for a brother clergyman and a Christian wife. Mrs. Cambridge's quick eyes see everything, and she writes charmingly. My Baronite has not read anything that more vividly pictures daily life in Australia through the growing-period of thirty years than does this unpretentious volume.

The bald statement that in no fewer than eleven out of the sixteen stories that make up Florence Henniker's *Contrasts* (John Lane) there is an example of at least one death, either by natural or artificial processes, might lead one to imagine that the author's vein in this book was consistently morbid or melodramatic. This would be to do her a grave injustice. Actually, says my Nautical Retainer, these tales are just the expression of a very gentle and sympathetic nature. It is, of course, a fault of method or a defect of imagination to resort so often to the device of death for her climax. It gives her an air of shirking the difficulties that attend the rounding off of a tale. Yet such a story as "The Lonely House on the Moor" shows her not wanting in this desired quality of imagination. Still, for the chief part, her gift lies in the quiet observation of characters not too complex. A type like the woman in "The Butterfly" (perhaps the best story in the book) is exceptional in its admirably suggested contradictions. Since she published her last stories Mrs. Henniker's range of interest and her appreciation of natural environment have visibly widened. What she still needs is a little firmer concentration; and for this and other matters of technique in the handling of the short story she would be well advised to take a finishing course of Maupassant.

In *The Indiscretion of Gladys*, by Lucas Cleeve (John Long), we have a good, plain-sailing, sensational novel that will keep the sympathetic reader thoroughly interested from the commencement to the very end. There is a handsome villain, aristocratically named *Devereux de Lisle*, of the deepest dye, who might be the hero of some forthcoming melodrama to be entitled *The Worst Man in London*. The female villain of French extraction is none the worse (even if she could be) for recalling to the experienced novel-reader *Hortense*, the foreign lady's-maid, who successfully personated *Lady Dedlock* and was run to earth by *Inspector Bucket*. It is a good plot, neatly constructed, with strong melodramatic situations and well-sustained interest. The wicked people, and, just as an exception, the persecuted lady, occasionally "hiss" at one another, which will be instantly recognised as quite the right thing to do. Here and there some slips in grammar that escaped the professional "reader" will be detected and condoned by the unprofessional.

The Baron de B.-W.



A HOLIDAY AT SEA.

HOW JACK AND TOM WENT FISHING THE OTHER DAY, AND CAUGHT A SUBMARINE BOAT!

"STRAIGHT FROM THE COUNTRY."

Mr. Punch, fascinated by the enterprise displayed by the Editor of the *County Gentleman* in establishing a free register for country produce, has determined to open a register of his own. The following list of entries affords gratifying evidence of the manner in which *Mr. Punch's* public-spirited offer has caught on:—

Produce to Sell.

Mr. C. B. FRY, Sussex County Cricket Club, Brighton, may possibly have ducks' eggs to dispose of during the summer.

Mons. WALKLEY, *Times* Office, Printing House Square, has large supply of French beans. Threepence per bunch every Friday. Also occasionally during the week.

Mr. HALL CAINE, Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, has large stock of Manx kittens. Will exchange for macaroni, polenta, or Roman candles.

The Vicar of Bray, near Maidenhead, would be glad to know of invalids who are in need of asses' milk.

Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, House of Commons, Westminster, has an Irish bull to dispose of. What offers?

Lord ROSEBERY, the Home Farm, Mentmore, supplies fresh primroses till the end of spring.

Produce Wanted to Buy.

Mr. W. H. MALLOCK, Bachelors' Club, W., requires English Bacon, guaranteed genuine and mild-cured.

Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, Highbury, Birmingham, has a vacancy in his garden for a Crown Imperial.

Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, Reform Club, S.W., requires a kidney for breakfast every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

Messrs. HAWKE AND HAWKE, 793, Chancery Lane, want pigeons. They can also do with gulls and jays.

Captain MIDDLETON, Chief Agent of the Conservative Party, will be glad to be put into communication with some sound constitutionalist in the country from whom he may obtain eggs regularly for by-election purposes.

A VILLANELLE OF BROKEN VOWS.

WHEN I had to part from you,
I besought you, love, to wait;
And you promised to be true.

Tears you shed (ah! not a few):
I rebelled against our fate
When I had to part from you.

Eager fortune to pursue,
I would do things brave and great;
And you promised to be true.

Colder soon my raptures grew;
JOAN I loved, then ROSE, then KATE,
When I had to part from you.

While with mute reproach I view
All the swains you captivate—
(And you promised to be true!)

Ah! but give us both our due—
I was ten and you were eight
When I had to part from you,
And you promised to be true!

A FRAGMENT.

THAT is to say, I *might* have been a fragment by now, if—but I anticipate. Dining with my friend BANKS, an enthusiastic motorist, we spoke much of the Paris-Madrid race.

"I'm going to have a run over part of the track," said he; "come with me for a few miles? I'll pick you up near Bayonne, and take you as far as the Spanish frontier, say, at Irun, and you can alight there"—(curiously enough, I *did*, but not quite in the way I wanted to). "We shall have some rare fun together."

We had.

At the time appointed I journeyed out to Bayonne and awaited the passing of BANKS. A wire announced the hour of his arrival, and punctually to time a dust-covered infernal machine, accompanied by a stench of petrol strong enough to lean up against, tore down the hill to where I waited, holding my bag. I held out my hand.

"How are you, my dear fel—— ?"

"Jump in!" yelled the creature in mask, goggles and hairy coat, excitedly, "not a moment to spare!"

"But my bag? I——"

"Throw it away! I'm being timed over the course!"

I climbed in as though the devil had kicked me, and with a "Hooff, hooff! whirrr, whizz, bang!" the machine started off as if all the Furies were in hot pursuit.

I never saw that bag again.

We tore up the hill in blinding dust, almost jolted off our seats by the violent jumpings of the motor, just missed the steam tram, flew up the next road, cannoned off the corner of the *Mairie*, whizz, brrrrr! round the turn at such a pace that the wheels skidded, knocking down a cow which had been pensively regarding us from the side of the road. Then down the succeeding hill at forty thousand miles an hour. Whirrr—*bang!*

"What was that?" I shrieked in BANKS'S ear.

"Don't know: think we boosted a donkey over those laurel bushes. Ha! *that* was a shave!" as we just grazed a bullock cart and floored an old woman whose *sabots* could be seen feebly waving in the air about half a mile behind us.

Bang, jolt, crash!!!

"It's all right: we've jumped it. I think it must have been a garden wall. We've apparently got a little bit off the track—dust's so blinding, really can't see whether we're on the road or——" (whop!). "Ah, that's it: we're all right now." And we crossed the ditch and regained the road with a jar which shook me to my innermost being.

As we approached Irun we caught sight of the inhabitants hastily taking refuge in trees: they evidently did not wish to get in the way. A few tufts of black and tan hair, thrown up by our front wheels, suggested that we had overtaken a foxhound without noticing it; but about this matter we could not venture beyond the region of conjecture.

Shooting across the bridge we caught a momentary glimpse of a team of bullocks—the next instant we were through the middle of them, firing one clean over into the stream below. Faster and faster we flew on until, trying to cut a corner rather too finely, we crashed into a milestone, and, as though fired out of a gun, we clave the blue Empyrean—BANKS on one side of the car and I on the other. I described a semicircle over some tall shrubs and descended on a croquet lawn. BANKS had an opportunity of investigating the gardens opposite.

* * * *

I returned to England covered with glory and diachylon plaster. I had acquired a store of useful information and a bump as big as a hen's egg on the back of my head. BANKS is not so enthusiastic about motor racing as he was. The sport has lost all its interest for me.



A LITTLE IMPERIALIST.

Brown has been reading aloud an account of experiments with primary colours in the painting of Guns, with a view to rendering them invisible at a distance. Jimmy has been much interested.

Mrs. B. "BUT, JIMMY DEAR, DO YOU KNOW WHAT THE PRIMARY COLOURS ARE?"

Jimmy (promptly). "RED, WHITE AND BLUE!"

THE TEUTON TO HIS TURKISH SULTANA.

[The sudden revulsion, shown in the postscript of this letter, from an attitude of easy assurance must be attributed to the firmness of Mr. BALFOUR totally unexpected after the Venezuelan amenities) in declining to allow the British Government to subsidise a Baghdad Railway under German control. The somewhat premature Orientalisation of the Teuton is here indicated by his adoption of the methods of OMAR KHAYYÁM through the medium of the English version.]

WAKE! for the Eastern Sun of Promise shines
On your Commercial Baghman's bold designs;
And let us trip together, ME and YOU,
Along a Railway run on German lines.

Come, fill the Cup! Two Swallows make a Spring;
The Season urges us to take our Fling;
The British Pigeon shows a clear intent
To flutter; yea, the Bird is on the Wing.

A Stoup of Lager 'neath the Prussian Blue,
A Song of Stony Araby, and YOU
Somewhere beside ME on the frizzling Waste—
The Desert were a Paradise for Two.

Let not the *What-for* hold your heart in thrall,
Nor be concerned about the *Wherewithal;*
But simply lift, my Rose, your almond eyes
To read the Underwriting on the Wall.

There was the Door through which I could not see;
Long had I looked and failed to find the Key;
Then came the British Ass and leaned thereon,
And straight the Road was clear for YOU and ME.

Anon the Mails of Ind that move too slow
Shall be extracted from the P. & O.,
And those loquacious Vessels cry in vain
"We come by Water; like the Wind we go!"

Whether at Baghdad or at far Koweit
We manage, for the moment, to alight,
Ah! take their Cash and let their Counsel slide,
Nor heed the murmurs of the Muscovite!

They say the Bear is sore about the Head,
And means to paint Someone or Other red;
Whereat my Eagle lightly hoots *Pip-pip,*
And leaves the Lion wrestling in his stead.

So, Love, shall YOU and I 'gainst him conspire
To grasp the Teuton Scheme of Things entire,
To purchase for a Song the old Combine,
And reconstruct it to our Heart's Desire.

* * * * *

P.S.—The Moving Finger wrote this much,
When lo! the Vision vanished at a Touch!
Me never thought that BALFI had the nerve
Thus to elude the Potter's closing clutch.

The Potter of Potsdám with little pains
Ere now has thumbed at will those plastic Braíns;
What of the new Design he had in hand?
The Pots have bolted, and the Dám remains!

O. S.

THE M. P. MILITANT.—"I was obliged," observed a constable, recently giving evidence against a violent prisoner, "to obtain the assistance of two M.P.'s before I could secure him." Enquiry on the part of the startled magistrate elicited the explanation that M.P.'s are Military Police. "Oh," said the magistrate, leaning back with an air of relief, "I thought you meant Members of Parliament." It is a pleasant idea. The spectacle, for example, of Mr. BALFOUR, his philosophic doubt momentarily sunk, attaching himself with a prehensile grasp to the collar of a struggling desperado, while Mr. ARNOLD WHITE, with a cry of "Efficiency!" springs to his assistance, would be both grateful and comforting to the jaded sightseer. There would be no need of a Fourth Party to enliven that situation.

CLIFFORD'S INN AND AFTER.

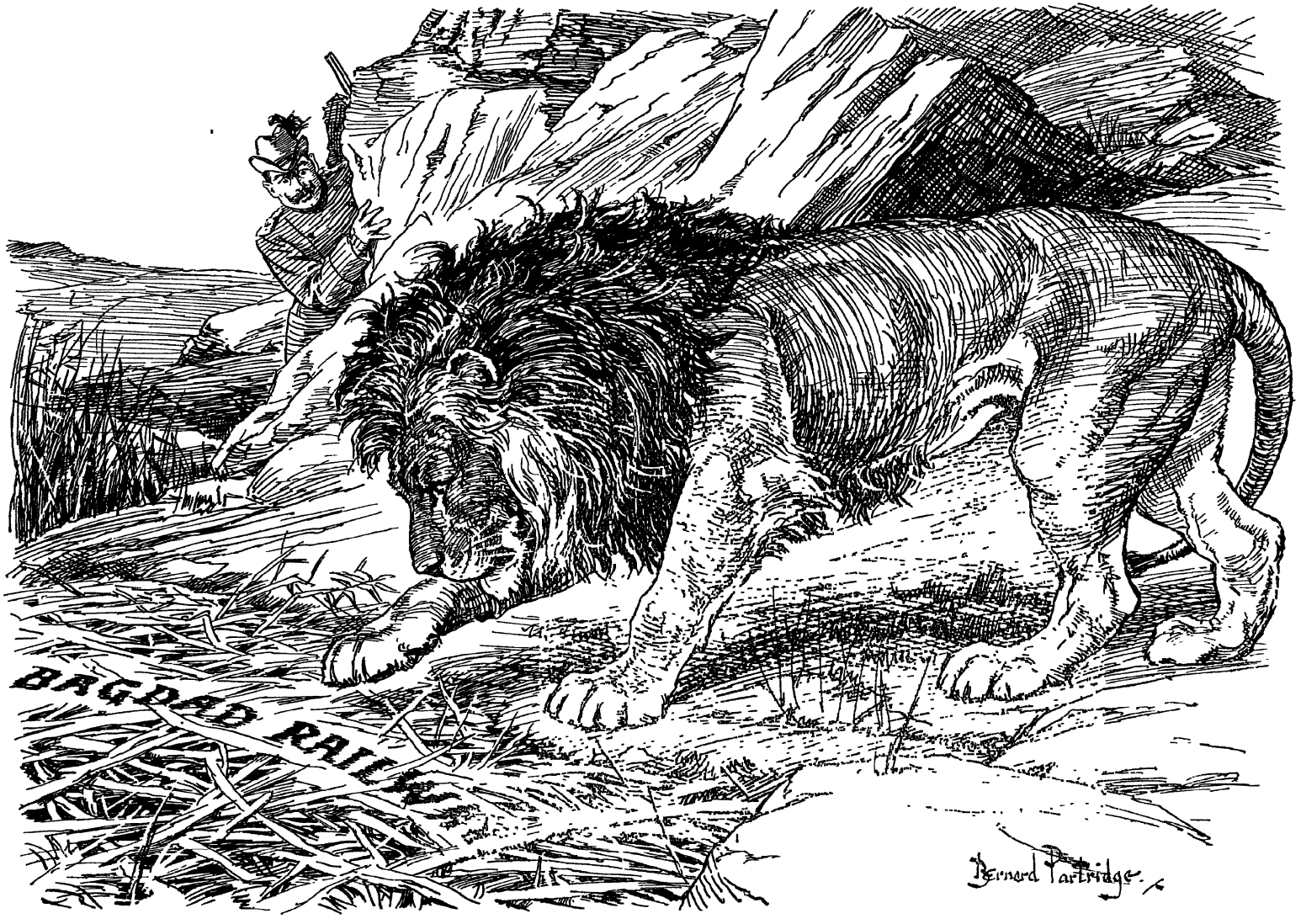
IN the heart of London, a stone's throw from where Temple Bar would be standing if the barbarous stupidity of the last generation had not pulled it down and erected a stone griffin to block the roadway in its place, lies Clifford's Inn. The foundation dates from the fourteenth century. The buildings are of various dates. The oldest of them saw the Great Fire of London and escaped destruction. The Inn has a quaint hall in the Gothic style, and two courts, in the larger of which is a small garden with fine trees, where a wood pigeon built his nest a year or two ago

The wood pigeon will build no more in the garden of Clifford's Inn. The Inn is to go the way of Temple Bar. The site is advertised for sale next month, and in due time a mountainous pile of offices in the worst style of modern architecture will doubtless occupy its place. Clement's Inn was a quaint and picturesque building once. The ghastly structure which has replaced it represents probably the most favourable destiny that can befall Clifford's Inn. The proceeds of the sale—a hundred thousand pounds is spoken of as a likely figure—are to be employed for the purposes of Legal Education.

It is to be hoped that this purely utilitarian attitude towards historic buildings will spread among the legal profession. For in that case *Mr. Punch* foresees some rather notable architectural developments in the Inns of Court. Clifford's Inn, the last surviving "Inn of Chancery," is to be destroyed for the sake of money its site will fetch. But other equally promising sources of revenue remain. The Gardens of the Temple, which at present are really of no practical use whatever, would make a superb site for business premises. The custom of eating dinners as an aid to the study of law is ridiculous and antiquated. Why not acknowledge the fact, pull down Middle Temple Hall, and replace it by municipal wash-houses? Fountain Court could then become a stable for omnibuses, and the Temple Church could be converted into a boiler factory. In fact there need be no limit to the scope of modern "improvements." Inns of Court are really quite absurd institutions. Why not raze them to the ground and erect model dwellings for the working classes? It would solve the housing question. Then, if you turn the Charterhouse into a railway station, the Tower into warehouses, and Westminster Hall into an Inebriates' home, something will have been done towards making London a happier and a better place.

Experto Crede.

HAVING read in the *Globe* that "much risk may be avoided (in a hansom) by the ingenious system of holding on firmly by the right hand to something," a correspondent writes to say that he has tested this advice with his silk hat. When he arrived at the accident ward of the nearest hospital with three ribs bashed in and a deep cut over the left cheek-bone, his hand still retained a firm grasp of his headpiece, both being badly dented by contact with the off hind-hoof. His next experiment will be with his watch-chain.



THE TRAP THAT FAILED.

British Lion. "H'M! DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF IT! I'LL GO ROUND THE OTHER WAY."

ARCADES AMBO.

Blest pair, though a second-rate singer
Should never essay the sublime,
Pray suffer a humble ink-slinger
To "voice" his emotion in rhyme:
For thus I may possibly show you,
O wholly unparalleled twain,
The depth of the debt that I owe you,
Corelli and Caine.

When gooseberries grow to gigantic
Dimensions, and Worms of the Wave,
Descried in the distant Atlantic,
Attention insistently crave;
When editors, pallid and ailing,
Forget to be bland and urbane,
You come as a solace unfailing,
Corelli and Caine.

Whenever I 'm gravelled for copy,
Whenever I 'm short of a "par,"
Whenever my verses are sloppy
(And that they repeatedly are),
When foreign imbroglios tire me,
When scandals are scarce in Park Lane,
You 're always at hand to inspire me,
Corelli and Caine.

There are some who know nothing of Huggins,
There are some who know little of Crookes;
But there cannot exist such a Juggins
As not to have heard of your books.
(Unless on the bench one or two are
So hopelessly dense and inane
As to ask such a question as "Who are
Corelli and Caine?")

The poet asserts that Apollo
His bow now and then must unbend,
And latter-day mortals must follow
That excellent rule to the end.
From cutting continual capers
Ev'n Kaisers must sometimes refrain;
But *you* 're never out of the papers,
Corelli and Caine.

Then, whether on Cliquot and chickens
Or plasmon and water we fare,
To the champions of Shakspeare and Dickens
Let us throw up our caps in the air:
Let us go, like the monarch of Sheba,
In search of the ways that are sane,
And worship at Stratford and Greeba
Corelli and Caine.



First Tramp (to second ditto). "That 's a stylish sort of Dawg you 're a-wearin'!"

OUR DUMB PETS.

["More than half the mischief wrought in gardens comes from draughts. If, therefore, you value your plants, do your best to prevent draught."—*Daily Mail.*]

Dear Mr. Punch,—On the subject of indoor draughts I flatter myself that I have already accomplished something, as I never enter a club or private house without holding up a wetted finger to determine the force and direction of the wind, and I could, if called upon, furnish meteorological charts of all the important London clubs to bald-headed members and visitors with a pre-disposition to influenza.

Although the subject of outdoor draughts has now for the first time received attention, the fact of their existence has long been known. It is within the memory of liars now living that a pioneer ranchman in the Canadian North-West habitually slept out-doors, until a careless cowboy one night left open the gate of the stockade and the poor man caught his death of cold. And now that the subject may be referred to without provoking ridicule in ignorant quarters, I may say that, owing to similar carelessness on the part of my grocer's boy, I have been kept awake more than once by the sneezing and wheezing in my vegetable garden.

I find that primroses growing in poetic proximity to river brims frequently have wet feet—roots, I mean—and consequently suffer greatly from croup and sore throat.

Early violets and mountain daisies, being exposed to sudden changes of weather, suffer from influenza, and it often happens that unprotected gardens contract a chill in their vegetable marrow.

If the Vegetarian Society is all it claims to be, it will make no delay about looking into this matter. The sufferings of plants and vegetables in old and draughty gardens are terrible to think of, and is it any wonder that the trees moan in melodramas and romantic novels when the North wind is blowing? Personally I have done what I can by publicly advocating that potatoes should never be allowed to appear anywhere without their jackets, and in my vegetable garden I have been careful to shield all bald-headed cauliflowers from draughts. Yours faithfully,

Half-Blue (Oxford) for Draughts.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

ACT FIRST.

A rocky coast on the island of Helgeland. Enter SIGURD.

Sigurd. Bluish-white is the rock—though all around it is blackest fog. Ha! I see a ray of faint light. In it will I take my stand. [*He does. Enter* ÖRNULF.

Örnulf. Give place, Viking. In this play mine is the finest part. Therefore need I more light than thou.

Sigurd. Nay, thou must even find a ray of light for thyself, outlaw!

Örnulf (annoyed). Dearly shalt thou aby—if thou wilt pardon so archaic an expression—that word!

[*He goes for* SIGURD *with a sword; they fight. Enter* DAGNY, SIGURD'S *wife, and* ÖRNULF'S *six sons, who offer to join in.*

Örnulf. Interfere not—but leave old ÖRNULF of the Fiords to enjoy himself in peace!

Sigurd (surprised). Old ÖRNULF! my father-in-law! Had we more light, this awkward mistake would not have happed!

Dagny (glad, yet uneasy). Truly, father, unprepared were we to find thee and my six brothers turning up here.

Örnulf (leaves off fighting). I was ware of SIGURD from the first, and did but fight for the fun of the thing. Let us have peace. SIGURD, thou owest me a matter of three hundred pieces of silver, as moral and intellectual damages for carrying off DAGNY some five winters since. Loth am I to press thee—but if thou hast the sum about thee——

Sigurd. Settle up will I anon, for thy charge is reasonable enough, and a silken gold-fringed cloak will I throw in.

Örnulf. A deal will we term it. Hither have I come, a sporting old Icelandic chieftain with business instincts, to collect compensation in cash from GUNNAR, who also hath carried off HIÖRDIS, my foster daughter.

Sigurd. GUNNAR! my foster brother! Doth he then hang out *here?* Truly a small world it is, and this meeting of ours is the work of the long-armed Norn of Coincidence!

Örnulf. Without such Norns could no tragedies occur. Fain would I settle this little matter with GUNNAR peacefully and without bloodshed—but, unless his way he can see to a speedy settlement——

Kåre (a peasant, enters and throws himself at Ö.'s feet in abject terror). Grant me protection! On my tracks is HIÖRDIS. One of GUNNAR'S house-carls have I slain, because he flouted me for a thrall.

Örnulf. That is the least that *any* gentleman could do on being flouted for a thrall. Here cometh GUNNAR. Leave this to me. I will arrange it with him. [GUNNAR *comes in.*

Gunnar. What, SIGURD! my foster-brother! This is indeed an unexpected—— And ÖRNULF, *too!* Well wot I what thou hast come about—that affair of HIÖRDIS.

Örnulf. Open am I to an amicable arrangement, for a good riddance in sooth was she!

Gunnar. No wish have I to haggle, greybeard, but right willingly will I pay the damage, whatever it be.

Örnulf. I will but charge thee my out-of-pocket expenses. Now make thou peace with KÅRE here, or else, most reluctantly, shall I be compelled to——

Gunnar (hastily). Quits do I call it with KÅRE at thy request. [HIÖRDIS *enters with a train of* House-carls.

Hiördis (coldly). Quite a family party, meseems! GUNNAR, my foster-father and his six sons, DAGNY, my foster-sister, and (*starts as she sees* SIGURD) *another* old friend of mine. Well, ÖRNULF, art thou going to hand over KÅRE to GUNNAR here?

Gunnar. No need is there. Peace have I made with KÅRE in rede and deed, HIÖRDIS. [KÅRE *slinks out.*

Hiördis (scornfully). And well I wot why—since he hath ÖRNULF to take his part! [*She sneers.*

Gunnar. Nay, for ÖRNULF and I are already the best of friends. I have agreed to pay him compensation for the loss of thee.

Hiördis. Not so—rather must thou fight him, since he cometh in arms to demand it—or what will our neighbours say of thee?

Örnulf. Never, I see, wilt thou be satisfied till ructions thou hast stirred up between us!

Dagny. Truly, HIÖRDIS, if SIGURD is content to pay up and look pleasant, surely GUNNAR——

Hiördis. SIGURD did not slay the Big White Bear that, in my maidenly passion for privacy, I employed to guard my bower. GUNNAR *did.*

Gunnar (uncomfortably, with a glance at SIGURD). Nay, not quite so much of that White Bear, HIÖRDIS!

Sigurd. He who slew the Big White Bear when it was chained up no coward can be deemed, HIÖRDIS!

Hiördis. Then must GUNNAR demand atonement from my foster-father for slaying my father JÖKUL—for a fight there is bound to be, somehow or other.

Örnulf. In fair fight I slew thy father—but ye women know naught of business. I will *not* atone.

Gunnar (undecidedly). Methinks, as HIÖRDIS'S legal representative, I am bound, to some extent, to call thee to account.

Örnulf. By no means. In our law a woman wedded by force, and *without* any compensation paid to her foster-father, hath *no* legal representative. Lawfully is she no better than, to quote from another Norwegian saga, a Wild Duck!

[*General sensation;* HIÖRDIS *quivers with rage at the insult.*

Hiördis. Homeward will I go after being thus flouted for a Wild Duck. *Now,* indeed, must thou fight him, GUNNAR, or else—— [*She goes out in a towering passion.*

Gunnar (aside to SIGURD). A little upset is the wife, but in time will she come round. Thou and I must talk things over by and by. [*He goes out after* HIÖRDIS *with his men.*

Örnulf. Dearly shall HIÖRDIS aby—but I forget, that expression have I used already. GUNNAR shall I assuredly have to fight after this.

Sigurd. That can I not suffer. Foster-brothers are we, and pals of old. Compensation will I pay thee for the pair of us.

Örnulf. Handsome is thy offer. Yet no, business is not *everything*—rather will I fight him and thee into the bargain. [KÅRE *returns.*

Kåre. Listen; right fain am I to score off HIÖRDIS, who is threatening me. So, if thou wilt see me through, this night will I burn down GUNNAR'S hall and everyone within it. Is it a bargain?

Örnulf. Ashamed ought thou to be of thyself for so unsportsmanlike a suggestion. Be off!

Kåre (going off). Of no consequence is it, for another way know I to pay her out.

Örnulf (to SIGURD). Right well will it serve her. JÖKUL her father brought up his children on wolves' hearts, and one can well see that HIÖRDIS surely got her fair share of such provender! [GUNNAR *comes back.*

Gunnar. Things have I squared with HIÖRDIS, and just now hath a happy thought struck us. *Why* have family rows at all? Why not, like good chaps, come and dine quietly without ceremony? Well will we do ye, and even put ye up for the evening. What say'st thou, SIGURD?

Sigurd. Engaged am I to dine in England with King ÆTHELSTAN.

Dagny. But not for this evening. Thou wottest well that we are free to-night to dine with the Gunnars.

Sigurd. Be it so. Well-pleased are we to accept thy kind invitation.

Gunnar. Right friendly is it spoken. Ornulf, old warrior, thou wilt join us?

Ornulf. Sorely hath Hiördis hurt my feelings. I will think it over, and let thee know.

Gunnar. We shall expect thee, then. And now must I hasten home to put out the mead. [*He goes out.*

Sigurd. Dagny, let us return to our ship and put on apparel more befitting a quiet family dinner. [*They go out.*

Thorolf (Ornulf's *youngest son, enters*). Father, is it true that thou hast fallen out with Hiördis?

Ornulf. H'm—a certain coolness perhaps is there between us. Why?

Thorolf. Because thou mayst be of good cheer. Kåre is on his way to slay Hiördis' only son, little Eyolf—I *should* say, little Egil. Little Eyolf is in another saga.

Ornulf (*with sudden resolution*). Then I will fight—and I, not Kåre, will take my revenge on her!

Thorolf. What meanest thou to do?

Ornulf. Nay, were I to tell thee, then would my best scene in the Second Act be ruined. Go thou to this Feast of theirs, and behave as politely as thou canst. (*To his six other sons.*) Follow me, my wolf cubs, and ye shall have blood to drink!

[Ornulf *rushes out with his six sons, who brandish their spears in boyish delight at the prospect of a real row at last.*

Thorolf (*to himself*). They have all the fun, and I, as the youngest son, must sit through the stodgy family feeds. [*He goes out.*

Sigurd (*enters with* Dagny, *dressed for dinner*). Now, wife, that we are alone, I have a secret to reveal to thee.

[*He tells her how, one night, after "the horn had gone busily round,"* Hiördis *had vowed that no warrior should win her unless he slew the Big White Bear that guarded her bower, and carried her off in his arms.*

Dagny. But all this do I already know. And ever have I thought that rough was it on the Bear. For Gunnar slew him.

Sigurd. Not Gunnar, but *I*. Much courage had Gunnar, and great love for Hiördis, but a White Bear could he not abide. Wherefore I slew it for him, and, as the bower was but imperfectly lighted, Hiördis never noticed that I was not Gunnar, but gave me the ring which thou now wearest on thy arm. Better had it been, perhaps, had I handed it over to Gunnar in case of awkward questions, but thee was I carrying off the same night, and I forgot. Still, it would be as well not to exhibit it before Hiördis.

Dagny. My brave and noble warrior! But why tell me all this *now?*

Sigurd. Truly is it scarcely playing the game with dear old Gunnar, but were I silent the dickens would it play with the Second Act. And after all, no woman ever yet betrayed a secret, and sure am I that, however trying may be Hiördis, nought will induce thee to let forth so ill-favoured a cat from the bag, or pretty would be the kettle of fish.

Dagny. Indeed, I should never dream of alluding to the matter, unless I were absolutely driven to it!

Sigurd. Well, I have warned thee, and all reasonable precautions have I taken. Let us away, then, to the family festival; and may it go off as peacefully and happily as we could possibly expect under the circumstances.

[*They away to the Feast as the Curtain falls.*

F. A.

Motto for the Lady of the House.—Don't worry about trifles; make a blanc-mange.



Doctor (*to Mrs Perkins, whose husband is ill*) 'Has he had any lucid intervals?"

Mrs. Perkins (*with dignity*) "'E 's 'ad nothink except what you ordered, Doctor!"

OUR GIRL-ATHLETES.

(*A metrical paraphrase of a recent letter by "A Berkshire Rector" to the "Times."*)

Sir,—I'm not an old fogey; my share I have done
With bat, ball and oar, and my sons were playing
Like me, "young barbarians" at school ev'ry one;
But the girls to pursue the same games have begun,
So 'tis time that their father a word were saying.

It is not overstraining the truth if I state
That my daughters are sending me home despatches
That might have been written verbatim of late
By their brothers; containing the news up to date
Of athletic, not mere matrimonial, matches.

There 's the same adulation of muscular skill,
Their "teams" undertake the same tours and journeys,
(N.B.—Journey-money appears in the bill),
The same technicalities reeled off at will,
And alas! the same slang to describe their tourneys.

Mary Blank is a bowler that 's "ripping," I 'm told,
Nellie Dash, too, is "ripping," with "forward" added;
The "hat trick" they all know. I had to behold
My third daughter last year standing up to be bowled
By a male "pro"—the girls were all gloved and padded!

The consequence is for our house talk to grow
Quite childish, where once intellectual leading
We gained from our girls—country homes are now "slow"
For those who were wont with their mother to sew,
Content while Jane Austen supplied their reading.

Their exercise due let the maidens enjoy
By *all* means—to that I am no objector;
But matches are turning each girl to a boy,
And the slang that attends them but serves to annoy
Very greatly Yours truly,

A Berkshire Rector.

DOMESTIC DRAMA.

(*A Matter of Taste.*)

GOOD-BYE then, MARY, if you really must?
You 're sure you—? Very well then. Anyhow
I 'm rather busy. No. I 've got to see
A dreadful female. Worse! A governess!
For ALGY, yes. You know he 's nearly eight,
And getting quite beyond—I wish I could!
I don't know how to manage him one bit.
My dear, a little demon. That 's the truth
His temper 's simply vile, and as for lies
You can't believe a single word he says.
His manners too! But what can one expect,
Considering the way his father—well,
You know what JACK is.
Oh, this woman? No.
I saw about her in the *Morning Post:*
She 's recommended by a Lady H.,
Whoever she may be: a fraud, no doubt.
But anyhow I wrote—was that the bell?
Yes! Then you 'd better go. I never keep
These sort of people waiting. Here she comes.
Adieu, ma chérie, then. Oh—How d'ye do?
Excuse me for a moment—I forgot!
That cook you spoke of. Is she very dear?
JACK 's rather—only fifty? Oh dear, no:
That 's not a bit too much. I 'll write at once.
Oh! what about the Duchess's to-night?
Then *au revoir*. I 'll come. Perhaps by then
I 'll know who "Lady H." is.
Please sit down.
You 'll have some tea? Well then, if you don't mind,
We 'll get to business. That 's to say, unless—
I 'm not mistaken, am I? You—you 've come—
It *is* about the governess's place?
I thought at first you looked—then may I ask,—
Now are you *fond* of little boys? So glad!
Then you are sure to love my ALGERNON.
He 's such a duck—a little difficult,
You know, high-spirited and all the rest,
But such a clever angel. By the way,
Were you at Girton? Oh! Not *any*where?
Dear me! Of course that makes a difference.
My husband 's so particular. But still
It 's chiefly *moral* training ALGY wants,
And *that*, no doubt—
Yes, yes, we 'll come to that:
The—er—the salary, you mean. I 'm sure
We shall not quarrel over that. But first
I 'd better tell you what the duties are.
They 're quite ridiculously light—in fact
If I could only find the time, I 'd love
To do it all myself. I always think
A mother's influence so much the best
For *any* child—don't you? But, as it is,
I simply cannot manage ALGERNON,
I have so much to do.
If you don't mind,
I 'd better finish what I have to say.
Your work would only be to get him up,
And see him dressed, and take him out for walks,
And mend his clothes, and read with him—in fact
Look after him until he 's safe in bed.
And then, no doubt, instead of coming down,
You 'd rather have your supper in your room:
So much more pleasant—yes, for everyone.
And, as for salary, my husband meant
To offer twenty pounds, but, on the whole,
I think that I may make it twenty-five!—
Then that 's all settled. Silence gives consent!
But, may I ask your name? I 'm so ashamed,
I 've quite—I beg your pardon? Lady HOOD?
Then you are Lady H.? But—oh, your friend!
I don't quite understand. Dear me, in bed?
I see. You came instead. Most kind of you!
And what am I to—will she take the place?
But *why*, if I may ask. If—not *enough*?
But—but I offered twenty-five! My cook?
Ah, yes! No doubt you—er—you overheard.
Oh, not at all. *My* fault! of course you see
How very different the cases are.
I know it isn't—yes, I quite agree,
In fact I 've told my husband more than once
That Education really does come first.
But then, what *can* one do? The fact remains,
Good cooks are scarce, and governesses swarm,
And so, poor things, one *has* to pay them less,
One really has no choice! Besides—*Good*-bye!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. BATSON has garnered a series of papers appearing from time to time in various magazines, and strung them together under the title, *A Book of the Country and the Garden* (METHUEN). They form a pleasant, chatty, diary of a year running from March to February. For amateur gardeners they convey many useful hints. For those who, like my Baronite, prefer to look on whilst the gardener is at work, they are full of pleasant memories and associations. An added interest is found in the fact that the book is illustrated with a number of pretty sketches by Mr. A. C. GOULD; his father, the inimitable F. C. G., occasionally looking in and showing how the thing should be done.

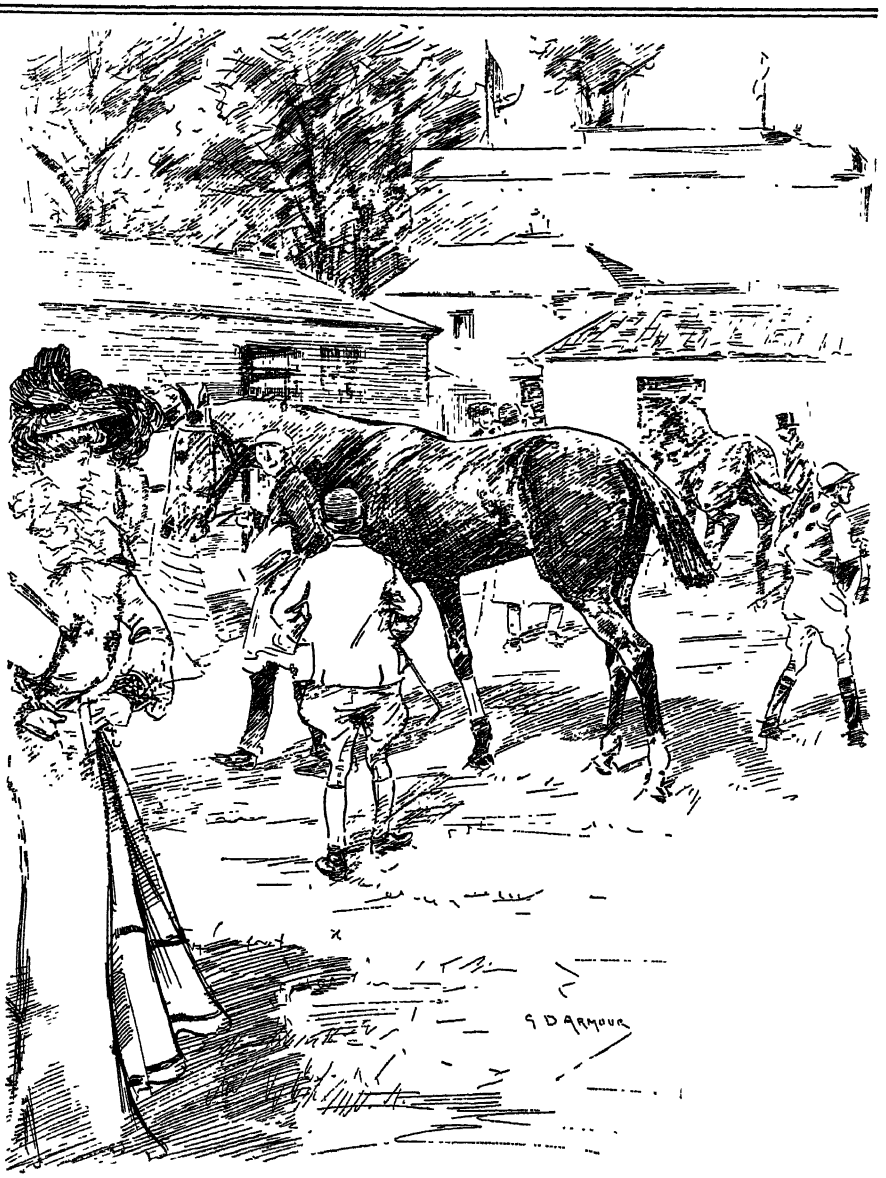
The steps of *Lovey Mary* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) leading footsore little *Tommy*, land her in the Cabbage Patch, where we meet again *Mrs. Wiggs, Miss Hazy, Asia, Australia*, and *Europeny*. *Lovey Mary*, aged thirteen, is monitress in a Home for Children. Her motherly heart, swelling at the prospect of losing a little waif and stray she had taken to it, runs off with him and goes in search of a situation that will enable her to keep him in comfort. Their progress is hampered by *Tommy's* insistence on possessing a live duck, in place of one whose companionship he had cultured in the playground of the Home. A dollar was *Mary's* sole capital, but she spent what was necessary in the purchase of a duck, which *Tommy* conveniently carried with his arm round its neck. The Cabbage Patch thus invaded rises to its usual height of neighbourly hospitality. In Miss ALICE HEGAN RICE'S hands it loses nothing of its residential squalor and its innate freshness of human nature. My Baronite is delighted to meet *Mrs. Wiggs* again, with her cheery way of looking out on the world. Here is a bit of her philosophy worth writing out in letters of gold and hanging up in other people's households: "The way to git cheerful is to smile when you feel bad, to think about somebody else's headache when yer own is 'most bustin', to keep on believin' the sun is a-shinin' when the clouds is thick enough to cut. Nothin' helps you to like it like thinkin' more 'bout other folks than about yerself."

Cornelius (SMITH, ELDER) is the story of the daily lives of a happy variety of living men and women. It is set alternately in a background of town and country, the latter affording Mrs. DE LA PASTURE opportunity for fresh display of the delicacy of her pencil and brush. The germ of the plot—an obscure country boy, son of a dairy-maid, turning out to be the heir to a peerage—is sufficiently commonplace.

Mrs. de la Pasture increases the effect by the apparent ingenuousness with which she gives herself away. But it is only the art of woman. *Bien fol qui s'y fie.*

Lured on to the apparently inevitable, the trusting, slightly scornful reader is, by dramatic, unexpected stroke, laid on his back breathless with surprise. Whilst the canvas is fairly crowded with figures, each is alert with life, instinct with individuality. *Cornelius* is a fine conception, one of Nature's noblemen. Airy, fairy *Lilias* is surrounded by divers foils—her vulgar aunt, *Mrs. Morrice*, her dreamy uncle *David*, her outwardly phlegmatic sister *Anne*, and, most delightful of all, pragmatical Aunt *Phillipotte*, with whom my Baronite is intimately acquainted in social life, though it is more than probable Mrs. de la Pasture never set eyes on the particular tall figure, with its crowning grace of white hair, he has in mind. *Cornelius* will distinctly advance the author's reputation, which is saying a good deal, since she wrote *Deborah o' Tod's*.

The Baron welcomes with pleasure *The Gourmet's Guide to Europe* (Grant Richards), written by Lieutenant-Colonel Newnham Davis and Algernon Bastard. They have visited and done themselves as well as possible at all the principal Restaurations in the civilised world, and, *mirabile dictu*, they are alive to tell the tale! Here, indeed, are a couple of genuine "Cook's Tourists." The "J. G." or Junior Gourmet, Algernon B., acting under the orders of his superior officer, seems to have been compelled to rough it occasionally, as, for instance, in Constantinople, while his sympathetic collaborateur (at a distance) was luxuriating in Paris. On another occasion, too, the "J. G." complains, humbly it is true, of a somewhat trying experience in Greece what time the physiognomy of the rather wily Major Gourmet was radiant with the oil of perfect cookery in Vienna. Yet was it necessary for the general utility of the book that while one of the two should be able of his own experience to tell you what to eat and drink and where to eat and drink it, the other should be able to inform intending travellers, equally from his own experience, what to avoid in the way of food, drink, and localities. To the one who says "Do" and to the other who says "Don't" all readers will be equally obliged; and if there be any excess of gratitude due to either it must be to the amiable "co-author." The Baron recommends all his friends to read, mark, and digest the excellent dinners given by these "co-authors," who, as genial hosts, are always entertaining. Baron de B.-W.



First Stable Boy (leading in Winner). "'Adn't you better go and get yer Money? The Bookie might bolt."

Second Stable Boy. "Oh, that 's all right. He can't. I picked a fat one with only one leg!"

MADE IN SWITZERLAND.

A correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* of April 22 says that a Zurich firm are doing an enormous business in the sale of "cribs" and "impositions" to the ingenuous youth of all nations.

This will not do. It is one more tintack in the coffin of England's commercial supremacy. It is a most insidious form of alien immigration. We are already depending upon foreign countries for bread, meat, and other commodities of life, and now the Bohn market is taken from us.

The British Infant, at present being brought up on Swiss milk, will proceed to acquire Swiss-English as she is spoke by the enterprising Alpine hotel-keeper. The Fourth Form Boy will cease to improve his hand-writing by laboriously transcribing the Georgics; his eye and taste will be vitiated by Genevese mis-spelling and cacography. The Freshman, having found out how to address a letter to the Continent, will be led on to patronise German lotteries and generally unsettle himself for life.

Mr. Punch implores Smith Minor to resist the wiles of the Helvetian tempter. Let him join a league to oust the intruder and to patronise home products only. There are many excellent translations in the field, or rather, the purlieus of Charing Cross. There are numerous deserving professional scribes on this side of the water who will do a hundred lines for the price of a jam tart. The British crib is in danger, and the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.



THE RULING PASSION.

Customs Official "HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO DECLARE?"
Absent-minded Traveller (Bridge-player, just catching last word). "OH, LEAVE IT TO YOU!"

THE BUDGETS OF OTHER DAYS.

[A writer in a contemporary, after remarking that Budget speeches of late years have been quite prosaic affairs, fondly recalls the days of GLADSTONE and DISRAELI, when financial statements were fired with imagination and delivered with eloquence.]

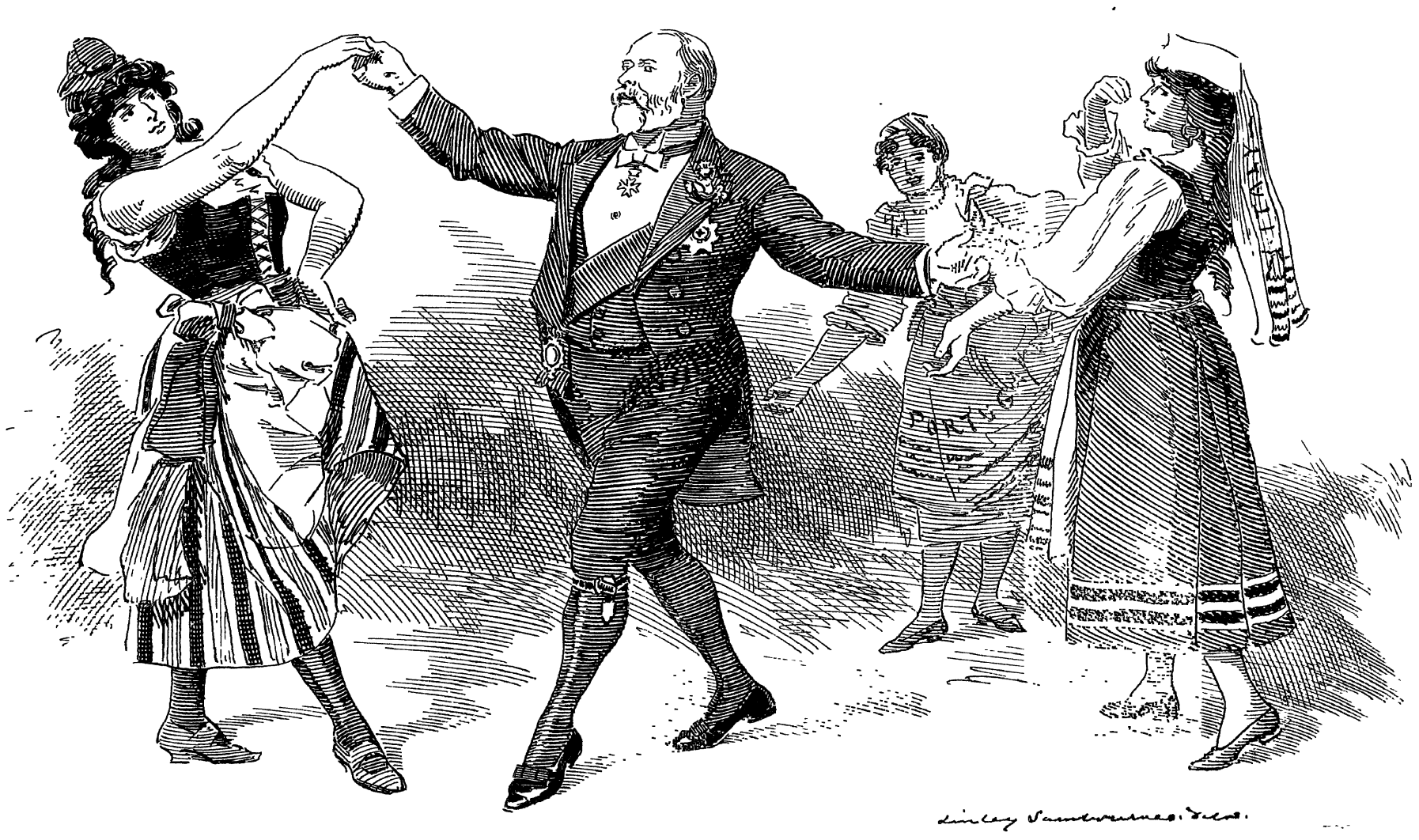
OH, let me praise the Budgets which
They fashioned when I was a boy;
In fire and inspiration rich,
Replete with beauty, fraught with joy:
The mantle of Romance is cast
Over the Budgets of the past!

Ah, in those dear departed days,
The Chancellor—a soulful man—
With honeyed words and well-turned phrase
Unravelled his financial plan;
And when his fancy spread her wing,
Taxation seemed a blessed thing!

His eloquence, ornate and rare,
Convinced us WORDSWORTH proved his case
What time he sang, There's naught so fair
As is the smile on Duty's face;
He even made the patriot pray
Our Customs never might decay.

Spent is the old-time fiscal fire,—
Now Chancellors their brains equip
With gifts that City folk admire
In men who deal in stock and scrip:
Men who the force of figures teach,
Disdaining aid from those of speech!

And yet perhaps 'tis well to choose
The latter mode, though dull and trite;
Since soaring minds are apt to lose
Their balance in some dizzy flight;
And what 's a Chancellor, except
His "balance" be most nicely kept?



THE CHAIN OF FRIENDSHIP.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Extracted from the Diary of Toby, M P

House of Commons, Tuesday, April 21.—When in the case of a former Bishop of Winchester question was put,

"And shall Trelawney die?"

answer was made, with honest vigour that excuses slight looseness of construction of the colloquy,

"There 's thirty thousand Cornishmen
Shall know the reason why."

This afternoon, on reassembling after Easter recess, analogous question was put in respect to the Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, "And shall Lord Leven die?" Regret to say answer not quite so satisfactory as in case of Sir John Trelawney (after all, since deceased). Scotch Members on the whole show themselves indifferent to issue. Mr. Weir even goes so far as to affirm that the Lord High Commissioner "is paid for it." Risk of drains not specifically mentioned in his appointment. But in the opinion of the Member for Ross and Cromarty it is included.

C.-B., with the sagacity that is the birthright of dwellers beyond the Tweed, instantly put his finger on the cause of trouble. Vote before Committee is for £40,600 on account of Royal Palaces. Whiskey Dewar moved reduction by £100 in order to complain of the Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, departing from custom when the General Assembly is to the fore, proposing to remove his head-quarters from Holyrood Palace to, as Mr. Dewar put it, "the Station Hotel, of all the places in the world." Whisper went round that this contemptuously indignant reference was based upon alleged fact that at this particular hostelry, "of all places in the world," a certain brand of pure Scotch is unattainable.

C.-B., as hinted, put the whole business straight. "There is," he remarked, transfixing Prince Arthur with stern glance, "something below the surface."

Of course there was. There were the drains.

Just as on the eve of opening of Parliament the roads approaching Westminster Palace are taken up, so, the time being at hand for the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to foregather in the capital, the Board of Works swoop down and disturb the drains at Holyrood Palace. Lord Leven and Melville is, truly, Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. As such, drains do not daunt him. But he is more. He is a husband and a father, and, with all respect to Mr. Weir, is not disposed to risk his life and their happiness.



JOHN BULL'S BUDGET EXPRESSION, 1903.

Can the fact that John Bull has been looking like this the last few days be due to the "Fourpence off the Income Tax"? We fancy so!

Case at first sight strong. But Canny Caldwell puts his finger on its weak point. The Lord High Commissioner declines to dwell in Holyrood Palace on account of the drains, "preferring," as Mr. Shaw pointedly puts it, "to sleep in an adjoining public-house."

Very good. "But," says the Canny One, "he is going to hold his Le-*vees* in the tainted dwelling." What is bad for one Lord High Commissioner is a hundredfold worse for reverend gentlemen and others with wives and daughters who will attend what C. C. with increasing emphasis alludes to as "Le-*vees*."

Being on his legs another objection illuminates his shrewd mind. Dispensing hospitality in what Prince Arthur loftily alludes to as "the ancient residence of the Kings of Scotland," the Lord High Commissioner is privileged privily to dispense liquor that has not paid toll to the Exchequer For years reverend gentlemen, lights of manses fructifying remote spots of Scotia, looking in at Holyrood during the General Assembly fortnight, have sampled toddy as innocent of excise duty as if it were the potheen of a neighbouring isle. How will it be in respect of the personal account of the Lord High Commissioner taking his dram at the "of all places in the world" alluded to by Mr. Dewar? Will he purchase it duty free, or how? Canny Caldwell, carefully parting the skirts of his black frock-coat, emblem of

frugal respectability, resumes his seat, feeling he had 'em there.

In vain PRINCE ARTHUR, hearing in his distant room echo of the slogan, hastens in and pleads that there is nothing in Mr. BLACK'S mournful plaint that the arrangement is deliberately "designed with the purpose of stifling national sentiment in Scotland." Scotsmen weeping over an affront paid to Holyrood will not be comforted. Division insisted upon. Ministerial majority run down to parlous figure of 39.

Business done. — Sittings resumed after Easter. Government ran narrow risk of defeat.

Thursday night.—The Income Tax payer is the Needy Knife-grinder of the community. Whenever the country is in danger or difficulty Chancellor of Exchequer turns to him, claps on a penny, peradventure threepence. This of course in addition to his contribution, large in proportion as his means are liberal, to indirect taxation.

To-day, the War being really over, Chancellor of the Exchequer has a surplus. The long-suffering Income Tax payer, Issachar among his fellow citizens, meekly lifts his head and asks to be remembered in the day of comparative prosperity, as he is never forgotten in time of trouble. Last year ST. MICHAEL, putting on an extra penny, promised to take it off this year. Income Tax payer, growing bolder, asks ST. MICHAEL'S successor to make it twopence. Encouraged by sound of his own voice, goes on with increasing firmness to ask for threepence, as the Needy Knife-grinder asked for sixpence.

RITCHIE'S reply comes to-night in thronged House listening to Budget Speech. Compare it with that snapped forth by the Friend of Humanity immortalised by CANNING,

> "*I* give thee sixpence! I will see thee damn'd first."

Note not only the brutality of this response but the coarseness of the language in which it is conveyed. How different are words and mien of the latter-day Friend of Humanity, standing by the brass-bound box a long line of Chancellors of the Exchequer has thumped!

> "*I* give thee threepence! I will make it fourpence"

This it is to be born with a generous heart and to have a surplus of nearly eleven millions.

Business done.—Budget brought in. Fourpence knocked off Income Tax.

Friday night. — GEORGE WYNDHAM, back from Ireland after Easter holidays, sits on Treasury Bench and thinks of coming day when he shall move second reading Land Purchase Bill. Bleak April weather prevalent elsewhere; for him the sun shines as it rarely falls on an Irish Secretary. Seems only the other day he was howled at all over Ireland as the "smiling assassin." Now landlord and tenant vie with each other in applause. If he will only pinch a few more millions from pocket of impoverished British taxpayer he shall have a statue on College Green. Nay, he shall be canonized. Why should so-called Merrie England have monopoly of St. George? Why not "St. George for Resuscitated Ireland?"

"Pity ANDREW MARVEL is no more," said the MEMBER FOR SARK.

"Why?" I asked, though, really, have ceased to marvel at SARK'S inconsequences.

"If he were still alive," he murmured, "he might string another Horatian Ode such as that with



THE HERO OF THE HOUR
"I propose to take off fourpence."
(Mr. R-tch-e.)

which he welcomed CROMWELL'S return from Ireland. Of course nothing comparable between our Chief Secretary's rule and that established by iron hand of the Protector. PRINCE ARTHUR, with his 'Don't hesitate to shoot,' came nearer the Cromwellian standard. But there are some lines in the Ode curiously appropriate to present circumstances:

> And now the Irish are ashamed
> To see themselves in one year tamed:
> So much one man can do
> That does both act and know.

Again,

> He to the Commons' feet presents
> A Kingdom for his first year's rents

Ireland, you see, really brought within the Union. Perhaps, in the unavoidable absence of ANDREW MARVELL, ALFRED AUSTIN will tip us a stave."

Business done. — Compensation for Disturbance (Licensed Victuallers) Bill read a second time.

WHAT THEY SEEM TO EXPECT

(*Made in Germany.*)

THE German newspapers show such absurd annoyance when commenting on King EDWARD'S visit to France, that one can only suppose that, in their opinion, they and their country should control everyone. Happily our country, though the heads of our soldiers are decorated with German caps, and the feats of our Ministers are capped with German decorations, has not yet sunk into complete vassalage. What the Germans apparently expect, and would certainly enjoy, is the perusal of some such items of news as these:—

The King of ENGLAND, having applied for the necessary permission, has been informed that His Majesty the KAISER is graciously pleased to allow him to visit Italy. As regards a similar application for permission to visit France, His Majesty the KAISER has caused instructions to be sent to the King of ENGLAND forbidding him to go.

The English Ministers, who have usually shown a praiseworthy respect and obedience towards the German Government, have submitted to Count VON BÜLOW a proposal to construct a new breakwater to protect the coast of Suffolk from the inroads of the sea. The Imperial Chancellor, considering the breakwater a disrespectful menace to the fortifications of Heligoland, has given orders to the English Ministers to abandon the scheme.

Recently, in the English Parliament, a member called GIBSOHN BOLWES made an outrageous attack upon his Majesty the KAISER. We almost hesitate to repeat the gross insult. The misguided man actually ventured to apply the word "impetuous" to his Imperial Majesty. The wretched BOLWES was at once arrested, and, after being chained hand and foot, was thrown into a subterranean dungeon of the Tower of London. He was tried yesterday and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the dungeon. His Majesty the KAISER has been graciously pleased to confer the Red Eagle upon the Lord High Chancellor as a mark of his approval.

An English Colonel has been found guilty of grave disrespect to the Fatherland. A German band was playing the *Wacht am Rhein* outside his house, and the wretched Colonel, instead of standing on his doorstep in full uniform and saluting, actually asked them to go away. The Court Martial, disregarding his absurd defence that his wife was ill, sentenced him to be degraded to the ranks and dismissed with ignominy. His Majesty the KAISER has been graciously pleased to bestow the Order *Pour le Mérite* on Mr. BRODDRICK.



ENTER SPRING.



BULL AND BEAR STOCK EXCHANGE RACE.

DUDLEY JONES, BORE-HUNTER.

I.

As is now well known, my friend Mr. DUDLEY JONES perished under painful circumstances on the top of Mount Vesuvius. His passion for research induced him to lean over the edge of the crater in such a way as to upset his equipoise. When we retrieved him he was a good deal charred, and, to be brief, of very little use to anybody. One of our noblest poets speaks of a cat which was useless except to roast. In the case of DUDLEY JONES, even that poor exception would not have held good. He was done to a turn.

DUDLEY JONES was a man who devoted his best energy to the extinction of bores. With a clear-sightedness which few modern philanthropists possess, he recognised that, though Society had many enemies, none was so deadly as the bore. Burglars, indeed, JONES regarded with disapproval, and I have known him to be positively rude to a man who confessed in the course of conversation to being a forger. But his real foes were the bores, and all that one man could do to eliminate that noxious tribe, that did DUDLEY JONES do with all his might.

Of all his cases none seems to me so fraught with importance as the adventure of the Unwelcome Guest. It was, as JONES remarked at intervals of ten minutes, a black business. This guest—but I will begin at the beginning.

We were standing at the window of our sitting-room in Grocer Square on the morning of June 8, 189—, when a new brougham swept clean up to our door. We heard the bell ring, and footsteps ascending the stairs.

There was a knock.

"Come in," said JONES; and our visitor entered.

"My name is Miss PETTIGREW," she observed, by way of breaking the ice.

"Please take a seat," said JONES in his smooth professional accents. "This is my friend WUDDUS. I generally allow him to remain during my consultations. You see, he makes himself useful in a lot of little ways, taking notes and so on. And then, if we turned him out, he would only listen at the keyhole. You follow me, I trust? WUDDUS, go and lie down on the mat. Now, Miss PETTIGREW, if you please."

"Mine," began Miss PETTIGREW, "is a very painful case."

"They all are," said JONES.

"I was recommended to come to you by a Mrs. EDWARD NOODLE. She said that you had helped her husband in a great crisis."

"WUDDUS," said JONES, who to all appearances was half asleep, "fetch my scrapbook."

The press-cutting relating to Mr. EDWARD NOODLE was sandwiched between a statement that Mr. BALFOUR never eats doughnuts, and a short essay on the treatment of thrush in infants.

"Ah," said JONES, "I remember the case now. It was out of my usual line, being simply a case of theft. Mr. NOODLE was wrongfully accused of purloining a needle."

"I remember," I said eagerly. "The case for the prosecution was that NEDDY NOODLE nipped his neighbour's needle."

"WUDDUS," said JONES coldly, "be quiet. Yes, Miss PETTIGREW?"

"I will state my case as briefly as possible, Mr. JONES. Until two months ago my father and I lived alone, and were as happy as could possibly be. Then my uncle, Mr. STANLEY PETTIGREW, came to stay. Since that day we have not known what happiness is. He is driving us to distraction. He *will* talk so."

"Stories?"

"Yes. Chiefly tales of travel. Oh, Mr. JONES, it is terrible."

JONES's face grew cold and set.

"Then the man is a bore?" he said.

"A dreadful bore."

"I will look into this matter, Miss PETTIGREW. One last question. In the case of your father's demise—this is purely hypothetical—a considerable quantity of his property would, I suppose, go to Mr. STANLEY PETTIGREW?"

"More than half."

"Thank you. That, I think, is all this morning. Good-day, Miss PETTIGREW."

And our visitor, with a bright smile—at me, I always maintain, though JONES declares it was at him—left the room.

"Well, JONES," I said encouragingly, "what do you make of it?"

"I never form theories, as you are perfectly well aware," he replied curtly. "Pass me my bagpipes."

I passed him his bagpipes and vanished.

It was late when I returned.

I found JONES lying on the floor with his head in a coal-scuttle.

"Well, WUDDUS," he said, "so you 've come back?"

"My dear JONES, how——?"

"Tush, I saw you come in."

"Of *course*," I said. "How simple it seems when you explain it! But what about this business of Miss PETTIGREW's?"

"Just so. A black business, WUDDUS. One of the blackest I have ever handled. The man STANLEY PETTIGREW is making a very deliberate and systematic attempt to bore his unfortunate relative to death!"

I stared at him in silent horror.

* * * *

Two days afterwards JONES told me that he had made all the arrangements. We were to go down to Pettigrew Court by the midnight mail. I asked, Why the midnight mail? Why not wait and go comfortably next day? JONES, with some scorn, replied that if he could not begin a case by springing into the midnight mail, he preferred not to undertake that case. I was silenced.

"I am to go down as a friend of the family," said he, "and you are going as a footman."

"Thanks," I said.

"Don't mention it," said JONES. "You see, you have got to come in some capacity, for I must have a reporter on the spot, and as a bore is always at his worst at meal-times you will be more useful in the way of taking notes if you come as a footman. You follow me, WUDDUS?"

"But even now I don't quite see. How do you propose to treat the case?"

"I shall simply outbore this PETTIGREW. I shall cap all his stories with duller ones. Bring your note-book."

"Stay, JONES," I said. "It seems to me—correct me if I am wrong—that in the exhilaration of the moment you have allowed a small point to escape you."

"I beg your pardon, WUDDUS?" His face was pale with fury.

"A very small point," I said hurriedly. "Simply this, in fact. If you begin outboring STANLEY, surely an incidental effect of your action will be to accelerate the destruction of your suffering host."

"True," said JONES thoughtfully. "True. I had not thought of that. It is at such moments, WUDDUS, that a suspicion steals across my mind that you are not such a fool as you undoubtedly look." I bowed.

"I must make arrangements with Mr. PETTIGREW. Until I have finished with brother STANLEY he must keep to his room. Let him make some excuse. Perhaps you can suggest one?"

I suggested Asiatic cholera. JONES made a note of it.

On the following night, precisely at twelve o'clock, we sprang into the midnight mail.

(To be continued.)

MR. PUNCH'S SKETCHY INTERVIEWS.

XV.—Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. Wells's residence, which is known as Spade House—Lord Rosebery having laid the foundation stone—stands on an eminence at Sandgate



"Mermaids, which are common objects of the local shore."

overlooking the English Channel. It was built on the prophets of *Anticipations*. Mr. Wells chose this elevated site in order that he might keep an eye on France, especially on M. Jules Verne; and also that he might be cognisant of the approach of mermaids, which are common objects of the local shore; so much so that the Sandgate Borough Council have had to pass a law regulating their movements. At the back of Mr. Wells's house is a hydraulic lift, built from his own designs and at his own expense, for the easy transport of these sea ladies from the beach to the Lees.

On our pressing the electric button the door was opened by a well-trained Martian, who in answer to our question hooted politely that Mr. Wells was out on his Aeroplane, superintending the flying drill of the Sandgate Highlanders, and was for the time being an invisible man, but that he was expected in any moment.

While he was speaking a whirring noise was heard overhead, and Mr. Wells swooped to earth. Divesting himself of his celluloid cloak, studded with plasmon buttons, Mr. Wells, on demanding and receiving our assurance that we belonged to the middle classes, ushered us into his sanctum. We experienced considerable difficulty in keeping our feet, owing to the curvature of the floor—Mr. Wells adopts this system to prevent the collection of dust—but finally succeeded in anchoring ourselves to a selenite paperweight, while our host settled himself comfortably in the cushioned seats of his Time Machine and began to talk.

"No," said he, "I am not interested in the present, nor hardly in to-morrow. It is the day after the day after to-morrow on which my wistful gaze is fixed. Ah, England will be England then when Anticipations are realities, and man is no longer in the making but made. I look forward to a not too distant day when airships will be as common as hardships now are, and all incompetent statesmen and generals will have married mermaids and disappeared for ever into a subaqueous limbo."

"Is it true, Mr. Wells," we asked, "that you are a convert to the tabloid dietary?"

"Certainly," replied the indomitable vaticinator. "The man of the future being *ex hypothesi* toothless, lozenges become a prime necessity. It is therefore the duty of all far-sighted citizens to forestall the inevitable and conform to the exigencies of posterity. I myself subsist exclusively on a peptonised angel cake prepared from a recipe supplied me by one of my wonderful visitors."

"When then do you expect to join the choir invisible?"

"When the wings which this diet is guaranteed to produce shall have fully grown. But in the interval I have much to do. You know that I am endeavouring to negotiate an Anglo-Martian alliance?"

We had heard a rumour to that effect.

"Mr. Chamberlain is favourable to the project, but Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Brodrick are at present unconvinced.



"Mr. Wells was out on his aeroplane."

Then there is my National Nursery, in which I propose to subject the limbs of the young to a process which will enable future generations to adopt a rotary means of locomotion. If a Centaur why not an Androcycle?"



"I myself subsist exclusively on a peptonised angel cake."

"Why not?" we submissively echoed.

At this point we arose, unwilling any longer to deprive our great-great-grandchildren of the results of his labours. Mr. Wells showed us to the door, and recommending his moving staircase as an easy means of descent left us with his blessing.

We stepped on it with a light heart, and some hours afterwards came to ourselves in the surgery of a Sandgate practitioner.

Moral.—Leave Wells alone.

TO ANY SPRING POET.

(*By Any Editor.*)

If I were you I really think
I'd be more sparing with my ink,
(A lull in verse is surely due!)
So when you tremble on the brink
Of lyrics—and we tremble too!—
I wouldn't slip, if I were you.

Your vernal raptures tend to bore;
Of Spring I wish to hear no more;
To Phyllis kindly bid adieu,
Whom you (on paper) so adore;
I would—in mercy's name I sue,—
Live and let live, if I were you!

It is reported by the *Daily Chronicle* of the 24th inst. that "Some Conservatives at Bristol expressed regret that the Income Tax reduction was 4*d.* instead of 3*d.* as anticipated." Some people are so hard to please.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VI.

IT was about three years after the little flare-up I told you about that I went and had another go at getting spliced. I hadn't done much in what they call Cupid's Court in the meantime. Of course I don't mean to say that I hadn't had lots of chances. A fellow who 's making a bit of money and can show a good coat and a decent pair of trousers, and who 's got a warm man for a father—well, you know what I mean, he 's pretty sure to have a pack of girls after him all the time. But I wasn't taking any, that 's the cold truth. For one thing I 'd had such a facer over INEZ. It was no use blinking it: she had treated me scandalously. There was I pouring out all the young affections of my heart at her feet, and she, a married woman, with a great black-haired brute of a husband in Seville, was leading me on just as if she meant to say, "Pour away, pour away; it 's pretty stuff, but it won't be wasted. You can pick it all up again directly, and mine with it; and someday we 'll live in a flat and keep a footman." And all the time she knew it was all my eye, the heart and the flat and the footman and all the rest of it.

But that 's a woman all over. Once she gets a good-looking chap in tow she can't bear to let him go—just keeps him on a string like a kitten, and pulls him in or lets him out as it suits her fancy. I did have a month or two of the mopes when it was all over, and tried to do a bit in poetry, but it didn't seem to come natural—the rhymes were stumpers for one thing, and the lines would go and get mixed up with one another, so I pretty soon chucked that.

Well, as I say, it was about three years afterwards that I got it again badly. This time it was in my own rank of life—one try at marriage beneath you is enough for any man, you can bet your life on that. Her name was EMILY COLLINS, and she was twenty-five, just about my own age. Her father and mother lived next door but one to us. He was something in the meat-market, I never knew rightly what, but it seemed to run to money, for he had a cook at £25 a year, and kept his own cellar of wine. Besides, they had their drawing-room done up in stamped leather wall-paper, and there were varnished bamboo ornaments and fans and china plates all over it, and two or three big books with gilt-edged leaves on the table in the middle. You could see they 'd been well educated and had some refinement. EMILY was a very neat parcel of silks and laces. She wasn't as tall as some I 've known, but she had a first-class figure—didn't run to ombompon or anything of that sort. She 'd got a nice complexion too, with a couple of moles on her right cheek, and grey eyes. It was a funny thing, but she was the dead spit of her mother, barring wrinkles. In the dark you couldn't tell t'other from which. They both sang the same songs too. I thought them pretty good at the game in those days, but I suppose, being in love, I got blinded, and so I couldn't be a good judge of music; I 've heard them since, and it didn't come to much.

I don't quite remember how it all began this time. I know I didn't fall in head-first with a splash, as I did with INEZ. I hadn't got the same feeling of swimming on soda-water bubbles when I saw her; but then of course this wasn't a first passion, and that always makes a difference. But I 'd thought it over quietly with myself, and I felt that if we got hitched we could run the show very comfortably. Besides, they were good people, as I 've said. Old BEN COLLINS's father had been on the town council somewhere in Gloucestershire, and Mrs. COLLINS's grandfather had made a pot of money in the corn trade. Anyhow it all appeared very suitable. EMILY seemed quite agreeable. I saw her pretty well every day, and paid her lots of compliments out of a book of etiquette and courtship that I bought for a shilling. For instance, if she said it was a fine sunny day, I 'd say, "Indeed? The truth is that the brightness of your eyes has made me insensible to the beams of the god of light." EMILY laughed and said, "Don't be so silly," but I could see she liked it. The only thing was I couldn't make up my mind how I 'd propose to her. I 'd thought out no end of plans—going on my knees, and writing her a letter, and coming at her through her father—but none of them seemed what I wanted, so at last I decided to leave it to chance. I thought if I caught her alone some evening I 'd make a plunge and get it over.

Well, one day I found out that her mother had gone off visiting, and I felt pretty sure I should find EMILY at home. I went round to their house at six o'clock—it was December and pitch dark—and walked right up to the drawing-room without waiting for the servant to announce me, and went in. There was a lamp in the room, but it was flickering, and just as I got in it gave a bit of a flare and went down. However, I 'd seen enough to know she was there all right, sitting on the sofa. "No," I said, as she made a move, "don't have it lit up. I like this sort of light. I want to say something to you." The fact was, it made me feel as bold as a lion to be in the dark. So I went on: said I 'd loved her ever since I set eyes on her. Would she be mine? "The cold world," I said (I got it out of *Doomed to be Mated*) "may reprove our love, but what of that? We love; is not that enough?" and with that I seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

The next moment I got a smack on the side of the face that made me see stars, a voice that wasn't EMILY's hissed at me, "You serpent!" and the lamp, which hadn't really gone out, flared up again and showed me it was Mrs. COLLINS. She was standing like a hyena by the sofa. I was out of the house in two two's, you may be sure, and we haven't been on visiting terms since. I wrote and tried to explain things—said I 'd had money losses and got unhinged, but it didn't seem to be any use. It was all over between EMILY and me. I couldn't have screwed myself up a second time. She married a farmer in Essex not long afterwards.

"IS THIS A DAGGER?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In the Year Book of the Church of Scotland for 1903, at page 120, is a List of Moderators of General Assembly since 1560, to which is prefixed the following note:—"Moderators still living are marked with a dagger." I have a natural desire to know in what manner these distinguished and reverend gentlemen came by the dangerous wounds referred to.

There is also the further question—how many of the Moderators now slumbering peacefully beneath the green moss of some sequestered churchyard have been done to death by the coward hand of the assassin, and why was no inquiry held?

You, Sir, dwell south of the Tweed in comparatively civilised surroundings, but on this side there would appear to be room (and danger) enough to attract the missionary enterprise of any to whom China offers too peaceful a field of operations.

Yours most admiringly,

DUGALD MACSPORRAN.

ANOTHER EUROPEAN CONCERT.—*Lloyd's Weekly News* publishes the following Reuter telegram:—"Berlin: Saturday.—The Emperor dined at the Embassy to-night. *In addition to the whole staff of the Embassy* the Trumpeter band of the 1st Dragoon Guards Regiment played during dinner." Surely the *chef* should have been excused.

SARDOU'S MUDDLEDRAMA; OR, DANTE OF OLD DRURY.

WHATEVER Sir HENRY IRVING does, he does well and thoroughly, and whatever Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS takes in hand at Drury Lane may be depended upon as being done most effectively; witness *Ben Hur*, the last scene in which probably suggested the excellent stage management of Scene VII., *The Valley of Asphodels*, in this play of *Dante*. Sir HENRY does most loyally his very best for two French authors, SARDOU and MOREAU (whose work has been well translated by one Englishman, Mr. LAURENCE IRVING), who, most decidedly, have not succeeded, however much they may have tried, in doing *their* very best for Sir HENRY.

Let it be at once said that with the production of the piece, in respect to stage effect, it would be indeed difficult to find the slightest fault; but that Sir HENRY was at any time satisfied with this piece, as a fine play offering great dramatic opportunities, may be legitimate matter for doubt. The Prologue promises and performs well; so does the first scene in the First Act. But after this, goodbye to real drama until the Fourth Act, and during its absence, and in the absence of anything resembling a connected, well-developed plot, we must be contented with wonderfully effective spectacle. "Down, down to Hell, and say I sent thee thither," say SARDOU and MOREAU; and here, where the spectacle is at its strongest, as it was with *Ulysses* in Hades at His Majesty's, the dramatic action is at its weakest.

The Fourth Act offers a great chance to a clever actor like Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON, who, as *Cardinal Colonna*, makes the most of it. But where is *Dante* in this? Simply an impressive figure, as would be Death, or Fate, appearing to the doomed sinner in a "Morality" like *Everyman;* but, dramatically, the doomed and dying sinner has a long way the best of it. This, *Moreau-ver*, is but an approach to SHAKSPEARE'S thrilling scene of the death of *Cardinal Beaufort, à la mode de* SARDOU. But for Sir HENRY IRVING'S art, the part of *Dante* in this scene, would go for absolutely nothing. The only relief to the sombre character of the piece is to be found in the comic Convent episode, where the unconventional nuns quarrel like the fish-fags in *Madame Angot*. This causes the audience some merriment, but it is unworthy of SARDOU, who seems to have relied upon imaginary revelations of conventual life as supplied by certain disreputable works of fiction long since exposed and condemned.

The unexampled popularity of Sir HENRY IRVING carries the piece, which was on the first night received with the greatest enthusiasm, and his brief address at the finish was welcomed, as he himself had been on his entrance, with the very heartiest applause. Drury Lane was a wonderful sight on Thursday night, and there was but one feeling evidenced in that vast and thoroughly representative audience, and that was expressive of the sincere desire that the "biggest success" might attend this new venture of the greatest and most popular actor of our time.

Of the other players, where there was so little for each one to do, it is difficult to say more than that every one of them did "their level best;" that Miss LENA ASHWELL, doubling the parts of *Pia* the mother, and *Gemma* the daughter, was powerful and sympathetic, though honestly, through no fault of hers, to distinguish one from t'other, both being the same person, was no easy task; that Miss LAURA BURT as *Helen of Swabia* acted a difficult scene with great dramatic force; that Miss NORA LANCASTER, as *The Spirit of Beatrice*, delivered her speech with excellent effect; and that Miss LILIAN ELDÉE touched the audience as *Francesca*. The Florentine ladies were charming, one and all, and Miss WALLIS awoke the compassion of the audience by having to play so odious a part as that of an Abbess according to the fantastic imagination of the authors.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"THE GLASS OF FASHION AND THE MOULD OF FORM."—*Hamlet*, iii. 1.

Mr. GERALD LAWRENCE was a handsome and manly *Bernardino;* and Mr. LUGG was a truculent ecclesiastic as *Archbishop of Pisa*. Had Mr. WILLIAM FARREN, Junior, enjoyed the pre-historic disadvantage of having witnessed the performance of one Mr. FENTON, of the Strand Theatre, as the *Grand Inquisitor* in a burlesque of *L'Africaine*, he might have got more humour into the character, and more fun out of it, than at present he has succeeded in doing. Messrs. SARDOU and MOREAU should enliven the part with a song and dance.

The piece, as played on the first night, went without a single hitch; the incidental music by M. XAVIER LEROUX, though, as *Mr. Toots* might have said, "of no consequence," yet served its purpose, and was well rendered.

The little book that accompanies the programme, containing some "explanatory notes by an Italian Student," is very well done, and carefully indicates to the reader where the dramatists are in accord with historical fact and where they are relying on their own not very striking powers of invention.

To sum up, though *Dante* as a play is not to be mentioned in the same breath with *Faust*, and though as a part for Sir HENRY *Dante* is not within measurable distance of *Becket*, yet that it will draw all London to the Lane is a certainty, due only remotely to the French authors, then to the admirable support given by Mr. ARTHUR COLLINS and his assistants, but, above all, to the absolutely unique popularity of Sir HENRY IRVING.

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST.

[The writer of the following lines, while giving further publicity to a painful rumour regarding the business-like measures adopted by modern women as a protection against breaches of promise, is loth to attach unquestioning credence to these allegations He will be happy to receive a few confidences on the subject from persons qualified to speak.]

TIME was, before the Age of Tin,
Ere Woman took to Bridge or Euchre,
When it was deemed a deadly sin
To sully Love with thoughts of Lucre;
When cheeks retained the blushful hue
Which one associates with peaches,
And Eros, open as the blue,
Had never heard of legal breaches.

The god, as now, was gravel-blind,
And moved in most uneven courses;
Men changed the thing they called their mind,
They loved and rode away on horses;
But in those times, which I will term
The Lion-browsing-with-the-Lamb Age,
Our women scorned to play the worm
That turns and makes a claim for damage.

When men like Theseus, growing tired,
Deftly marooned their tearful ladies,
These wed elsewhere or just expired,
Looking for better luck in Hades;
When Paris went (the heartless brute),
And scuttled like a common coney,
We do not hear of any suit
Brought by the derelict Œnone.

Not yet the compromising pen
Confirmed advances, lightly spoken,
Which could not rise against you when
Your faith was subsequently broken;
The living voice conveyed your sense,
And, if it came to strained relations,
There was no written evidence
To prove your amorous protestations.

Or if the maiden's heart was hot
To have her lover's pledge recorded
In less elusive ways than what
The tablets of her soul afforded—
Or if the gallant felt a call
To advertise his plighted tryst, he
Chalked up the facts along a wall,
Or nicked on larches "Τῇ καλλίστῃ."

Turning to later days we find
That in the course of Love's excursions
Such charmers as were left behind
Made nothing by these base desertions;
Thus when the soldier went on trek,
Having betrayed the miller's daughter,
Apparently no sort of cheque
Reached her address at Allan Water.

Gone are the good old rules; and now
The times (in WALKLEY's phrase) *mutantur;*
Our girls in every lover's vow
Detect the possible Levanter;
Each careless fragment you indite,
The simplest ode, the merest sonnet—
They keep it tight in black and white,
And clap a business-label on it.

The tuft of hair you ill could spare,
Designed to grace your lady's locket—
The hints of wealth that she should share—
Each has its pigeon-hole or docket;
And when you wrote in fearless style
"Dear heart, my love is strong. Just try me!"
She stuck your statement on a file!
O Tempora! O Labor limæ!

O. S.

VIVE L'ANGLETERRE!

Un café du Boulevard. M. DURAND *et* M. DUPONT *assis.* M. DUBOIS *arrive, marchant à l'anglaise, très raide et très correct.*

Dubois. Allô!

Durand. Eh bien, mon cher, vous n'êtes pas au téléphone.

Dubois. All right! Ce n'est pas le cri du téléphone, c'est le "bonjour" anglais.

Dupont. Ah ça! Vous êtes comme tout le monde.

Durand. Mettez-vous là. Qu'est-ce que vous prenez? Un vermouth?

Dubois. Razaire not! Un thé. Mais non, c'est pour les femmes. *I tak a ouisky-soda.*

Dupont. Vous êtes épatant, mon cher.

Durand. On dirait un Anglais.

Dubois. Aoh yess! Le cousin de ma belle-sœur a épousé une Irlandaise. Comme ça je suis à moitié anglais. Pour le moment j'adore tout ce qui est anglais.

Dupont. Et vous parlez anglais?

Dubois. Naturellement. Et tous les jours je lis le *Times*.

Dupont. Qu'est-ce que c'est que ça?

Dubois. Ah bah, mon cher! On voit très bien que vous n'êtes pas dans le mouvement. En province on ne sait rien. Je vais vous le montrer. *Ouaitaire, bring to me ze Times.*

Dupont. Sapristi, il parle anglais couramment!

Durand. Moi je l'ai appris au collége. Mais DUBOIS est beaucoup plus fort. Il va changer de nom et s'appeler Mistaire VOOD.

Dubois. Pardon, ce nom se prononce Ou-oudd. Ah, voilà le *Times*. C'est un magnifique journal.

Dupont. C'est énorme. Et vous savez lire tout ça?

Dubois. Parbleu, quelquefois un mot m'échappe.

Dupont C'est à n'y pas croire.

Durand. C'est très chic.

Dupont. Et vous savez chanter le *God save*, et crier "Vive le Roi!" en anglais?

Dubois. Mieux que ça. Je crie "Ipipoura!" lorsque je vois passer le Roi d'Angleterre.

Dupont. C'est épatant. Et vous portez un chapeau anglais, un complet anglais, un parapluie anglais. Il vous faut seulement les favoris roux——

Dubois. Mon Dieu, les provinces sont toujours cinquante ans en arrière! Vous parlez de l'Anglais de GAVARNI. L'Anglais d'aujourd'hui porte toujours une moustache blonde, comme moi.

Durand. Oui, c'est le dernier cri.

Dubois. I say, you fellose, je vais vous quitter. Je vais au *tub*.

Durand et Dupont (ensemble). Un tub, à cinq heures de l'après-midi? C'est insensé!

Dubois. Ah non, *old shaps*, pas un bain froid. Je veux dire le Métro. On appelle ça à Londres le "*tubbeny tub.*" En effet je rentre. *I go to my ome, soueet ome, to my missus.*

Durand. Chez votre maîtresse? *Aoh shocking!*

Dubois. Mais vous ne comprenez pas un seul mot d'anglais. *Missus*, ça veut dire ma femme, ma femme légitime. C'est un mot des plus *smarts. Ouell, I am off. Good-bye!* [*Il sort.*

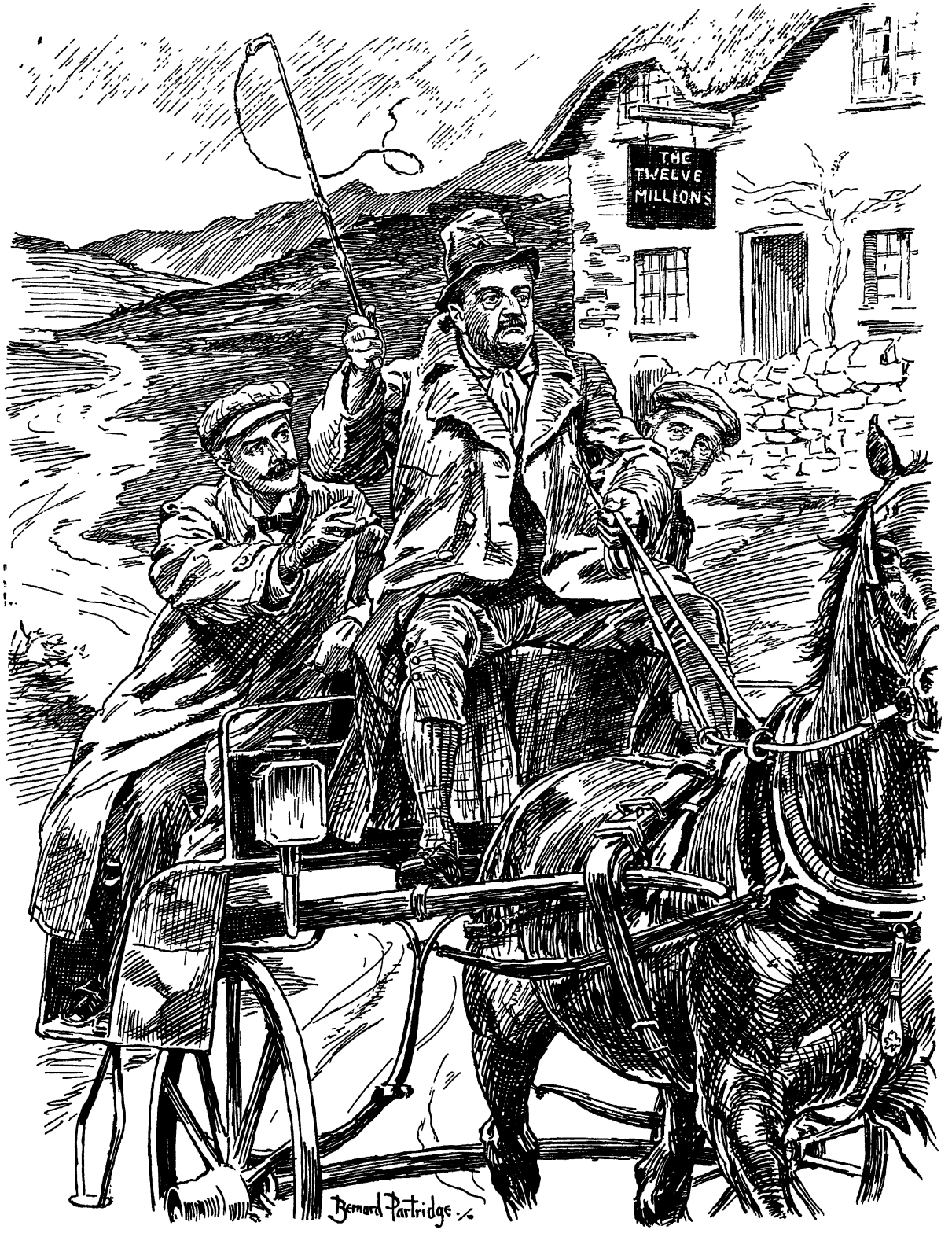
Durand. Au revoir! Eh bien, mon cher, que dites-vous de marcher un peu? Où allez-vous?

Dupont. Ah, sapristi, moi je vais acheter un numéro du *Times* pour apprendre l'anglais! Je veux être dans le mouvement. Il le faut absolument. [*Ils sortent.*

A Lesson to Germany.

THE KAISER, being at present interested both in Language Reform and the Baghdad Railway, should have some light thrown on these two questions by the following luminous passage in a letter sent to the *Times* by Mr. E. SASSOON, M.P.:

"It seems astounding that the Government could have entertained or coquetted with the notion, instead of courteously giving it its *coup de grâce* the moment it was mooted. At any rate the fat has not fallen into the fire, and we may now shed crocodile's tears on the none too premature jettisoning of this egregious abortion."



MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR.

RIGHT HON. G. W-NDH-M (*to driver*). "HERE! HI! WE STOP HERE!"
W-LL-M R-DM-ND (*the car-boy*). "'STOP' IS IT? DIVIL A BIT! FAITH, WE'RE ONLY JUST STARTED!"

WALKING NOTES.

IT is rumoured that the shop-walkers of London have resolved on a toe-and-heel performance over the stockbrokers' course.

The theatres are now exclusively given over to "walking gentlemen," who have struck for higher salaries. Plays are now entirely in pedestrian pantomime; they no longer "run" for so many nights; there is no "fat" for actors, and prompters are starving for want of work. However, the "ghost walks" all right.

"WALKER, London," will not in future be allowed as a telegraphic address, as it is computed that there are half-a-million claimants to that title.

During the last few days there has been a run on *Walker's Dictionary*, many of the purchasers being under the impression that that useful work contains the A B C of pedestrianism.

Automatic pedometers are being put on the market. They will ring an alarm if the wearer stops at more than a stipulated number of wayside "pubs.," if his toe and heel are off the ground together, if he gets a lift on a motor or otherwise, and if he fails to reach his destination within a reasonable time.

Among the recent additions to the Zoo is the "Cat that Walked" (*Felis Kiplingensis*), which is proving as great an attraction as the late lamented Jingo.

"The Long Walk" in Windsor Park will still retain its name, the Ranger having no intention of immortalising the Stock Exchange pedestrian victor by substituting the title of "The Broad Walk."

The London educational authorities have recommended "Walking the Plank" as a gymnastic exercise in all primary schools.

"Church Parade" has been taken in hand by professional trainers, and Sunday crawling is no longer permitted.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN was observed to take a walk last Friday. This is a great departure, as it is well known that the right honourable gentleman has hitherto been entirely averse from all forms of athletics.

There is no truth, however, in the rumour that the Colonial Secretary is practising the "Cake-walk." He always takes the cake without any such needless preliminaries.

Several chiropodist kings have migrated to Park Lane.

The tread-mill has ceased to be a deterrent at His Majesty's Prisons. On the contrary, there has been such a rush on this useful training appliance, that the police authorities are at their wits' end to prevent aspirants from being taken up.

Tramps have suddenly become the darlings of Society, and no dinner-party is complete without one or more Workhouse Tourists (as they are called)—and is generally still less complete after the silver has been counted. This little peculiarity, however, is readily condoned.



A PROBLEM.

Young Lady (exhibiting her latest pet). "ISN'T HE JUST *SWEET*? HE'S QUITE A BABY YET, THE DEAR!"

Friend. "REALLY! HOW NICE! AND WHAT KIND OF CREATURE D'YOU EXPECT HIM TO BE WHEN HE'S FINISHED?"

THE INFERNAL QUESTION.

(*Which bothers a pauper who would fain "assist at" Dante.*

THE stall, since *res angustæ* press,
Must be by me ignored.
No circles, upper, "eighth," or dress,
Can my poor purse afford.

Yet, though Dame Fortune plies her rods,
Somewhere I vow I'll sit—
Shall I look down amidst the gods,
Or swelter in the Pit?

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VII.

I 'VE always been fond of a horse. Every Englishman is bound to be that, for all the world knows that we have more to do with horses and understand them better than any foreigner that ever stepped. Of course it isn't a thing we ought to boast about. We can't help being up in horse-flesh, seeing that we 've got the best horses and more of them than anybody else. Let alone race-horses (and I should like to know how anyone 's going to touch us there), you 've only got to look at the amount of private carriages and cabs and buses that you find in London. There isn't another country in the world where they 've got anything like as many, and the consequence is we 've got more men per cent. in the population brought up to handle a horse and drive him than any of the foreign nations. It isn't their fault, of course. They 're all very well for pictures and poetry and theatres and dancing, but if it comes to real sport (and sport 's only another way of saying horses), they 're not in it. They weren't born to the business, and they can't pick it up in after life any more than a man can learn boxing by plucking daisies in a meadow.

I don't mean to say we can all keep horses or learn to ride them. I never managed it myself, though I did try once to ride the old mare that used to take our business cart about. I was quite a little chap, and the driver put me on top of her in the stable yard one day. I hadn't gone five yards when she upped with her head and caught me full on the nose. I didn't want any more that day or any other day. I just left it there. Still, the riding itself doesn't so much matter; it' s knowing what a horse is like, and what he 's going to be up to that matters.

We 've all got a feeling for horseflesh in our bones and the other chaps haven't, and there 's an end of it. Only the other day ROGERSON was holding out against me that foreigners weren't such bad chaps after all when you got to know them, but I soon shut him up.

"Look here," I said, "did you ever see a foreigner who knew anything about horses?"

Of course he didn't—hadn't got one he could mention—so he dropped the argument and got to talking about the Education Bill.

Well, I was walking down Regent Street with ROGERSON that same day, looking into the Golconda Diamond shops. Talk of the advance of civilisation and motor cars and all that, why there 's nothing can beat those sham jewels. You couldn't tell them from the real thing—not if you had a year of Sundays to do it in. The shops are gorgeous, all lit up with electric light, and a man in uniform standing outside ready to show you in; and beautiful female busts in marble, with pearl and diamond tiaras on their hair, and ruby and sapphire necklaces covering up their necks, glittering and sparkling sixteen to the dozen. It made my mouth water. I 've quite made up my mind that when I lead the future Mrs. P. to the altar (if ever I do, which I 'm not sure about), I shall give her a paroor of Golconda diamonds with a handful of ruby and emerald rings thrown in. She 'll be as pleased as Punch, and no mortal soul will know they 're not genuine.

Just as I was making up my mind about the kind of £5 Koh-i-noor I should like to have, I heard a crash in the street behind, and when I turned round I saw one of a pair of carriage horses had fallen down. There was a crowd in a second, and I was right in the front of the circle, you bet, with ROGERSON behind me. It isn't every day you 're lucky enough to see a bit of an accident.

The coachman was down off his box, but he didn't seem to know what to do, except to look scared and fumble about with the straps. One dirty man with a red handkerchief round his neck was sitting on the horse's head and shouting, and everybody else was shouting too.

"Let go 'is bearing-rein," holloaed one, and "Git the other 'orse out," cried another; and half a dozen of them were all over the fallen horse, tugging at him and tumbling over one another, and all bellowing at the top of their lungs. ROGERSON kept egging me on:—

"Now then, JOSH," he said, "show 'em what you can do. I see a foreigner there who 's got his eye on the job, and he 'll have the horse on his legs before you can get to him if you don't look sharp. Now 's your time. Go in and cut all his reins and straps. That 's the real English way. Here 's a knife." And with that he shoved a great clasp-knife into my hand.

Well, I don't know how it was, but the next moment I 'd dashed forward, crying, "Make way! I 'll have him up! Keep clear." And there I was, hacking and carving away at the brute's harness for all I was worth. I got through a lot of leather, for I was bound to do the job thoroughly. But suddenly the horse gave a heave, chucking me over into the mud, and before I knew what was up somebody came on top of me and began punching me:—

"I 'll teach you to cut my 'arness, you warmint," he shouted. "Ain't it enough to 'ave a 'orse down without a blamed cockney showin' orf and spoiling my reins and traces? Take that, you blighter."

A policeman took him off, and I found it was the coachman. I 'm going to summon the ungrateful beast for assault.

CYCLING IN THE GARDEN.

A FINE overture is prophetic of a fine opera, and a good start, if not quite everything, is at least a matter for hearty congratulation. All interested in Opera at Covent Garden could not wish the Manager and the Syndicate a better prelude to the regular season than was played on Monday, April 27, with RICHARD WAGNER'S *Das Rheingold*, Dr. HANS RICHTER being in the Conductor's chair.

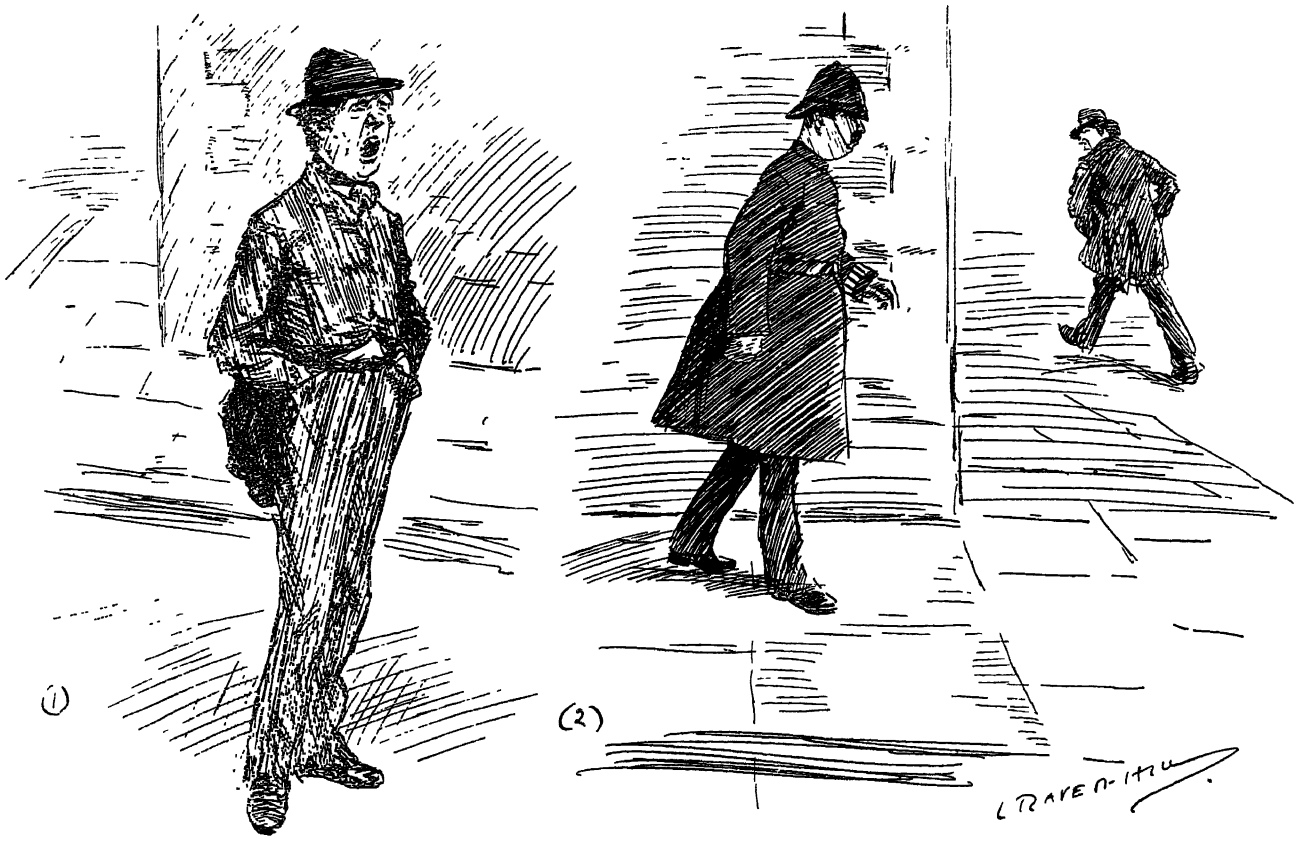
Delightfully cool and comfortable appeared to be those "queer fish," the rotary Rhine Maidens, though, as to the cleverness of the mechanism, it will strike more than "one old hand at this sort of thing" that, after all sung and done, there 's nothing like the simple wire. "Ænea," quite a bird in the air, could very well be reproduced as a duck in the water. But the whole scene goes swimmingly.

The ladies, FEUGE GLEISS, KNUPFER EGLI and HERTZER DEPPE, as the Spirits in the Water, sang melodiously, and Madame KIRKBY LUNN as *Erda* made the most of her one chance.

Herr VAN DYCK as *Loge, the Fire-god*, was excellent throughout; and Herr LIEBAN showed us what a *Mime* should be when considered apart from the omitted Christmas *Panto*. The very man, by name at least, for aquatic scenery is BROOKE, and his water-colouring is admirable. Dr. HANS RICHTER conducts the specially selected and augmented orchestra in a style that leaves nothing to be desired, except that the result may always be as it is to-night. The difficulty being to "go one better."

Tuesday.—Die Walküre. House first-rate and enthusiastic. Performance commenced at the mysterious hour of five. Hour and a-half allowed for dinner between first and second Acts. Mistake this, in present expert's opinion. Why? Because *post-prandial* enjoyment of entertainment largely depends on quantity and quality of the refreshment that has filled up the interval. Remember *Mr. Perker's* hope that the foreman of the jury empanelled for the *Bardell* v. *Pickwick* trial was having a good breakfast before coming into court:

"Highly important; very important, my dear Sir," replied PERKER. "A good, contented, well-breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of."



A BROKEN MELODY.

SCENE I.—*Street Singer* "I FEAR NO FOE IN SHINING AR——." SCENE II.—*Enter Policeman.*

And so a well-dined audience will be immensely kind to the performance, and to its faults will shut its eyes, as a few here and there—deep thinkers these—may be seen to do. Great therefore was the delight of the well-dined with the awful storm, with VAN DYCK as *Siegmund*, with charming Fräulein ZIMMERMANN as *Sieglinde*. Herr BERTRAM splendid as *Wotan* with Frau LEFFLER BURCKARD, and with the dramatic *Brünnhilde*, who were all vociferously acclaimed before the curtain some four or five times, as also would have been the magnificent orchestra under the direction of the experienced Dr. RICHTER, but for the fact that they were already more or less before the curtain, though subterraneously located. Enough to say that no finer laurels can be added to the Cycle crown than those produced this last week in our Covent Garden.

AT THE NEW GALLERY.

Now that "The Arteries" of London are open to the public on payment of entrance fees, let no one who knows by sight Mr. JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER fail to visit the New Gallery, Regent Street, where is to be seen that artist's living presentment as a seated figure, rendered by clever M. JEAN BOLDINI in deepest black with the classic white lock, not so much in evidence now as heretofore when there was less of the iron grey, looking out on the spectators as if fantastically entering into the humour of being hung here, and not in the Academy. A speaking likeness, and what good things he is saying to you! What a light in his laughing eyes!

From the Nether Lands.

THE Art critic of the *Daily Express*, describing the Guildhall Loan Collection of Dutch pictures, mentions that "PAUL POTTER and CUYP *send cattle scenes.*" The activity of these Old Masters, down there in the Lower Regions, gives a new significance to the name of the Netherland School.

Our Dumb Friends.

"THE driver having finished milking, his cow offered to take me into an adjoining room where the milk was cooled, saying that while he fetched the manager I could have a look," &c., &c. —*British Medical Journal.*

QUITE "THE COCK OF THE WALK!"—Mr. E. F. BROAD.

THE CONGO "FREE" STATE.

["The Berlin Treaty provided for the treatment of the Congo natives on humane, philanthropic, and Christian lines. When he examined the evils he found that slaves were still offered for sale, natives were subjected to diabolical tortures, and were also forbidden to gather rubber unless they brought the rubber to the State officers."—*Dr. Clifford.*]

THE Congo State
Is a thriving speculation
For the happy Belgian nation.
The receipts are great,
And are growing yearly bigger.
—But I'm glad I'm not a nigger
In the Congo State.

The Congo State
Is in a prosperous condition,
And its civilising mission
Who can overrate,
Or its zeal administrative?
—But I'm glad I'm not a native
Of the Congo State!

In the Congo State
Bounteous Nature has supplied you
With some useful tribes who guide you
(Charging *nil* for the freight),
Where the Palm and Rubber-tree grow
—But I'm glad I'm not a negro
In the Congo State.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRAGEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

ACT SECOND.

The Feast-Room. DAGNY *comes in with* HIÖRDIS, *who has been showing her over the house.*

Hiördis. This is where we dine, dear. That circular construction of seats and desks is *not* a lecture-theatre, but a genuine old Viking dinner-table, specially designed for us by Head-Craftsman CRAIG. The massive Dutch-metal hoop swinging aloft is our Scandinavian Art-Chandelier.

Dagny. Right handsome is it—but wherefore containeth it not candles, HIÖRDIS?

Hiördis. Because, forsooth, we have ample store of crimson, and green, and purple light thrown on our sable hangings from the wings. That was Craftsman CRAIG's idea—the very latest thing in decorative domestic lighting.

Dagny. Goodly in sooth I ween is this High Art homestead of thine, HIÖRDIS, and well wot I that, if content thou art not therewith, then *oughtest* thou surely so to be!

Hiördis. Quite so, dearest, but deemest thou not that—between *foster-sisters*—we might drop these archaic inversions for a while? The home is well enough in its way, but—(*sighing*)—only the shod eagle knoweth precisely where her talons are pinched! Like most Norwegian heroines, I find matrimony a trifle monotonous.

Dagny. I don't, but then *I* married SIGURD! But at least thou hast *one* advantage over me—thy little EGIL.

Hiördis. What 's little EGIL?—only a Wild Duckling (as thy dear Papa would say), a mongrel weakling, who would probably blink if I sewed his little kirtle fast to his flesh. (*With a look of cruelty*) I've a good mind to *try* it some day!

Dagny (*horrified*). *Don't*, HIÖRDIS! *Don't* try to talk like HEDDA GABLER, or RITA ALLMERS! They belong to *much* later sagas.

Hiördis. I know, darling—but it was all thy fault, thou *dost* remind me so much of THEA ELVSTED—just the same dear little simpleton—and thou hast rather irritating hair, too! Suppose we change the subject. *Dost* thou not enjoy going a-viking with SIGURD in gilt armour, playing the merry war-game, and seeing the red blood streaming over the white deck? It must be too *frightfully* thrilling!

Dagny. Nay, now thou art talking like that HILDA WANGEL! I never *was* a really good sailor, HIÖRDIS, and I assure thee that the mere sight of blood on a deck——!

Hiördis. I felt such a conviction that thou and SIGURD were not working out your lives harmoniously together as *real* comrades. And—strictly between ourselves—I am just a little disappointed with my GUNNAR. He has never *quite* recaptured the first fine careless rapture with which he tackled the Big White Bear that guarded my Bower!

Dagny. That I can well—(*collects herself*)—I mean—thou dost not *say* so!

Hiördis. No, he has never done *anything* really since. (*Abruptly*) I cannot think what SIGURD could possibly have seen in thee, darling—but perhaps, thou sly little witch, thou used'st sorceries of some kind to lure him on.

[*Presses her wildly in her arms.*

Dagny. I! *Really*, HIÖRDIS! Even in a foster-sister, such excessively feline amenities——!

Hiördis. Merely my playfulness, dearest. Let us talk of something else. Thou canst have no notion how snug it is for me sitting here of an evening, listening to the Kelpie wailing in the boat-house, and the Dead Men riding to Valhal on their coal-black cock-horses hung with jangling bells. They pass close by our front-door.

Dagny (*struggling to escape*). Thy home seemeth indeed *most* conveniently situated. (*Rushes to* SIGURD, *who enters with* GUNNAR.) SIGURD, let 's go. I *can't* dine here. I really *don't* think HIÖRDIS can be quite right in her head.

Sigurd (*gloomily*). We 've *got* to dine here now—*thou* hast let me in for this business!

[*Enter* THOROLF *and other* Guests, *dressed for dinner in crazy quilts.*

Gunnar. Here ye all are, eh! Fancy *that*, HIÖRDIS! Sit down, and let 's be jolly! (Guests *sit;* handmaidens *serve round apples and oranges in baskets.*) Now, ye see your dinner—don't shirk those green glass funnels, you fellows—strictly according to the period, I assure ye. SIGURD, my boy, the mead's with *thee!*

[*The* Guests *feed; a pause.*

Hiördis. Let 's play that amusing parlour game of every man naming his chief exploit—it *is* such fun!

Gunnar. Oh, I say, HIÖRDIS! At a family dinner like this! Mightn't it lead to—er—*ructions?*

Hiördis. What if it *does?*—art thou *afraid?*

Sigurd (*strikes in kindly*). Afraid? Good old GUNNAR *afraid?* What an *idea!* Tell 'em how you once sailed up the Temmis in a ten-öre "Citizen," all the way from the Cross of Chäryng to Potni, old chap!

Hiördis. Pooh! that is a trip *any* fool can take!

Sigurd. I beg thy pardon. None can take it *now*—for no longer are the boats running.

Hiördis (*baffled*). H'm—well, unless thou wantest me to think that thou art jealous of GUNNAR, suppose thou tellest us *thy* biggest deed.

Sigurd (*to himself*). Spoiling is she for a row as usual! (*Aloud*) Well, since thou *wilt* have it: once, when I lay a-viking, there came eight huge Berseking black-beetles across my bunk; them did I confront unflinchingly and slay single-handed.

Hiördis. Good was that deed—but wast thou fully armed?

Sigurd. Fully armed—with a stout-heeled slipper.

Hiördis. Oh?—still, it was not so *bad.* Now, GUNNAR, name that which thou deemest *thy* bravest act.

Gunnar (*unwillingly*). Er—let me see. . . Oh, once, when dealing at the Bridge with King ÆTHELSTAN, seven high hearts had I, and to him did I leave it; and "no Trumps," he made it, holding four aces and three kings. ÆTHELSTAN deemed well of that deed, and said that I had done nobly, and gave me much thanks.

Hiördis. Nay, truly, GUNNAR, a deed that required even greater nerve than *that* hast thou performed, and if *thou* wilt not speak, thy wife *will!* SIGURD slew eight cockroaches with a slipper—but GUNNAR came to my Bower, and settled my Big White Bear with a sardine-opener! (*Enthusiastically*) My—*my* Master Bear-Killer!

Gunnar (*violently agitated*). That will do! Am I *never* to hear the last of that infernal Bear? At a family party, too!

Hiördis (*loudly*). *I* don't care. I put it to ye all. Which is braver—SIGURD or GUNNAR?

[*A tactful old gentleman in the corner declares for* GUNNAR, *who is unanimously voted the victor. He signals in silent agony across the table to* SIGURD.

Sigurd (*smiling*). Vain is it to try to get up a row between me and old GUNNAR. For him have I the *greatest* respect.

Hiördis. Of course if thou really *enjoyest* playing second fiddle—(*with a side-glance at* THOROLF). Had ÖRNULF, thy father, been here, he could have played *third!*

Thorolf (*rising instantly*). Then what price *thy* father JÖKUL, who fell before ÖRNULF?

Hiördis. Go thou home and grow a beard! Whose father leaves him behind when there 's any fighting to be done, eh?

Thorolf (*thoroughly provoked*). A pity it is he didn't take

as much care of *thee*—for then mightest thou have turned out a bit better. (HIÖRDIS *starts and glares with fury.*) I'm no end sorry, GUNNAR, old man—it slipped out—she does *nag* at a fellow so!

Hiördis (*laughing*). Such compliments are customary when relations meet at the feast-board.

Gunnar. It 's all *right*, my boy. She didn't *mean* to be nasty! And (*awkwardly*) I say, look here—just to show there 's no ill-feeling—here 's a sword for thee.

Thorolf (*taking it*). Thanks awfully. I can only say that it—er—shall never be—er—drawn in—in an unworthy cause. (*To himself*) Rather neat and original that!

Hiördis (*with a smile of provocation*). Catch *thee* drawing it at *all!* Mind thou hangest it not on thy family hat-stand, for there hang base men's weapons!

Thorolf. Right thou art! There 's thy Governor's battle-axe hanging *there!* (*Chuckles.*) One to *me*, I *think!*

Hiördis (*vehemently*). Ever art thou chipping me with the axe wherewith ÖRNULF slew JÖKUL—but he could never have done it had he not first taken six easy lessons in sorcery from the witch of Smalserhorn!

[*All rise; general sensation.*

Thorolf (*infuriated*). That 's a beastly lie, and thou wottest it! Take back thy bally sword! (*Flings it down.*) I'm off—but, before I go, let me just tell ye *this* much. I happen to know that, at this precise moment, my impulsive old parent is in all probability cheerily engaged in splitting your little EGIL'S nut open. *Good* evening!

[*He goes out.*

Gunnar (*deeply pained*). ÖRNULF splitting open our little EGIL'S golden nut! Oh, HIÖRDIS! Fancy *that!*

Hiördis. And thou lettest THOROLF go like this! Art not thou going *after* him?

Gunnar (*as if beside himself*). I really *can't* help him on with his overcoat, after *this!*

Hiördis. But thou canst hit him over the head with thy battle-axe, canst thou not? Thus will not ÖRNULF have the laugh of us!

Gunnar (*seizes an axe*). No seemly manner is this for a host to see his guest off—but I suppose it has *got* to be done! [*Rushes out.*

Dagny (*whispers uneasily to* SIGURD). All the evening have I had a foreboding as if *some* unpleasantness were at hand!

Gunnar (*returns, very pale*). It is all over. By the umbrella-stand did I come up with him! (*Sombrely*) A new doormat shall we now assuredly need, HIÖRDIS!

Hiördis. Rightly is he served! For what business had his father to give our little EGIL his bane?

Gunnar. That 's true. And, after all, *we* had only *one* son, while ÖRNULF has still half-a-dozen left. *Big* ones, too. When we meet I shall put it to him in that way, and, as a fair-minded man, he will surely—— [*Enter a* House-carl.

The House-carl (*announcing*). Viking ÖRNULF of the Fiords! [*Sensation.*

Hiördis (*indignantly*). What? He has the effrontery to drop in to dinner, as if naught had happed—after doing for our little EGIL! A warm reception let him encounter!

[Guests *draw their swords, flourish axes, and roar.* Old ÖRNULF *enters complacently, bearing little* EGIL *on his shoulders.* Guests *drop their weapons, and look extremely foolish.*

Sigurd (*softly to* GUNNAR). Thy foot hast thou put in it *this* time and no mistake, old fellow!

Gunnar (*as if waking up*). After all, I didn't hit THOROLF so *very* hard—and it was only a *property* axe. Still, the situation is distinctly awkward.

Örnulf (*to* GUNNAR, *setting little* EGIL *down*). Hast thou then no joy in what is surely a highly effective entrance? Meseems my little practical joke hath fallen but flatly . . . Will *nobody* make a remark?

[*All the Company preserve an embarrassed silence—in which Mr. Punch's Condenser is compelled to leave them till next week, when he proposes to take a few trifling liberties with the* dénoûment. F. A.



EARLY ASPIRATIONS.

Aunt Grace. "I SUPPOSE, JIMMY, YOU 'VE QUITE MADE UP YOUR MIND WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO BE WHEN YOU ARE A MAN?"

Jimmy. "YES, AUNTIE GRACE. WHEN I 'M A MAN, I 'LL BE EITHER"—(*with great determination*)—"A LION TAMER OR A TRAM CONDUCTOR!"

Masters of Arts.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in directing attention to an exhibition of drawings of the Durbar and other phases of Indian life by his Mr. RAVEN HILL at 148, New Bond Street. With him is associated Mr. SHELDON WILLIAMS, whose paintings form an admirable complement to Mr. RAVEN HILL'S black-and-white designs. Those are rich in colour and impressionist feeling, these in humour and draughtsman-like detail. A veritable *Accademia Delhi Belle Arti*.

Talking of the Orient, *Mr. Punch's* Own Self-appointed Critic has to record the appearance of a Rising Star in the person of Mr. ARTHUR STREETON. His small but most delightful collection of English landscapes at the Ryder Gallery (No. 10 in the Street of that name) reveals an instinct for atmosphere and the play of sunlight that can only belong to a painter who is a poet at heart. As the circus-song goes at the Saturday sittings of the Savage Club—"Walk up and see the Ryders, the Ryders, the Ryders!"



AURA POPULARIS.

Scene—*Hunt Steeplechase.*

The Favourite in the Farmers' Race having refused, a few of his Supporters come to the rescue.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER.

["There was undoubtedly a good deal of discontent on the part of Members with the official Parliamentary Report. It was not an uncommon experience for a Member to be made to talk nonsense, or to say exactly the opposite of what he did say."—*Lord H. Cecil in the House of Commons.*]

Too long our senators have borne
The odium of unjust aspersions,
Too long you viewed with easy scorn
Their oratorical exertions!

In fact, to your untutored sense,
It almost seemed that bygone ages
Could match the modern eloquence
Contained in Mr. Hansard's pages.

Perhaps you regularly con
The authorised *rechauffé*, seeking
Materials for essays on
"The Decadence of Public Speaking,"

Or, should a want of culture give
Your words a frankness barely civil,
Accuse your representative
Quite openly of talking drivel.

For shame! The average M.P.'s
Remarks on London Education
Would fairly make Demosthenes
Pallid with jealous admiration.

Yet if Demosthenes, by dint
Of opportune metempsychosis,
Then read the speech in *Hansard's* print
He 'd find it altered in the process!

The skilful arguments of each
M.P. are twisted and distorted,
Their most artistic flowers of speech
Are mercilessly misreported.

What, they let fall a single word
Whose wisdom anyone could question?
Who could conceive a more absurd,
A more gratuitous suggestion?

What, they, our gifted senators,
In whom our unabated trust is—
They ever mix their metaphors?—
The very thought is rank injustice!

So banish *Hansard* from your shelf,
Cancel the rashly-uttered sentence;
A night within the House itself
Will bring unqualified repentance!

AWARDS FOR GALLANTRY.

[Last week a traveller in a tramcar who had given up his seat to a lady was afterwards fined for aiding and abetting the conductor in overcrowding the car, the magistrate saying that he must pay for his chivalry.]

Extract from the "Police News" of May 1, 1904.

At Aldwych Police Court yesterday, Peter Brown, a sweep, was charged, under the Malicious Injury to Property Act, with unlawfully entering the artificial lake in St. James's Park, thereby causing damage to the water and killing several of the fish. Evidence was given on behalf of the prisoner to show that he had jumped into the water after a little girl who had fallen in. The Magistrate, remarking on the case, said that he had inflicted the maximum penalty allowed in such a case. Men of this kind were only too apt to seize upon some paltry excuse for obtaining liquor by false pretences. He was sorry that the law did not allow of his placing Brown's name on the Black List in addition to the fine inflicted.



"VISIBLE MEANS OF SUPPORT."

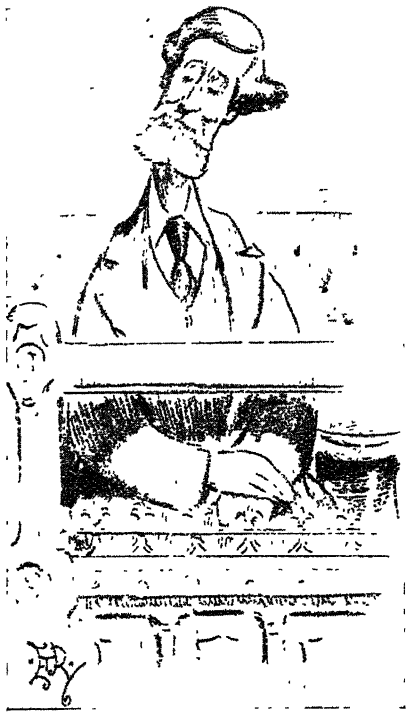
RUSSIAN BEAR (*to himself, as he edges away*). "I DON'T MIND THE FACES HE MAKES; BUT I CAN'T SAY I LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE LEGS!"

["In any case it is certain the Ministers of the United States, Japan, and Great Britain at Peking are in possession of full instructions to support the Chinese Government in resisting any proposal from Russia which would be in contradiction to the Manchurian Convention." *Daily Paper.*]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 27.—By a simple device, recommended to his latest successor on the Woolsack, HENRY LORD BROUGHAM enjoyed the privilege of learning exactly what his



A STUDY IN FEROCIOUS AND BLOODTHIRSTY TYRANNY!

Lord Penrhyn's attitude in the Peers' Gallery while his ruthless barbarity, &c., &c., is being laid bare to a horrified assembly.

friends and contemporaries thought of him. Giving out that he had died in his bed, he sat up in it and read all the obituary notices of himself that flooded the papers. This afternoon, seated stiff-backed, stony-faced in Peers' Gallery, Lord PENRHYN had opportunity of gleaning frank opinion of himself cherished by honourable Members. Everyone knew he was there; part of grim irony of situation was to affect ignorance of his presence. He heard JEMMY LOWTHER with tears in his voice describe him as a just and generous man, his one passion in life being to take to his heart the toilworn quarryman, to clothe his little ones, and soothe his wife with five o'clock Bohea. On the contrary, Brother GERALD, speaking for the Board of Trade, rather indicated than asserted that he would sooner share the mid-day meal of a Bengal tiger than approach the noble lord on the subject of conciliation. THOMAS BURT, breaking long silence amid general cheering, dismissed Lord PENRHYN with the remark—"as an employer he is out of date." Incidentally, through a succession of speeches that with brief interval for dinner extended from three o'clock in the afternoon till the midnight hour, Lord PENRHYN, impenetrable, implacable, listening in the Gallery overlooking the scene, heard himself discussed as if he were no more sensitive than a block of his own slates hewn from the quarry at Bethesda.

On the whole a dull affair till PRINCE ARTHUR brightened it up. Canny C.-B., with obvious intent of belittling Premier's colleagues in Cabinet, extravagantly extolled CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER. So reckless was he in eulogy that he went so far as to call RITCHIE "the Good Fairy of the Ministry." Now C. T. R. has many high qualifications, varied recommendation to popular favour. But he isn't exactly the kind of person whom one in sober moments would instinctively associate with fairyland. It suited C.-B.'s game at the moment to regard him as such, and he devoted appreciable portion of his speech to figging out RITCHIE in fairy raiment and attributes. Some men would have shown themselves annoyed at this invidious preference of a colleague. PRINCE ARTHUR, on the contrary, echoed C.-B.'s sentiment.

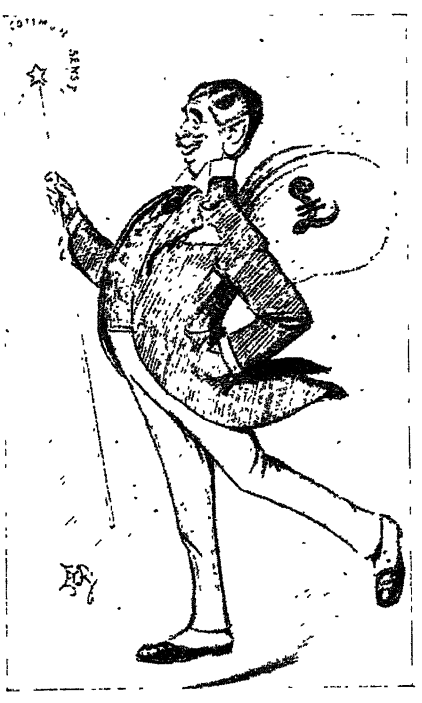
"I thought," he said, "the right honourable gentleman, instead of denouncing the action or inaction of the Government, was proposing a toast to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Indeed, so profoundly was I impressed by this idea that it was with the greatest difficulty I restrained myself from jumping up and leading off the refrain 'For he 's a jolly good fellow.'"

This banter, almost boisterous in its humour and high spirits, shook out with laughter what was left of life in the portentous Vote of Censure. Lord PENRHYN and his workmen, the long struggle at Bethesda, with all it has meant to women and children, were forgotten. Members streamed forth chuckling into Division Lobby. Majority not quite up to mark of what might have been expected when the Opposition formally put pistol to head of the best of all Ministries. But it was considerably more than they expected, fighting under the banner of Lord PENRHYN; far more than they would have got but for this dexterous speech.

Business done.—Vote of Censure on Government negatived by 316 against 182.

Tuesday night.—The Angel of Death is over the House. You can plainly hear the rustling of his wings. Most of us remember the lively little scene of Wednesday last, when HANBURY fortuitously looked in as a friendly Member repeated the long-debated question, whether the Board of Agriculture had been in communication with the Board of Trade on matter of excessive railway rates for agricultural produce. Brother GERALD on behalf of Board of Trade denied all knowledge of the interposition. HANBURY answered the question in the affirmative. He did not want to give away a colleague convicted of ignorance on a point affecting his Department. But the Board of Agriculture must be vindicated. Performed his part as briefly, as considerately, yet as effectively as possible, and with familiar carriage, head erect, shoulders thrown back, walked forth with long stride, none dreaming that we should see his face no more.

As PRINCE ARTHUR said in the few words of lament just uttered, the House has lost one of its most distinguished Members, the country is deprived of great administrative capacity. A desire to avoid personal considerations prevented him from adding that a not too strong Ministry has been weakened by the cutting off of one of its ablest Members. HANBURY not a brilliant man; but he was a safe man, of trained business aptitude, tireless industry, animated by predominant sense of duty. He was endowed with the nearest



"THE GOOD FAIRY OF THE MINISTRY."
(According to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)
(Mr. R-tch-e.)

approach to the unobtrusive but priceless qualities of OLD MORALITY the present generation has known. In Opposition he curvetted perhaps a little heavily round the Treasury Bench.

He had not the keen wit nor the dramatic form of speech of his old comrade, CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES. But he shared with him possession of the art of taking pains.

When, in the haphazard fashion with which the MARKISS "strengthened" his Ministry, HANBURY was sent to the Board of Agriculture, it was sarcastically said he didn't know a turnip from a mangold wurzel. He very soon did, and by pegging away, always ready to learn, ever open to conviction, he steadily, at increased pace, acquired the confidence alike of landowner and farmer, and the reputation of being the most successful Minister of Agriculture since the Department was created. Unswerving in independence, incapable of bartering an opinion for personal advantage, never playing to the gallery, devoted heart and soul to the public business entrusted to him, he made no enemies and leaves behind a host of friends.

Business done.—Second reading of London Education Bill. SYDNEY BUXTON moving its rejection hopelessly mixes up JEROBOAM, REHOBOAM, and eke King SOLOMON. Worth a king's ransom to see J. G. TALBOT, spectacles on nose, look of ineffable pain on his face, rise to a point of order. Desired to inform the right honourable Member that JEROBOAM had no part in the threat about chastising with scorpions a people who had formerly suffered from whips. The reference was made to King SOLOMON. "Why drag in VELASQUEZ?" said JIMMY WHISTLER when enthusiastic lady greeted him with the remark, "You and VELASQUEZ are the greatest painters that ever lived." "Why drag in JEROBOAM?" was the mute entreaty pictured on J. G. T.'s mournful countenance as it turned on the champion of School Boards seated opposite.

Friday night.—Spent quiet afternoon in Library reading BRYCE'S *Studies in Contemporary Biography* just issued by MACMILLAN. Deals with a score of men eminent in various fields of public life. All the essays are well done. The last, which has GLADSTONE for its theme, is the most illuminating discourse on the subject I have read among the miles of printed pages given to the world since he left it. For some years BRYCE was a colleague in the great statesman's Cabinet. In scholarship he was closely akin; moreover both were not only Scots but Scots with a strong infusion of the Celtic element. Set a Scotchman to catch a Scotchman. Possibly it is this blood kinship that enables ex-President of Board of Trade to see deeply and clearly into complex character of the devout Churchman who disestablished a Church, of the rising hope of the Tory Party who did more than any other statesman to democratise the British Constitution.

GLADSTONE had for his friend and colleague that fascination he wove about everyone coming under his personal influence. Its effect has not been in the direction of fulsome eulogy. BRYCE'S attitude is rather that of a judge summing up with almost painful impartiality a case with which he has made himself profoundly intimate. Recollections of old friendship, services and sympathies do not prevent the judge from infusing his dissecting operation with some of the ruthless thoroughness of a post-mortem examination.

The study is luminous with remarks tempting to quotation. Whilst Mr. G. was yet with us the most superficial observer recognised the ever active conflict in his mind between Conservative tendencies and Radical impulses. As BRYCE puts it, "He was rather two men than one. Passionate and impulsive on the emotional side of his nature, he was cautious and conservative on the intellectual. Few understood the conjunction, still fewer saw how much of what was perplexing in his conduct it explained. . . . The relative strength with which the need for drastic reform or the need for watchful conservatism, as the case might be, presented itself to his mind, depended largely upon the weight his emotions cast into one or other scale, and this emotional element made it difficult to forecast his course."

This explains the Home Rule Bill, and much else in an occasionally bewildering career. The MEMBER FOR SARK, who for more than twenty years had opportunities in public life and in private relations of studying Mr. G., thought he knew him pretty well. He has found new light in this singularly shrewd appreciation.

DUDLEY JONES, BORE-HUNTER.

II.

I THINK STANLEY PETTIGREW had his suspicions from the first that all was not thoroughly above board with regard to JONES. Personally, I think it was owing to the latter's disguise. It was one of JONES's foibles never to undertake a case without assuming a complete disguise. There was rarely any necessity for a disguise, but he always assumed one. In reply to a question of mine on the subject he had once replied that there was a sportsmanlike way of doing these things, and an unsportsmanlike way. And we had to let it go at that.

On the present occasion he appeared in a bright check suit, a "property" bald head, fringed with short scarlet curls (to match his tie and shirt), and a large pasteboard nose, turned up at the end and painted crimson. Add to this that he elected to speak in the high falsetto of a child of four, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that a man of STANLEY'S almost diabolical shrewdness should suspect that there was something peculiar about him. As regarded my appearance JONES never troubled very much. Except that he insisted on my wearing long yellow side-whiskers, he left my make-up very much to my own individual taste.

I shall never forget dinner on the first night after our arrival. I was standing at the sideboard, trying to draw a cork (which subsequently came out of its own accord, and broke three glasses and part of the butler), when I heard JONES ask STANLEY PETTIGREW to think of a number.

His adversary turned pale, and a gleam of suspicion appeared in his eye.

"Double it," went on JONES relentlessly. "Have you doubled it?"

"Yes," growled the baffled wretch.

"Add two. Take away the number you first thought of. Double it. Add three. Divide half the first number (minus eighteen) by four. Subtract seven. Multiply by three hundred and sixteen, and the result is the number you first thought of minus four hundred and five."

"Really?" said STANLEY PETTIGREW with assumed indifference.

"My dear JONES, how——?" I began admiringly.

JONES flashed a warning glance at me. Miss PETTIGREW saved the situation with magnificent tact.

"JOHN," she said, "you forget yourself. Leave the room."

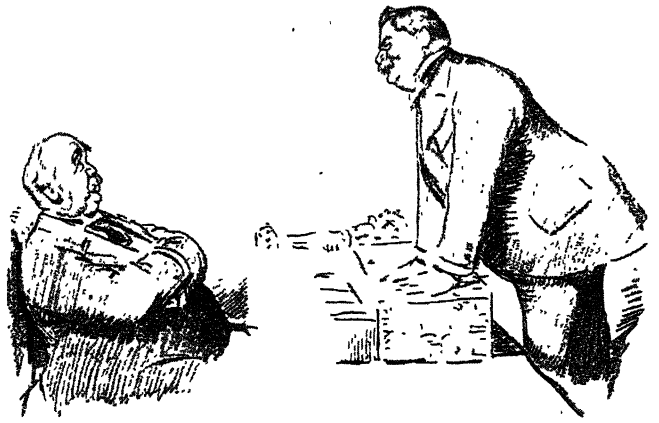
I was therefore deprived of the pleasure of witnessing the subsequent struggles, which, to judge from the account JONES gave me in my room afterwards, must have been magnificent.

"After the fish," said JONES, "he began—as I had suspected that he would—to tell dog-stories. For once, however, he had found his match. My habit of going out at odd moments during the day to see men about dogs has rendered me peculiarly fitted to cope with that type of attack. I had it all my own way. Miss PETTIGREW, poor girl, fainted after about twenty minutes of it, and had to be carried out. I foresee that this will be a rapid affair, WUDDUS."

But it was not. On the contrary, after the first shock of meeting a powerful rival so unexpectedly, STANLEY PETTIGREW began to hold his own, and soon to have the better of it.

"I tell you what it is, WUDDUS," said JONES to me one night, after a fierce

THE BITER BIT.—No. 5.



Lord Stanley To ask Sir H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN if he can kindly give the names of the Secretary of State for War, Colonial Secretary, and Foreign Secretary, respectively, in the next Liberal Administration; or, in the event of his being unable, for a few days, to state these definitely, whether he can contradict the report that these offices will be held by Mr. CHANNING, Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE, and Mr. TOMMY LOUGH.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

(With acknowledgments to the "informative" journals.)

IN England two-and-sixpence is equivalent to half-a-crown.

There will be seven days in next week. Roughly speaking there are twenty-four hours to every day. Statistics show that three hundred and sixty-five of these days go to make up a year.

In North Street, Kentish Town, there are only five lamp-posts and five lamps. This is not unlike a street in Bishop Auckland, where there are six lamp-posts and six lamps.

In connection with the Stockbrokers' walk to Brighton it may be noted that there are 1760 yards in a mile. A mile is one of our accepted standards of measurement.

Decimal coinage is accepted in France. The English value of a franc is slightly under tenpence. Our own shilling is of course worth rather over two-pence more.

The present EDWARD is the seventh who has ruled over England. His predecessor of the same name was EDWARD THE SIXTH.

encounter had ended decidedly in his rival's favour, "a little more of this and I shall have to own myself defeated. He nearly put me to sleep in the third round to-night, and I was in Queer Street all the time. I never met such a bore in my life."

But it is the unexpected that happens. Three days later, STANLEY PETTIGREW came down to breakfast, looking haggard and careworn. JONES saw his opportunity.

"Talking of amusing anecdotes of children," he said (the conversation up to this point had dealt exclusively with the weather), "reminds me of a peculiarly smart thing a little nephew of mine said the other day. A bright little chap of two. It was like this——"

He concluded the anecdote, and looked across at his rival with a challenge in his eye. STANLEY PETTIGREW was silent, and apparently in pain.

JONES followed up his advantage. He told stories of adventure on Swiss mountains. A bad Switzerland bore is the deadliest type known to scientists.

JONES was a peerless Switzerland bore. His opponent's head sank onto his chest, and he grew very pale.

"And positively," concluded JONES, "old FRANZ WILHELM, the guide, you know, a true son of the mountains, assured us that if we had decided to go for a climb that day instead of staying in the smoking-room, and the rope had broken at the exact moment when we were crossing the Thingummy glacier, we should in all probability have been killed on the spot. Positively on the spot, my dear Sir. He said that we should all have been killed on the spot."

He paused. No reply came from PETTIGREW. The silence became uncanny. I hurried to his side, and placed a hand upon his heart. I felt in vain. Like a superannuated policeman, the heart was no longer on its beat. STANLEY PETTIGREW (it follows, of course) was dead.

JONES looked thoughtfully at the body, and helped himself to another egg.

"He was a bad man," he said quietly, "and he won't be missed. R.S.V.P."

A brief post-mortem examination revealed the fact that he had fallen into the pit which he had digged for another. He had been bored to death.

"Why, JONES," said I, as we sprang into the midnight mail that was to take us back to town; "did deceased collapse in that extraordinary manner?"

"I will tell you. Listen. After our duel had been in progress some days, it was gradually borne in upon me that this STANLEY PETTIGREW must have some secret reservoir of matter to draw upon in case of need. I searched his room."

"JONES!"

"And under the bed I found a large case literally crammed with tip-books. I abstracted the books and filled the box with bricks. Deprived of his resources, he collapsed. That's all."

"But——" I began.

"If you ask any more questions, WUDDUS," said JONES, "I shall begin to suspect that you are developing into a bore yourself. Pass the morphia and don't say another word till we get to London."

A SONG OF ZOOBILEE.

(On the Election of Dr. Chalmers Mitchell as Secretary of the Zoological Society.)

YE Elephants rejoice,
Lions, with cheerful voice
Shake to vibration all the buildings round;
Ye Apes and Marbled Cats,
Mingling your sharps and flats,
Distend the volume of triumphant sound.

Raise your melodious cry,
Ye Hippopotami,
Ye little Foxes, sing of spoilèd vines;
Sleek down your wondrous skins
Ye "Silky Tamarins;"
Depress your quills, ye fretful Porcupines.

Swans, be no longer mute;
Tune thy harmonious flute,
Australian Piping Crow, and clap your bills,
For lack of sounding timbrels,
Ye Demoiselles and Whimbrels;
Lament no more, ye mournful Whip-poor-wills.

Ye birds that cannot sing,
Make brave display of wing,
Of painted tail, or of uplifted crest;
Ye humbler creatures all
That swim, or hop, or crawl,
Your joy in lowlier fashion manifest.

Hushed is th' election's fray,
Progress hath gained the day,
The sun shines all the brighter for the storm.
Now may the new-made broom,
To give caged creatures room,
Inaugurate an era of reform.

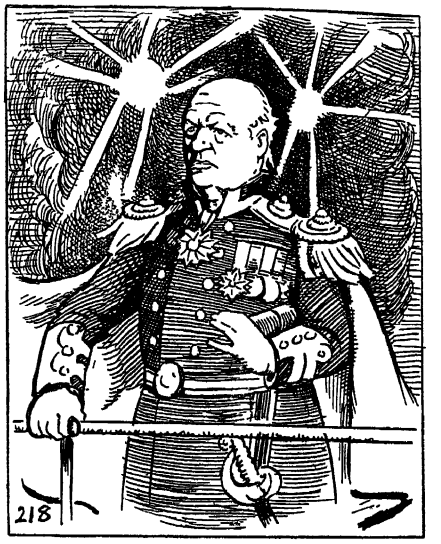
THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL.

Showing some of the Pictures that Bloom in the Spring.



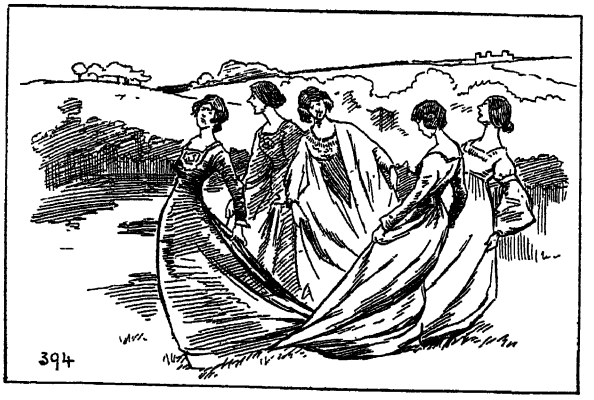


Ringing up the Dressmaker—394 gives the reason.





A Sad Storey.



The Skirts of the Country.



Tin-Canned Man.

With Parsons to answer for morals,
With a Sargent who must be obeyed,
And then, to adjudicate quarrels,
A Solomon nobly ARAyed—
With all these inducements inviting
To ways that are quite *comme il faut*,
Things cannot be very exciting
At the Burlington Show.

In truth, so well regulated a corps as the 1880 exhibitors now under canvas at Piccadilly ought not to give *Mr. Punch's* Representative much chance. Yet, as the following impressions may prove, there is matter for mirth as well as melancholy in the galleries of Academe.

15. "*I have a left elbow that people come miles to see.*" J. J. Shannon, A.

32. *After the Dinner-Party.* "I must give Maria warning. The soup was perfectly disgusting." Charles Sims.

42. *The North-West Passage.* J. W. North, A.

61. *Re-vaccinated.* "What a pity my husband was not a conscientious objector!" George W. Joy.

66. "Say is it an expiring frog,
Or is it a disheartened dog
Baying the moon amid the fog,
Is it a man, or is't a log?"
George Clausen, A.

76. *Teetotalism in Arcady.* Sad results on the natives. T. B. Kennington.

84. *The Dangers of Automobilism.* Collision between Motor Phaeton and Richmond Bus. Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A.

88. *Her First Pair of Spectacles.* Arthur Hacker, A.

90. "*Who said Baghdad Railway?*" J. Watson Nicol.

110. *Tigers botanising in a South African swamp.* Arthur Wardle.

118. *His first Smoke.* Ernest Normand.

135. *The Genesis of Aunt Sally.* Osman Hamdy.

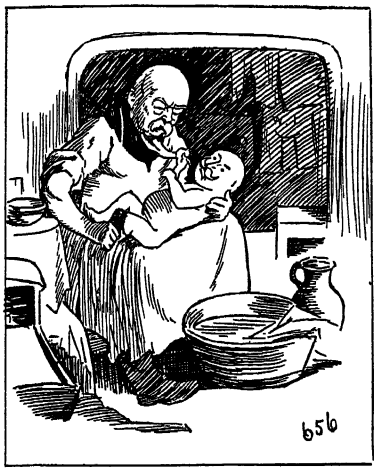
148. *Portrait of Mrs. Dale-Lace.* Hal Hurst.
534. *Portrait of Miss Love-Lace.* Frank Dicksee, R.A.

153. *The Grand Trunk.* G. F. Watts, R.A.

179. *Ringing up the Dressmaker.* "Really these Parisian skirts show rather too much ankle!" George H. Boughton, R.A.
394. "But in some respects they are certainly more convenient." Elizabeth Forbes.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANNUAL.

(Continued.)



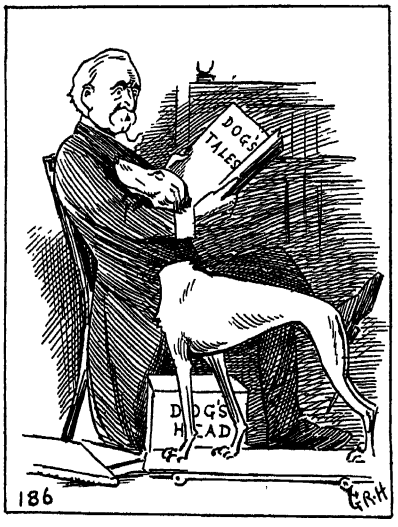
Unrecorded History.

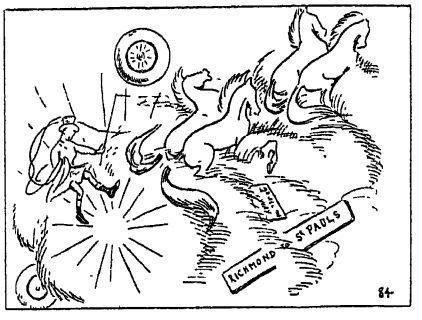


The Genesis of Aunt Sally.



The Ambidextrous Artist.







186. *The Education of our Domestic Pets.* Painful result of overpressure. BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.

201. *Sandow Exercises in the Eighteenth Century.* W. Q. ORCHARDSON, R.A.

204. *Keeping her Hair on.* By WATERHOUSE after AIKINSIDE.

209. *Pot-pourri.* E. A. ABBEY, R.A. Obviously this can not be an Earley work.

218. *The last Phase of an old Sea-Dog.* Lord CHARLES BERESFORD at the Battle of Margate in the year 1950. CHARLES W. FURSE.

228. *Mixed Cricket; or, The Floating Wicket-Keepers.* GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

242. *An Ox in a Cockle-shell.* W. H. BARTLETT.

247. *Venice "struck pink."* VAL PRINSEP, R.A., pinksit.

281. *Scene in Brill's Baths after the Walk to Brighton.* HENRY S. TUKE, A.

292. More *Pot-pourri.* ARTHUR HACKER, A. Observe the attitude of the *Marquess of Ormonde* (291) and *Mr. Walter Leigh Hunt* (295).

303. *Luminous Push-ball.* EUGENIE MUNK.

304. *Fire at Cannon Street Station.* ALBERT GOODWIN.

352. *The Sick Tiger.* ARTHUR WARDLE.

366. *Discovery of a new Star by Lady Huggins.* FRED. STEAD.

374. *Scene at a Convalescent Home. The disconnected Family.* N. DENHOLM DAVIS.

427. *The Worst Woman in London,* after setting fire to her father's beard, bars his escape. Hon. JOHN COLLIER.

441. Portrait Cleverley painted by MAURICE GREIFFENHAGEN.

453. *"Most awkward hinge this: I've already lost three fingers and a thumb."* JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

458. Portrait of *Lord Cromer* "Excuse my left hand, but I've hurt my right by using the Baring reign so long." JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.

459. *Mimicry in Nature.* Toadstool counterfeiting a human being. Hon. WALTER JAMES.

478. *Swelling Wisibly, or, The Approach of Mumps:* a sad STOREY.

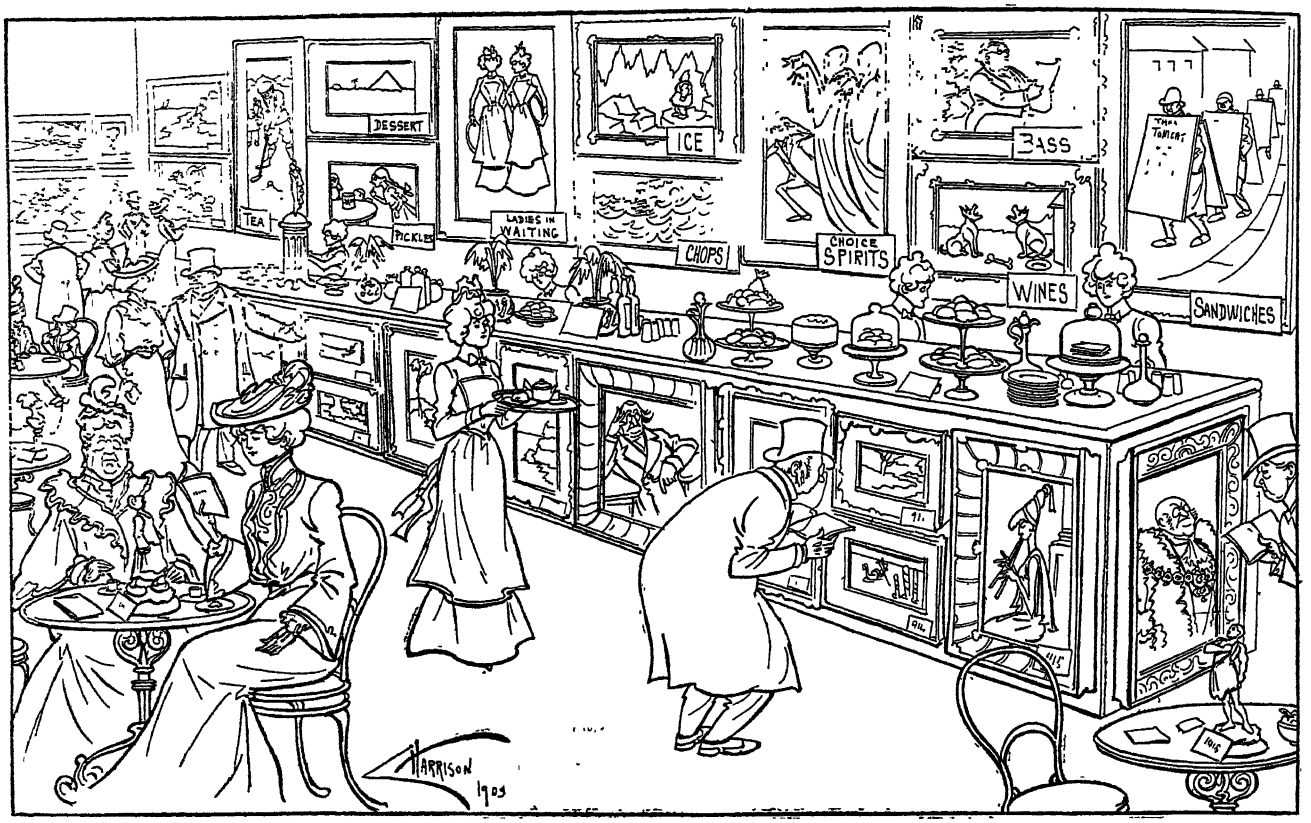
489. *Canned Man.* The latest delicacy by ARMOUR of Chicago. PHILIP J. THORNHILL.

491. *The Ambidextrous Artist.* "If a SARGENT can caricature an Earl, why not a Major-General?" H. VON HERKOMER, R.A.

505. *Interior of an Indigo Factory.* FRED. F. FOOTTET.

656. *Unrecorded History.* The late Prince BISMARCK and the infant WILLIAM. FREDERICK W. ELWELL.

690. *The "Times" Competition in Cornwall.* WALTER LANGLEY.



IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE NUMBER OF PICTURES THE COMMITTEE HAVE BEEN UNABLE TO HANG, A SUGGESTION IS HERE MADE FOR UTILISING THE SPACE AFFORDED BY THE REFRESHMENT ROOM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

On the "Polar Star" in the Arctic Sea (HUTCHINSON) is the record of an expedition that touched the most northern latitude yet reached by man returning to tell his tale. *Farthest North* is the title of NANSEN'S work, a triumphant note that must be lowered in presence of the achievement of the Duke of the ABRUZZI. In simple language, suitable to entry in a diary, his Royal Highness tells from day to day how he and his gallant comrades fared. The story is supplemented by statements of Commander CAGNI, whose sledge expedition touched 86° 34′, and of Doctor MOLINELLI, who made a trip in another direction. The narrative is full of graphic touches. My Baronite has not come upon one that brings more vividly to mind Arctic perils and discomfort than does a passing reference to Captain CAGNI on returning from his expedition. The Prince, sallying forth to meet the party, came upon the Captain in his tent busy "getting off his trousers which had frozen upon him." This was the result of his falling into a channel at imminent risk to life. Pages of fine writing could not create a more vivid impression of daily life in the Far North—a gentleman before he sits down to dinner getting out of his frozen trousers, possibly with the assistance of an ice axe. Three months after the *Polar Star* left Copenhagen she was nipped by the ice and abandoned. Officers and crew made themselves as comfortable as possible in huts erected on the ice to serve as bases for expeditions. The narrative is tempting for quotation. But quotations are long and *Mr. Punch's* "Booking-Office" is short. The thing to do is to get the book, read it and treasure it for delight in days to come. Not the least interesting feature are the illustrations taken by photograph on the spot, beautifully reproduced. There are over two hundred, not to speak of five maps. The book is simultaneously published in Italy, France, Germany, and America. It would be impossible to exceed the style and workmanship of the English edition, the translation for which has been done by Mr. LE QUEUX.

The Adventures of Harry Revel (CASSELL & Co., Ltd.), by A. T. QUILLER-COUCH, is a decidedly interesting story, yet somewhat puzzling. The early years of *Harry Revel* recall, in a way, those of *Oliver Twist*, flavoured with a little *Paul Dombey*. *Oliver* was, as may be remembered, to have been apprenticed to a murderous-looking sweep, one *Mr. Gamfield*, and *Harry Revel* actually is apprenticed to a kindly master in that line, one *Mr. Trapp*. *Paul* is petted by a lady of a certain age, the severe *Mrs. Pipchin*, and *Harry* by an amiable elderly spinster, *Miss Plinlimmon*. *Harry*, quite a child in every way, but a sharply observant one, tumbling down a chimney, alights—flop—on the floor of a room where is lying prone the dead body of one *Mr. Rodriguez*, a Jewish slop-seller. Little *Harry* in sheer terror makes a bolt of it, and escapes from imaginary consequences on to the roof. This is the commencement of his exciting adventures while avoiding pursuit. But who would accuse a mere child of such a crime? Of course there has been theft as well. But the boy knew nothing of this. However, as the story is, so you must take it or leave it, and the Baron warrants you that, be you mystified ever so much, yet will you not put down the book until, in company with little Master *Revel*, you have assisted at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo. The battle-piece that forms the grand finale is far more grim than the same scene described in so dashing a style by CHARLES LEVER.

THE BARON DE B.-W.



COUNTRY CRICKET. THE WICKET QUESTION.

LITTLE SIMKINS—HAVING HAD, IN THE ABSENCE OF ONE OF HIS TEAM, TO KEEP WICKET—COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT THE WICKETS SHOULD CERTAINLY BE MUCH WIDER, AND A GOOD DEAL HIGHER TOO!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Dictionary of National Biography (SMITH, ELDER) is not everybody's market. The sixty-six volumes of which it is composed cost within a fraction of £50. Whence it will appear the enviable possessor requires not only a long purse but plenty of house room. To the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH, the princely publisher to whom the world is indebted for a monumental work, the completion of which involved large pecuniary sacrifices, came the happy thought of adding by way of supplement a volume summarising the illimitable facts set forth in the sixty-six volumes. Under the direction of Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who took up the task of editorship when, a third way through, Sir LESLIE STEPHEN withdrew from the arduous task, there has been compiled in a volume of 1,456 pages a priceless epitome of the Biographies set forth at more or less length in the three score tomes and six. My Baronite affirms that this one volume is for the working literary man almost equal to the value of the sixty-six. That is a paradoxical statement. But it has something more than the ordinary measure of truth contained in paradox. The book contains biographical details of over thirty thousand noteworthy inhabitants of the British Islands and the Colonies, from the earliest historical period to the date of the death of Queen VICTORIA. Even the late *Oliver Twist* (notice of whom is, by the way, omitted from an otherwise scrupulously full catalogue) could not ask for more. For those who possess the whole work reference is given in each biographical note to the number and page of the volume containing the longer article. For ordinary research this epitome serves every purpose.

Beneath the Veil, by ADELINE SERGEANT (JOHN LONG), is a romance whereof the commencement excites curiosity which, as the plot turns upon a purely theatrical simulation of character, involving an utter improbability, is doomed to disappointment. This one incident has before now done duty effectively in farce, as in *The Ringdoves* and in *Opéra-bouffe*, only that in these two instances the lover personates the intended bridegroom, while here it is an experienced lady of thirty successfully disguising herself as her young step-sister of nineteen. The bridegroom is a sharp man of the world, and does not discover the trick! However, admit the improbability, and the story, though spun out to too great a length, will amuse most novel-readers.

Particularly useful just now are some small books entitled *Nights at the Opera*, by WAKELING DRY (The De La More Press), a name of good omen when dealing with such a watery and stormy subject as *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, while the writer's *prénom*, as intimating the unusual hour for the commencement of the Wagnerian performances, suggests the Tennysonian line as a motto—"If you 're WAKELING call me early." In each little book there are pages left blank for any composition to be written down by the musical student or notes by THE BARON DE B.-W.

A WAGNER DIALOGUE.

[The metrical portion of the following scene is modelled upon Mr. ALFRED FORMAN'S popular perversion of *The Nibelung's Ring*, composed, as he puts it, "in the alliterative verse of the original."]

CHARACTERS.

The DUCHESS (*who subscribes to the Opera but never goes near the "Ring."*)

REGINALD (*who is suffering from Rhine-water-on-the-brain, being wedded to an unflinching votary of* WAGNER.)

SCENE—*The* DUCHESS'S *Drawing-room in Mayfair.*

TIME—3.15 *on a fine Götterdämmerung afternoon.*

The DUCHESS *is seated in the act of digesting a heavy luncheon. Enter* REGINALD, *very haggard from compulsory assistance at the Cycle.*

The Duchess. But, my dear REGGIE, how pale you look! And what *are* you doing in evening dress at this time of day? Didn't you get to bed at all last night?

Reginald. Worn am I out!
Of afternoon watches
This makes the third!
Too soon for the season,
Ere sinketh the sun,
Falls at four precisely
The dusk of the deities.
Mightless to match
The will of my wife,
Hie I to the Hoop,
To the Waning of Walhall!

Duch. REGGIE, you are wandering. You are not yourself. Won't you ring for some brandy-and-soda?

Reg. (*ringing for* Footman).
Thanks. Of my throat
The drought am I fain
To drench with a nip
Of the Nothung, or Needful.

Enter Footman.

Duch. THOMAS, some brandy-and-soda, quick.

Reg. Numbed by this brew
Unshattered my nerves
Shall be by the shock.
When the virtueless villain
Smites in the small
Of his back the bigamous
Bridegroom of *Brinnhild.*

Duch. "*Broonhilda!*" Isn't she somebody in WAGNER? Of course. I understand now. Poor dear boy! How you must have suffered!

Reg. Ware as a wink
Of the Wanderer's Wall-eye,
Discovers my state
Thy keen understanding;
The gist of my rede
Aright hast thou judged.

Enter THOMAS; *he pours out brandy, then adds soda till arrested by* REGINALD.
Held be thy hand!
With measureless waste
Of mineral waters
Mar not the mead.

THOMAS *retires with an air of not noticing anything unusual.* REGINALD *drinks, and at the same time addresses the* DUCHESS.
So drain I the draught
With of slumber the seed
Sluicing my soul,
As soused was the wit
Of *Siegfried* in wassail,
Enough for my needs
Till the dolorous dark
Is spent, and a space
Of leisureless freedom
Allowed for refreshments.

Duch. Poor dear! I agree with every word you say, though of course I could not have expressed it so happily. I 'm sure I appreciate really *good* music as much as anybody; but I can't stand sitting all that time with the lights down so that you can't see what the women are wearing in the other boxes! No wonder so many of the best people keep away. And then scrambling your dinner just anywhere and anyhow! And the daylight so bad for the complexion, like the old-fashioned Drawing-rooms in the Victorian Era! I must say I *do* think your wife is brave to go through it all. I suppose she gets enthusiastic and forgets everything, like people do when they catch religious mania. But you must get dreadfully bored and that, having to pretend all the time. Couldn't you find somebody else to look after her?

Reg. Like WOTAN, but vainly,
Valorous heroes
To stick in my Wal-stall
Hunted I up!
Answered me each one:
"This Cycle thou talk'st of—
Say, is it tuny
Like to the *Toreador?*
Or bristles it bravely
With bountiful ballets?"

"Honestly," owned I,
"Tuny it is not;
Nor yet aggressively
Doth it, I grant ye,
With ballets abound.
For such name I not
The respectable Norns,
Spinsters at sport [rope.
With the skein of their skipping-
Likewise the waterproof
Three little Rhine-maids
Loosely that watch
Over the oof
With kickless legs
Elusively skirted,
Hardly come under
The heading ye hint of."

So for ward of my wife
A substitute to win
Successless I sought.

But lo! leave thee I must;
Warns me my watch
That due is the Dusk.
Well I wot for no wight,
Not even for Royalty,
Bideth of ruthless
RICHTER the bâton.
And loth were I reaching
Late to the Ring
In the whelming night
Mistaking my stall
Unaware to elbow
A wife not my own.

Duch. (*carried away by alliterative sympathy*). Tell shall I THOMAS
A cab you to call?

Reg. For a Walkur to whistle
Need is there none.
[*He goes out; his voice is subsequently heard behind the scenes.*
Hoyotoho! Hoyotoho!
Hi! Hansom! Heiaha!
To the Hall of the Hoop!
To the Waning of Walhall!
Hahei! Hoop-la! Heiaho!

O. S.

CUCKOO!

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I hasten to announce that while walking to business this morning I heard the cuckoo's welcome note. The sound was not so faint as to be a suspicion, but was clear and distinct. "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" and so forth—it was repeated ten times: the hour was precisely 10 A.M. I mentioned the occurrence to one of my colleagues, a man well-versed in natural history, who was at first incredulous, but, on considering all the circumstances—date, climatic conditions, &c.—decided that it was indeed the note of the *cucullus horologicus.*

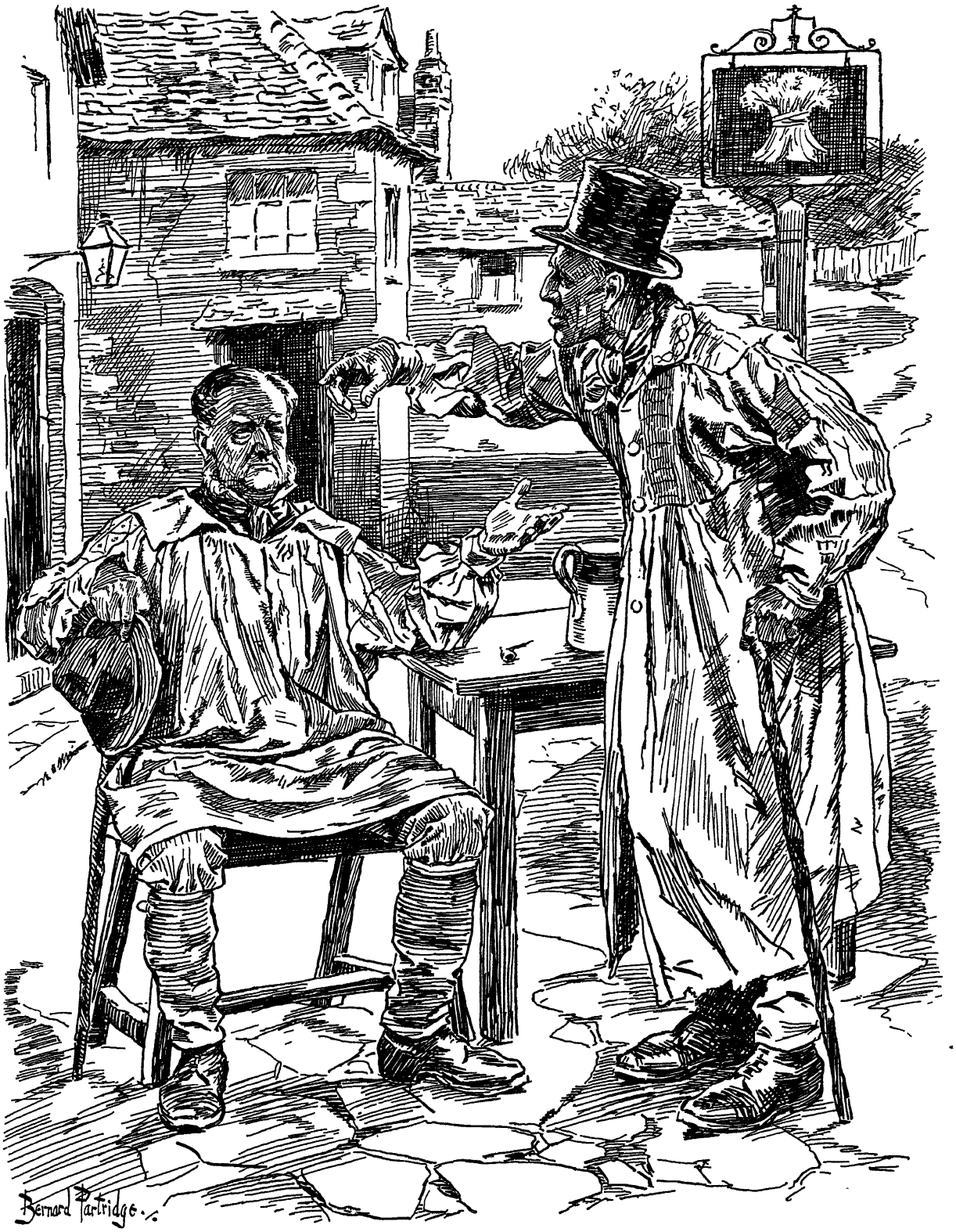
Surely, dear Sir, ten cuckoos are enough to make an English summer.

Yours truly, AUDITOR.

P.S.—Despite the definite evidence of my ears, supported by the naturalist's well-considered dictum, a spirit of incredulity appears in the following contemptible lines which were placed on my desk during the luncheon interval, and insolently addressed—

"TO AN OLD CUCKOO."

When "Summer is icumen in,"
And vernal gales blow piercing keen,
With extra blankets round the chin
We dream of seasons that have been;
While hands are chapped, and red, and sore,
We long to hear that cry once more:
"Cuckoo!
Cuckoo! cuckoo!" which gladsome note
Hath not as yet been heard, I wot.



AT THE SIGN OF THE "WHEATSHEAF."

GAFFER L-WTH-R. "WHY, 'TWERE ON'Y LAST YEAR AS SQUOIRE BEACH 'E GIVE WE A SHILLIN', AN' SAID IT 'UD BE SAME EVERY YEAR, 'E DID."

GAFFER CH-PL-N. "AY! AN' NOW THIS 'ERE NEW INTERLOAFER, SQUOIRE RITCHIE, COME ALONG, *AN' 'E LOP IT ORF!*"



UP TO DATE.

Elsie. "Miss Timmins told me to-day in the Geography Lesson that Stonehenge was over Two Thousand Years old."
Jack. "What nonsense! Why, it's only 1903 now!"

MEMBRESSES OF PARLIAMENT.

Having regard to the fact that a woman has recently applied for admission as a barrister, and also to the fact that from the Bar to Parliament has come to be looked upon as a natural gradation, we need not be surprised if in a few years we find the "Parliamentary Notes" of our daily papers reading something like this:—

In the debate on the Bond Street Window Bill in the House of Peeresses yesterday the Leader of the Opposition, the Lady Furbelough, in a very effective speech severely criticised the hat of the Government Leader, describing it as retrograde in the extreme. The Duchess, replying for the Government, said that the hat was absolutely the latest thing, and that if the Opposition Leader depended on something else than the cheap fashion papers for her information, she would know it. The Duchess concluded a heated tirade, in which she characterised her opponents as "horrid things," by bursting into tears. Salts having been administered, the House rose.

We hear that Lady Lena Fitzewe, the Première, will personally introduce the great Corset Bill.

The election of Mrs. Jones, the eminent charwoman, is considered a great blow struck for democracy. The Tories are aghast, and Lady Lena, for whom Mrs. Jones chars, was very angry when she heard the result of the poll. Yesterday, when Mrs. Jones was being introduced, Lady Lena, who at the time was speaking on the Better Control of Husbands Bill, stopped suddenly, and having surveyed the new Member contemptuously for some moments, gave her a week's notice of the termination of her charing engagement.

We understand that it is proposed during the summer months to hold Committees on the Terrace, tea and buns being served during the progress of debate.

It is rumoured in the Lobby that in view of the strained relations now existing between this country and Germany our Ambassadress at Berlin has been instructed to wear a last year's gown. It is hoped that this move will have its effect in modifying the attitude of the German Chancelloress, who has for some time been chagrined by the modish Parisian toilettes of our British Representative.

The Deceased Husband's Brother Bill was thrown out for the twenty-third time yesterday.

It is rumoured that the winner of the Stock Exchange race will give an exhibition in the Broad Walk at Oxford during the Eights.

VI-KINGS ESSENCE; A NORSE TRACEDY IN A TEA-CUP.

(Condensed, with apologies, from the admirable Ibsen production at the Imperial.)

THE FINALE.

The Feast-Room as before: Old ÖRNULF *is still waiting for an explanation.*

Gunnar (pulling himself together). So thou hast found thy way back, eh, old warrior? Tell thou us what hath happed?

Örnulf. I learnt that KÅRE the Peasant was faring after your little EGIL. Then, with my six wolf-cubs, did *I* fare after KÅRE. Having an Icelandic relish for dramatic surprises, I carefully left everybody under the impression that I was faring to be the first to give little EGIL his bane—but *(proudly)* old ÖRNULF is too keen a sportsman to wage warfare against nippers. KÅRE we overtook—and never had I a more enjoyable scrimmage, and little did I deem that so arrant a cur would turn out so shrewd a fighter! All my wolf-cubs have I left behind me.

Gunnar (concerned). What? All *six* of 'em! Hard luck and a baleful hap is this, greybeard!

Örnulf (with well-bred indifference). Nay, of no consequence is it, since THOROLF still remains to me.

Little Egil. I want THOROLF! He promised to carve for me some little wooden warriors.

Örnulf (with growing uneasiness). So he did. By the by, where *is* my boy THOROLF?

Gunnar. Why—er—the fact is, there 's been a bit of an accident. He—er—a battle-axe fell on him, somehow, and——

Hiördis. Let *me* break it to him! *(To* ÖRNULF*)* It was *entirely* THOROLF's own fault. *(Volubly)* The fact is, he *distinctly* told us that thou wast splitting little EGIL's head open—and thou wot'st thou *didst* serve *one* of my family like that already—and THOROLF had no manners whatever—he didn't seem to understand my delicate *badinage*—and his repartees were really *too* impossible—and, naturally, GUNNAR was annoyed, or else he would of course never have *dreamed* of correcting him with a battle-axe—and, well—that 's how it *was!*

Örnulf (calmly). Well do I see that thou art a woman—for thou tellest a simple story in such long-winded phrases. If THOROLF is done for, he *is* done for—and there is an end of it!

Little Egil (whimpering). Then I shan't have my little wooden warriors!

Örnulf. Be a man, my boy. I 've lost all *my* little wooden warriors, but as thou see'st *I* don't make a fuss about it. *(After little* EGIL *is removed by a handmaid)* I remember *my* manners—whatever *other* people may do. *(To* GUNNAR*)* *Where* saidst thou THOROLF was hit?

Gunnar (reluctantly). Behind the scenes.

Hiördis. But not behind *him.* In the breast—or thereabouts. Oh, thou may'st be quite sure that GUNNAR did it *beautifully!*

Örnulf. If ye will kindly excuse me, I will go out and see for myself. Trouble not yourselves to follow. Old as I am, I hope that, when I *do* dine out, I can *still* set an example of correct deportment. [*Goes out with quiet dignity.*

Hiördis (hysterically). Ha-ha-ha! I wot this is the last time that ÖRNULF will dine under *this* roof-tree!

Dagny (shocked). For shame, HIÖRDIS! Most unfeeling is such a remark, under the circumstances!

Gunnar (to Guests*).* Coffee will ye find in the adjoining apartment. [Guests *retire reluctantly.*

Hiördis. That ÖRNULF slew my father I *might* have overlooked—but that he should allude to me as a "Wild Duck," *that* can I *not* get over! And at all events, it is clear *now* that GUNNAR is a better man than SIGURD!

Dagny. High time is it, HIÖRDIS, that thou wert informed that GUNNAR is no warrior at *all*—but a mere weakling!

Sigurd (aside to her). Have a care, lest thou let the cat out of the bag unawares!

Dagny (in wild indignation). No longer can I keep it in!—for too long hath she crowed over me. HIÖRDIS, it *wasn't* GUNNAR that slew thy Big White Bear, but SIGURD! And thou gavest him a ring—and here is it on my arm—so *now!*

Hiördis (in a terrible voice). GUNNAR, is this thing true?

Gunnar (with lofty calm). It is. But—save only for a constitutional dislike to danger—no coward nor weakling am I, HIÖRDIS!

Sigurd (cordially). *That* thou art not, and right ready am I to punch the head of him that sayeth otherwise!

Dagny (ungenerously). Well, HIÖRDIS, which is *now* the braver—GUNNAR or SIGURD?

Hiördis (without a moment's hesitation). Why, SIGURD, of course! *(Embracing him.)* *He* is *my* Master Bear-Killer!

Sigurd (in confusion). I—I ought to explain that I undertook the exploit entirely to oblige dear old GUNNAR.

Hiördis. Nay, not so, but for love of me was it done—whether thou wert ware of it or not!

Sigurd (politely). If thou sayest so, then doubtless—but all that is over, now that I and DAGNY——

Hiördis (with disdain). DAGNY! Fit helpmate is *she* for a man of men like thyself! No intelligent interest doth she take in thy viking, nor loveth she the sight of blood and the merry swordgame as *I* do. Therefore henceforth let her and GUNNAR be out of the saga, and us twain fare forth together, as true comrades, in harness of steel.

Sigurd (deeply moved). If I could only think that thou wouldst be *quiet* in harness—but no, I cannot really entertain so unconventional a proposal.

Hiördis. Say'st thou so? Then *(turns to* GUNNAR*, who has been listening dejectedly)*, a loving wife will I be to thee as of yore—on *one* condition: that thou slayest SIGURD here upon the spot!

Gunnar (shrinks back involuntarily). Tempt me not, HIÖRDIS! Small heart have I to slay so old and attached a chum as he.

Hiördis. Then, SIGURD, must *thou* challenge GUNNAR instantly to mortal combat.

Sigurd (puzzled). But why on earth should I do *that,* HIÖRDIS?

Hiördis. It is the ordinary Viking etiquette. Hath not GUNNAR struck down THOROLF, thy kinsman by marriage?

Sigurd. Bent art thou on egging me on to a row! So be it, then—I *do* challenge thee, GUNNAR. *(Aside to* GUNNAR*)* Fear not, for a walk-over shall this combat prove for thee.

Gunnar (affected). Once more thou venturest thy life for my honour! *(Aloud)* I accept the challenge.

[*Cries without; re-enter* ÖRNULF*, leading* THOROLF*, the back of whose head is plastered.*

Gunnar. So THOROLF lives! Well I wotted that such an axe—— *(To* SIGURD*, relieved)* Off is our encounter!

Örnulf (to GUNNAR*, with mild reproach).* Nicely hast thou bungled this business. For THOROLF here has gotten naught from thee but a contused wound—and not even in front!

Hiördis (disgusted). A weakling indeed art thou, GUNNAR, since thou couldst not even slay an unarmed stripling from behind!

Gunnar. No fault is it of mine. I should like to see any of you do better—with a property-axe! And after all, as things have fallen out, it is just as well as it is. *(To* ÖRNULF*)* Thou wilt stay and partake of supper with us?

Örnulf (stiffly). Nay, there is naught for me to do here *now!* The sooner I get THOROLF aboard and sail for Iceland the better.

Sigurd. DAGNY and I must be making a move, too—got to go on to the ÆTHELSTANS.

Hiördis (*in dismay*). But surely ye are not all running away so early? When there are two long Acts to come!

Örnulf. I fear we cannot stay for them. Stoutly hast thou striven, HIÖRDIS, to bring about some baleful hap—but the Norns are too strong for thee, and never, I ween, wilt thou be able to bring it off.

Sigurd. No, I should give it up if I were thou—I would, really.

Hiördis (*in a growing frenzy*). I will *not!* ÖRNULF and THOROLF may depart if they will—but thou at least must stay until I have woven a bow-string from my hair, and crooned fair sorceries over it, and shot thee through the breast—for surely I can hit such a mark at five paces!

Gunnar (*to himself, overjoyed*). Then she *does* love me after all. Fancy *that!*

Sigurd (*mystified*). But why in the world shouldst thou shoot *me* through the breast, HIÖRDIS?

Hiördis. Surely must it be obvious that, unless I shoot thee and cast myself into the sea, thou and I will never be able to ride together through the storm to Valhal on coal-black cockhorses.

Sigurd. Nay, that rede avails not, for under *no* circumstances could I now make one in such an excursion—(*frankly*) since I stayed at King ÆTHELSTAN'S Court I have come to disbelieve so entirely in Valhal and coal-black cockhorses.

Dagny. And he's going to give up viking, too, and settle down, HIÖRDIS, and right sure am I that the audience will find a happy ending less depressing.

Hiördis. Then are they weaklings and no earnest students of the Norwegian sagas! But since it seemeth that none of ye will do aught to gratify my feminine love of excitement, I shall mayhap be enabled to survive your departure.

Örnulf. Ay, the game is over. And now aboard. Long will it be ere we forget this forthfaring!

Hiördis (*perfunctorily*). So glad am I to have seen thee. Do not omit to look us up the next time thou comest a-viking in our neighbourhood.

[ÖRNULF, THOROLF, SIGURD, *and* DAGNY *go out, accompanied by* GUNNAR. *Presently* GUNNAR *returns, to find* HIÖRDIS *standing moodily apart. A silence.*

Gunnar (*sadly*). Shall I *ever* bring a ray of sunlight into our joyless home, HIÖRDIS?

Hiördis (*indifferently*). It matters not—for we are lighted artificially, from above.

Gunnar. H'm—I've been thinking that, if I were only to go sharply to work, some big thick book I might surely manage to write—or develop our little EGIL'S possibilities and a conscious happiness create in him. Or I might even get up some high mountain peak or other.

Hiördis (*with more interest*). Not mountain peaks—but towering spires! Couldst thou climb *them?*

Gunnar (*dubiously*). Mayhap—*some* fine day. (*To himself*) Fortunately, even the Midnight Sun doth not often penetrate to *these* parts!

Hiördis. Wouldst thou object to my keeping *another* Big White Bear outside my Bower?

Gunnar. In nowise—provided that the animal be properly muzzled.

Hiördis (*relenting*). Then shall bygones be bygones, and together will we sit, thou and I, through the long dark winter evenings, while the green glass funnel goes busily round, and the merriment thrives, as we listen to the wailing of the Kelpie in the boathouse, and the jangle of the Dead Men riding past our door on their coal-black steeds to Valhal!

Gunnar (*overcome by the prospect*). Ah, HIÖRDIS, if only it *could* be!

[*Embraces her timidly as the Curtain falls.* F. A.



AMENITIES OF THE PROFESSION.

Rising Young Dramatist. "SAW YOUR WIFE IN FRONT LAST NIGHT. WHAT DID SHE THINK OF MY NEW COMEDY?"

Brother Playwright. "OH, I THINK SHE LIKED IT. SHE TOLD ME SHE HAD A GOOD LAUGH."

R. Y. D. "AH—ER—WHEN WAS THAT?"

B. P. "DURING THE *ENTR'ACTE*. ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS DROPPED AN ICE DOWN HER NEIGHBOUR'S NECK.'

A FRANK CONFESSION.—A correspondent, writing to the Editor of the *Daily Graphic*, says: "SIR,—I enclose a photograph of the missing statue of JAMES THE SECOND, *which I took in* 1897." This explains everything.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. VIII.

I USED often to wonder how a chap managed to have a book published. It's difficult enough to get anything you write into a newspaper. The regular fellows who do the writing there are a hungry lot, not to speak of their thirst. I've seen plenty of them in my time, men who did the accounts of fires, or the carriage accidents to peers, or the strange disappearances of magistrates, or the shocking suicide of a barrister, and it's easy enough to understand that, as they make their meat and drink out of these bits of jobs, they should be jealous of a comfortable well-dressed chap who happens to come along and gets his stuff into the paper. Of course the more he gets in the less they have to show, and the result is they band together to keep out the amateurs—at least that's the way APSLEY explained it when I asked him why he didn't let the papers have some of his writing. Well, if it's hard to get into a newspaper it must be harder still to have a book printed, with every bit of it done by yourself, and your name on the title page all to itself—at any rate that's the way I always looked at it.

I think I told you I did a bit in the poetry line when I was sweet on EMILY COLLINS, but it didn't seem to come to much, so I put it by. I did manage to finish three pieces. One was called, "To EMILY's Bag: Lines written in the Kensington High Street." It began this way:—

> O EMILY, whenever I see you walk abroad
> A pain goes through my heart like a pointed sword.
> You walk in silk and satin and you carry a little leather bag,
> And your step is as light as air and as graceful as a stag.

Then it went on to wonder what was in the bag. Was it merely a handkerchief, or a pair of gloves, or a powder puff? And it ended by my wishing I was in the bag myself, so as to be carried about by EMILY for ever. It was a pretty little thing, and ROGERSON, to whom I showed it, said there was something very original about the metre—I don't quite know what he meant, but that was what he said.

The second poem was "To Miss COLLINS on her Birthday," and the best verse in it was this one:—

> We 'll shout hurrah, and dress and dine,
> And we 'll send dull care simply galloping away,
> When we feast on peaches and ices and ruby wine,
> To celebrate EMILY's natal day.

There was a good swing about that, and it ought to have been set to music. Anyhow, I know the rhymes were as right as rain, and if you get the rhymes correct there's not much else to bother about. The third one was longer and more romantic. I imagined EMILY carried off by brigands in masks, with pistols and daggers, and me dashing out of a forest to rescue her, and getting stabbed to the heart by the chief brigand, but just having time to say this before I expired (you've got to expire in that kind of poem—you don't die; it's too common):—

> For thy dear sake I suffer gladly.
> Hear me before I expire: I love you madly.
> So carry this my last message home to thy mother:—
> I wish you to be happy and soon to marry another.

I started a lot more, but I suppose the inspiration had gone off, for I couldn't finish them at the time, and when matters between EMILY and me came to a standstill, owing to my mistaking her mother for her in the way I told you, I put the bundle away in a drawer and locked them up. If it hadn't been for the accident I daresay I should have finished the whole lot then and there, but perhaps it was better so. Everybody tells me that if you're a poet when you're young you're bound to go to the bad or die of consumption or heart disease. It's only the old poets that have a chance of being respectable or going on to a good age. So it's just as well I stopped in time. You see I had only started on poetry a month or two, hadn't got far enough into the business to take up a course of dissipation or catch any serious complaint.

It all came back to me about four years ago when I was turning over some old papers. Suddenly I came upon my poems to EMILY, and they made my heart jump. She's very stout now—farmers' wives in Essex seem to run to fat—and she's got half a dozen children, but somehow you can't forget when you've once been fond of a girl. I looked them all through, and it struck me the three finished ones were jolly good—every bit as good as you see in the newspapers and magazines. So I thought to myself:—Why shouldn't I set to work and finish them off, and shove in a few more to make up a proper lot and then get them printed in a book?

Dan Te and Dan L. at Drury Lane.

(*Conversation overheard at exit of Gallery after the performance*)

First Gallery Boy. IRVIN's first-rate.

Second Gallery Boy. So he is, Matey. But wot I say is it's 'ard on DAN LENO a-shuttin' of 'im up in that there tower.

First Gallery Boy (*indignantly*). Garn! oo 're yer gettin' at? That ain't DAN LENO in that there 'ole!

Second Gallery Boy (*positively*). Yuss, I tell yer, 'tis. Didn't yer 'ear 'em say, "You go LENO," as if a-tellin' 'im to 'ook it and get away from that winder?

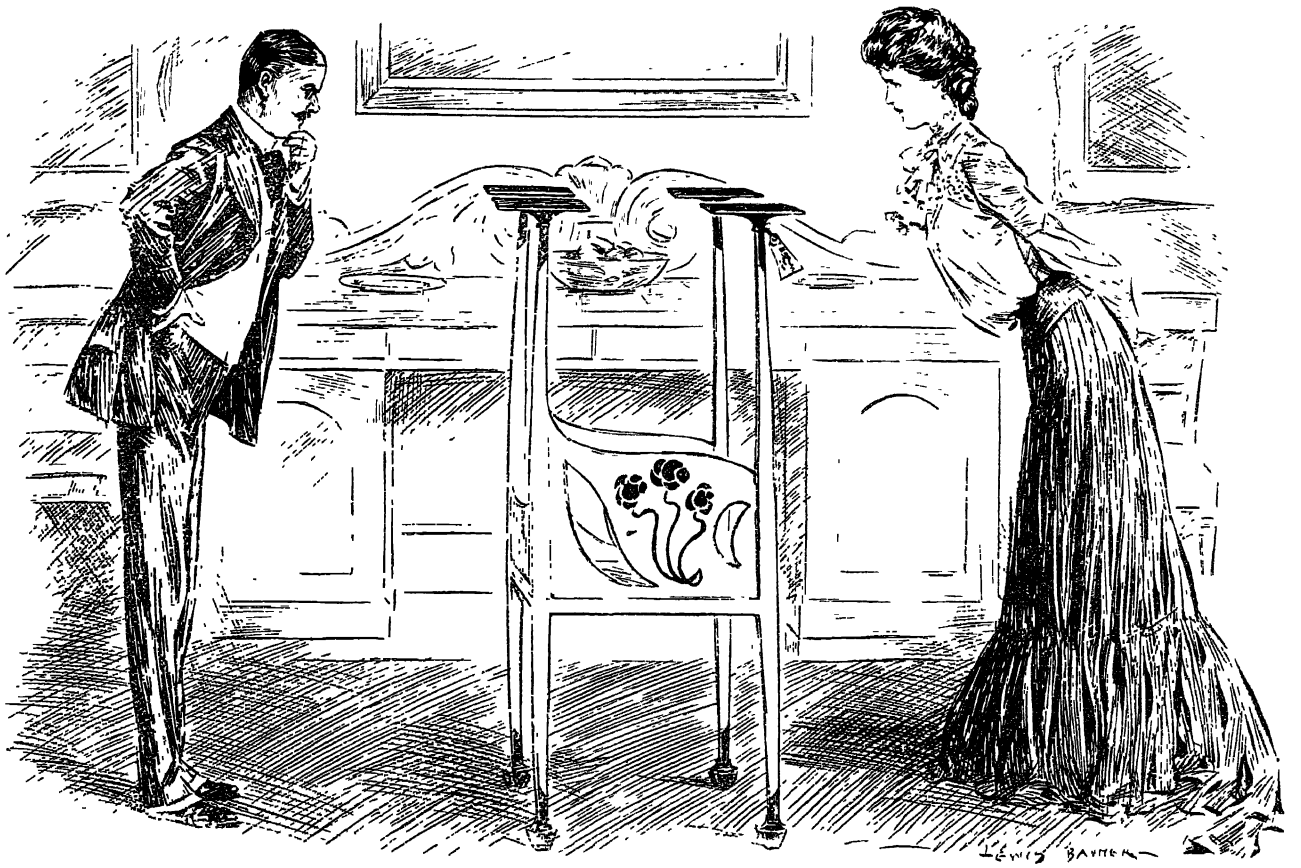
[*Exeunt severally.*

"HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY."—This proverb is admittedly true when put into practice. It is, therefore, somewhat discouraging to read in the "City News" of the *Times* last Wednesday how "The Money Market paid off what it owed to the Bank, *but was not very easy after having done so.*" (The italics, by the way, are ours, so we do what we like with them.) It was most upright on the part of the Money Market to pay its just debt to the dear Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, but why feel any qualms of conscience after this strictly honourable conduct? Wasn't the Market's own money used? Did it pay PAUL with what of right was PETER'S? We pause for a reply—and are likely to continue pausing for some considerable time. We sincerely trust that the M. M. has by now quite recovered its conscientious equilibrium.

"PLAYING WITH FIRE."—There is a wonderful dramatic show at the Earl's Court Exhibition which goes "like a house a-fire." The opening day last week was characteristic of a Fire Brigades Exhibition as being both warm and watery, and finishing at night with a regular downpour. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE opened the show. No *contretemps* occurred to mar the general success. Everybody expressed their burning desire for the success of the show; all were pleased, and no one was "put out."

CHEERY SUGGESTION.—A correspondent, writing to the *Author*, suggests that instead of an expensive banquet once a year to bring authors together for their own social benefit and for the advantage of the caterers, the Society of Authors, when able to afford it, should give its members an annual dinner "as a bonus." Form of invitation might be, "Come and pick a bonus with us."

PUBLICATION PROBABLE.—*The 'Tisn't of the Town*, by the author of *The Taint of the City*.



THE DISCOMFITURE OF THE PHILISTINES.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH ARTFUL AND CRAFTY PUZZLE BY ARTISTIC FRIEND. (QUERY—IS IT THE RIGHT WAY UP? AND, IF SO, *WHAT* IS IT?)

A POST-PRANDIAL RECORD.

THE annual opening of the Royal Academy Gems-Show at Burlington House took place on Monday, the 4th, and the great artistic display of the year was ushered in as heretofore with the Grand Banquet of the Immortals, given in honour of the occasion to Royalty, to demi-gods, some divines, many notables, and a sprinkling of happy guests from the Fortunate Isles. A brilliant scene. An evening memorable, in the first place, for the clearly delivered and most interesting speeches made by the President, Sir EDWARD POYNTER, and, secondly, for the graceful reply of the Prince of WALES, whose allusion to "my dear father's" illness and providential recovery was most touching. The comic element was introduced into the entertainment by Admiral Sir JOHN FISHER, who, had not Britannia chosen him for her service in the Navy, would have made his fortune as a genuine low-comedian. Being called upon to return thanks for the Navy, the gallant Admiral had no sooner risen to the occasion than he went into action with both arms, much to the disquietude of his messmates, of whom one was the warlike Mr. BRODRICK. The commencement of the Admiral's comic soliloquy went enormously; then the breeze dropped and there was a slight lull. Finding himself, when serious, in the Doldrums, he hauled taut to windward, caught a capful of the popular breeze, and getting on the right tack, sailed into port (or champagne) amid the hearty laughter, loud cheers, and lusty plaudits of all hands ashore and afloat. The President and Council, on whom falls the task of casting the speech-makers and making the character fit the toast, are to be heartily congratulated on this "naval engagement." The evening was also memorable for the speech of Dr. JOACHIM, who spoke with the bottled-up emotion of twenty years' absence from the Dinner, reading his music—that is, his notes. And to omit nothing that emphasised this evening as specially memorable, there remains but to record the presence of Mr. JOSEF ISRAELS, the very small man but very great painter of the Dutch Marine service, whose admirable work on this occasion received the heartiest praise from the President, speaking in the name of the Royal Academicians and of all lovers of art. It is as a note of so exceptional an evening that *Mr. Punch* places this Mem. on record "in perpetual memory of the thing," although it doth appear more than a day after the Fare. For the exhibition itself it is universally admitted to be well above the average, containing certain specimens of the very best art which, briefly, it would be invidious here to particularise.

HIS LUCKY STARS!—Best wishes for his Health and Happiness. Likewise Heartiest Congratulations from *Mr. Punch* to his good friend Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., the astronomer, whose forthcoming marriage has been just announced. "Sir NORMAN," remarks the *Westminster*, "has been leader of more eclipse expeditions probably than any man living," and, by Venus, he is "eclipsing himself!" The Pleiades will attend as Bridesmaids.

FITNESS OF THINGS.—A guardian on the board of a lunatic asylum objected to an item in the quarter's accounts representing a glazier's bill for mending the windows. His argument was that it was quite in keeping with the nature of such establishments that the glass *should* be cracked.



ARMS OF PRECISION.

Volunteer Subaltern (as the enemy's scout continues to advance in spite of expenditure of much "blank" ammunition). "IF THAT INFERNAL YEOMAN COMES ANY NEARER, SHY STONES AT HIM, SOME OF YOU!"

PRODDING PROHIBITED!

["Under the new régime at the Zoological Gardens, the practice of prodding certain of the animals to make them 'show off' will be prohibited."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

I 've always dearly loved to see—
  Their keeper's rod the feat abetting—
The lemur leap from tree to tree,
  The ostrich gaily pirouetting;
But dash'd with gall is now my cup,
  Life's wine no longer tastes full-bodied,
Since at the Zoo they 've posted up:
  "The animals must not be prodded!"

Ne'er shall the grizzly, cowering 'neath
  The suasive stick, to dance be smitten;
Nor any lion show his teeth
  To reassure me I 'm a Briton;
The leopard shall not change his spots,
  The tapir trip it with his mate, or
The cobra tie himself in knots,
  To please the casual spectator!

The slim giraffe, stiff-neck'd and proud,
  No more shall dread its playful keeper;
Nor the hyena laugh aloud,
  Fearing the next prod may be deeper;
Beneath no titillating touch
  Shall elephantine beasts grow nimble;
Nor shall the "slithy toves" and such
  Respond, when asked to "gyre and gimble"!

But though my tears are falling free,
  And threnodies I loosely scatter,
Since creatures like the chimpanzee,
  Unless they choose, no more will chatter—
I 'm glad to think, as from the Zoo
  Clubwards my lonesome way I 'm plodding,
That I have friends—a number—who
  "Show off"—without the need of prodding!

HISTOIRE DE CHIEN.

PARIS,
Rue Neuve des Petits Chiens, 4.

MONSIEUR LE RÉDACTEUR,—C'est avec plaisir que je m'aperçois que le *Spectator* (voyez le numéro du 25 Avril par exemple) raconte continuellement des "dog-stories;" mais il ne faut pas vous imaginer que les bêtes intelligentes se trouvent uniquement de l'autre côté de la Manche. Justement, j'ai un caniche qui est de la première force quant à la sagacité. Je l'envoie tous les deux jours au débit de tabac, qui fait le coin de la rue, me chercher du "caporal." Je lui donne parfois une pièce blanche, et il me rapporte toujours la monnaie. Maintenant, attention, s'il vous plaît! Vous savez, n'est-ce pas, que le billon étranger n'a plus cours ici en France? Eh bien, voici ce qu'a fait l'autre jour cet étonnant animal! Je l'envoie comme d'ordinaire chez le marchand de tabac. On lui offre deux sous italiens. Il refuse absolument de les prendre et se met à grommeler comme quatre. Pas moyen de le pacifier. Enfin on lui donne du bon cuivre de la République française, et il s'en va content, la queue en l'air!

Et puis, il porte le sentiment national à un degré presque exagéré et tout-à-fait phénoménal. Rien de si patriote que ce toutou-là! Il a déjà mordu cinq Anglais, trois Américains, trois Italiens, un Espagnol et un Allemand—ce dernier excessivement gros. Mais, voici le bouquet! Voici le véritable triomphe de l'intelligence canine! Depuis que tout le monde s'apprête à applaudir avec enthousiasme la visite du roi Edouard, ce chien a entièrement renoncé à croquer les Anglais! Vive l'intelligence! Vive la diplomatie!

Il est vrai que ce phénomène a aussi mordu dans le temps quelques Français par-ci par-là, mais il y a tout lieu de croire que c'étaient des Dreyfusards—et puis le pauvre animal est myope, ce qui explique bien des choses.

Reste à immortaliser son nom dans les pages de votre délicieux journal. Il s'appelle *Jean, Auguste, Hippolyte, Achille, Cincinnate, Danton* et *Cerbère*.

Veuillez agréer, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma haute estime, et de ma considération la plus distinguée.

JEAN PIERRE CHAUVIN.

Exercise for Dyspeptic Millionaires.

INVENTOR of New Carriage, only one fit for South African roads, wants to meet Financier to push same.—Advt. *Financial News.*



DOGBERRY IN SOMALILAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Dogberry . . RIGHT HON. ST. J-HN BR-DR-CK. *Watchman* . . . SERGEANT OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES.

DOGBERRY. "YOU SHALL COMPREHEND ALL VAGROM MEN; YOU ARE TO BID ANY MAN STAND."

WATCHMAN. "HOW IF A' WILL NOT STAND?"

DOGBERRY. "WHY, THEN, TAKE NO NOTE OF HIM, BUT LET HIM GO; AND PRESENTLY CALL THE REST OF THE WATCH TOGETHER, AND THANK GOD YOU ARE RID OF A KNAVE" *Much Ado*, Act iii, Sc. 3.



Jones (the adventurous). "IT—IT 'S GETTIN' ALMOST TOO D-DEEP, I FEAR, MISS HOOKEM!"
Miss Hookem. "OH, PLEASE DO GO ON! IT 'LL BE THE FISH OF MY LIFE!"
Jones (who is not a champion swimmer). "M-MINE TOO!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 4.—HENRY IRVING has lost great opportunity. Casting about for *dramatis personæ* in the Hades episode in *Dante* he forgot Mr. COGWHEEL, *né* COGHILL, Member for Stoke. A long time since the English stage has presented a scene at once so realistic and picturesque. *Dante* and *Virgil*, dropping into Hades after dinner, walk round and with garrulous curiosity examine the unfamiliar scene. *Dante's* quick sight discovers an iron ring in what, to casual glance, looks like innocent plank. Pulls it up; enterprise abundantly rewarded. There pops up, Jack out of the box, a gentleman accommodated with backboard set at convenient angle. The receptacle resembles a matchbox in which there has been an accident: it is full of smoke and flame. Awkward, but evidently not dangerous, for the gentleman's clothes are not even singed.

It is in the conversation that follows that the mind flashes back to Mr. COGWHEEL, and the fulness of IRVING's lost opportunity is realised. Asked how he feels to-day, the unsinged gentleman in the fiery matchbox, with an attitude of awful boredom, in a querulous voice grumbles discontent. Apart from the matchbox effect, he reminds one of the man at the Club we all know, for whom the beef is ever overdone, the mutton underdone, the soup cold and the coffee execrable.

That in a general way. More directly, more effectively, COGWHEEL to-night, lacking the expensive accessories provided by managerial art at Drury Lane, vividly recalls the discontented gentleman in the flaring matchbox. Second Reading of Irish Land Purchase Bill on. GEORGE WYNDHAM, with magic wand priced at twelve million sterling, with national credit pledged for another hundred million, has wrought a strange thing in Ireland. Landlord and tenant clasp hands and swear eternal brotherhood. Mercy (represented by WILLIAM O'BRIEN,) and Truth (Colonel SAUNDERSON by request,) have kissed each other. The only person who feels a little doubt on the matter is the British tax-payer who has to pay for the wand. He, however, is smoothed down with assurance that in addition to doing a noble, generous thing, he is, on the whole, making a good bargain. Henceforward Irishmen will dwell together in unity; the mere paying off of the police will cover considerable proportion of annual expenditure under the scheme. Leaders of Opposition "hesitate dislike," but stop short of expressing it by hostile motion.

Mr. COGWHEEL, above all weak considerations, resolves that if he stands alone he will move rejection of Bill. Sir TROUT, not to be outdone in chivalry (moreover having a speech ready), volunteers to second the amendment. Back to back they keep the bridge against the motley host of Home Rulers and Unionists, landlords and tenants, Radicals and high-toned Tories.

Mr. COGWHEEL superb; his very figure as he springs up to move amendment is suggestive of note of indignant



SCENE FROM "DANTE" AT WESTMINSTER.

"Deluded, defrauded, betrayed!"

"A condition of slow combustion fed by regret at Unionist apostasy."

(Mr. C-gh-ll and Sir G. C. Trout B-rtl-y.)

exclamation! Rooted discontent expressed in every gesture, echoes in every sentence. "Deluded, defrauded, betrayed!" he cried, throwing up his arms with gesture of despair closely imitated from the action of the grumbler in the candent matchbox at Drury Lane just before the lid is dropped down, and *Dante* and *Virgil* walk off arm in arm to interview another recluse.

It was over PRINCE ARTHUR, recreant leader of a Unionist Party, that Mr. COGWHEEL'S bitterest tears were shed. What was he going to do next? Mr. COGWHEEL in the confidence of the domestic circle had heard something of a Home Rule Bill to follow Land Purchase. Was there any foundation for the rumour? "I pointedly put the question to the Prime Minister," he said, revolving on his axis with foreboding creak.

PRINCE ARTHUR joined in the laughter of a ribald House. But he was evidently not altogether at ease, recovering equanimity only when, on the cue "betrayed!" the lid of the box fell on Mr. COGWHEEL, who was understood thereafter to resume a condition of slow combustion fed by regret at Unionist apostasy.

Business done.—Second Reading of Irish Land Bill moved.

Tuesday night.—Never till this moment realised how depressing were THOMSON'S *Seasons*. In this so-called twentieth century T., having become a Doctor of Medicine, and Member for North Monaghan, spells his name with a "p." Circumstance does not mitigate the affliction of his verse. With copy of it under his arm turned up this afternoon on resumed debate on Irish Land Bill. Understood last night that House, above all things a business assembly, recognising that work upon the Bill cannot begin till Committee stage is reached, would this afternoon pass Second Reading.

Arrangements made accordingly. But on meeting at two o'clock, PRINCE ARTHUR received notification that Dr. THOMPSON proposed to give a reading of his famous work; that LONSDALE on other side must speak for at least three quarters of an hour; that other eminent authorities, recognising that the country wanted to know what they thought of the matter, would overcome natural shyness and discourse at length. Nothing for it but to rearrange ordered business of the week, postponing conclusion of debate on Land Bill till Thursday.

House consented to the inevitable. Gave up the sitting to THOMPSON and other minor poets. On one point implacable: would not remain to listen to their lucubrations. So debate, continued at full pressure through speeches by WILLIAM O'BRIEN and EDWARD GREY, suddenly collapsed, leaving the theme to solitude and the Member for Monaghan.

This a matter of small account to a man who, according to *Dod*, has "written several pamphlets on Hygiene, Vaccination, and Medical Education. Also *The Trial of the Maguires*." Which of these pamphlets the Doctor was rattling through as he stood well out on the floor below the Gangway was not clear. One of the rules of debate peremptorily forbids a Member to read his speech. Aware of this, expecting every moment interruption and an injunction from the Chair, the Doctor, holding his portly manuscript in both hands, bowled along at a pace that defied pursuit by the sharpest ear.

Early in the performance it became clear that the first impression was erroneous. It was not *The Seasons* THOMPSON was reading. A sentence caught at the end of the first quarter of an hour hinted at Hygiene as the topic. Immediately after, an allusion to "the arm of the law" suggested Vaccination. Towards the end a certain dramatic movement, a balancing attitude on outstretched legs, as if one were considering his verdict, imposed on the now fevered imagination conviction that what the Doctor really was reading was *The Trial of the Maguires*.

To which branch of a well-known family the implicated parties were related, and what was the verdict, nobody knows. Like JOHN GILPIN on his ride to Edmonton, the further the Doctor fared the faster grew his pace.



The Young Napoleon and the Irish Sphinx.

"Have *I* solved it?"

(Mr. W-ndh-m.)



A Brighter Light in the "Black-eyes" of Rosaleen.

(Mr. Tim H-ly's quotation amended.)

For half an hour he had been committing grievous breach of orderly debate. If the SPEAKER'S inexplicable toleration lasted longer, surely some Member would rise to a point of order. He had pages more to read. The only thing was to hasten on. This he did to the full length of forty minutes, falling back exhausted in his seat amid enthusiastic cries of "Encore!" from his delighted countrymen.

Business done.—House mustered in overflowing numbers to hear debate on Second Reading of Land Purchase Bill concluded and to take part in division. Dr. THOMPSON, physician and surgeon, M.P. for North Monaghan, takes the floor, and reads interesting paper, giving full particulars of the dramatic incidents attendant on the Trial of the MAGUIRES. Meanwhile Second Reading of principal Ministerial measure of Session stands over till Thursday.

Friday night.—The MEMBER FOR SARK has a fresh grievance; associates it with me, though really I have no responsibility. Telegraphing to my Barkshire address he found himself, as he believed, surcharged by one halfpenny. Amount not much, but principle everything. SARK had the words recounted and found "TOBY, M.P." charged as three.

"How's this?" he asked the trembling clerk.

"It's the 'M.P.,' Sir; order to charge it as two words."

"And how much do you charge for P.M.?"

"A halfpenny, Sir. According to the Regulations, though the letters are the same, being reversed we charge twice as much for M.P."

Truly the ways of the Telegraph Department are past finding out. SARK says that even though fourpence be knocked off the Income Tax he can't go chucking about halfpence. Gives me notice that in future if he has to communicate with me by telegram he will address TOBY, "P.M."

"Same thing," he airily adds; "and it saves me a halfpenny."

Business done.—Debate on Trade Unionism.

HAPPY ANIMALS.

A LECTURER at a Veterinary College recently stated in all seriousness that cows might be persuaded to give better milk if their mental requirements were better looked after. What the gentleman meant is not quite clear, but if his suggestion were carried out we might find advertisements as follows:—

MEADOW FARM DAIRY.

THE BEST EDUCATED COWS IN THE DISTRICT.

Under the Special Instruction of our own Certificated Schoolmaster

APPOINTED AD HOC.

Evening Classes are held regularly, with readings from *The Reflections of Margarine;* and a chorus from Mr. BRODRICK'S Musical Opera, *A whey they have in the Army,* is sung aloud during Milking, thus ensuring Good Rich Milk.

Avoid ignorant Cows.

The example would of course lead to imitations, as:—

CERTIFICATED FOWLS.

No Fowl is engaged by us unless it has passed the Third Standard. A University Extension Teacher is under a permanent engagement to supply the necessary education. Lectures are given daily on Miss ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER'S works, when all Birds are expected to attend.

We guarantee all Eggs to be strictly moral and free from vice, as they are all laid under the supervision of an authority on LUBBOCK'S *Pleasures of Life.* Examination Papers are set on the subject before any Bird is allowed to commence business.

Moral Training, Mental Culture.

Avoid ignorant Hens: they lay imperfect Eggs.

EDUCATED BACON.

At Lower Farm, Ditchcourt, will be found the best educated Pigs in this district.

Two meals a day and a BACON'S Essay every morning.

No Pig is allowed to enter a Literary Competition.

Lectures weekly by an eminent Pro-Bore.

A passage from *The Belle of Chicago* after every meal, and a scene from *Resurrection* at bed-time.

We feed the Brains as well as the Body. The Result is Perfect Pork.

DREAMS À LA DRUMONT.

["England will take Algeria, and CHAMBERLAIN will realise his dream of being Duke of Algeria."—*M. Edouard Drumont in the "Libre Parole."*]

WHEN England takes Algeria,
By force of arms or fluke,
And makes it a Siberia,
With CHAMBERLAIN as Duke:
No longer melancholic,
But full of fire and frolic,
The Radicals will rollick
Back into power and place:
When England takes Algeria,
And JOE becomes His Grace.

When Greece takes San Marino
On reformation bent,
And straight appoints DAN LENO
To be its President;
Then from the heights of Hæmus
Will Romulus and Remus
Descend with Polyphemus
In revelry insane:
When Greece takes San Marino,
And DAN begins his reign.

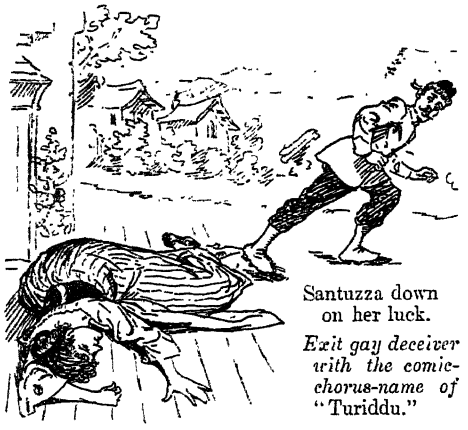
When Mona's Isle is captured
By battleships from Spain,
And when the Dons, enraptured,
Proceed to crown HALL CAINE:
O, won't the Pope feel better,
And WILHELM send a letter
Conferring on his *Vetter*
An Eagle with three necks?
When Mona's Isle is captured,
And CAINE becomes her *Rex.*

When Russia captures Delhi,
And, lopping CURZON'S head,
Instals MARIE CORELLI
As Begum in his stead:
What marvellous romances,
Teeming with luscious fancies,
What weird Macabrous dances
Her pen will perpetrate:
When Delhi has CORELLI
As ruler of the State!

When China learns from Harris
In homespun tweeds to dress,
And when Lord ROSEBERY marries
The Dowager Empress:
O what felicitations,
What sumptuous oblations,
What orotund orations
From Malwood will flow in:
When ROSEBERY quits Harris
To be a Mandarin!

When Ireland is a nation,
And all the joybells ring
To hail the importation
Of DRUMONT as her King:
Then will the waves of Liffey,
No longer swart and sniffy,
Yield freely in a jiffy
Superlative ozone;
When Ireland is a nation,
And DRUMONT'S on the throne.

OPERA NOTES.



Santuzza down on her luck.

Exit gay deceiver with the comic-chorus-name of "Turiddu."

Monday, May 4. — *Lohengrin.* The opening night of the regular season; Chapter the First, so to speak, of the story of Operatic life during the next three months: the prologue was given last week. How many *Lohengrins* do I not remember! "Way down upon the Swannee River, Far, far away," as *Elsa* might have sung had Wagner been a student of the American negro minstrelsy. Herr Kraus, as the typical German light-headed, that is, flaxen-haired hero, *Lohengrin*, appears as a robust defender of injured innocence. Herr Klöpfer's *Heinrich der Vogler* is better in singing than in acting. Perhaps as a *Vogler* he would be perfect in whistling. Pity he has not a "Whistling Coon" song. Madame Bolska is a sweet *Elsa*. Herr Müller, singing excellently as *Telramund*, loses not one single point of the many "penny-plain-and-twopence-coloured" chances offered by this muller-dramatic villain-with-a-vengeance. Herr Müller has always with him a limited chorus of companions in crime, suggesting a reminiscence of the ancient *Muller and his Men*. Fräulein Reinl's *Ortrud*, that first cousin of *Lady Macbeth* by the Wagner side, is powerful vocally, and melodramatically. Herr Krasa as *Heerrufer*, with his four gentlemen from the Royal College of Arms, a quartette for a whist party with trumps always handy when called for, is impressive and tuneful, a compliment that could not be paid to the chorus, which on one occasion wandered far away from the beaten track, that is, the track beaten for them by Herr Lohse, the much-suffering, and, on such an occasion, almost helpless conductor. Brilliant house: all parts as well filled as those in the Opera.

Tuesday.—Second Cycle. *Das Rheingold* in four scenes. No curtain or drop scene used, but only clouds of vapour rising from the depths beneath the stage, symbolising how easily Richard Wagner, under the very dampest of sub-aqueous conditions, and on every possible occasion, "can get up the steam." So a strange thing happens. Up from the profundity of stage-depths arise clouds of steam as from a giant's laundry, or Brobdingnagian cook's shop in the East End. This may be taken symbolically to show that Wagner's work is not intended to "dispel the vapours." On the contrary, the audience is mistified. Then Wagner blows off steam and we have arrived at Scene Two. Perfection of scenery by Artist Brooke, who, as the Rhine river pictures prove, is a master in water colours, while the orchestra, increased to about a hundred all told, play as one man, and that man the consummate Wagnerian Dr. Richter.

But—save the mark—on what puerile nursery legend nonsense is all this wealth of music spent! I say "spent" advisedly, not "wasted;" but, granting some hidden meaning which the initiated alone can grasp, is the whole of this legend of the Rhine in any way superior to one of the best of German nursery legends by the Brothers Grimm? However, as this is to inquire too curiously, let me record that, in the Aquarium, the three "fishy characters," *Woglinde*, *Wellgunde* and *Flosshilde*, were parts that went swimmingly as portrayed and charmingly sung by Frau Feuge Gleiss, Frau Knupfer Gleiss, and Frau Hertzer Deppe. Herr Reiss was fearfully and wonderfully made up as the *Mime*, a kind of sub-river *Caliban*, and *Loki* (*alias Loge*) was well sung and acted by the stout hero Herr Van Dyck. All were good. The audience (it was a crammed house) was literally in the dark, including His Majesty himself in the Royal box, who had no more light thrown on the mysterious plot than had his humblest subject in that packed assembly which sat, the evening through, in darkness visible. The King had arrived only a few hours before from his triumphal continental tour, and his presence at the Opera, with the Queen, was most loyally and most heartily welcomed.

Wednesday.—A fine performance of grand Opera entitled *Die Walküre*, which, though its name has a pedestrian aspect, is the work of that great cyclist, Richard Wagner. "O Richard, O mein Kœnig!" exclaim the devout Wagnerites, and this recalls the wanderer to the fact that Van Rooy as *Wotan*, and Fräulein Ternina as *Brünnhilde* (with the "dotlets" on the "u"), were at their very best. Like "the spirits from the vasty deep," all the artists were called, and what is more, all came before the curtain in answer to the summons repeated half a dozen times at the end of Act II. King Edward and Queen Alexandra arrived early, as did all those who were anxious to get the benefit of what may be termed the appetising ante-prandial portion of the performance, from 5 to 6.15, returning at 7.45 for the "*dessert à la* Wagner." Before dinner the house *looked* full; after dinner it must have felt just what it looked. And as to contented — well — an audience discontented with Hans Richter conducting so perfect an orchestra, would be indeed difficult to please.

Thursday.—"Operatic *Bradshaw* or Wagner Cycle Time and Dinner Table Guide" informs us that the *Siegfried* train starts at 5, arrives at first station at 6.25, when an hour and twenty minutes is allowed for dinner, after which it resumes its journey at 7.45, passing through Bruce Smith's territory, *The Depths of the Forest;* steam up again, and on we go to the *Wood Bird's Nest*, where half an hour is permitted for refreshment (cigarettes, coffee and liqueurs), and then the passengers re-seat themselves in front of a *Wild Region in the Forest.* Thence proceeding, the wondering wanderer in the auditorium finds himself very much where he was with the Wednesday *Walküre*, in fact—"here we are again" on "*the summit of the Valkyries' Rock*" where *Brünnhilde* in "shining armour clad," fearing no foe, is fast asleep, with a helmet on her head by way of a comfortable knight-cap. The finish magnificent!

As the praise for all concerned remains the same, it need not be repeated here, but mention may be made of Frau Feuge Gleiss as *Stimme des Waldvogels*, her singing in this mythological ornithological character being worthy of note —of Wagner's note. Yet would not a diorama suffice, while the singers could be seated as at a concert?

Friday.—Leoncavallo's *Pagliacci* and Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, with Mlle. Strakosch as *Santuzza*. "For this relief much thanks!" To-night is memorable in present operatic annals as being the first appearance this season of Mlle. Bauermeister, in the character of "little mother" *Lucia*. Next week Mlle. Bauermeister may be *Cupid*, *Venus*, or one of the gay ladies in *Carmen*. There is no sign as yet of Mme. Calvé for either *Santuzza* or *Carmen*.

Saturday.—We have our limitations. To-night we cannot cycle, but the cycling continues without us. The record of the first two weeks is excellent. The Opera has started in first-rate style.

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

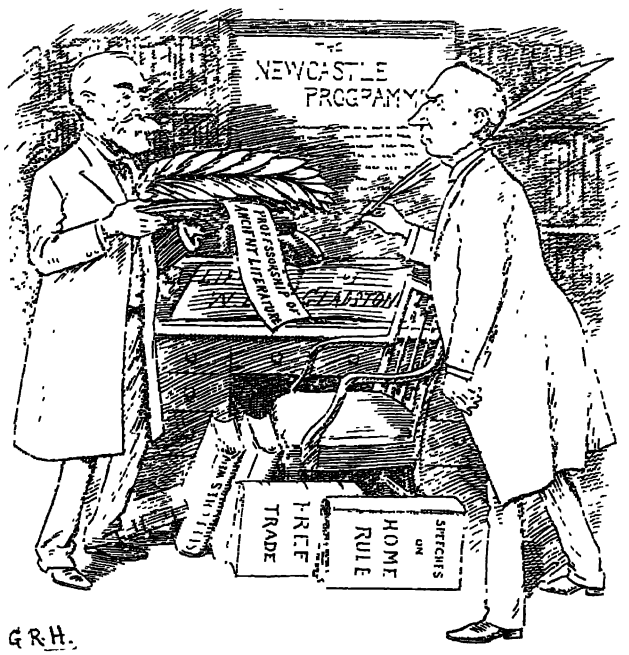
THE pages of the new periodical, *V.C.*, being unable toaccommodate all the answers to the Editor's appeal for details of the bravest deeds his readers ever saw or heard of, several contributors have kindly forwarded their experiences to *Mr. Punch*, who has great pleasure in reproducing them as under:—

THE BRAVE SOUSAPHONIST.

Mr. J. P. SOUSA writes that the bravest deed he ever witnessed occurred at Trombonville, Pa., in 1894. "I happened to be there," he says, "with my band on the day that twins were born to the postmaster of the town, a very popular gentleman. Nothing would do but that I should give an extra performance outside his house as a complimentary serenade to the happy mother. Accordingly we set off, the whole sixty of us, and took up our station in the roadway, the backyard, the verandah, and any other position we could manage to reach. In order to be seen by all I conducted from the summit of a haystack. We played several choice excerpts, and all was going well when the nurse came to the window with a twin on each arm. It was a fine day, and in the hope of catching more distinctly the strains of the '*Washington Post*' she opened the window and leaned out. The room was on the second floor. As she did so, one of the twins, in an ecstasy of appreciation, lurched forward and fell out of the window. Our hearts stopped beating; the melody ceased; it was the most awful moment I have ever lived through. By good fortune, immediately under the window was the player of the Sousaphone, a resourceful New Englander who had recently joined my band. His mind was made up in an instant, and while the child was still in mid air above him, he raised his instrument, and, filling his capacious cheeks, *blew it back* into the nurse's arms! That was the bravest deed I ever saw."

A DAUNTLESS DRAMATIC CRITIC.

"I have no hesitation," writes Mr. C. F. MOBERLY BELL, "in crediting our Mons. WALKLEY with the most unparalleled feat of bravery in the annals of valour. Despite the fact that Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER is a man of Herculean strength, that Mr. H. A. JONES is as skilled with the rapier as with the pen, and that the chief commissionaire at the Garrick Theatre measures fifty inches round the chest, Mons. WALKLEY insisted on going alone on that memorable Saturday night, and with no other weapon than a copy of *Longinus on the Sublime*. There was one awful moment when the commissionaire assumed a positively homicidal attitude, but on Mons. WALKLEY solemnly chanting the words ὕψος μεγαλοφροσύνης ἀπήχημα the giant fell back baffled, and has since entered for our competition."



THE PROFESSOR OF ANCIENT LITERATURE.

[Sir EDWARD POYNTER announced at the Academy Banquet that Mr JOHN MORLEY has been appointed Professor of Ancient Literature at the Royal Academy.]

THE HEROIC CAMERA.

Mr. C. B. FRY writes:—"The scene of the bravest deed I ever witnessed was—where do you think?—a photographer's studio. I had been hard at work all day being photographed (alternating with the Rev. R. T. CAMPBELL, another Sussex celebrity), and the camera was tired out. Yet it had still work to do. There were some minutes of good daylight left, and I had not yet been taken reading Sir WILLIAM ANSON'S *Principles of the English Law of Contract* as I made a catch, or delivering the peroration of my lecture on the wider wicket—two very necessary scenes. I grasped the copy of Sir WILLIAM ANSON'S *magnum opus* in my hands and posed for a sharp return at mid on; but the camera refused to take the picture. The photographer compressed the india-rubber bulb, but all to no purpose. Threats and cajoleries were alike useless. The photographer swore at it, the Rev. R. T. CAMPBELL preached at it, and I punished it unmercifully. Our efforts were useless. I cut it for two, I drove it for four, I slogged it for six; but without avail. Then the chief photographer was called, and Mr. CAMPBELL told him the story in his choicest rhetoric. He understood at once. 'Our camera is an advocate of passive resistance, and abhors the very name of Sir WILLIAM ANSON,' he said. It was true, for directly I substituted a copy of the *British Weekly* I was taken as if nothing had happened.

"Now that is what I call courage. Anyone can do a brave deed under conditions of excitement, but to be brave for an idea is finer."

AN INTREPID PONTIFF.

Mr. HALL CAINE locates the scene of the bravest deed with which he is acquainted at the Vatican. "The hero of the incident in question," he writes, "was that venerable nonagenarian, Pope LEO THE THIRTEENTH, who on the occasion of our first interview actually confessed that he had never read one of my books."

A DOUBLE-BARRELLED HERO.

Mr. SWINBURNE writes:—"Incomparably the most impavid exploit engraved on the tablets of my memory is that of THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON in assuming a second surname. As THEODORE WATTS he was already writ large on the eternal bede-roll of fame. That he should consciously handicap himself with a dissyllabic suffix argued a confidence in his sublime genius nothing short of Napoleonic. Well do I remember the night on which he decided on this momentous and epoch-making venture. I remember his exact words.

"'ALGY,' he said, 'what do you think of DUNTON?'

"'What's DUNTON?' I asked in a perfervid paroxysm of amphibious astonishment.

"'Ah,' he said, 'there you have it. Your unerring clairvoyance has come off as usual.' His eyes glistened, and he looked more like his portrait by ROSSETTI than he has done any time these many years.

"I argued with him, I strove with him, I fought with him to dissuade him from this perilous plunge. I urged upon him the imperative call of allitera-

tion. 'Why not,' I said, 'why not WATTS-WUNTON?' I made clear to him all the disadvantages of duplicate nomenclature. But he was adamant. Without a moan or a murmur he turned his back on his unhyphened past, and took up the burden of his double name. He has never complained since. It was the bravest deed I ever saw."

VIVE L'ANGLETERRE.

II.

Le même café du Boulevard. M. DURAND *et* M. DUBOIS *assis.* M. DUPONT *arrive, un numéro du "Times" à la main.*

Durand. Ah, le voilà! Toujours occupé de ses leçons d'anglais. Quelle obsession!

Dupont. Mais c'est embêtant, mon cher. J'ai beau acheter le *Times* pour apprendre l'anglais! Figurez-vous qu'à présent on commence à écrire ce journal en français! Ce matin je m'installe tout tranquillement, le *Times* de mercredi à la main, mon dictionnaire et ma grammaire sur la table, et je trouve, pour ma leçon d'anglais, les *Impressions Parisiennes* d'ÉMILE FAGUET en français. Des phrases très drôles, de toutes petites phrases de trois mots, de deux mots, d'un seul mot même, tout à fait comme une conversation dans le Métro, où l'on se sert de petites phrases à cause du vacarme.

Durand. Parfaitement. Dans le Métro il faut crier, il faut hurler. Mais dans le *Times* on est tranquille.

Dupont. C'est peut-être le langage des impressions. Je n'en sais rien. Mais pour apprendre l'anglais qu'est-ce que je puis acheter à l'avenir?

Durand. Un journal français naturellement. *L'Intransigeant*, peut-être, deviendra tout-à-fait anglais.

Dubois. Mais le *Times* est toujours grand amateur de notre langue. Le SARCEY actuel du *Times* n'est pas anglais.

Durand. Vraiment?

Dubois. Non. Ni français non plus. Il est né probablement aux Îles de la Manche. J'ai entendu dire qu'il s'appelle WHACKLY. Il se sert d'un mélange des deux langues. C'est évidemment le patois de Jersey.

Durand. Tiens, tiens!

Dubois. Et cependant c'est un grand journal. Eh bien, mon cher DUPONT! Vous avez l'air ébahi. Qu'est-ce que vous regardez comme ça, sans mot dire?

Dupont. Ah pardon! C'était bien stupide de ma part. Mais, si je puis le demander sans indiscrétion, votre superbe chapeau, votre huit-reflets anglais, où est-il donc? Votre habit, aussi, n'a pas l'air tout pimpant neuf comme à l'ordinaire. Si j'ose vous le dire——



HOLYROOD, *May* 12, 1903.
"Lion King-of-Arms will present Unicorn Pursuivant."
(Extract from Official Programme.)

Dubois. Ha! ha! Quel œil de commissaire de police! Mais je vais vous expliquer ça. Vous avez entendu parler premier résultat de la visite du Roi ÉDOUARD. C'est l'impôt sur le revenu à l'anglaise.

Durand. Mon Dieu, mais oui!

Dubois. Ce n'est pas la faute du roi. Il est très bon garçon, toujours souriant. Il n'a jamais l'air morne et fâché de GUILLAUME d'Allemagne. Non, c'est ROUVIER qui désire cet impôt. Et cependant ce n'est pas absolument à l'anglaise. Au lieu de perquisitions gouvernementales, l'impôt sera réglé par l'aspect du malheureux rentier. Donc j'ai ma petite idée. Je ne porterai plus des habits comme il faut. Je me mettrai en costume de vieux professeur en retraite, ou de petit rentier de province. Comme ça je ne payerai pas d'impôt du tout. J'ai commencé aujourd'hui.

Durand. Mais nous n'allons pas imiter l'Angleterre à ce point là.

Dubois. Alors, tant mieux. Je puis continuer à m'habiller en *smart gentleman*, et je ne deviendrai pas anglophobe. *A miss is as good as a mile.*

Durand. Une *miss*? Où est-elle? Ah, c'est une de vos amies! Quel homme! Toujours les femmes.

Dubois. Pas du tout. Je suis très sérieux. *Couite a respectable man.* Mais l'impôt anglais! Ah non, c'est trop fort! Eh bien, je m'en vais. Au revoir!

Dupont. Nous partons aussi. Au revoir! [*Ils sortent.*

THE "WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC."—Wanted, a Groundman who can bowl from May *for twelve weeks.—Advt. in the "Athletic News."*

THE NEW HELICON.

[According to the *Glasgow Evening News*, it is calculated that 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of Paisley are poets. Mr. JOHN MOFFAT, prospective Unionist candidate for the burgh, recently inaugurated a grand lyrical contest among the bards, and the prizes have just been distributed.]

WHERE is the nest of singing birds
Where every infant turns his
Rondeau and sonnet? Where are herds
Of FERGUSSONS and BURNSES?
Where do they string the lyre and sing
Like anything?
In Paisley.

Where is the new Mæcenas? Where
The Prince who patronises
The poets with his welcome care
And still more welcome prizes?
Ah, where is he with hand so free
Of L. S. D.?
In Paisley.

Where is the magic spot could lure
From Hippocrene's waters
From Helicon, remote, secure,
Great Jove's immortal daughters?
Where could Muse meet with fairer seat
For her retreat?
In Paisley.

Where do the gaunt black chimneys pour
Their smoke in every weather?
Where do the mill girls most adore
The fringe and curly feather?
Where slave and moil the sons of toil
Mid grime and oil?
In Paisley.

"GOOD BOZINESS." — In the *Daily Telegraph* for Thursday last is to be found the statement that the new Anglo-French resort *Le Touquet*, associated with the memory of "Boz," has been acquired, bought, and paid for (bravo!) by the Anglo-French Syndicate. And just in the very week when our KING was being cordially greeted in Paris by President LOUBET, undoubtedly a most favourable omen for *Le Touquet*, as this advance towards us of French cordiality is a *Pas de Calais* in the right direction; so, as England does the same, the step may be described in Anglo-French (the future language of *Le Touquet*) as a "*Pas de Two.*" Is Mr. John WHITLEY (& Co.) anywhere about? *Je crois que "je vois Ulysse dans cette affaire."*

THE "TIMES" COMPETITION. — The *Encyclopædia Britannica* Syndicate, in an advertisement of their monumental work, asks the rhetorical question, "*Who is it by?*" A correspondent writes to enquire whether he would get full marks for this question if he made out a list of contributors and wrote underneath, *It is by they.*

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Pictorial variations on this theme after the manner of some of our most celebrated Artists.



After G. H. Boughton, R.A.



After Marcus Stone, R.A.



After F. Goodall, R.A.



After George Clausen, A.R.A.



After Alma Tadema, R.A.



After Stanhope Forbes, A.R.A.

OPERA NOTES.

Thursday, May 14.—Merry Monarch MANCINELLI resumes orchestral sceptre and conducts *Cavalleria*. Miss CHARLOTTE WYNS, as *Santuzza*, did not justify the verb (third person present singular, of course) which forms her surname. Not the *Santuzza* wanted. *Pagliacci*, now accepted as the twin opera to *Cavalleria*, was capitally given, the *Nedda* of Fraulein FRITZI SCHEFF being excellent, while M. SALIGNAC, Signor SCOTTI, and Mr. LAURENCE REA as *Silvio*, completed a first-rate cast.

Friday, May 15.—Ovation to Conductor HANS RICHTER as usual. Herr ANTHES as *Siegfried* pre-eminently good and worthy of Fräulein REINL'S fine *Brünnhilde*. As *Stimme des Waldvogels* Frau FEUGE GLEISS sang sweetly; amusing as *Mime* was Herr REISS. At this point, finding we are dropping into poetry, we give ourselves pause, and, "pause off," we resume next week, when we shall be glad to welcome *Romeo* and *Rigoletto*.

A Want Supplied?

Is another year to pass without any passenger traffic per steamboat on the river Thames? Yet the Parisians are well supplied with light steamers, "*mouches*," on the Seine. Why can they do with the river at Paris what we can't with our river in London? The only possible answer seems to be that their river traffic is managed by Seine Commissioners, while ours is governed by—— At this instant "a sail in sight appears! We hail it with three cheers!" An offer, says the *Daily Express*, May 16, has been made by Mr. BICKLEY to start a Thames Steamer Service.

A Nice Distinction.

"THE official list of the strength of the Manchester Regiment, just landed at Singapore, reads:—'20 officers and 2 *ladies;* 4 warrant officers and 2 *wives;* 518 rank and file and 10 *women* and 12 children.'"—*Singapore Free Press.*

THE "PASSIVE RESISTANCE" MOVEMENT.

["If the former chief of the Birmingham Education League puts me in prison for refusing to pay the Education Rate, I think his days as Colonial Secretary are numbered *(Loud and continuous applause)*."—*Extract from the "Westminster Gazette's" report of a sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell at the mid-day "service" at the "City Temple," May* 14.]

THE following further cases of conscientious but passive resistance to the law have come under *Mr. Punch's* notice:—

JAMES DEWAR ALLSOPP BURTON, describing himself as a pro-publican, was charged at the Whitefriars Police Court with sacrilegious behaviour in the Temple Church. Prisoner, it was stated, had concealed himself in the pulpit and, just before the hour of the sermon, had emerged from his hiding-place and attempted to give an electioneering address on the subject of the Non-Renewal of Licenses. Asked to explain his conduct he declared that he held conscientious views about Compensation, and had gathered from a report of one of the Rev. Mr. CAMPBELL'S discourses that the pulpit was a recognised sort of hustings. Admitted that he had been at fault in not distinguishing between different kinds of Temples, City and others. Had, however, offered no effective resistance when distrained by two sidesmen and a verger.

THE MACTAVISH, a Private in the Volunteer Company of the Bonnie Sporrans, was charged before the Waverley magistrates with being drunk and incapable and resisting the police. Prisoner pleaded guilty, but alleged that, as a matter of conscience, he had felt compelled to drink the KING'S health a great number of times on the occasion of His Majesty's visit to the city of Glasgow. Glasgow had never yet been eclipsed in loyalty by Auld Reekie. At the same time the very terms of his charge—"drunk and incapable"—proved that his resistance to the police must have been merely a passive one.

Before the Flint Justices, JOHN MORMON UTAH-JONES was charged with trigamy. Prisoner explained that on the ground of hereditary scruples he objected to the principles of monogamy. As a fact, however, his own tastes had not been consulted in the matter of his marriage with either the second or the third Mrs. UTAH-JONES, both of whom had annexed him under the compulsion of bodily fear. His defiance of the law might therefore justly be described as passive. He was quite willing, if given the option of a fine under the First Offenders' Act, to allow his last two wives to be distrained.

The Rev. Dr. MANSFIELD, described as a non-conspiring leader of the Oxford P. R. Movement, was summoned before the Martyrs' Memorial Bench for refusing to pay the Education Rate. Defendant protested that, as a matter of conscience, he would sooner see any young child taught the cannibalistic tenets of the Congo Arabs than imbibing any form of Christian doctrine that differed, even immaterially, from what the defendant happened to believe. Had he been present on the occasion of his brother CAMPBELL'S political manifesto at the City Temple, his applause should have helped to bring the sacred house down.

At the same Court Mr. WILLIAM JEMMY SIKES, on whom a fine had been inflicted for false declaration of Income Tax, was now further charged with the active manslaughter of the distraining officer. Prisoner, whose previous contention had been that he could not conscientiously pay Income Tax on that portion of his revenue which he had acquired by dishonest means, now asserted that he had offered active assistance, rather than resistance, to the law. On seeing the officer approach his house he had voluntarily distrained his own goods, throwing a selection of them out into the street. This selection included a hall-clock and a complete edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The hall-clock had been suggested by the Rev. CAMPBELL as a fitting article for sacrifice; while as for the *Encyclopædia* he had no more use for it, having finished his set of answers for the *Times* Competition; and anyhow it was a loan copy. He regretted extremely that in distraining this monumental work from out of the top-storey window he had caused the demise of the officer in question.

WHEN WE SLEEPING BEAUTIES AWAKEN.

(Lines written for a dinner of the Stage Society. With acknowledgments, for the title, to the Master.)

THERE was a time, as I am told,
Back in the dim Victorian Age,
When antic Custom, dull and cold,
Wrapped like a pall the British Stage;
And some among the best "reporters" said:—
"Dramatic Art is practically dead!"

But ere they fixed the funeral site
A race of Thinking Men arose,
Clapped on the corpse a searching light
And found her simply comatose;
(Four years ago they took this fearless line,
That is to say, in 1899).

Before the lapse of many days,
The Sleeping Beauty stirred in bed
And used the Tennysonian phrase:
"O love, thy kiss would wake the dead!"
From FREDERICK WHELEN came that clarion sound;
His was the smack that brought the lady round.

They fed her up (for she was weak
And swelled with swallowing windy puffs)
On German, Belgian, French and Greek,
On Norse and even native stuffs;
With urgent appetite the patient drank in
Essence of HAUPTMANN, HEIJERMANS and HANKIN.

Exotic fish and local fowl,
With these they plied her generous maw—
CUREL and BARKER, cheek by jowl,
And IBSEN jostling BERNARD SHAW;
Thus, if *The Lady from the Sea* looked foreign,
For British Matrons there was *Mrs. Warren.*

Her moral frame expanded too
On transcendental meat and drink;
Of thoughts that ranged quite near the blue
She caught the missing MAETERLINCK;
And after meals of more than earthly manna,
Inhaled the stiffish fumes of *Monna Vanna.*

Taught, in *The Good Hope's* crib, to know
The salient signs of healthy growth,
With every second word or so
She rapped you out a ribald oath;
Showing that, should her other powers go wrong,
Her language still could "suffer and be strong."

Such is her progress, large and free,
Whose nerve, of late reduced to pulp,
I now and here propose that we
Should drink in one exhaustive gulp;
Long may her history, freed from hoary fossils,
Live in the Acts of You, her Young Apostles!

O. S.

THE DESCENT OF MAN.—"The Marquis (*sic*) DE PRACOMTAL was in a short bolero and skirt of blue marine serge piped with white, chemisette in white *linon*, and *ceinture* of white leather, hat in blue paillasson, trimmed with a garland of cornflowers."—"Fashions in France" (*Draper's Record*).



THE ONE WEAK SPOT.

Mr. Punch. "I HEAR YOU 'VE BEEN KEEN ABOUT THIS JOB. WHAT PRIZES DO YOU GIVE YOUR BEST SHOTS?" Lord S-lb-rne. "OH, ABOUT TWO-AND-SIXPENCE."

Mr. Punch. "GOOD HEAVENS! HOW PRINCELY!"

AN UNAPPRECIATED GENIUS.

["The nightingales are in full song. They can be heard to perfection now east, west, north, or south of London, wherever soft caterpillars abound....."—*Westminster Gazette.*]

A Soft Caterpillar speaks:—

ONCE more the nightingale is heard
Each evening when the moon is rising,
But don't imagine that the bird
Is merely sentimentalising;
Do not suppose it is the Rose
Who fills her liquid strains with passion,
'Tis *I* who cause the nightingale
To sing in that ecstatic fashion.

The poet loves to hear her song,
Now soft and hushed, now clear and ringing,
Nor can I deem the poet wrong
In thinking highly of her singing.
But when he takes a pen and makes
A very moving poem on it,
It is to *me* the poet writes
(Or ought to write) his glowing sonnet.

I watch him pouring out his soul,
The rhymes are carefully selected,
And the performance on the whole
Is quite as good as I expected.
But when with tears some maiden hears
The poet's melancholy numbers,
It is for *me* the maiden weeps
(Or ought to weep) before she slumbers.

I—or my half-digested corse—
Called forth the fair BIANCA'S* curses,
And I was the authentic source
Of KEATS'S misdirected verses.
The poets tell how Philomel
Still weeps for the decease of Itys,
But if the poor bird weeps at all
It must be *me* she really pities!

To me belongs the loud applause
That greets her voice from all the Muses,
For I am the efficient cause
Of every blessed note she uses.
And had the poets dreamed of this,
SHELLEY and HUGO, SCOTT and SCHILLER
Would have reserved their eulogies
For the nutritious caterpillar!

*See "*Bianca among the Nightingales*," by Mrs. BROWNING.

A NAME AND AN ADDRESS.

WE were rather startled on receiving a prospectus headed "'*C. A. S.*' *Punch and Ticket Co., Ltd.*," informing us that the subscription list would be closed on or before May 18. That date has passed and gone, and *Mr. Punch* is "not a penny the worse." Whatever the scope of the "Punch and Ticket Co." business may be, it is satisfactory to learn that "the 'C. A. S.' Punch has been selected . . . in competition with every other Punch in the market"—the name adopted by all these machines being due to the affectionate respect with which *Mr. Punch's* name is everywhere regarded. We were at first inclined to ask—as did *Sam Weller* when he saw his venerated master's name on the back of a coach. "with MOSES afore it," which *Mr. Pickwick's* faithful follower indignantly stigmatised as "adding insult to injury"—by whom permission had been given to use *Mr. Punch's* name in this connection, and with the prefix of "Mister" omitted! But on examining the list of officials in the Company we came upon the well-known name of "NEGUS"—not the swarthy warrior-king of Abyssinia, but the Company's solicitor. Nothing more appropriate than that a draft of NEGUS should convey some idea of what the punch was going to be like. *Nunc est bibendum!* That's the ticket.



Missionary (who is really a "good plucked 'un," though he doesn't look it). "OUR STATION WAS SO REMOTE THAT FOR A WHOLE YEAR MY WIFE NEVER SAW A WHITE FACE BUT MY OWN!"
Sympathetic Young Woman. "OH, POOR THING!"

A BROTHER ARTIST.

["We have regularly attended the Academy now for many years, but never do we remember such a poor show of portraits; they cannot prove to be otherwise than the laughing-stock of tailors and their customers."—*Tailor and Cutter.*]

THE Tailor leaned upon his goose,
And wiped away a tear:
"What portraits painting-men produce,"
He sobbed, "from year to year!
These fellows make their sitters smile
In suits that do not fit,
They 're wrongly buttoned, and the style
Is not the thing a bit.

"Oh, Artist, I'm an artist too!
I bid you use restraint,
And only show your sitters, do,
In fitting coats of paint;
In vain you crown those errant seams
With smiles that look ethereal,
For man may be the stuff of dreams—
But dreams are not Material."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. IX.

WELL, the notion of making up that book took hold of me so strong that I couldn't think of anything else. I used to plan it all out while I was sitting at my meals, and I kept on planning it when I went to bed, and I'd start awake in the middle of the night sometimes with new ideas for the dedication and the title-page. I wrote out quite a dozen title-pages, all different, and stuck them up on my bedroom wall to see how they looked. There was "*Poems of Passion*," and "*Songs of Sorrow and Sentiment*," and "*Drops from the Heart*," and "*A Lover's Legacy*," and "*Iron in the Soul*," and several others that I've forgotten, but at last I settled on "*Iron in the Soul*," which was CULPEPPER'S suggestion. He made out it was particularly appropriate, me being an ironmonger, and when I came to look at it in that light I got to fancy it more and more until in the end I fixed it at that.

It was a great relief to get that over. Until you've arranged your title you don't seem to know quite where you are—things won't hang together, and you can't get your plans straightened out—but when the title's settled it's all plain sailing.

After that I had to think of the dedication. CULPEPPER said that ought to be in prose as a kind of variety, the rest of the book being poetry, and I took his advice. Of course it had to be aimed at EMILY, and CULPEPPER said, "Give it a heart-broken despairing kind of gloomy tone, and you're sure to be right;" so I set to work on the unhappy lay, and after no end of trouble I knocked out this:—

"To EMILY, whose name was formerly COLLINS, but she changed it (why, it is not for me to say) to PADLOW, this book, begun in youth under the guidance of her eyes, and now finished in maturity during her unavoidable absence, which represents in its pages the despair of one whom she may possibly remember but in all probability has forgotten, is, not to put too fine a point on it, dedicated by her obedient faithful servant, J. P."

The time this took me to compose was enormous. I used to go to the free library and sweat up all the dedications I could lay my hands on, and make notes of all the taking words and sentences, and then shift them about on paper and put them first in one order and then in another, and strike out bits here and put in other bits there, until I got them to suit me, and then I'd learn it all by heart and spout it to myself to see how it sounded. I believe that's the only way to get a dedication—at any rate it's the way I adopted, and I don't think I did so badly with it. There was one bit, by the way, that didn't come out of a book, and that was the "not to put too fine a point on it." I heard that years ago in a political speech, and I thought to myself at the time, "That's a pretty neat bit; I'll use that if ever I get the chance," and having the dedication to do of course I popped it in. In fact I may say those were the first words I really fixed on for certain, and I wrote the rest round them, so to speak.

All this title-page and dedication business took me a full month before I'd finished it, but at last it was all done and I tackled the poetry again. I'd got about eight unfinished pieces standing over from the time when I was sweet on EMILY COLLINS, and I thought I'd settle them first and get on with the rest afterwards. I found it a much easier job than I expected. You see when I started years ago I was only a youngster and I hadn't seen much of life, so it was no wonder things went a bit stiff, but when I took up with it this time it was quite surprising how the verse ran off. As soon as I got a pen in my hand and ran my fingers through my hair I seemed to be full of poetical ideas about stars and angels and flowers and birds and princes and all sorts of things, and the rhymes just came tumbling over one another. For instance, I'd take up an old bit of paper on which I'd written years ago the words "A Ballad of Bow Bells," without anything else, and then I'd begin to think, and before I knew it almost, I had got half-a-dozen jolly good verses written down, beginning like this:—

> Bow Bells! what can a poet say about these bells?
> Well, first of all, we know their music swells;
> And, secondly, wherever we go in the evening, or late at night,
> We hear them tinkling cheerful and bright;

and so on to the end of the piece. I suppose that's what's called inspiration.

Of course my friends got to know about what I was doing—you can't keep a thing like that dark for long—and at first they tried to pull my leg about it. For instance, if I happened to meet PICKERING—he's in the provision department at Harrod's and fancies himself no end with the girls—he'd shout out from a long way off, "Way there, make way for TENNYSON," and then everybody would look at me and laugh. Or he'd ask me how the rhymes were coming along? Was this a good season for rhymes, and were we likely to get a plentiful crop, or had the late frost snipped them a bit, and what kind of top-dressing did I use when I bedded them out, and any amount of rot like that. However, when I said nothing in answer, but only gave him a glare and passed on, he soon saw I meant business and gave up his allusions; and when he saw my hair growing longer and longer he shut up altogether.

CULPEPPER was a real friend. He'd read a lot of stuff himself and he was always ready to advise me when I asked him. It was CULPEPPER who told me about Odes and blank verse. He said Odes were the sort of thing where you needn't trouble to count the syllables in a line or to get the rhymes in regularly, you just made your lines any length you liked, and got a rhyme in wherever you fancied it. And about blank verse he gave me a lot of good tips. It seems that you don't want any rhymes at all in blank verse. You go ahead like writing a letter, only you begin every separate line with a capital, and that makes it into blank verse. You bet after I'd taken that in I wrote a lot of odes and blank verse. They're every bit as good poetry as the other kind, and much easier in the long run.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

COLONEL HAGGARD, D.S.O. in other fields and rivers than those of war, has collected a number of his contributions to various Magazines, and Messrs. HUTCHINSON publish them in a volume (*Sporting Yarns*) enlivened by excellent sketches from the pencil of "GRIFF." The Colonel is equally at home with gun or rod. With all the world before him where to choose for shooting or fishing, he has left scarcely any quarter untried. Beginning with slaying lions in the Soudan, he lands three salmon to the ecstatic delight of a funeral party at Speyside. He hunts the moose in the backwoods of Canada. He indiscriminately catches fish and duck in Japan. He goes to Newfoundland in search of more salmon, and positively finds delight at Aden. The stories, spun off the reel, are brightly told, are full of instruction for the sportsman, and of marvel for the man who, like my Baronite, shoots not neither does he fish.

Mr. ARTHUR MEE has had a happy thought in collecting the notable utterances of foremost British statesmen on the subject of England's mission in the world, and presenting them in a handy volume. *England's Mission by England's Statesmen* (GRANT RICHARDS) is a careful collection, and convenient compilation, of declarations on this matter; covering a period approaching two hundred years. Mr. MEE

was well-advised in not limiting his field of research to modern statesmen. CANNING, PITT, BURKE, CHATHAM, BROUGHAM, PEEL and MACAULAY, each has his place and his pulpit. The result is an interesting, useful volume, a school in which politicians of to-day may study with advantage, and with rich opportunity of effective quotation.

FRANK DANBY'S *Pigs in Clover* (HEINEMANN) is a powerfully-written novel, with a sprinkling of real personalities and of doings connected with the Rand that are not essential to the story. The study of character, and of those persons who have no character to be studied, is most skilful, though dealing with the weakest and seamiest side of human frailty. It would be difficult to select from the *dramatis personæ* one single pure and upright character, or indeed one that makes any pretence of an attempt at being so. The story of the heroine is so painfully absorbing that the reader is glad to reach the *dénoûment*, and quits the book with a sigh of relief, not wishing to inquire further into the sequel of the tragedy. THE BARON DE B.-W.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE, BUT NO CASE.

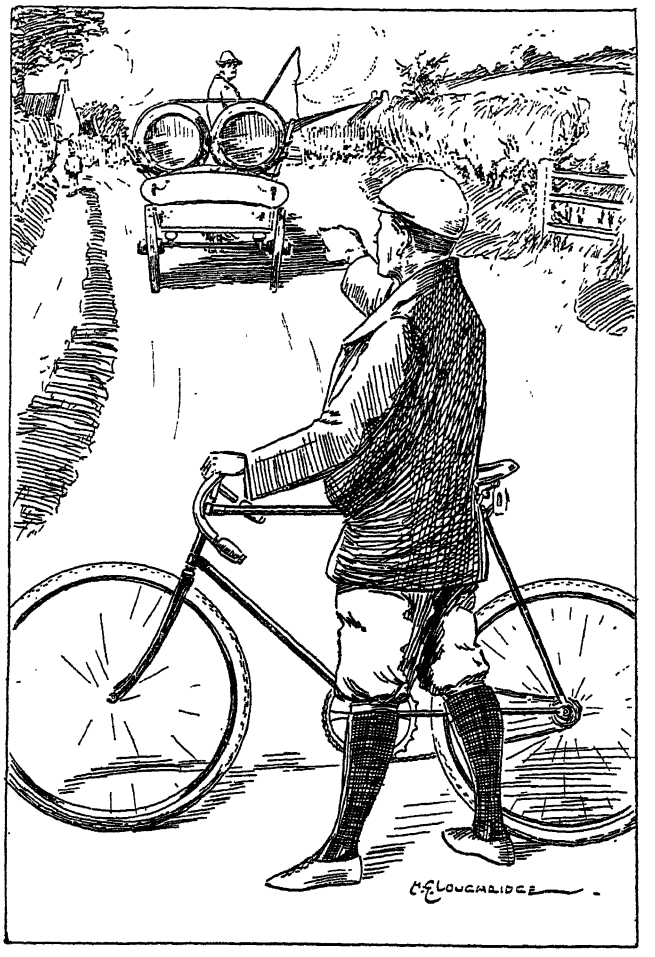
Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace, the new piece at Wyndham's Theatre, is by HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, who, as Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM has informed the public, is a novice in the art of playwriting. Why Sir CHARLES gave his author away in this candidly apologetic manner it is not for us to inquire. Suffice it that he did so. But this statement of fact is no palliation of Sir CHARLES'S sin of omission in not having shown so promising a dramatist how to end a piece artistically. The confidential display of the pistol to the audience in a sort of pantomimic aside, the unnecessary suicide of the nervous, cowardly young criminal, the probable happy marriage *in futuro* of the elderly Alonzo the Brave with the very youthful Imogene, such incidents as these ought not to have been allowed to endanger success at the fall of the curtain. As it is, the audience go away somewhat disappointed. Why disappointed? With the acting? Not one bit. *That* they are bound to applaud to the echo. With what then? Emphatically with the final scene of the play.

So much for the comedy-drama itself. Sir CHARLES, with not a quarter of the chances he had in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, is, as *Captain Mowbray*, admirable throughout; but his preaching to the weak-kneed lover in the last Act ought to have been ruthlessly excised. The experienced actor ought to have told the inexperienced author that this was all clap-trap and quite foreign to the character. The speech sounds as if it had been introduced during rehearsals just to "strengthen the part!" Be that as it may, nothing could have been better than Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM'S acting; only, he has rarely had a more—artistically speaking—unsatisfactory *rôle* than this.

On the other hand, except in *The Tyranny of Tears*, Miss MARY MOORE has very rarely, if ever, had a part equal to this of *Mrs. Gorringe*. It is as well conceived as it is admirably acted. Genuine comedy without a single note of false sentiment. She finishes, too, at the right moment, and is consistent to the last. The character is in every way perfectly natural, this *tête de linotte*, and is heartily recognised by the audience as a triumph both for author and actress.

Miss LETTIE FAIRFAX as the younger daughter, *Vicky Jardine*, is delightful; her overpowering convulsion of laughter, and her escape from the room in an attempt to hide it, being simply perfect because so perfectly simple.

Miss MARIE ILLINGTON a little over-accentuates the peculiarities of *Mrs. Jardine*, but it is a clever performance; and Miss MABEL TERRY-LEWIS as *Isabel* has a very difficult task in differentiating between the outward expression of an unconvinced love for the unworthy hero, and a sincere friendship for their "mutual friend" *Captain Mowbray*. That she should entirely succeed is the highest praise.



Exciseman. "HALLO, THERE! WHAT ARE THOSE BARRELS?"
Irish Carter. "EMPTY BARRELS OF STOUT, SORR!"

As for Mr. ALFRED BISHOP'S old dunder-headed commonplace *Captain Jardine*, so wise in his own conceits, so good-natured, so vacillating, so nervous, it is a masterpiece.

Mr. LESLIE FABER, playing melodrama in comedy, has no easy task, and acquits himself of it with much discretion. Let him obtain author's and manager's permission to cut out that pocket-pistol business. *He* goes off, with a good *exit*, and that's quite enough: no fire-arms needed.

Mr. EILLE NORWOOD is to be congratulated on his rendering of *Mr. Jernigan*, the *Detective-Inspector*, a most dangerous character when introduced seriously into any comedy where he is not given even the chance of lightening his burden with a comic touch, as has our old friend the detective in *Still Waters*, or that still more popular representative of the Secret Police Service, *Hawkshaw* in *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*.

Miss ETHEL MARRYAT contributes to the humour of the First Act as *Miss Potts;* and a more self-restrained and respectful footman than Mr. REGINALD WALTER'S *Charles* could not be found in the Stage Servants' Registry Office. He will always be able to give an excellent reference to the thoroughly good character he bore when in service at *Colonel Jardine's*. The author is to be congratulated on a success; and Miss MARY MOORE on a genuine hit. The character of *Mrs. Gorringe* comes to stay, and Miss MARY MOORE'S rendering of it—well—"that's for remembrance."

OUT WITH THE ZOO: A NIGHTMARE.

(Which may possibly have already disturbed the repose of the Superintendent of the Gardens.)

["The idea is that certain of the animals should be removed from Regent's Park occasionally to some spot outside the Metropolis, where they will be in more natural surroundings; that, in a word, they will have opportunities of 'recreation' which they cannot obtain in a paddock or den."—*Extract from article in recent issue of the "Daily Chronicle."*]

CAN'T help wondering if it's *quite* wise bringing all these Beasts out for day in the country in an ordinary excursion brake—not even *barred!* Council's notion—not *mine*. . . . Still, if anything *should* happen to go wrong, *I* shall be the one to be sat upon! . . .

However, bound to say Animals all behaving in most exemplary manner, *so* far; looking so bright and happy, too—might almost mistake them for a Sunday School Treat! . . . Only hope it will *last!*

Rather closely packed here. "All the better," says LION, "keep each other warm!" KANGAROO restless; objects to having to take PORCUPINE on her lap; LION says, "Why worry over trifles? We must all put up with *something* when we come out to enjoy ourselves!" . . . Cheery sensible chap, LION, seems to have good influence, too, over rest. . . . Useful, in case of scrimmage. . . .

LYNX seems Life and Soul of party; HYÆNA (who is sitting next to him) in fits. Don't quite like to ask what the joke is. . . . Fancy it's something to do with *Me*. . . . Can't think what induced me to come out in a *kilt*—my knees *are* rather exposed—perhaps *that's* what is amusing them! Must try and borrow trousers when we get to—— Odd I shouldn't know where we're *going* to, exactly—but I don't. . . .

Overhear BLACK PANTHER saying it's Epping Forest; POLAR BEAR contradicts him; happens to know it's Hampstead Heath. . . . Should have thought, myself, Kew Gardens better place—more instructive, and not too many people there. . . . But daresay Secretary knows best.

TIGER extremely friendly; is passing up big bone he has brought out with him—invites me to have a gnaw at it! . . . Really, so soon after breakfast! . . . Still, he means it kindly, and it won't do to offend him: "Thank you—capital bone! So *meaty!* No, not *any* more at present, thanks, old fellow! Later on, perhaps." . . . Awkward if they've *all* brought bones—luckily, it doesn't seem to have occurred to them.

Do *wish* Police would stop these ragged children turning cartwheels all along *route!* Must be so tantalising for *Large Carnivora!* To do latter justice, they are resisting temptation nobly—but sure I can see JAGUAR'S mouth beginning to water. . . . Better cover up my knees as much as possible. . . . Thank Heaven, Recreation Ground at last! . . .

Lots to amuse them *here*—"All the Fun of the Fair!" ELEPHANT, RHINOCEROS, HIPPOPOTAMUS and TAPIR waiting for us. How the deuce did *they* get down? Couldn't have *driven!* Think Secretary *might* have sent a keeper or two with them, if he didn't care about coming himself! . . .

Steam roundabout highly appreciated; PANTHER, PUMA, LEOPARD and JAGUAR all pouncing on the wooden horses—which will want fresh coats of paint and new manes and tails by the time they've done with them. . . . LYNX in high spirits, chasing HYÆNA round and round striped canvas roof. . . . One of them will be through in a minute, I *know!* Thought as much—mechanical orchestrion a perfect wreck! HYÆNA not so much hurt as she *thinks*. . . .

Have lost sight of LION and TIGER for the moment. . . . Ah, *there* they are! coming out of Waxworks tent—just the sort of quiet rational entertainment I should have *expected* would appeal to intelligent fellow like LION. Go up and ask "what they thought of Show, and which figures interested them most?"

LION says, "*none* of them up to much"; and TIGER, wiping his lips, considers Show "a regular take-in." Both condemn it on score of abominably bad taste. Tell them that they mustn't imagine *all* exhibitions open to this objection, and promise that Secretary shall send them across to Madame Tussaud's some afternoon—just to show them how refined really first-class waxworks *can* be. LION and TIGER willing to give Madame T. a trial—but evidently not sanguine about it. . . . When they *do*, it will make them open their eyes a bit! . . .

Stopped by aggrieved Proprietor of Waxworks, who complains that LION and TIGER have, between them, eaten his two best Murderers, and the more recognisable portions of *President Loubet*—insists on compensation. . . . Better send in bill to Council—absurd to expect *me* to pay! Disappointed in LION and TIGER, though—can't trust them at Madame Tussaud's after *this!* Shall have to tell them Galleries closed till further notice.

Impossible to be everywhere at once. . . . Most imprudent of HIPPOPOTAMUS to get into swing-boat at *all*—especially with CHIMPANZEE, even if he *did* promise not to pull too hard. Might have known she'd fall out—and fortunate, for *her*, that BISON happened to be passing at the time—*he's* come off worst! . . .

Still, no necessity for him to be so *personal* over it—why not take the rough with the smooth, when you're out for the day like this? . . .

I really *am* astonished at ELEPHANT; keeps on pestering me to let him have a donkey-ride! Such *childishness!* Says children are always having rides on *him*, and he wants to know whether it's really as pleasant as they make out.

No end of trouble convincing him that the two cases are not precisely on all fours, and even then he's sulky about it. Warn him that, if I have any *more* of his nonsense, I'll get him shipped off to America. . . . ELEPHANT penitent—reduced to tears.

BLUE-NOSED BABOON conducting Cocoa-nut Shy rather well—if only he wouldn't persist in presenting *every* competitor with a prime cigar. I have to be so particular about their diet at home—and now they're all going about munching *Regalia Britannicas!* Still, cabbages are *said* to be wholesome!

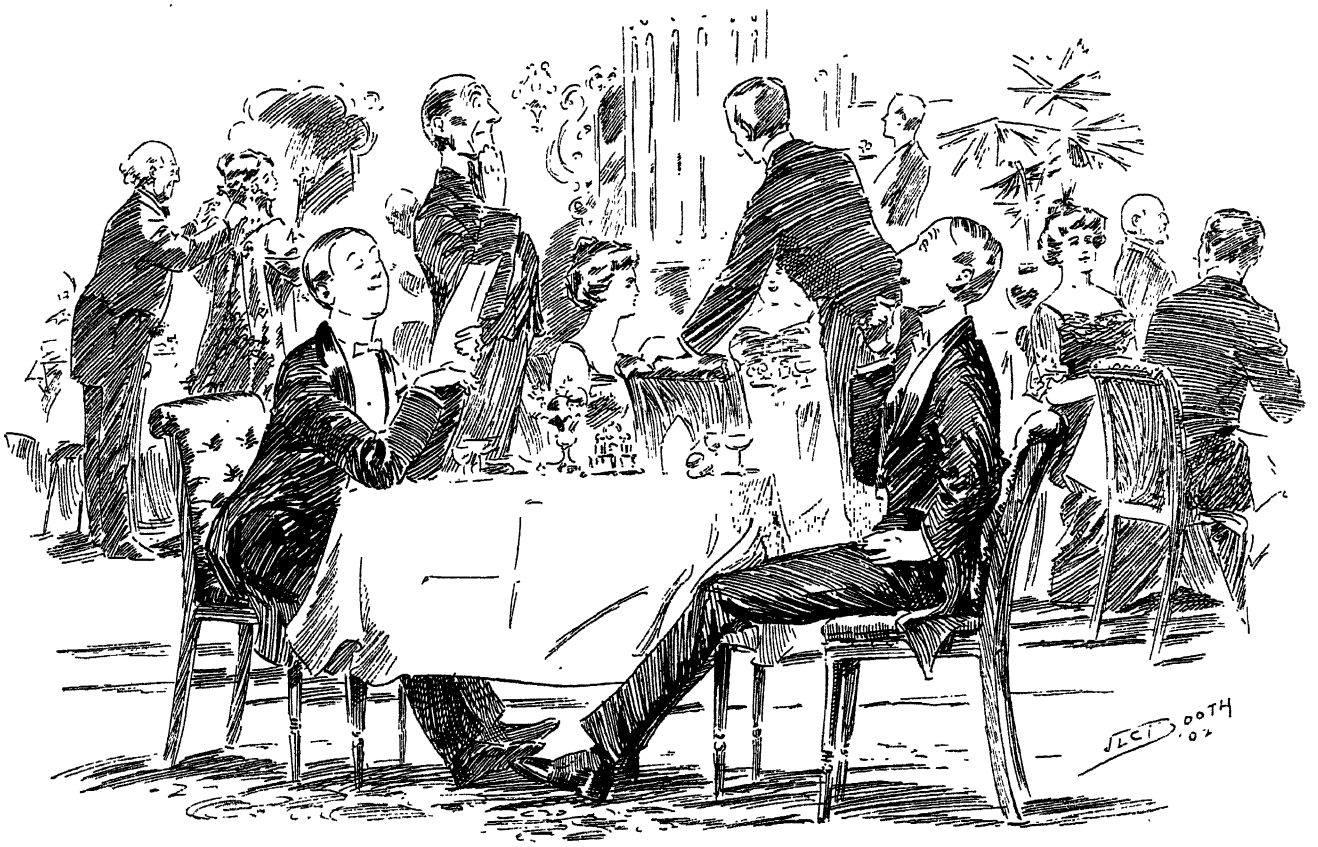
Can't feel as sorry as perhaps I *ought* for the elderly sportsman who has succeeded in inveigling CHEETAH to try his luck at "Prick-the-Garter." He has brought it so entirely on himself!

Called away to see OSTRICH, who has been suddenly taken unwell. She is sure it can't be anything she has *eaten;* only had a few clasp knives off a stall, a dozen hot potatoes, and about a gallon of "hokey-pokey." . . . Agree with her that country air *is* calculated to upset a delicate constitution, and leave her, after administering pound of peppermints (extra strong), feeling slightly better.

Beasts all clamouring for something to do: BROWN BEAR suggests dancing—always dances at Zoo when band plays. RHINOCEROS ready to waltz with anyone—but admits he doesn't reverse. Persuade them to wait till next year—by which time Secretary will probably have organised dancing classes.

Suggest game of some sort—to keep 'em out of mischief. Have started them at "Kiss-in-the-Ring," and lent them my pocket-handkerchief to throw. If they *do* forget to return it, so much the better! . . .

"Kiss-in-the-Ring" a complete frost! SLOTH BEAR'S efforts to overtake GIRAFFE rather futile. . . . TORTOISE easily run down by GNU—but turns shy unexpectedly and retreats into shell. . . . Mortifying for GNU, no doubt,



"RATHER ABROAD."

First Intelligent Youth (after spelling out "blanquette de veau"). "I SAY, WHAT'S 'BLANKET'?"
Second Ditto. "SOUNDS INDIGESTIBLE. MORE SEASONABLE IF IT HAD BEEN 'SPRING MATTRESS.'"

but no reason *whatever* why he should kick her into the Shooting Gallery! HIPPOPOTAMUS declines to play any more—huffy, I *think*, because handkerchief not once thrown in *her* direction. . . .

Beasts all getting overtired, and inclined to be fractious. Not sorry it's time to go home—but tedious business collecting them all. Believe I've got everybody now—except WOMBAT. "Anyone seen WOMBAT?" TIGER (wiping his lips again) says when *he* last saw him he was bolting down hole. Don't wish to be uncharitable—but strongly suspect he is only telling me *half* the truth. Better not press him *now*, though—wait till he's in his cage again. . . .

Return journey likely, I'm afraid, to be distinctly rowdy. KANGAROO has—I *trust* not intentionally—mislaid PORCUPINE, and consoles herself on concertina, accompanied—more or less—by MANDRIL on mouth-organ. POLAR BEAR peppering inoffensive bystanders with pea-shooter! HYÆNA in hysterics, and URSINE HOWLER an intolerable nuisance to *any* decent neighbourhood. As for LION, should hardly have believed a pink paper feather stuck in his mane could make so much difference—he looks barely *respectable!* . . .

Have represented to them—pleasantly—that they really mustn't kick up quite such a row—for the credit of the Zoo. TIGER recommends me, savagely, to "shut my head—unless I want a thick ear." I shall say no more *just now*—but I'm determined on *one* thing. *Next* year TIGER stays at home!

Coachman—most respectable fellow, in Royal livery, with cockade—says, "Will I please speak to PUMA? She's clawing him down the back—and it's beginning to get on his nerves." . . . Remonstrate with PUMA, who explains that she "wants to drive." . . . They *all* want to drive—which of course is out of the question! . . .

Appeal to LION (as they won't listen to a word *I* say) to use *his* influence. . . . LION seems to have misunderstood me. He's on the box in a jiffy! . . . Don't know *what's* become of Coachman. . . . LION driving—and a shocking bad whip he *is*, too! . . . Fearful pace we're going at! . . . Ah, I *knew* the horses would bolt at last! . . . We're in for a smash *now!* . . . Whew! that *was* a lurch! . . . If we aren't over at the next!—What did I *tell* you? Somebody pull TIGER and POLAR BEAR off my chest, *please!* They're stifling me, and—eh?—*what?* Where *am* I? . . . In *bed?* . . . But the brake—the Beasts? . . . Ah-h!—then they haven't carried their Reforms quite so far as *that*, after all! F. A.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, writing in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, on the subject of CARLYLE'S letters, employs the following remark:—"It was FROUDE who, in cricketing phrase, queered the pitch." A correspondent writes to say that the author has obviously confused cricket with skittles or Aunt Sally, and adds that this only confirms his previous suspicions of the incredibly flattering reports of Mr. BIRRELL'S prowess in the cricket-field.

THE MISSING WORD.—The following attempt by a schoolboy to complete an unfinished quotation may be added to *Mr. Punch's* list of a few weeks ago:—"To me the meanest flower that blows"——is the daisy.



Partner of his Joys (who has superintended the removal) "WELL, DEAR, YOU HAVEN'T SAID HOW YOU LIKE THE NEW FLAT!"

"THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW."

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in printing a further instalment of contributions on this engrossing topic:—

A BELGIAN CASABIANCA.

Lord AVEBURY (Sir JOHN LUBBOCK) writes:—"I may be wrong, but my impression is that the bravest deed I ever saw occurred at St. Ives when I was staying there a few summers ago with my friend M. MAETERLINCK. We were examining a bee together. You know how these creatures sting; even with all my familiarity with their habits I still handle one nervously. M. MAETERLINCK must have noticed this, for he said without a tremor (speaking in French), 'You take the head (*la tête*), my Lord: leave the tail to me.'"

A MARTYR IN QUILLS.

The Hon. JOHN SCOTT-MONTAGU, M.P., writes:—"The bravest deed of which I am personally cognisant was perpetrated, strange as it may sound, by a hedgehog. This interesting animal (I regret that I am unable to give its name) was so incensed with the enthusiastic attitude in regard to speed recently taken up by the *Spectator*—of which it had been a constant reader for many years—so deeply wounded in the house of its friends, that it determined to commit suicide in a singularly dramatic way. I was driving my new 75-h.p. Panhard with my friend Mr. C. S. PETT ROLLS from Nairn to Inverness, when I observed a dark object in the roadway about two hundred yards ahead. I instantly sounded my horn—we were only travelling at about 58 miles an hour—but the object, instead of moving across the road, suddenly humped itself up and remained stock-still in the middle of the roadway. In less time than it takes to tell it there was a jolt, an explosion, and we were hurled into the ditch with a punctured tyre pierced in twenty places by the quills of the heroic hedgehog. The necessary repairs cost me £25. The deflated tyre, with the hedgehog (stuffed by Mr. ROWLAND WARD), is now one of the most precious trophies of the Automobile Club. I have suggested the incident to Canon RAWNSLEY, as a suitable subject for a sonnet, but in the meantime send you this bald account of the most heroic exploit with which I am acquainted."

AN IMMOVABLE MINISTER.

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes: "On the whole I am reluctantly obliged to award the palm of bravery to Mr. BRODRICK. Any other man, in the face of the terrible fire of criticism to which I and my Party have subjected him, would have resigned long ago. But Mr. BRODRICK is immovable. It may be only 'the courage of ignorance,' to borrow a phrase from Mr. WALKLEY's friend ARISTOTLE, but it is none the less magnificent."

AN UNDAUNTED FAMILY.

Mr. J. S. SARGENT, R.A., writes: "The bravest series of sitters I have ever known is the WERTHEIMER family."



A BRILLIANT DÉBUT.

CHAPERON (*the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street*). "MY DEAR, YOU 'VE HAD A GREAT SUCCESS! MOST EXTRAORDINARY RUSH OF PARTNERS I EVER REMEMBER!"

MISS VAAL LOAN (*South African Heiress*). "YES, GRANNY! AND I COULD ONLY ACCEPT TWO-AND-A-QUARTER PER CENT. OF THEM!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 11.—There is no marge to the human sympathies of Mr. WEIR. When last year he came back from the storied East, his very garments laden with the perfumes of Ind, his attention was naturally turned to Imperial topics. Before he set forth on his long journey, questions addressed to him by Ministers related chiefly to trawlers in Hebridean seas, to faulty bridges, and to laggard postmen in lonely byways of Ross and Cromarty. On his return he, with far-reaching vision, clearly saw the spectre of Russia in Asia, and could hardly sleep o' nights thinking about insufficient barrack accommodation at Hong Kong. No port his barque had touched at on the homeward journey that did not in turn figure in his daily catechism of the Foreign and Colonial Ministers.

Mr. JOSEPH WALTON, trembling for his laurels, regarded the travelled Scot with angered looks. What did he know about China? Could he pronounce the names of its flowing rivers, its towering hills, its mystic valleys? What about Chung-ngan-hsien? How is it with Wa-kung-shan? Where does Ping-pong-yan lift its fronded palms in air? And who reigned at Tai-tsing-chan contemporary with ELIZABETH TUDOR? Mr. WEIR was discreetly deaf when these conundrums were flung at him across the Gangway. Whether by accident or design he shortly after evacuated China, leaving Mr. WALTON in full possession.

Now, after brief divagation among the Highlands and islands of Scotland, he has broken out in a fresh place. Last Thursday, of five questions put by him to Ministers, being a fraction over one-eighth of the whole, three dealt with small-pox and vaccination; one, after a hasty glance at Mr. WALTON'S fortunately empty seat, darting off to Hong Kong in quest of information with respect to cognate subject of the plague. Of twenty-two questions for which oral answer is asked to-day, Mr. WEIR has seven. One asks how many private establishments are there in Great Britain where small-pox patients are received; (2) demands the number of private establishments for the production of animal vaccine lymph; (3) drops into the question of dysentery; (4) diverges into Army canteens; (5) recurs to the plague in Hong Kong; (6 & 7) go to the dogs in connection with the use of anæsthetics during experiments.

Charm is added to this genial curiosity by a new device. When he rises to put a question irreverent Members, concluding there is as usual nothing in it, seize the opportunity for private conversation. Mr. WEIR has



"Startled the House with stentorian cry of 'Order! Order!'"
(Mr. G-ll-w-y W-r.)

borne this indignity with patience. To-day, whilst the Minister was replying, he startled the House with stentorian cry of "Order! Order!" WALTER LONG, at the moment eagerly supplying information as to where Mr. WEIR would find a nice private establishment for retirement during a season of small-pox, so upset by this interruption that he mixed up animal vaccine lymph with anæsthetics in a manner that will require extreme caution on the part of the patient called upon to swallow the dose.



THE NEW IRISH "SHMOKE."

Irish Member. "Bedad, Moike, they 're lavin' the rhoom in dhroves! Shure if we can only kape on shmokin' thim things for a wheek or tew, *they'll give us Home Rule or annything!*"

Business done.—Post Office vote carried.

Tuesday night.—Friendly relations between Irish Nationalists and Liberal Members threatened with final, irrevocable, fracture. They have to certain extent borne a test stronger than was ever applied to the fidelity of a political party. In loyalty to ancient alliance Liberals sacrificed place and power, as some believe the highest interest of the Empire. Certainly, by their fall they handed over its affairs to the custody of a party who have during their last eight years' occupation run up the normal annual expenditure, apart from War charges, from ninety-four millions to one hundred and thirty.

This been borne with almost inhuman patience. C.-B. has even gone out of his way to declare that in spite of all he is still a Home Ruler. But the end is at hand. What political ruin could not accomplish, a handful of cigars, a box or two of cigarettes, have brought about.

Ireland has taken to growing tobacco; enterprising local firms are turning out new brands. Highly recommended are the Portadown Partagas, the Flor de Dublin, the Limerick Larranaga, the Cabanas y Carlow. It would be none of our business if these gems were exclusively kept for the adornment of home. But the enterprising manufacturers, taking advantage of the patriotism of their representatives at Westminster, have engaged their services to push the trade. No Irish Member now leaves Cork or Dublin on his way to Westminster without having in his portmanteau samples of choice Irish cigars. Being supplied free he is able to dispense them with national generosity. In the railway carriage on the journey from Holyhead he hands his cigar-case round with lordly air, taking care to change carriages at the first stoppage.

That is all right. But circumstances are different in the Smoke Room of House of Commons. There he is known, and Members who have suffered are able unerringly to trace home the source of injury. When an Irish Member now enters the Smoke Room, Saxons with one accord discover urgent engagement elsewhere. In the Lobbies the movement of an Irish Member's hand towards his breast-pocket is as terrifying as if he were about to draw a loaded pistol; whereas he is with hospitable intent merely in search of his case containing choice Flor de Dundalk (1902 growth), or the milder Villar y Inniskillen.

The MEMBER FOR SARK believes this new eruption of the Irish Question



AN ESCAPE OF STEAM (NAVY ESTIMATES).

Arn-ld-F-rst-r. "Go away, you noisy creature, you 've no business to come disturbing the House like this; besides, the people you want to annoy don't live here now, and we 're sick of the tune!"

Sir Wm. All-n. "Get out yourself, impudence! But there, I suppose you 're paid for the job!"

may have political consequences exceeding in momentous effect those counted upon in connection with the Land Purchase Bill.

Business done.—Supply liberally voted. CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER urged to encourage cultivation of Irish tobacco. General impression approves King CHARLES's dictum on the subject when prohibiting the culture of tobacco in Ireland. "The same being utterlie unwholesome," His MAJESTY sententiously observed. As for RITCHIE, he is disconcerted by reflection on the extreme humidity of the atmosphere in Ireland. "Moisture in tobacco," he remarked, forlornly shaking his head, "is a thorny question which has always been a bone of contention."

BOYLE ROCHE would have found this hard to beat.

Friday night.—Usually supposed that scheme of Old Age Pensions, figuring largely in the election campaign of 1895, was the invention of DON JOSÉ. Not at all. Nothing, not even that, new under the sun. Mr. MURRAY has just published *Paris in '48*, a remarkable series of letters from a resident, describing the daily events of Revolution. After the *Diary of a Besieged Resident*, masterpiece of the SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, there has been nothing throwing such vivid light on Paris in time of trouble. On February 24, 1848, LOUIS PHILIPPE abdicated and fled. Nothing, according to the letter-writer, could have been nobler, more generous, or more considerate, than the conduct of the Queen. At the critical moment when disorder broke out in the streets a little show of courage in high places would have saved the throne. LOUIS PHILIPPE shut himself up in his room and safely signed his abdication. It was here the wife and mother came to the front. "The Queen," says the letter-writer, "implored her husband to head the troops and die in the Carrousel, saying, '*Je vous bénirai du haut du balcon.*' But he would not." Not even the prospect of his wife, safe up in the balcony, blessing him as he was being slaughtered in the court below, could stir the blood of the craven King.

But that 's another story. Old Age Pensions came in nine days after the Republic was decreed. The old men, whom modesty did not preclude from taking the initiative, proposed to have five hundred francs a year secured to them at fifty-five years; seven hundred francs at sixty-five, and eleven hundred francs at seventy-five. "If they marry or get out of health, there is to be a scale of years adapted to either emergency." Forget how these details compare with DON JOSÉ's scheme. But the coincidence is interesting. It is carried further by the fact that, the Republic established, as in the case of the Unionist majority secured in 1895, nothing more was heard of Old Age Pensions.

Business done.—Coal Mines Regulation Bill.

THE LADIES' TURN.

[*Womanhood* this month gives a serious warning to men about the evils of tight-lacing]

My brothers, oft in days long gone,
With eloquent grimacing,
Our womenkind we 've lectured on
The ill-effects of lacing.
But now it seems that *we* enclose
Our figures far too tightly,
And *Womanhood* in scornful prose
Belabours us politely!

Their days of wasp-like waists have fled
(Or so at least they 've told us),
And, schooled upon the things we 've said,
They turn about and scold us!
They tell us plainly how in men
A slender waist displeases;
And threaten us with nine or ten
Incurable diseases.

They somehow fail to realise
The motives which incite us.
They 've bagged our collars, cuffs and ties,
And worn them all despite us.
Though Mrs. Grundy tore her hair,
They stuck to them unshaken;
So in revenge, to make things square,
Their corsets we have taken!

And now they frankly call us fops
And vain conceited ninnies;
Allude to us as "scented sops,"
And offer us their "pinnies"!
But we, with corsets tightly "set,"
Pass on to our perfumer—
And muse how women never yet
Possessed a sense of humour!



AT A PRACTICE GAME.

Groom. "YOUR PONY, SIR." *Young Novice (somewhat shaken by a fall).* "BY JOVE, YES—SO IT IS! THOUGHT I 'D FORGOTTEN SOMETHING!"

MY GUESSES.

(By an inveterate competitor.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The *County Gentleman*, not content with its exertions on behalf of the rural producer and the urban consumer, is offering prizes to competitors who name rightly the authors of a list of twelve extracts of poetry. The Editor remarks:—

"Competitors are strongly advised when they are uncertain of their references to GUESS the name of the Poet quoted. In the case of a tie, a good guess may win the prize. Therefore the name of some poet should be placed under every quotation."

I have taken this advice, and am returning the competing form filled in as follows:—

1.—*I could not love thee, dear, so much,*
Loved I not honour more.

I suspect a misprint here. "Honour more" should probably be "HANNAH MORE." In this case the poem was probably by Dr. JOHNSON.

2.—*For you alone I ride the ring,*
For you I wear the blue.

Judging by the second line alone, I should say this was from a poem by C. B. FRY, celebrating his prowess in the 'Varsity sports. But the reference to the ring is confusing. Can it be a fragment of a lyric by a performer in the Jockey Act at the Hippodrome? On the whole, however, I again suspect a typographical slip. The ring should probably be "The Ring." If so, my guess is that the poem is by Dr. RICHTER in collaboration with Sir WILFRID LAWSON, who is as famous for his occasional verse as for his teetotalism.

3.—*Then felt I like a watcher of the skies*
When a new planet swims into his ken.

The matter of the first line suggests Herr FALB, the Viennese savant who provides England with rainy summers; of the second, Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Can they have collaborated? The idea seems so unlikely that I am tempted to guess Mr. WILLIAM WATSON.

4.—*The wind is piping loud, my boys,*
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Guessing is again embarrassing. In the first two lines we have a strong hint of Herr FALB once more. But the two latter lines are sheer JANE OAKLEY, the poetess of the *Times* Agony Column. Note the "lights" as to authorship (in the manner of BACON) in the fourth word of line three. My guess therefore is Miss JANE OAKLEY.

5.—*And the Prince of all the land*
Led them on.

Obviously from a patriotic poem by a Welshman, translated by, say, Mr. ARTHUR SYMONS.

6.—*Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.*

I assume the full point at the end to be a misprint for a mark of interrogation. The line is really a question, possibly a conundrum. The only person who asks riddles in verse, to the best of my knowledge, is TOM SMITH, at Christmas time in crackers. This, then, is by TOM SMITH.

7.—*And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and true.*

GEORGE R. SIMS.

8.—*And not by eastern windows only*
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look! the land is bright.

This is clearly political. It contrasts the East and the West. The poet, whoever he is, endeavours to compliment America without offending Russia, China or Japan. I can think of no poet so likely to do this as Mr. F. E. Weatherly.

9.—*Other sins only speak: murder shrieks out.*

The Editor of the *Evening News*.

10.—*Await the slow departure of the train.*

Obviously of a Kentish poet. On consulting *Who's Who* I find that Mr. Alfred Austin lives near Ashford Junction Station. My guess is therefore Mr. Austin.

11.—*The incomparable pomp of eve.*

I feel convinced that "eve" should be spelt with a capital E. In this case the line is either by Madame Adam, Sir William Eden, Mr. Hall Caine, or Mr. Robert Abel. I think I shall vote for Mr. Hall Caine, as I find from *Who's Who* that he knew Rossetti.

12.—*If goodness lead him not, yet weariness*
May toss him to my breast.

Another extract of a political character. I conjecture the poet to be speaking in the person of the Liberal Party. Of whom? Of Lord Rosebery. Who would be likely to have written such a poem? My guess is Norah Chesson, prompted by the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette*.

What will you give me, *Mr. Punch*, for my chances of winning the prize?

Yours ever,
Œdipus Redivivus.

VICE-VERSÂ.

["At a debate held at a certain mixed club one of the feminine orators declared that the position of woman would never be satisfactory until she was accorded the right of making proposals of marriage."—*The World*.]

Daphne, who in years gone by
Slighted my addresses,
Now with a regretful sigh
Her mistake confesses.

Now with late repentance fired,
Finding leap-year tarry,
Daphne, of conventions tired,
Urges me to marry.

Though the task was hard to learn
When I had to lose you,
Taught by you 'tis now my turn,
Daphne, to refuse you.



[According to the *Daily Telegraph* zebra mules have been introduced into India by the Remount Department for military purposes.]

Would not their introduction—as above—into Whitehall lend a new and even more quaintly picturesque touch of grandeur to the scene?

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS.

XXI.—An Educational Collision.

It is exactly mid-day, and I am at home reclining on a deck-chair on the balcony. Outside in the sun it looks hot, and the brass plate of the High Class Girls' School opposite glints dazzling to the eye. Now and then a tradesman's cart comes down the street with a subdued rattle that rises, swells and dies away, leaving me in a state of delightful rest. From the Infant Board School at the other end of the street comes the monotonous drone of young voices conspiring in the spelling of monosyllables.

A church clock, after some preliminary skirmishing, makes up its mind to strike twelve. Almost immediately the air is rent by yellings and whoopings from the other end of the street, and relieved Young England escapes in a paroxysm of joy from the attentions of an educating State. Down the Street they come, diminutive frocks and diminutive knickerbockers, kicking, yelling, fighting, laughing. Further behind, with sedater steps, walk the older girls, voluble and superior.

A very popular amusement, I observe, among the future lords of creation, is the gathering up of handfuls of dust, which, when rendered adhesive by persevering expectorations, may be scattered and trodden down on clean doorsteps with most successful results, or used with marked effect as missiles against the persons of the smaller girls. I notice one boy in particular, but lately born a leader of men, a black-hearted ruffian of a toddler in a blue velvet suit and red cloth tam-o'-shanter, whose cheek is bulging over a gigantic sweet — stolen, I strongly suspect, from a little girl who has stopped to sob some way back in the shade of a tradesman's entrance. At his approach even the elder girls wince and shrink. As he passes opposite where I sit, he lifts a tiny fist and throws a handful of dust (prepared as described) at the window of the High Class Girls' School. Immediately there is a stampede of the knickerbockers towards the top of the street, which seems to me to speak badly for the male conscience. The last chubby leg disappears round the corner.

An interval elapses, but there is no sign from the Girls' School. Across the lower half of the window a wicker-work screen discreetly intercepts the impertinent glance (from outside, I suppose), and the sunlit pane above shows me no more than a shimmering reflection of the tree before it.

After a time a red tam-o'-shanter appears cautiously round the corner, and reconnoitres the street. The lesson of the war has not been learnt in vain. Slowly a blue velvet suit follows the red tam-o'-shanter, and the guerrilla leader appears in the open, warily working his sweet beneath a dirty cheek. Gradually the rest of the knickerbockers leave cover and follow their leader circumspectly down the street. Tam-o'-shanter gathers confidence as he advances; soon he nears the door of the Girls' School, then exults like Pyrrhus on the very threshold. With nose and extended fingers he mocks the unseen enemy. This is not enough; suddenly he stretches out his hand, seizes the bell, and a resounding peal breaks the silence of the street.

Off dash the knickerbockered column; off after them toddles Pyrrhus with distended cheek. Suddenly the dazzling brass plate flies inwards, the door bangs open, and a tall, strapping girl rushes out and gives chase up the street. From the first it is plain that Pyrrhus stands no chance. His pursuer's stride speaks of tennis, of hockey, even of the vaulting-horse. Before he has reached the pillar-box at the corner he is seized by the collar in a grip of iron. Struggling, whimpering, squalling, but still sucking the cherished sweet, he is marched back towards the scene of his triumphs. The knickerbockered column hover fearfully at a distance. On the doorstep stands a thin figure in gold pince-nez; behind her, in the hall, I can see fluffy fair and dark heads craning towards the street.

"You 're a very naughty little boy,"

says the schoolmistress. "I shall see that your father gives you a good punishment. Where do you live?"

"Woo-er! I never did nothin'," squalls Pyrrhus.

"You wicked little boy!" says the schoolmistress severely. "Tell me where you live."

"Woo-er!" sobs Pyrrhus loudly.

Quite a little crowd, mostly of errand boys and children, has by this time gathered outside.

"Bring him in, KATHLEEN," says the schoolmistress. "Go back to your classrooms, girls. KATHLEEN, take him downstairs."

Pyrrhus, complaining loudly, is dragged in, and the door closes. The knickerbockered column join the crowd by the doorstep. Speculation is rife as to the dark doings within. Suddenly there is a stir among the children, and several of them hurry off to meet a stout woman coming down the street, carrying a dinner in a red-spotted pocket-handkerchief. She stops and bends down towards the children.

"What!" she cries. "Our 'ERBY?—Where?—In there?"

She strides formidably through the group towards the doorstep, and knocks and rings loudly.

"What are they doin' to 'im?" she demanded fiercely.

"Got 'im locked up underground," volunteers a boy on a tradesman's tricycle.

"'Ere, GEORGIE!" cries the woman to one of the children, "go an' fetch 'is father. Up at the buildin'. Quick!—Wait till I see 'em."

The door is opened by a maid-servant.

"Where's the woman of the 'ouse?" cries the stout woman, forcing her way into the doorway. At the same moment the schoolmistress appears.

"Where's my child?" screams the stout woman. "Wodder yer mean by layin' 'ands on my child?"

"You may have your little boy now," replies the schoolmistress, "and I hope you 'll——"

"Call yerself a lidy!" yells the mother. "'Ow dare yer lock up my child in a cellar?"

"Your child is in the housekeeper's room," says the schoolmistress. "KATHLEEN, you may let the boy up."

"I'll teach yer ter lock up my children in a cellar," yells the mother. "I 'll summons yer fer this. I want my child!"

"Here is your child," says the schoolmistress, as Pyrrhus appears, sobbing and sucking alternately. "Now will you go away, please."

"No, I ain't a goin' ter go away!" yells the mother, seizing Pyrrhus roughly by the hand. "'Oo are you ter touch my children? You'll pay for this. Oh, yer——"

"Shut the door, MARY," says the schoolmistress. "Girls, go in at once."

"I ain't goin' ter run away from yer!" screams the mother, barring the doorway. "Oh, yer——"

At this point a man with a face covered with coaldust draws near, and addresses the schoolmistress.

"Give 'er one in the jore, Mum," he advises. "Thet 's wot she wants."

"MARY! Can't you shut the door?" appeals the schoolmistress.

"Don't you let 'er tork ter you, Mum," urges Coaldust. "Give 'er one in the jore. She ain't no good."

The outraged mother takes no notice of the interruption.

"*You* lock my children up in the coal'ole!" she yells. "Oh, yer——"

"Go on, Mum," urges Coaldust. "You ain't afride of 'er, are yer? Orl right, then—I 'll 'it 'er for yer."

With a good deal of deliberation he proceeds to remove his coat.

"What are you doing!" cries the schoolmistress. "Don't *dare* to hit the woman!"

Coaldust pauses with one arm out of his coat.

"Well, fetch 'er 'usband," he concedes, "an' I 'll 'it 'im. I don't mind 'oo I 'it. I 'd as soon 'it 'er, though," he adds regretfully.

Suddenly a new voice is heard.

"'Oo's a-goin' to 'it my wife?"

A gentleman in dusty corduroys pushes his way forward.

"Are you 'er 'usband?" inquires Coaldust.

"Yes, I am," replies Brickdust. "Let 's see the man wot 's goin' to 'it 'er."

Coaldust turns to the schoolmistress, still scarlet under the appalling fluency of the outraged mother's tongue.

"Woddeyer say, Mum?" he suggests. "You an' me agenst 'im an' 'er."

For the first time the mother pauses in her philippic.

"Locked our 'ERBY in the coal'ole," she cries, turning towards her husband. "I 'll summons 'er fer this."

"You're the man that 's goin' to 'it my wife," persists Brickdust menacingly. "Let 's see yer do it."

"I 'll 'it *you* if yer like," proposes Coaldust.

"You were goin' to 'it my wife," repeats the other, indicating his still voluble spouse with a toil-stained hand. "'It 'er, then. There she is. 'It 'er."

Coaldust seems to find the situation a difficult one.

"Go on," urges the other in a burst of exultant generosity; "I give yer full leave to."

"Copper!" suddenly calls a voice. It is the boy on the tricycle. Coaldust and Brickdust look up apprehensively. For a moment only the mother turns from the doorway, but in that moment the door is slammed from within.

"'Oo are you, I shud like ter know," she screams, addressing the brass door-plate. "'Oo are you ter lock up 'ard-workin' people's children in yer coal-'ole!"

A policeman is advancing slowly down the street. Coaldust has wandered nonchalantly off. Brickdust hitches his dinner without a word from the hand of his screaming spouse, and lurches off down the street.

"Constable!" cries the mother, dragging the sobbing Pyrrhus towards the policeman, "I want to take out a summons!"

There is a brief colloquy; then the mother, hurling a parting sarcasm at the door-plate, departs triumphantly after the policeman, dragging Pyrrhus behind her, his tear-stained cheek still working over the distending sweet. The crowd of children follows, the errand boys reluctantly resume their errands, and the street is as it was once more, save that the shadow of the houses has crept a little further across the road. On the doorstep of the High Class Girls' School a sombre-looking individual is stuffing into the letter-box a bluish paper which I recognise, with mixed feelings, as a demand for the rates.

A MODEST WANT.

YOUNG aristocratic Gentleman, philosopher and writer, wants a SECRETARY. Must be very distinguished, well-informed, with complete philosophic, scientific, or artistic culture. Necessary to send photograph and state exact date of birth. All private papers returned. Letters only, to be addressed, &c.

Advt. from the "Times."

My wants are simple, modest, few;
I have not gone insane on
Perfection; but a thing or two
I make my *sine quâ non*.
Distinction—I must have a star
Who somehow shines uniquely,
Say, with the lustre of a par
In *T. P. Sims's Weekly*.

On any subject he must start
With absolute reliance,
And be completely up in art,
Philosophy or science.
A RUSKIN, LISTER, J. S. MILL,
Or bird of some such feather
Is what I seek, or, better still,
The trio rolled together.

His features must be handsome, but
I don't insist they follow
In every point the classic cut
Of Hermes and Apollo.
That 's all I stipulate, and yet
It seems the Fates deny me
My modest quest: I cannot get
The man to satisfy me.

THE PHAGOCYTE.

["It appears that the white corpuscles, or watchdogs of the human inside, which the Russian physician METCHNIKOVI called Phagocytes, not only seize upon the microbes of any malignant disease, but produce a number of children called amboceptors to help them in the fray."
Daily Paper.]

HAIL! watch-dogs, genial and alert,
Kind corpuscles arrayed in white,
Who shield me from diseases' hurt—
My Phagocyte!

Where menacing bacilli stalk,
You spring on them with deadly bite,
And their nefarious purpose baulk,
My Phagocyte!

The amboceptor's kindly brood
You raise, and arm them for the fight,
To vie in deeds of hardihood,
My Phagocyte!

When vaccination works its cures,—
When sera keep our system right,
The praise is theirs, the merit yours,
My Phagocyte!

Let others, then, with withering bays,
The warrior's showy deeds requite,
This verse at least shall hymn your praise,
My Phagocyte!

ANOTHER "GIRL" ON THE LIST.

WHAT a nice lot of "Girls" there have been in English musical pieces since the days when *The Bohemian Girl* (a very old girl by now!) made her first appearance. And here is yet another, *The School Girl* at the Prince of Wales's. In the Georgian Edwardesian vocabulary "there is no such word as fail." If anything in a musical piece of this sort doesn't "go" on the stage, let it go off! Away with it, and substitute for it something that will catch on.

It is a wise policy, which, we should fancy, will probably be adopted in the case of *The School Girl*, whose proficiency may not quite satisfy her public examiners. The opening scene, of which the action takes place in a garden charmingly painted by HAWES CRAVEN, is quite the prettiest thing in the piece, both musically and dramatically. Of course, as showing the girls in a convent-school, it reminds us of many similar scenes, but especially of *Nitouche*. Here Miss VIOLET CAMERON, as the *Mother Superior*, has a most effective song, with chorus (there 's too much chorus throughout the piece), and she sings it, as she acts the part, in quite a Mother-Superior style.

Miss EDNA MAY as *Lillian Leigh*, and Miss MARIE STUDHOLME as *Cicely Marchmont*, are fair to see, sweet to hear, and lively in acting and dancing, whether it be in *The Open Stock Exchange, Paris*, or at the fancy ball held in *Edgar Verney's Studio*, a scene of merrymaking that forcibly brings to mind the pleasantest memories of the First Act of *Trilby*.

Plot?—oh, a snap of the finger and thumb for the plot! The materials, found by librettists HAMILTON and POTTER, are lyrically stitched together by a TAYLER who may yet have to unpick here and there, and to let out a bit and let in a bit, in order to make it a perfect fit. Mr. LESLIE STUART'S music is more remarkable for its melodious orchestration than for any great catchiness of tune. Where are the melodies of AUDRAN and PLANQUETTE, the musical humour of SULLIVAN, and the wonderfully dramatic *verve* of OFFENBACH?

As to the acting, Mr. J. A. WARDEN plays a swindling broker capitally, and Mr. GILBERT PORTEOUS is amusing as his clerk. Mr. JAMES BLAKELEY is funny in an extravagant part, and, as *Sir Ormesby St. Leger*, that genuine comedian, Mr. HUNTLEY, delights the audience in a part reminiscent of the *père prodigue* in *My Awful Dad*, who was always going about with ladies of questionable character.

As *Edgar Verney*, the lover, and of course the tenor, Mr. REGINALD SOMERVILLE does satisfactorily the little that falls to his share. We thought we had heard the last of the "Coon Song," but no, here it is again, if not as fresh as ever, yet with a fair amount of vitality.

Throughout, the stage-and-dancing management is good. A reward might be offered by Mr. GEORGE EDWARDES for some graceful action for the intelligent young maidens and young men of the chorus which should be absolutely new, a trifle sensible, and never monotonous. *En attendant, vive la bagatelle!* and may *The School Girl* be in the best form and at the head of her class!

"WHATWHATS."

"The vocabulary of science includes compound words designed to describe the combinations of two sorts of measurement: a 'foot-pound,' for instance, is the unit of energy required to raise a weight of one pound to the height of one foot. . . . If in discussing the laws of commerce it is as permissible to coin a word as in the laws of physics, the word 'whenwhat' might pass muster as an expression conveying the important commercial truth that the value of what you buy depends on the time when you buy it."—*Extract (dated May 15) from a familiar and Tremendous Series of Literary Appeals, appearing in the advertisement columns of the daily papers.*]

WE might go a few steps further with some desiderated correlatives to indicate the relationship between Commodity and Potential Purchaser, *e.g.*:—

"HOWWHAT" measures the ability, in "*time-shillings*," of the Man in the Back Street to produce 4/10 per week for a considerable period in order to remedy his admittedly Defective Education.

"WHEREWHAT" connotes in "*feet-rent*" the space in a Suburban Front-parlour available for bestowal of the purchase before the next Flitting-Day.

"WHYWHAT" expresses in terms of "*heat-temper*" the language of the House-mistress on receiving the new Treasure on the Door-step and comparing it with the Vanishing Prospect of a Visit to the Dress-maker.

"WHETHERWHAT" denotes in units of "*hesitation-minutes*" the positive or negative Energy of the Ordinary Opportunist in closing with a Bargain.

"WHITHERWHAT" estimates in "*mile-pence*" the distance travelled in disposing of each Instalment with a sufficiently Generous Second-hand Bookseller, and the Price obtained for the same.

"WHENCEWHAT" approximates in "*acre-puncheons*" to the extent and variety of the Advertisements employed in Booming the Article.

"WHEREUNTOWHAT" weighs in "*wisdom-waits*" *ad hoc* the *cui bono pro tempore* of a *ne plus ultra*.

A REASONABLE EXPLANATION.

["Bad temper often results from eating too much cereal food, as in the case of children. . . . The system requires very little starchy food."—*Correspondent in "Daily Mail."*]

STERN guardian, forbear to beat
Your peccant child or scholar,
Nor blame him for his temper's heat—
'Tis but the starch you made him eat
That stiffens thus his choler.

HINT TO A POPULAR MANAGERESS.—At the Imperial Theatre, under the command of Miss ELLEN TERRY, why not produce a piece in the style of the now celebrated *Everyman?* Any novelty at this theatre, under the present management, ought to be a "Mys-terry play."

OPERA NOTES.

Monday, May 18.—When WAGNER's away We GOUNOD play, and once again are "the ears of the groundlings (some of us own to being groundlings, and glory in it) tickled" by the melodious and dramatic *Roméo et Juliette*. Charming in every way, as she was last year, is Miss SUZANNE ADAMS when playing and singing the part of *Juliette Montague, née Capulet*. But, as so often happens in real life, M. SALIGNAC, as *Roméo Montague*, is not the husband, musically and professionally speaking, for so sweet a soprano. He is good, but not great: he is tuneful, but not powerful; his acting is passable for a tenor, in whom after all no one expects to see a KEMBLE, KEAN or IRVING; though why, on being banished by the Duke, *Roméo*, after a grand vocal effort, should run off the stage as the trio sing in *La Grande Duchesse*, "A petits pas, petits pas, petits, petits, petits pas," is, to his admirers, incomprehensible. True, *Roméo* has just been sentenced by the gentleman in black, that is, by the *Duke*, who, being formidably represented by an Earle—Mr. HAMILTON EARLE— is two single noblemen rolled into one, a fact that, perhaps, would be quite sufficient to cause M. SALIGNAC to bolt as quickly as possible.

Mlle. HELIAN doesn't make much of her one chance as *Stephano*, "with a song." Mr. JOURNET is a severe *Frère Laurent*, but, good as he is, were not "comparisons odorous," we would express regret for the absence of M. PLANÇON. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, inimitable as ever, sympathetic, sprightly, motherly, as that old Shakspearian *Slyboots* in petticoats, *Juliette's* naughty nurse, "which her name is" *Gertrude*, a Veronese version of *Mrs. Gamp*, *Gertrude Gamp*, with a crutch-handled stick instead of an umbrella.

With Signor MANCINELLI the Merry conducting, the orchestra, freed from the tension of wonderful Wagnerisms, played to perfection, and the chorus too seemed to be happier than usual. "A nice lot of friends" the Montagues and Capulets appear to have had. Judging from the rather queer assortment of guests, this ball may be taken to represent a party given to a lot of people whom the Capulets "felt bound to ask" for fear of offending. It is the only way of accounting for them and for their strangely provincial behaviour. But those young people who came to dance, and not merely to be "wall-flowers" and "supper-numeraries," were charming, dancing well, behaving admirably, and *not* doing the "Cake-Walk."

Tuesday, May 19.—WAGNER back again, but in his lighter Lohengrinning mood, and not quite so popular as he was but a few nights since. Evidently musical public can be over-Wagnered. Attraction offered in this programme of *Lohengrin* not sufficient to draw a crush. Mr. EARLE good as *Heerrufer*, and Herr LOHSE's conducting satisfactory, which term cannot be justly applied to the *Elsa* of Frau KNUPFER EGLI. The *Ortrud* of Madame KIRKBY LUNN good, or rather one better than last year. *Heinrich der Vogler*, or *The Whistling 'Enry* of Herr BLASS, also good but not great, and Traitorous *Telramund*, reminiscent of ancient twopence-coloured operatic characters, was not quite up to, or down to, the melodramatic mark, nor was he operatically "in it" with another singer in the same part whom to name here would be invidious.

Thursday.—Faust. Nothing noticeable except that Madame FRITZI SCHEFF, as *Siebel*, refused encore for garden song. Madame BOLSKA a satisfactory *Marguerite*, in the absence of "t'other dear charmers." MANCINELLI conducting less merrily.



ODDS—AND ENDS—AT EPSOM.

Neglected Bookmaker (dismally). "TEN TO ONE BAR TWO! 'ERE YOU ARE. I'LL TAKE PAWN-TICKETS, BANK-NOTES, BUTTONS, ANYTHING!"

Friday, May 22.—*Die Walküre.* So much "walking" in the air (best place for it, of course) and so much "Herr" in *Die Walküre*, that 'tis quite refreshing to have as much as we can get turned on with the wind instruments in full blow on such a sultry night as is this sudden summer time, arrived unexpectedly in May. In keeping with the weather performance very fine; too fine to last, as poor Mister VAN ROOY found to his cost, becoming indisposed, we trust only temporarily, in the last Act. Another Herr was immediately found as substitute. Frau KNUPFER EGLI charming as *Sieglinde*, and the whole opera went, as *Walkyries* did, swimmingly. The KING and QUEEN have very regularly patronised the Royal Box this week.

THE BURNLEY BENEDICK.

[Reuter's correspondent at Berlin, commenting on Lord ROSEBERY's speech at Burnley, says that "the newspapers appear to think that he is canvassing for a place in a future Cabinet, with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as Premier." The *Westminster Gazette* (Mr. SPENDER) has been at great pains to explain away "authoritatively" any superficial appearance of devotion, on the part of Lord ROSEBERY, to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S principles.]

HAD any sage, two seasons back,
Addressed me in my lonely track,
And, while my head was being mopped,
Said, "It is really time you stopped;
Why till this rather rotten row
When you must soon a-wooing go?
Put by the thing you call a plough,
For Cupid's seal is on your brow!
Fight as you will the awful odds,
There is a scheme among the gods
For joining JOSEPHINE and you":—
I should have answered, "Tut! Go to!"

Either the climate must have changed
Or else my wits have got deranged.
I never thought to sing the grace
Embedded in that lady's face;
Or follow, like a blushing swain,
In her, or any other's, train,
Merging what I have deemed to be
A singular identity.

At times, I grant, returning home
With feet encased in sodden loam,
My heart has yearned for one to share
The weary ploughman's homely fare;
Some housewife, such as I would choose
Chiefly for her domestic views,
To bear the little local strains
That jar upon a Thinker's brains;
Who, when I came at close of day,
Might in a dim adoring way
Appreciate my labour's fruits,
And help me off with both my boots.

But ever, when my inward eye
Revolved around the marriage-tie,
I said, "I need but lift my hand,
And half the women in the land
With swift, unladylike despatch
Will seek this eligible catch!"
Frankly I never dreamed to find
One so removed above her kind
(A state that comes from having dwelt
Upon the illimitable veld)
That I must go on bended knee
And ask her what she thought of me!

I haven't actually been
And said as much to JOSEPHINE.
I merely threw a distant hint
Which looks a little bald in print;
And, since I might prefer to hedge
Rather than jump the beetling ledge,
I pause, a Primrose on the brink,
To see what other people think.
Meanwhile my head is fain to rest
Upon her broad protective breast,
My feelings toward her being tender—
Only, I'm *so* afraid of SPENDER! O. S.

A "JUMBLE SALE."

THE mental disturbance produced by the perusal of the three most imposing advertisements in the *Times* of May 20:—(1) Of the *Encyclopædia*; (2) Of Somebody's Tabloids; (3) Of an Electric Belt for producing a "New Stomach"—is represented by the following mixed results:—

THE COMPLETE WORK and the large REVOLVING BOOKCASE go to the very seat of mischief. A great deal of avoidable suffering may have to be endured as a result of procrastination. You take but three volumes a day, and there is no need to take more.

"A SUFFERER" WRITES:—I have just finished one quantity of the Thirty-five Volumes of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. I have not been so strong on my legs or free from pain for months.

METHOD OF EMPLOYMENT:

MAY BE USED AS A REFRESHING DRINK.

You merely drop one of the volumes into your drinks three times a day. It does not alter the flavour.

MAY BE USED AS CLOTHING.

Testimonial.—GENTLEMEN,—I have now been wearing the *Encyclopædia Britannica* about two months, and have received great benefit from its use. Yours faithfully.
LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

The volumes are free from sugar and absolutely free from possibility of danger.

£200,000 for a NEW REVOLVING STOMACH. A simple and economical remedy.

THE SECRET OF THE WHOLE ENTERPRISE.

You have but to determine for yourself whether you, *like* Mr. ROCKEFELLER, are one of those who should use the *Encyclopædia*.

If you find that you have a Sluggish Liver, accompanied by dull pain in the right side, or stiffness in the joints and muscles (these symptoms are all easily recognisable), then write to:—

THE MANAGER,
The "Times" Publication Department.

The volumes are supplied in boxes, containing twenty-five days' treatment, at 5*s*.

THE ABSENTEE.

[Mr. REDMOND explains that at the Dublin Rotunda meeting, after Mrs. MAUD MACBRIDE and some other ladies left the hall, the disturbance was quickly over, and there was nothing but peace and unanimity.]

WHEN she was gone then fury fled,
And in its place came peace anon,
Harmony reigned—so REDMOND said—
When she was gone.

So, changed in nothing but her name,
Her own wild way she still goes on—
Yes, MAUD was very much the same
When she was GONNE.



NO "RESCUER" WANTED, THANK YOU!

PANTOMIME CHILD (*to* MR. BR-DH-RST). "PLEASE, SIR, DO GO AWAY! I'M *SO* HAPPY WITH THIS *NICE* OLD DRAGON!"

["The Bill before Parliament ignores the real issue; it proceeds upon the assumption that a child of seven or eight suffers positive harm from work in a theatre, whereas any experience shows the very reverse to be the truth. And if, for the sake of a cast-iron uniformity, this absurd interdict is put upon such employment, a large number of poor little children will be cut off from the chief joy of their lives—banished from their fairyland to the street."—*Extract from Sir Henry Irving's Speech at Drury Lane, May* 14.]

COOKLESS TOURS.

["To-day in England it would be difficult beyond the boundaries of London to find a dinner in tavern or hotel that is worth eating. Travellers hesitate to explore the British Islands because they are afraid that they will find nothing to eat save cold beef or eggs and bacon."—*Macmillan's Magazine.*]

WE used to ask with injured pride,
Before the reason was suspected,
Why tourists ramble far and wide,
Yet leave our pleasant isle neglected;
At last we know the culprit's name;
Provincial cooking is to blame.

Even the patriots who own
To liking plain and homely living,
Must often in our taverns groan,
And eye the *menu* with misgiving;
Since stomachs long for some relief
When daily dosed with joints of beef;

While pampered foreigners refuse
The Channel trip, afraid to take on
A land whose culinary views
Are limited to eggs and bacon,
And with a thankful heart compare
Their own with our depressing fare.

Still in things evil good is found;
Henceforth no arguments persuade us—
Though, doubtless, Anglophobes abound—
That hostile armies dare invade us,
For even foes must draw the line
At coming where they cannot dine.

PROGRESSIVE LIBERTY.

(*In the Year of Grace*, 1906.)

[The London County Council suggest by-laws to make the throwing of waste-paper into the street a punishable offence.]

JOHN HOBBS, a respectably-attired tradesman, was charged at Marlborough Street with attempted wilful distribution of waste paper in the streets.

Detective-Inspector SMITH stated that he was on duty in plain clothes in Leicester Square, and saw the prisoner pull a brown-paper bag from his pocket. Thinking his movements to be suspicious he followed him. Twice between Leicester Square and St. Martin's Church he saw the prisoner attempt to get rid of the bag by deliberately throwing it into the street. Seeing that he was watched the prisoner commenced to run, and tried to get away by cutting through side streets. He caught him outside Charing Cross, when he became very violent.

The prisoner made a statement to the effect that he had gone to the Empire that night, and had taken some oranges with him. He had not bought them to throw but to eat. It was not true that he tried to get rid of the bag—it was not likely, as he had not finished all the oranges. It was also false that he had attempted to evade the officer. He was late, and wished to catch the last train at Charing Cross by a short cut. It was for the same reason that he had struggled with the officer. His wife was sitting up for him.

This being his first offence the prisoner was discharged with a caution.

At the same Court, JOHN HENRY, a meanly-built man, was charged with a similar offence. When arrested his pockets were found to be stuffed with waste paper of every description.

According to the Gaoler's statement, the accused had been ten times convicted of the same offence at this Court, all the cases occurring since 1905.

The Court missionary said that he had done all that was possible in the case, but he was incorrigible. It appeared to be a mania with him.

The prisoner, who seemed to feel his position acutely, said that he was not responsible for his actions, and pleaded to be sent to a Home. He had done his best to fight the temptation, but it was too much for him.

The magistrate said it was impossible to take a lenient view of the case, as the offence was a serious and growing one. He would sentence the prisoner to the County Council's Wicker-work Home for Confirmed Waste Paper-Throwers, with two years' police supervision. On hearing the sentence, the prisoner, who was much affected, thanked the magistrate.



DECISIVE.

Impecunious One (halting abruptly). "I BEG PARDON, SIR."
The Accosted (moving off abruptly). "GRANTED. DON'T BEG ANYTHING ELSE!"

NEW DISEASE FOR SWIFT BOWLERS.—Deliverum tremens.

"AS THE TWIG IS BENT——" ETC.

(A Domestic Dialogue.)

SCENE—*Library in the Town-house of* PETER SLACKSOLE, Esq. *(of* SLACKSOLE AND SCRYMGEOUR, *drysalters, Bishopsgate Street).*

TIME—*About 7* P.M. *towards the end of May.*

Mr. Slacksole (alone, to himself). I *must* put my foot down! I'm *determined* not to—(*starts as door opens and* Butler *enters*). Oh, ah—yes, *I* rang, MACROW. . . . Er—Mr. FREDERICK not in yet, I suppose?

Macrow. Been in some time back, Sir—from Lord's. (*With reflected pride*) We managed to beat Chalkshire, Sir, after all!

Mr. Slack. (without elation). Did we? Tell Mr. FREDERICK I should be glad to see him here, at once. (*To himself, after* MACROW *has left*) Always at this confounded cricket!.. He's not been near the office for days! So long as he was at college, I never said a word. No one can say I've been a harsh father to my children! How many parents would have allowed themselves to be habitually addressed as "POFFLES"? But I've always gone on the principle of encouraging them to look upon me as a *friend.* Still, to be wasting his time like this now—when he ought to be devoting himself heart and soul to business—no, it's really more than I can put up with! A few quiet words—when his mother isn't in the room—will——

Enter FREDERICK *exuberantly.*

Fred. So you've heard the result? Toppin', isn't it? I *knew* you'd be jolly pleased about it, POFFLES! They only wanted 60 to win—and we got 'em all out for 56! "Collapse of Chalkshire. SLACKSOLE'S Brilliant Bowling" they've got on the posters. You know the sort of bally rot those Cricket Editions go in for. Still, I must say I was rather in form. I was no sooner put on to——

Mr. Slack. (interrupting nervously). Yes, yes, I daresay. But I didn't send for you to talk about the *match,* precisely.

Fred. (bewildered). Not? But—POFFLES—what on earth else *is* there to talk about?

Mr. S. (with growing embarrassment). Something that is—er—more serious—for *both* of us, FREDERICK. The fact is, I—well, I'm beginning to see that I have made a mistake—a very great mistake.

Fred. (reassuringly). Well, we've all done that in our *time,* you know, POFFLES. (*Sits down and crosses his legs.*) Don't you mind telling me. Better get it off your chest. Two heads are better than one, eh? Chances are I can put you up to a way out of it without its coming round to the Mater.

Mr. S. (on his dignity). It is a very different matter from what you—er—seem to suppose, FREDERICK. And, before I go any further, I—I think for the future it would be better if you gave up calling me "POFFLES."

Fred. (generously). I'm hanged if I do! I've never called you anything else since I was a kid—and you'll always be "POFFLES" to Me—*whatever* you've done! After all, it *can't* be anything downright——

Mr. S. (bounding in his chair). You—you *persist* in misunderstanding me, FREDERICK! I never—er—the only thing I reproach myself with is my indulgence to *you.* And I consider I have every right to complain of—of the kind of life you have chosen to lead.

Fred (staring). The kind of——? Oh, *now* I see. (*Bursts out laughing.*) Someone's been pulling your innocent old leg, POFFLES! Why, I'm as steady as a church! Think it over, and ask yourself: *Is* it likely I should be such an ass as to risk lowering my cricket average by playing the goat?

Mr. S. I am not accusing you of—er—playing the goat. What I'm complaining of is the way you are playing cricket.

Fred. (aggrieved). Well, *really,* POFFLES, I shouldn't have thought you could find much fault with *that!* It's rather rough, when I've knocked up my sixth century already this season, and done the hat trick only this afternoon, to come home and be treated as if I'd made a brace of blobs and been slogged all over the field!

Mr. S. (at sea). I'm not objecting to cricket in moderation—say, on Saturday afternoons.

Fred. In Regent's Park, I suppose? Come, now, POFFLES, you can't seriously believe that a first-class match can be played out in a half holiday, however bad the pitch may be? You know better than *that!*

Mr. S. (nettled). Whatever I may *not* know, FREDERICK, at least I know *this.* All the money I've spent on having you equipped at school and college for the serious business of life seems to have been absolutely thrown away!

Fred. "Thrown away"! I *do* like that! Why, if I hadn't made the very best of my time at school, should I have got my Cricket Blue while I was a Fresher? You grumbled a bit at my having a professional to coach me in the holidays—but see how it's got me on! And I won the Hundred and the Quarter at the Sports last year! Upon my word, POFFLES, I don't quite see what it is you *do* want!

Mr. S. What I want, FREDERICK, is to see you attending more regularly to your duties at the office, and—and, once for all, I must *insist* on your not addressing me as "POFFLES"; it is a familiarity I can no longer permit.

Fred. Of course if you're *determined* to keep me at arms' length, you must please yourself. But for me to chuck up cricket, with such a career as I've got before me—why, it would be perfect skittles!

Mr. S. Believe me, my boy, you can never earn a living by *cricket!*

Fred. I could if I turned professional. But I suppose even *you* wouldn't care for me to do that!

Mr. S. I? I am trying to show you the folly of frittering away all your youth in idleness!

Fred. You'd find there's precious little "frittering" about playing forward in Rugger, and you don't get *much* chance to idle when you're bowling on a plumb wicket. It's jolly hard *work,* I can tell you!

Mr. S. That may be so, FREDERICK. But *your* hard work should be at the office!

Fred. It's all very well—but you've no idea what it is for a fellow who's led the open-air life *I* have, to be boxed up all the week in a beastly office! It knocks me up in no time. You ask the Mater if it doesn't!

Mr. S. Young SCRYMGEOUR doesn't seem to find it too much for *him!*

Fred. It may suit a smug like BOB SCRYMGEOUR—a rotter who never made a run in his life, and don't know the difference between Rugger and Soccer! All I know is, it don't suit *me!*

Mr. S. And the consequence is, FREDERICK, that *he* will be taken into partnership instead of you.

Fred. (loftily). He's welcome to it, for all *I* care! We should never pull together, you know. He's not my sort. *He* takes to business naturally. Now, I never shall—not my line at all!

Mr. S. You had your choice of the Army or the Bar—and you wouldn't go in for either.

Fred. Because of the bally exams. You see, after a hard day's exercise, you *can't* sit down and grind away at stiff subjects—you're simply bound to go to sleep over 'em! But, though I don't pretend to be keen about the office, I'm quite game to put in a day there—whenever I've got nothing else on.

Mr. S. (with bitterness). What earthly use do you imagine *that* would be—to us?



THE HAPPY MEDIUM.

Father. "WELL, TOMMY, I HOPE YOU FEEL A GOOD BOY THIS MORNING?"
Tommy. "NO, DADDY, NOT WELLY GOOD, AND NOT WELLY BAD. JUST COMFY!"

Fred. (*with superiority*). More use than you *fancy*, perhaps—even if I never did a stroke! You mayn't know it, but you may take this from *me:* Athletics count for just as much in the City as they do everywhere else. Look at the way a Blue gets on in the House! And I don't mind betting you that it's done you a lot of good already, being known as my Governor.

Mr. S. (*exasperated*). However it may be on the Stock Exchange, FREDERICK, *drysalting* is—er—not governed by such considerations. You are talking downright nonsense!

Fred. (*stiffly*). I'm not accustomed to being told I talk nonsense, and I think it's jolly well time I went. I've had enough of being ragged like this, when I've done nothing to deserve it! [*Rises, and moves towards door.*

Mr. S. (*climbing down*). I—I didn't mean to "rag" you, my boy. I was merely—er—endeavouring to——

Fred. (*with severity*). Whether you intend it or not, you seem to *me* to be doing your level best to destroy all confidence between us. Up to now, I've always looked upon you as a *pal* rather than a father. In future I shall know better! [*He opens the door.*

Mr. S. (*overwhelmed with contrition*). FRED! Don't leave me like that. If—if I've spoken too harshly——!

Fred. If! I can tell you *this* much. If I hadn't happened to be in a nailing good temper over winning that match, you and I might have had a downright row—and, even as it is—— (*Sees* Mr. S.'s *face, relents, comes back, and pats him affectionately on the shoulder*) No, it's all *right*, POFFLES, dear old boy! I'm not *really* angry. I know how it *was*. Something's gone wrong at the office, and you come home and let off steam at me! If you'd been at a Public School and 'Varsity yourself, you'd understand better what it *means* to have a reputation to keep up. There, there—I hope I know how to make allowances—don't let it occur again, that's all. And, I say, POFFLES, there's the dressing gong! Better hurry up, hadn't you?—unless you want to keep the Mater waiting again!

Mr. S. (*to himself, as he follows* FRED. *upstairs*). After all, he's just the type of manly young Englishman that has made our country what it *is!* I ought to be *proud* of him, instead of—but he's forgiven all that—he called me "POFFLES" *twice!* (*Aloud*) And so, FRED., you bowled Chalkshire out with—er—a brace of blobs, eh? Capital! capital!

[*He disappears into dressing-room as Curtain falls.*

F. A.

CECILIAN VESPERS.—The "abnormal proceedings" in Grand Committee on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

"IT IS THE CAUSE, IT IS THE CAUSE, MY (NETHER) SOUL!"

Othello, Act V., Sc. 2.

WHAT "cause"? It is constantly being mentioned in the *Gordian Knot*, by Mr. CLAUDE LOWTHER, at His Majesty's, but what "cause" it is Heaven only knows, for it may be fairly doubted whether the author knows anything more about it than do either actors or audience. The safest description may be borrowed from POPE and adapted to the occasion, as it is a "cause, least known, least understood," yet on it depends the supreme interest of the play. But for this mysterious "cause," *Vicomte de Selignac* (Mr. ROBERT TABER doing his strenuous best) would have remained at home with *Gabrielle Melville*, the worst woman in Paris, and probably the worst dressed, too, represented by Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE; and but for this "cause" *Selignac's* unfortunately afflicted friend the limping hunchback, *Roger Martens*, played for all the queer character is worth and more by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, marvellously made-up, would not have inspired the gay and artful *Gabrielle* to act the part of the witch *Rapunzel* and to "let down her hair," with which, struck by a very "happy thought," he strangles her in a hair-tight embrace. "It is the cause! It is the cause!"

Now the best scene in this play (of sorts) is a decidedly original and very farcical one where an American lady, bearing the honoured Dickensian surname of *Cuttle* ("when found make a note of")—she is *Mrs. Josiah C. Van Cuttle* (Miss HELEN FERRERS),—having been asked "to oblige the company with a song," complies by singing a ditty so execrably out of tune as to drive away from the house all the guests in "most admired disorder!" The effect is immensely funny, and the audience shout with laughter. And this in a serious tragedy-drama is to be accepted as a true representation of what occurs in real life!!

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, as a comic *Grand Duke*, without a title, reminding us of the eccentric nobleman in *La Vie Parisienne*, is excellent: never was such a Grand Duke out of *opéra bouffe*. It is a short part and a merry one, but the audience is grateful for the relief.

Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE makes her first appearance on the scene dressed as a kind of eccentric *Pope Joan*, wearing an ecclesiastical mitre, having come straight from the boards of some theatre (where she had been the heroine of a *première*) without staying to change her costume! Delightful! So probable, so perfectly natural! Then her long rhapsodies about nothing in particular! 'Tis all wonderful. Had this worst woman in Paris been also the most beautiful, most accomplished, as well as the wittiest and cleverest of "courtesans" (this is the politest way of putting it), and could she have been gifted with an incipient influenza just beginning to develope, *Gabrielle* might have insidiously gained the sympathies of the audience as did *La Dame aux Camélias*. But she is only a very ordinary "gay" (save the mark!) woman of a certain notoriety, whose questionable career and mysterious death might possibly have afforded some material for the eccentric IBSEN, but not for the skilled professional dramatist, though of course very tempting to the confident and, undoubtedly, greatly daring amateur-playwright.

But how ever came it about that such a piece as this could have been carefully considered, accepted, seriously rehearsed and acted? One plausible theory is that Mr. LOWTHER, whose name is new to us as a writer of plays, is a powerful mesmerist, that he so dominated Miss NETHERSOLE and Mr. BEERBOHM TREE as to force them to pronounce this piece a perfect triumph of art, just as a hypnotised patient accepts the assertion of the hypnotiser that some daub, which he has been ordered to admire, is the most magnificent work of art ever produced. This theory will account for the fact. Miss NETHERSOLE thought she saw herself as a great success in the part of *Gabrielle Melville*, which the hypnotiser impressed upon her as one that only herself, and perhaps SARAH BERNHARDT (but "why lug in" SARAH?), could play: while Mr. TREE, weary of being either handsome and self-sacrificing or handsome and villainous, jumped (always under hypnotism) at the offer of being as humpbacked as *Richard the Third*, as limping as *Mephistopheles*, and triumphing over this weird physical combination by coming out as the good genius and the Avenger of Evil. Those who have seen the play will remember that a challenge is given and accepted by *Selignac*, and after this nothing further is heard of the matter! Oddly enough, had the fight taken place the remainder of the play would have had to be re-constructed. What a chance thrown away!

BACK TO HIS NATIVE STRAND.

["Sherlock Holmes" is to reappear in the "*Strand*" *Magazine*.]

AIR—"*Archie*" *in the* "*Toreador*."

OH, SHERLOCK HOLMES lay hidden more than half a dozen years.
He left his loving London in a whirl of doubts and fears.
For we thought a wicked party
Of the name of MORIARTY
Had despatched him (in a manner fit to freeze one).
They grappled on a cliff-top, on a ledge six inches wide;
We deemed his chances flimsy when he vanished o'er the side.
But the very latest news is
That he merely got some bruises.
If there is a man who 's hard to kill, why he 's one.
Oh SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he 's in town again,
That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain.
It seems he wasn't hurt at all
By tumbling down the waterfall.
That sort of thing is *fun* to SHERLOCK.

When SHERLOCK left his native Strand, such groans were seldom heard;
With sobs the Public's frame was rent: with tears its eye was blurred.
But the optimists reflected
That he might be resurrected:
It formed our only theme of conversation.
We asked each other, Would he be? and if so, How and where?
We went about our duties with a less dejected air.
And they say that a suggestion
Of a Parliamentary question
Was received with marked approval by the nation.
And SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he 's in town again,
Sir CONAN has discovered him, and offers to explain.
The explanation may be thin,
But bless you! we don't care a pin,
If he 'll but give us back our SHERLOCK.

The burglar groans and lays aside his jemmy, keys, and drill;
The enterprising murderer proceeds to make his will;
The fraud-promoting jobber
Feels convinced that those who rob err;
The felon finds no balm in his employment.
The forger and the swindler start up shrieking in their sleep;
No longer on his mother does the coster gaily leap;
The Mile-End sportsman ceases
To kick passers-by to pieces,
Or does it with diminishing enjoyment.
For SHERLOCK, SHERLOCK, he 's in town again,
That prince of perspicacity, that monument of brain.
The world of crime has got the blues,
For SHERLOCK'S out and after clues,
And everything 's a clue to SHERLOCK.

NAVAL REFORM:

Or, When we were Boys together.

["In future there will be no distinction drawn between the engineer officer and his executive comrade. Their ranks will be assimilated. . . . The result aimed at is, to a certain point, community of knowledge and a life-long community of sentiment. The only machinery which can produce this result is early companionship."—*Memorandum of First Lord of the Admiralty, December*, 1902.]

TIME—A.D. 1950. *The English Fleet steaming into action. The* Rear-Admiral *and the* Captain *pacing the quarter-deck.*

The Rear-Admiral (*shutting his glass with a snap of satisfaction*). Full speed ahead, a flanking movement right and left, and——

Captain (*triumphantly*). We have them like rats in a trap.

Rear-Admiral (*joyfully whistling "The Death of Nelson"*). Ha! ha! Glorious victory of the British fleet! What will Pall Mall say! (*Suddenly*) Send for the Chief Engineer.

Captain (*hysterically*). What?

[*There is an intense pause.*

Rear-Admiral (*perspiring coldly*). Ah! I forgot. (*Gravely*) Thank you. (*To the* Orderly) Ask the Engineer-Rear-Admiral if he will be good enough to give me the benefit of his specialised training. [*The* Orderly *goes.*

Captain (*gloomily*). I fear——

Rear-Admiral. Pull yourself together, man. If it comes to the worst we can put the middies down below to stoke—and you can drive the engines.

Captain (*brightening*). Ah, yes! The New Training.

Orderly (*returning*). Beggin' your pardon, Sir, but the Engineer-Rear-Admiral says as 'ow he don't quite agree with these 'ere tactics of yours, and 'e 's workin' out 'is own plan of battle.

Captain (*hoarsely*). "*The result aimed at is, to a certain point, community of knowledge.*"

Rear-Admiral (*spluttering with rage*). What in thunder are we to do?

Captain (*speaking softly, with a far-away look*). Do you remember old JONES and his apple-orchard? Do you remember his dog? Do you remember when he tore——

Rear-Admiral. A large hole out of my Sunday pants? Ha! ha!

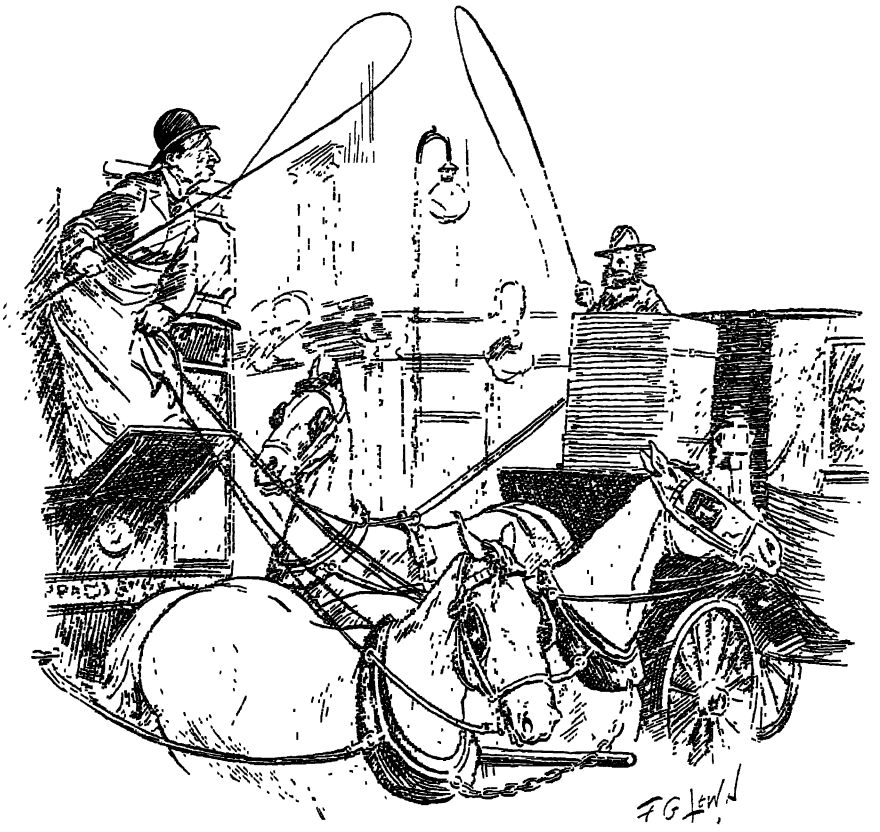
Captain. And how I spent half the night up a tree rather than face his teeth? Ha! ha!

Rear-Admiral. Why, it must be more than thirty years ago.

Captain. When we were boys together. It seems like yesterday. And old SIMPKINS——

Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS?

Captain. Who nearly died of eating the green apples.



PASSING AMENITIES.

Growler. "HI! HI! CARN'T YER LOOK OUT WHER' YER A-COMIN'?"
Omnibus. "GARN! SHUT UP, JACK-IN-THE-BOX!"

Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS? SIMPKINS?

Captain (*intensely*). The Engineer-Rear-Admiral. (*There is a sudden shock, followed by an intense pause.*) Good Heavens! We are going astern.

[*The* Engineer-Rear-Admiral *appears slowly.*

Rear-Admiral. SIMPKINS! We are going astern!

Engineer Rear-Admiral. I know it. You will find a much more effective movement than yours fully set out on page 43 of my latest treatise on Tactics and Evolution under Steam.

Rear-Admiral (*bitterly*). NELSON——

Eng.-Rear-Admiral. NELSON! Bah! He never saw a steamship.

Rear-Admiral (*imploringly*). SIMPKINS, the success of all my deep-laid plans rests in our going straight ahead at the foe.

Eng.-Rear-Admiral. I 'm sorry I cannot agree with your strategy. I consider the best course is to go astern.

[*He turns away.*

Rear-Admiral. Lost! Lost!

Captain (*stepping forward, with the same far-away look on his face*). SIMPKINS!

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (*haughtily*). Sir!

Captain. Ah! The remembrance of our early companionship bursts asunder the chains of discipline. (*Laying a hand on his shoulder gently*) SIMPKINS, old man, we were boys together. Many a time and oft have we cribbed from the same book. Many a time and oft have we written each other's impositions with double-nibbed pens. Many a time and oft have we shielded our vulnerable parts with the identical exercise books.

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (*softening a little*). Yes—but——

Captain. SIMPKINS, old man, you remember those green apples?

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (*visibly moved*). Old JONES's apples?

Captain. And when you lay in the dormitory dying, as we thought, how a bare-footed, night-shirted boy ran through the black darkness and the bitter cold to the kitchen to get the glass of salt-and-water which saved your life? SIMPKINS——

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (*with tears in his eyes*). Old man!

Captain. I was that boy.

Eng.-Rear-Admiral (*brushing his gold-laced sleeve across his eyes*). Ah! (*Controlling himself with a great effort*) Full speed ahead!

Rear-Admiral / *Captain* (*together*). Saved!



ODD!

The Colonel (stopping at Irish Inn). "LOOK HERE! WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?"
Boots. "BEDAD! AN' I'VE GOT JUST SUCH ANOTHER QUARE PAIR DOWN BELOW!"

TRUE P.O.-LITENESS!

["Telephone girls in Chicago have put into practice the art of polite conversation as laid down in a book of rules introduced by the new manager of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company. The book is full of formalities and elegancies."—*Civil Service Magazine.*]

SCENE I.—*A London Post-Office, shortly after the official "Courteous Conversation with Customers" handbook has been issued.*

First Customer. Shillingsworth of penny stamps, please.

Post-Office Clerk. Believe me, Sir, I can conceive no greater privilege than that of obeying with alacrity your least command. But before doing so in the present instance perhaps you will permit me——

First Customer (*crescendo*). Twelve stamps, please! I'm in a hurry.

Post-Office Clerk (*unruffled*). —to felicitate you upon your favourable (so far as one may judge from a cursory glance) state of health, and to express my hope that your wife and children —presuming that those domestic blessings have fallen to your lot—are no less——

First Customer (*fortissimo*). Look here, *will* you give me those stamps?

Post-Office Clerk. —fortunate than yourself in this respect. So, Sir, with this sincere expression of my good wishes, I hasten to supply you with the postage requisites you need.

[First Customer *snatches stamps, and exit.*

Second Customer (*a Lady*). Would you weigh this, please? I wish to send it by parcel post.

Post-Office Clerk. With pleasure, Madam. Speaking of weights, you may not be aware that among the ancient Egyptians——

Second Customer (*nervously*). Yes, yes—but I have a train to catch—and if you *wouldn't* mind just weighing this parcel——

Post-Office Clerk. We are bound to observe the official rules, Madam, otherwise we shall get into trouble. If you will permit me, in accordance with the handbook, to tell you some facts about the ancient Egyptian weights——

[*He does so at considerable length.*

Third Customer. I want this postal order changed.

Post-Office Clerk. Yes, Sir. May I look at the handbook for a moment? I've forgotten the exact sentence. Ah, here it is. The love of money, as BACON eloquently points out—(Customer *expostulates with vigour.*) Well, there's no call for you to use language of *that* kind, when I'm giving you polite and appropriate conversation, as laid down in the rules! (*To* Fourth Customer.) Telegrams should be handed in over there. But if a brief account of telegraphy, ancient and modern, would interest you——

[Fourth Customer *hurriedly dissents as scene closes.*

SCENE II.—*Village Post-Office. Same date.*

Farmer Giles. 'Arternoon, Mrs. Brown. Any letters for the Missus?

Mrs. Brown. 'Vore ever I tulls 'ee that, must read 'ee a girt piece o' the new book—zame as ardered. (*Reads laboriously.*) "Good-morning-Sir-or-Madam-as-the-case-may-be-how-remarkably-fine-or-wet-according-to-circumstances" (well, of 'arl the dratted foolishness!) "is-the-weather-and-I-trust-that-your-crops-or-poultry-or-livestock-to-be-varied-according-to-the-customer's-occupation-or-source-of-livelihood-are-eminently-prosperous." Oh, lawk-a-mussy me!

Farmer Giles (*rushing to the door*). Nayburs, nayburs! Mrs. BROWN be took ravin' mad!



MEDDLESOME JOE AND THE GOOSE THAT LAYS THE GOLDEN EGGS.

THE "MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" ARTISTIC COMPETITION.



After Rossetti.



After Dana Gibson.



After Albert Moore.



After Watteau.



After Peter Graham, R.A.



After Kate Greenaway.

A FELT WANT.

[Mr. Broadhurst recently inquired whether His Majesty's Government would take steps to provide suitable house accommodation at reasonable rents near the House of Commons for such Members of Parliament as needed it.]

Pity the poor M.P.,
Whom all the world may see,
When others are sleeping,
His vigil still keeping
Without reward or fee.

To the music of great Big Ben
His altruistic pen
Is busy forever
In hopeless endeavour
To satisfy greedy men;

While even at night he dreams
Of cheques for local schemes,
And public improvements
And temperance movements
And cricket and football teams.

A thousand claims, in short,
Demand of him some sort
Of postal remittance,
Till only a pittance
Is left for his own support.

And when, at duty's call,
He 's signed away his all,
And daily grows thinner
For want of a dinner,
Where can a poor Member crawl?

The labouring man may flee
To the flats of the L.C.C.
But never a noddle
Will trouble to model
A home for the poor M.P.

Pity the poor M.P.
Who 's got no L.S.D.
But painfully tosses
On twopenny dosses
In Lambeth Road, S.E.

A Drastic System.—Since its opening, says the prospectus of a Nursing Institute, it has attended to 1018 cases, "from which no less than 274 have died. It is impossible," continues the prospectus, "to estimate the relief and comfort which have thereby been afforded."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. X.

MANY a time, while I was putting this book of mine together, I thought to myself, "I 'll chuck it; it 's not good enough going on like this, keeping away from all the theatres and music-halls and scarcely ever seeing my pals at their convivial meetings. What 's the use of it after all? I shall make a bit of money by it, no doubt: lots of these writing chaps simply roll in coin and manage to keep a carriage and pair on what they make, but I've got plenty of my own without that, I 'll throw all my poetry away and live like a Christian again." But it was all no good. Something seemed to be whispering to me all the time, "Don't forget fame. It 's fame you 're working for, not cash. You 'll get your name up, JOSH, my boy, by the poetry you 're writing. Stick to it, old pal, stick to it. You 'll be glad, when you 've finished it and got it printed, that you didn't scratch but came to the post like a man." That 's the way I talked to myself, and it did me no end of good in keeping my spirits up.

There 's another point I should like to put down. Other poets may find it useful when they start on the job as I did. It 's this:—there 's no manner of use in living an irregular life when you 're writing rhymes. If you 're accustomed to breakfast at 8.15, lunch at 1 o'clock and dine at 7, you 'd best go on like that. Nobody need put in late supper just because he happens to be a poet. I tried it once or twice, but I never could write a line—not a really good line, that 's to say—on the day after I 'd had supper, so I jolly soon gave it up. For writing odes I always found a bottle of ginger-beer a great help—the old-fashioned sort in stone bottles, not the new-fangled stuff in glass bottles with a glass marble instead of a cork. That kind always tastes of india-rubber, and the tang of it seems to keep your thoughts from concentrating on the rhymes as they ought to.

Well, at last I got the whole finished and polished in real tip-top style, and then I set to work to look out for a publisher. That 's where my troubles began. I had a notion that all you had got to do was to finish your book and you 'd find no end of publishers tumbling over one another to print. That 's their business, anyhow. It 's what they 're there for and what they make their money by, when all 's said and done. But the truth is it 's very different. I never met such a lot of high and mighty chaps in my life, and I went to all the big nobs one after another till I began to be fairly sick of the job. One man said he wasn't doing anything more in poetry this season; another thought that poetry was a drug in the market, and a third simply laughed when I explained what I wanted. It made me very bitter, I can tell you, and I began to understand how a fellow like BYRON got sour and gloomy in spite of being a Lord. All the same his poetry 's not bad, considering he wrote so many years ago.

I went on like this for some months, and I was just on the point of caving in when I happened to hear the name of "The Academic Publishing Company." They were doing a lot of advertising in all the papers, and they 'd got a long list of novels and poetry-books, and every book they published seemed to be the very best that had ever been printed. That 's the firm for me, thinks I to myself, and the next day I paid them a visit. I never had such a pleasant surprise. I saw their head man, Mr. HART ABRAHAMS, in his private room, and the whole business was settled in ten minutes. All I had got to do was to put down £70 as guarantee-money in case there were less than a thousand copies sold. After that I should get the money paid back and 15 per cent. on every copy in excess of that number. Besides that, I was to buy a hundred copies myself at trade price, thirteen to the dozen, and the Company would undertake all expenses and everything. I didn't hesitate a moment. The agreement was signed before I left the room, and ABRAHAMS called for a bottle of champagne to wet the bargain and drink success to the enterprise. He was a rich man, I judge. At any rate, he ran to a good deal in the shape of diamond rings and gold chains.

When I got home I began reckoning it up. It was to be a five-shilling book, and, at 15 per cent., that meant ninepence for me on every copy sold. Supposing I sold 21,000 (that seemed a reasonable figure, according to HART ABRAHAMS) I should make £750, which looked like a pretty good lump sum. I went to bed that night as happy as a Duke, and dreamt I 'd got presented at Court and been made Poet Laureate. For two or three months I went on correcting proofs, and then out came the blessed book. It was a great day when my hundred copies turned up. I began ladling them out to all my pals and relations, and you bet EMILY COLLINS got her copy all right on the first day.

MR. PUNCH'S POPULAR SONGS.

A BENEFACTOR to the race (who shall be nameless here) has written a little book called *Popular Songs and How to Compose them.* The result of a perusal of this work by *Mr. Punch* has been a soaring ambition to be a popular song writer. It seems easy, and the remuneration is reported to be fabulous. Here is No. I. of *Mr. Punch's* series. It may not sound very exhilarating to the casual reader, but sung with her incomparable art (and a smut on her nose) by Miss LOUIE FREEAR it would achieve enormous popularity. It is called:—

LIZ.

Oh, I live in Bowkett Villas, at number thirty-three,
I 'm "general" at Mrs. SMITH'S. They 're six in family.
I blacks the grates and makes the beds and cooks the dinners, too,
And you can bet at Mrs. SMITH'S there 's lots of work to do.

For it 's:—
LIZ! LIZ!
I wonder where she is.
Where *can* that girl have got to?
No doubt
The hussie 's gone out,
And I particularly told her *not* to!

I rises every day at six, I gets to bed by ten,
I scrubs the kitchen twice a week, the parlour now and then,
I mends the dratted children's clothes and stops the baby's squeals,
And don't the master make a fuss unless he likes his meals!

For it 's:—
LIZZIE!! LIZZIE!!
Can't you see I'm busy?
Come down stairs *this minute!*
Here 's FREDDY
Says tea 's not ready,
And the Master wants to begin it.

The food I gets ain't much to boast, the missus is that near!
And my young man has left me 'cos he doesn't like the beer.
From morn to night the whole year through I 'm always on the race,
And I must say that Mrs. SMITH'S is *not* an easy place!

For it 's:—
LIZZIE!! LIZZIE!!
Can't you see I 'm busy?
Stop that baby squalling.
LIZ!!! LIZ!!!
I wonder where she is.
Why *can't* she hear me calling?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 18.—With only three days allotted for Committee on the Education Bill, with seventeen pages of amendments, with Dr. MACNAMARA wound up for indefinite number of long speeches, scintillating with the first person singular, the Minister in charge of the Bill does well to cultivate brevity. But, as Sir WILLIAM ANSON discovered just now, virtue may be run to dangerous extreme. MIDDLEMORE, after a familiar fashion that does not endear him to Treasury Bench, was voicing dissatisfaction on Ministerial benches with remodelled Constitution of Education Committee. Punctuating one of his sentences there sounded distinctly through shocked House the word "Rubbish!"

'Twas the voice of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Education Board. We knew he'd complain; but this way of putting it was a little too summary in form to suit Parliamentary usages. Later ANSON explained that remark was meant for private ear of WALTER LONG. Alarmed to discover it had spread further. MIDDLEMORE, for moment speechless with rage, regarding back of head of ordinarily blameless Minister; then there flashed upon him a graphic, if not absolutely accurate simile.

"The right hon. gentleman," he said, in the excitement of the moment promoting ANSON to the Privy Council where he does not sit, "is nothing if not technical. He gropes his way through the technicalities and husks of life like a snail without its horns."



Betsey Prig. "Rubbidge, Ma'am!"
Sairey Gamp. "You're a regelation poor kind of thing as finds it as much as you can do to follow your own variegated nose!"
(Sir Wm. Ans-n and Mr. M-ddl-m-re.)

This felt to be the unkindest cut of all. Bad enough to be a snail. To be deprived of the appanage of horns was as cruel as it was inconsequential.

Changing his metaphor, and still regarding the back of the head of the Minister seated below him with baleful look that made Members opposite shudder to think that, trained to surgery, he was familiar with the knife, MIDDLEMORE continued: "He speaks almost as if he were one of the deities; whereas he is only a regulation poor kind of a thing, who finds it as much as he is able to do to follow his own nose."

Not since the classic quarrel between *Mrs. Gamp* and *Betsey Prig* has there been anything to beat this. When *Mrs. Prig*, rising to leave the parlour, turned upon her hostess and said, "Do you know who you are talking to, Ma'am?" *Mrs. Gamp* would have given a noggin of gin if she had only thought of saying—in addition to "Aperiently to BETSEY PRIG," as recorded—"a regelation poor kind of thing as finds it as much as she can do to follow her own variegated nose."

To *Sairey Gamp* this retort came only as *l'esprit d'escalier*. Amid boisterous cheers and laughter of delighted Opposition, MIDDLEMORE rapped it forth. The late Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford wished that, since he was a snail, he had brought his shell with him, whilst an unwonted flush of indignation suffused all that was seen of WALTER LONG above the level of his shirt-collar.

Business done.—Education Bill in Committee. Edifying lesson in good manners jointly contributed by Education Minister and Member for North Birmingham.

Tuesday.—JOHN O'GORST, Time-honoured Educationist, illumined dull proceedings in Committee on Education Bill by a happy device. A dull cloudy afternoon after the manner of modern May. A single gleam of sunlight, losing its way in the gloom, found itself in House of Commons. JOHN O'GORST so managed things that as he stood below the Gangway, making things as pleasant as possible for his successor at Education Board, the unfamiliar light fell upon his head. Just enough to go round. Effect startling and brilliant. On Treasury Bench, seated in shadow, was ANSON, from time to time furtively feeling for the horns MIDDLEMORE, in his wrath, denied him. And there below the Gangway literally shone the Last of the Vice-Presidents, sole recipient of the confidences of that occult, now



JOHN O'GORST AND THE SUNBEAM.
"There below the Gangway shone the Last of the Vice-Presidents."



"Too bad of you to give me away, Durham!"
(Lord D-v-y and Lord D-rh-m.)

¶ The Earl of Durham said Lord Davey did not mention to the House the experience he had with him on a pleasure voyage to India five months ago, when he never heard the noble Lord objecting to betting on the daily run of the ship. (*Laughter*)—*Daily Telegraph.*

vanished, body, the Committee of Council of Education.

The "business" common enough on the stage. Through whatever scene, in whichever play, HENRY IRVING, for example, moves, the faithful limelight follows. So with JOHN O'GORST and the fascinated sunbeam which fond fancy imagined to be the etherealised spirit of dead and gone Committee of Council of Education. Through long Parliamentary practice the Time-honoured Educationist has acquired a little mannerism of shifting from foot to foot as he drops his pleasant sayings. This afternoon as he moved the sunlight followed, ever illumining as with a halo of immortality the bare dome of a brainy head.

In spite of EDWARD STRACHEY and his threatened motion Members on both sides hear with satisfaction of the appointment of Lord ONSLOW to the Board of Agriculture, with a seat in the Cabinet. Even the Radicals, who don't like to see a Ministerial post assigned to a Peer, admit the appropriateness of the arrangement. ONSLOW has been so many things, folk apt to forget that he is, first of all, a farmer. Among the attractions at Clandon Park is a model farm where he has long practised what he will now preach over the wider domain of Great Britain. *Festina lente* is the inevitable family motto. On slow but sure describes the movements of the fourth Earl. In succession Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, Governor of New Zealand, Under-Secretary for India, once more at the Colonies, now President of the Board of Agriculture, Lord ONSLOW has always done well. Combining high business capacity with a sunny nature and the blessed gift of humour, he is alike successful as an administrator and popular as a man.

Business done.—London Education Bill in Committee. TRITTON, London Member and good Ministerialist, declares "the Bill hasn't a single friend." The challenge passes unanswered; no man rises up to call it blessed. Once to-day on critical amendment majority ran down to 41. Bill will be passed all the same.

Friday night.—In anticipation of second reading of Budget Bill coming on next week a new Parliamentary Party has been formed. It is called The Tea Party, and meets at five o'clock every afternoon to arrange for defeat of Government. The leading spirits are CHAPLIN and JEMMY LOWTHER. The OVERFLOWING LOUGH volunteered to join the new faction. CHAPLIN objected to have about the new crusade any taint of the professional. "It won't do," he said, helping himself to another lump of sugar, "to mix up City business with high politics."

"No, no," said JEMMY LOWTHER, his mouth full of buttered muffin and contradiction; "no shop."

House of Lords represented at the afternoon conference by Duke of RUTLAND; has contributed to the agitation a leaflet containing amended version of historic couplet. It now runs as follows:—

Let Wealth and Commerce, Laws and Learning dee,*
But spare, oh spare, our five o'clocker tea.

Arrangements are being made for a procession of London charwomen, dressmakers, and other female toilers accustomed to look for afternoon refreshment in the form of wholesome non-inebriating brew; as they pass along the streets they will sing this inspiring strain. Arranged that, as Procession traverses Pall Mall, CHAPLIN and JEMMY LOWTHER shall be discovered standing on steps of Carlton Club, a hand and arm on each other's shoulders, after manner of Bounding Brothers at circus before they begin to Bound, and, later, when recalled to receive just meed of applause. Effect of this *tableau* expected to find reflex in Cabinet further considering abolition of Corn Duty.

The Tea Party, it will be understood, have nothing to do with the reimposition of the Corn Duty. In the amendment to the Budget Bill placed on the Paper by its patriotic leader the Corn Duty is not mentioned, much less is there plea for Protection. Animated as CHAPLIN, JEMMY LOWTHER, and his Grace of RUTLAND are by desire for the cheapening of domestic comforts and necessities of the poor, they will be no parties to



'Mr. Ch-pl-n was extremely puzzled by the burst of cheering that greeted his arrival.'

any movement tending to increase the price of bread. What they want is that

* Scottish, *e.g.*,
"For bonnie ANNIE LAURIE
I'd lay me down and dee."

the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shall so readjust taxation as to reduce the price of tea by twopence a pound. It happens that that would mean a sacrifice of two and a-half millions sterling, the exact sum dropped by abolition of the shilling duty on corn. If in the readjustment forced upon him the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is inevitably driven to reimpose the Corn Tax, that is his affair.

"I remember," said CHAPLIN, absent-mindedly filling up the Duke's cup under the impression that it was his own, "when I entered the House of Commons thirty-four years ago hearing a story about one of GLADSTONE's first Budgets. There was talk of reduction on the Tea Duty, on which proposal the Liberal Party was divided. There was the alternative of abolishing the Paper Duty, on the whole the safer course. Just before Mr. G. rose to expound his Budget a messenger brought from the other House a note from Lord DERBY addressed to PAM. 'What is to be the great proposal to-night?' DERBY asked. 'Is it to be Tea and Turn-out?' 'No,' PAM promptly answered; 'it is to be Paper and Stationary.'"

"The difference in the case of our Government," said JEMMY LOWTHER, helping himself to the remainder muffin, "is that it is Tea *or* Turn-out."

Business done.—Old Age Pensions discussed.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. I.—LIFE ON NOTHING A DAY.

By FELIX KNOTTS,

Ex-Amateur Ping-Pong Champion of All Surbiton.

HAVING decided that the time had arrived for me to go into training for the All Surbiton Ping-Pong championship, I settled down to a month's inexpensive feeding. In 1901 I had done it on sixpence a day, in 1902 on threepence. I decided that this year I would do it on nothing, or perish in the attempt.

My plan was to take only one meal a day, which is by far the most hygienic way, except when I had indigestion, and then I would take none.

All the crimes and retrogressions of the world being due to a meat diet, it follows that my *menu* must be wholly vegetarian or farinaceous. I therefore for my first meal walked into the country in the direction of Thames Ditton, where I had seen a mangold-wurzel "pie." I waited there until a farm hand appeared, and then, entrenching myself behind some railings, I opened my campaign by inquiring if his mother knew he was out. Following this up with some remarks about his hair and the barber's, I politely intimated that the beauty of his voice was only exceeded by the size of his feet. This last sally had the desired effect of inducing him to throw several good-sized roots in my direction, and, picking up four, I hastened home.

One of these I boiled, and thus we have

Meal No. 1 (cost, nothing; sufficient for three adults for several days)

MANGOLD À LA MISSILE,

consisting of one large mangold boiled with salt, a small quantity of which had been entrusted to me the day before by my neighbour's daughter, to be placed on the tail of a meadow-pipit, which she was anxious to add to her aviary.

My mangolds, carefully husbanded, would, I knew, last me as a stand-by till the end of the month; but I have long since discovered that variety is the spice of life. Moreover recent experiments in Russian laboratories show that the digestive juices of the pancreatic ganglion respond with greater effusion to food that one likes than to food that one doesn't. Now one of the passions of my youth is rice. I therefore walked over to Claygate, where some of the old-fashioned customs are still in force, in time to be present at a

RUSTIC WEDDING

between the daughter of a local grocer and a Norbiton seedsman. My hopes were fully justified by the amount of rice and other cereals which were thrown at the happy pair, and I was enabled to return with a sufficient supply of that nutritious Asiatic grain concealed about my person to last me for some weeks.

Thus we have

Meal No. 2 (cost, nothing, for many persons)

RICE DE NOCES,

or, one large cupful of rice boiled, with seasoning to taste.

Here I may remark in passing that the blow to vegetarian economy dealt by the introduction of paper *confetti* is simply beyond appraisement.

Mangold-wurzels and rice, excellent though they are in their way, are apt to pall unless judiciously varied. It has long been an axiom amongst scientific dieteticians that the pea, and more particularly the split pea, is the food of the future. Where the benighted and retrograde eater now clamours for a split soda, he will one day pin his faith—strange as it may sound—to the split pea. The problem then was how to obtain peas, if possible split, at my usual rates. Fortune favoured me. I chanced to be on Wimbledon platform at the precise moment when a train full of boys returning from school drew up. Happily I was wearing a pair of Dr. DAUGLISH's patent hygienic celluloid trousers, a coat which I had borrowed forcibly from SUNNY JIM, and a Panama hat trimmed with Plasmon. The chasteness of the attire drew every eye in my direction—and not only every eye! By extreme good luck the school was armed with pea-shooters, which were at once trained upon me, and a raking fire ensued. I must admit that some of the peas hurt horribly, but in the cause of a scientific and economic *menu* I am prepared to suffer much. Moreover, the end justified the torture, for when the train had moved on and I was able to begin the harvest, I was rewarded by nearly two quarts of peas, many of them providentially split by the force of their impingement upon my person. Result:

Meal No. 3 (cost, nothing; for several people)

SPLIT PEA SOUP.

Meal No. 4 (ditto)

SPLIT PEASE PUDDING.

To continue is perhaps needless. The reader will see that I had already enough proteid in the rough to build up several constitutions beside my own at the cost of the hot water in which I did my cooking.

I might add that at the end of the month I failed to retain the Ping-Pong championship of All Surbiton.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSRS. METHUEN start in excellent form their Illustrated Pocket Library of plain and coloured books. In the van march the curious collocation of NIMROD's *Memoirs of John Mytton*, *The Tour of Doctor Syntax*, *The History of Johnny Quae Genus*, and (*Que fait-il dans cette galère?*) BLAKE's *Illustrations of the Book of Job*. They are, it will be seen, all ancient worthies of high renown. The publishers, like some of their clients, aweary of new books, have recalled the old world into existence in order to redress the balance with the new. The charm of these little volumes, admirably printed, neatly bound, and cheaply priced, is that they are exact reproductions of old, now unattainable, editions. *The Tour of Doctor Syntax*, for example, is founded on the



"THEY'RE OFF!"

seventh edition, published in 1817 by R. ACKERMANN. The reproduction includes all ROWLANDSON'S coloured plates, a desirable possession of themselves. We have all heard of *Doctor Syntax*. How many of us have read his *Tour?* My Baronite confesses he never had an earlier chance, and seizes the present one with huge delight. To read the eight-syllabled verse in which the adventures are written is like ambling over green pastures on an easy pad. WILLIAM COMBE must have babbled in rhyme whilst he was in the nursery. Though every line scans, and each rhyme is natural and perfect, the matter is, after all, the simplest prosiest prose. But the jingle of the rhyme is soothing, and often adds point to shrewd observation and mother wit.

Nine Points of the Law (JOHN LANE), by WILFRID SCARBOROUGH JACKSON, is the work of a new humourist, who may be congratulated on a highly successful first appearance. The dilemma of his unfortunate and not over-wise bank-clerk hero—in hiding both from the police and from the burglars whose spoils he has removed under the impression that they belonged to him as treasure trove—is ludicrous to the verge of tragedy. And his difficulties increase when he flies to France with his compromising burden, for there he meets *Mr. Mavors*, his chief, with his charming daughter, and becomes their travelling companion, only to discover that his ill-gotten treasures have been stolen from *Mr. Mavors'* private residence. A capital story, told with genuinely comic *verve*, and written in excellent style.

The Haunted Major (GRANT RICHARDS), by Captain ROBERT MARSHALL, is a most amusingly eccentric story, the humour of which will be almost as much appreciated by non-golfers as by those experienced in the "Royal and ancient game." The difficulty presented by the necessarily goblinesque character of the illustrations has been cleverly met by Mr. FURNISS, but in order to thoroughly appreciate the peculiar humour that the artist has imported into his work the critic needs to be either a golfer or a ghost, just to enter into the spirit of the thing, or both, and at present the Baron has no intention of becoming either.

The Baron, in view of coming holiday time, begs to acknowledge the receipt of a really excellent *Popular Coast Guide* to the S. E. & C. R. line of country, written by W. T. PERKINS (MCCORQUODALE & Co.), giving particulars and good illustrations of many places on that route, extending to the French coast, which from personal experience the Baron knows to be just the very "resorts" for a restful and invigorating sojourn. Some worrying folks complain of this and that particular resort as being a place "where there is absolutely nothing to do." But what ordinarily busy man, valuing a holiday, needs "anything to do"? He wants everything to be done for him, and after a rest to return, like the proverbial giant, refreshed, to his work and his labour, until another holiday time comes round.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

VERY STONY-HEARTED MAGISTRATES.—"The Flint Justices."



"SUMMER NEWS, SMILE TO 'T!"

THE PILOTS' STRIKE.

[Being an awful allegory, based on Lord ROSEBERY'S suggestion that the Peers should adjourn for two or three months from the beginning of July, and keep the Bills sent up by the Lower House waiting till they, the Peers, chose to reassemble.]

IT was the screw *John Bullivar*
That thrashed the summer sea;
Her cargo creaked, her timbers leaked,
Her list was one in three:
She had loaded up in the Cecily Isles,
And her Skipper was ARTHUR B.

Now ARTHUR B. he spake to his crew,
Including Bosun JOE:—
"There's many an eel has missed his meal
Where we were meant to go;
We were never to touch dry land again,
And here we are, what ho!

"Yonder the haven under the hill
Calls to the homing tar;
A few brief rolls and in she bowls
Over the harbour-bar;
And then good-bye—till the next turn comes—
To the screw *John Bullivar*.

"I see the Pilot trim his sails
To catch the evening light,
Foul luck or fair he'll land us there
Against the wharf to-night—
Us and our freight of precious bills
Lashed to the quayside tight.

"And it's oh! for the tramp by heath and moor,
And the sport by burn and beck,
For the foozled putt and the lie in the rut
And the suit of home-spun check!"
A tear escaped from the Captain's eye,
And trickled down the deck.

The Pilot's boat came heaving-to,
And the sailors "Ahoy!" cried they,
But a voice rang back from the gibing smack,
"No Pilots for you to-day!
Not if you whistled along the coast
For fifty mile each way.

"Last month they found the sun too hot
For fooling about the shore,
So they went on strike, and they'll stay belike
A matter of two months more!"
The Skipper he used a strange sea-oath
He had never employed before.

But JOE the Bosun he laughed aloud,
And "Pilots be hanged!" says he;
"Year in, year out, I've knocked about
A bit on the open sea,
And there's never a turn of wind or tide
That comes amiss to *me*.

"I set no store by the truck we've shipped
In this here freight," says JOE;
"I'd leave the lot to lie and rot
Down in the bilge below;
I'd out with the boats and off to land,
And let the old hulk go!"

* * * * *

How Bosun JOE he went and struck
A smart Colonial line,
And did a trip in a brand-new ship
They called the *Zollverein*,
And ended his days as Commodore—
Is another's yarn, not mine.

But this was the last of the Pilot race
That ran the harbour-bar,
That went their ways in the dull dog-days
And left *John Bullivar*
To founder at sea with ARTHUR B.
Spliced to a sinking spar. O. S.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. II.—CHARACTER IN NAMES.

NOTHING is so unalterable as the character that accompanies a Christian name. Deductions from Christian names are absolutely safe. They have all the finality of the axioms of Christian science. For instance, have you ever known an OLIVER who was not interested in lightning conductors, an ALMA who was not artistic, or a SIDNEY who did not oppose the Baconian heresy?

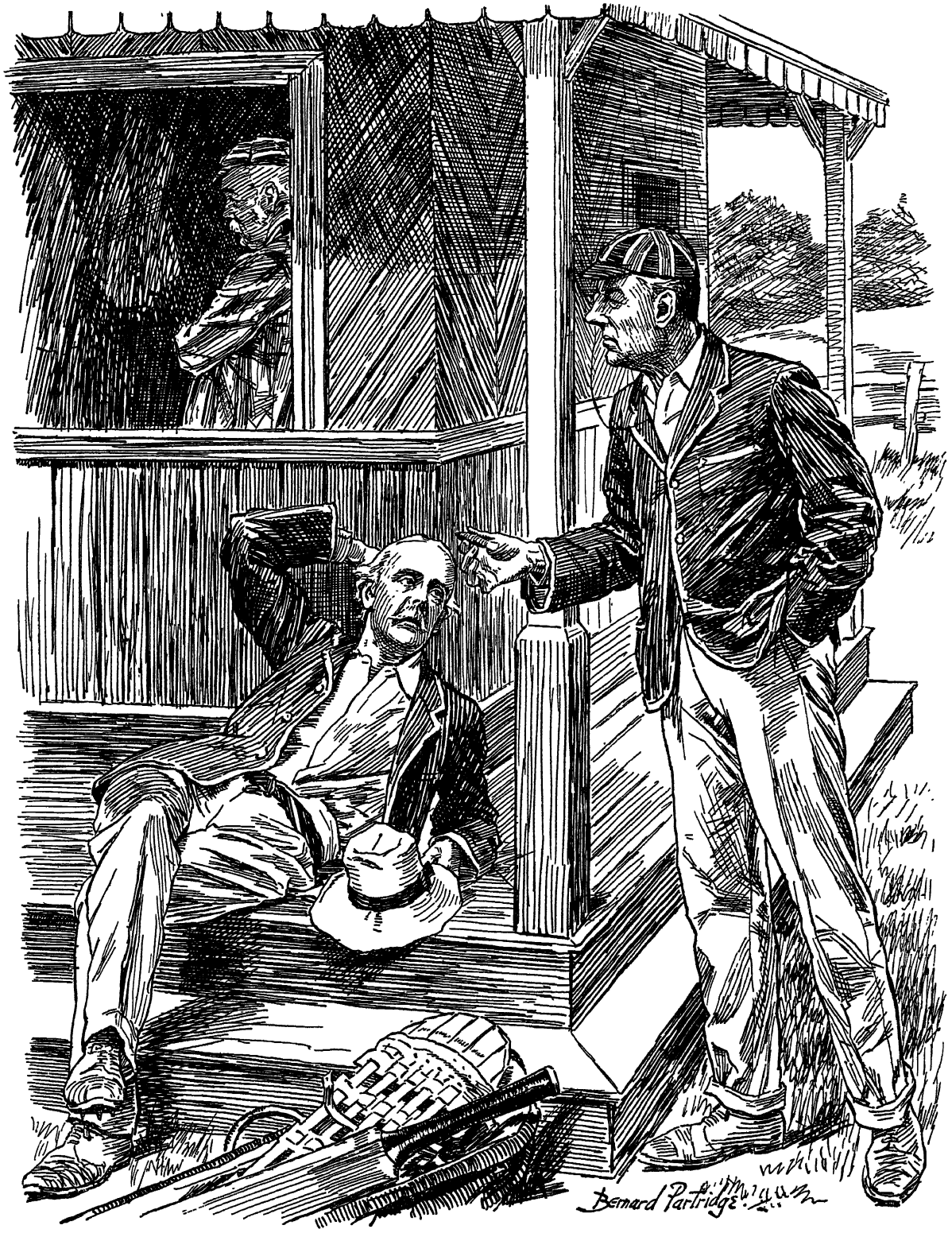
Names ending in *zw* always denote selfishness. Names ending in *tku* are to be avoided: their owners are treacherous. Beware of names beginning in *Yp*. No woman over seven feet high was ever called BIRDIE. Women named GEORGE write novels. A baby named JABEZ ELIJAH AHASUERUS, if always called by its full name, will not grow up. A cat if called BEETHOVEN is sure to indulge in moonlight sonatas.

JOSEPH is ambitious and shrewd. HUGH is opinionated and talks too much. WINSTON shares these peculiarities. LLOYD is argumentative. JESSE is bovine, and runs to side-whiskers. Show me a WILFRID and I will show you a teetotaller. ARTHUR might be less willowy. GERALD is academic. GEORGE is eloquent and epigrammatic. JOHN is sturdy and persistent. GIBSON is importunate and impertinent. TIM is vitriolic.

Literary men, who study these things, will bear out what I say. Ask them if they ever knew an ANDREW who was not bookish, an ANTHONY who was not witty, a MARIE who was vain? They will tell you that MAURICE is romantic, JEROME facetious, MACGREEGOR undersized. Produce a RUDYARD, and you will see omniscience. CONAN is interested in crime. ALGERNON composes ballads before breakfast. THEODORE is critical. WILLIAM by itself is *capable de tout:* allied to ERNEST it thunders; allied to SCHWENCK it jokes; allied to ROBERTSON it resists the payment of rates.

Nicknames are equally consistent in their connotations. A boy called "Trotters" has large feet. No boy with a snub nose was ever called "Hookey." Have you ever seen a brunette known as "Ginger"? Boys and girls who are called "Carrots" have red hair always.

PASTOR AND THE PIPE.—The Bishop of BRISTOL has publicly said that "the idea of ladies smoking is horrid." He must have been thinking of the "naughty little girl with the curl in the middle of her forrid" and a cigarette between her lips. The Bishop added that he "was glad he was no longer a young man looking after a wife." Looking after a wife! This is so indefinite that some ribald person might be tempted to ask "Whose wife?" Of course this was very far from his Reverend Lordship's meaning, but, as the distinguished Italian interpreter of SALVINI'S speech explained to the *convives*, "That is what he say," or at all events that is what he is journalistically reported to have said. His Lordship must accustom himself to take a Bristol bird's-eye view round about, and he will see—but mum—their fair fingers to their lips, with cigarettes atween them.



DURING THE INTERVAL.

RIGHT HON. J. CH-MB-RL-N. "I SAY, ARTHUR, DON'T YOU THINK WE MIGHT DECLARE OUR INNINGS CLOSED NOW?"

RIGHT HON. ARTH-R B-LF-R. "OH, FIELDING 'S SUCH A BORE. LET'S LOSE A FEW MORE WICKETS FIRST!"

["It is rumoured that Mr. Chamberlain is in favour of an early dissolution."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE DIGGINGS.

PHYLLIS was very indignant. She had particularly wished to have a long morning for a certain expedition, connected, as I imagine, with millinery, but had been delayed by the eccentric behaviour of the omnibus in which she had attempted to reach the scene of action.

"It didn't go there at all," she began.

I apologised for the erring vehicle.

"Some of them don't," I said. "They aren't all meant to."

"Oh, but this was a green one," she insisted. "I know it ought to go there, because I've been in it before."

"Where did it go then?" I asked.

PHYLLIS has not the bump of locality.

"I don't know where it went exactly. It took me through all sorts of funny little streets, and finally went round and round in circles. I don't think it knew where it was going itself, and when it did get into Oxford Street at last, it was a long way beyond where I wanted to go to, and I had to walk all the way back."

"Oxford Street is *up*, isn't it?" I suggested. "So it wasn't the fault of the omnibus."

"But I don't see," she said, "what they want to go and dig it up for at this time of year."

"I don't think the time of year matters," I answered. "Oxford Street is so much virgin soil, always in season for the spade."

"Who is it who digs?" she asked.

"Anyone, I believe," I returned. "That is to say, anyone who can get a little bit of railing and a lantern. You put the railing down in the middle of the road and hang the lantern on it, and you can dig anywhere."

PHYLLIS was sceptical of this, and suggested police interference.

"Oh, no," I assured her, "not when they see you've got your railing and your lantern. Then they know that you are authorised, and that it is their duty to protect you, and they divert the traffic into the nearest blind alley."

"Yes, they did that to my omnibus," she agreed. "But can you go and dig wherever you like at random . . . like potatoes?"

"You can really," I said. "Of course you don't say so. You say you are putting down asphalte or pulling up a tube or something. Gas, water, electricity, drains—you can dig up almost anything in London. It doesn't matter what you dig for, so long as you dig."

PHYLLIS shook her head, so I continued:

"You needn't even dig unless you like. You can put your bit of railing and your lantern down and leave them. The effect will be just the same as if you had made a large hole. I believe if you went away for a week's holiday you would find your railing there when you came back, and the policeman religiously diverting the traffic into the blind alley. I am sure that some of the bits of railing that one sees about are accidental. Probably the man who put them there went away and forgot about them, and they have very likely been diverting the traffic for months without anyone being the wiser. And——"

At this point PHYLLIS interrupted me.

"You exaggerate so," she said, "but I think some of it is true, and anyhow it is very silly to dig the streets up so often, and it's very expensive and very wrong."

"That may be," I conceded, "but you can't have an official joke for nothing."

"An official joke?" she murmured.

"Well, it may be unconscious," I explained, "and it certainly isn't original, but it does at least divert the traffic."



Gushing Young Lady (to Mr. Dunk, who has just returned from Rome). "THEY SAY, MR. DUNK, THAT WHEN ONE SETS FOOT IN ROME FOR THE FIRST TIME, ONE EXPERIENCES A PROFOUND FEELING OF AWE. THE CHAOS OF RUINED GRANDEUR, THE MAGNIFICENT ASSOCIATIONS, SEEM TOO MUCH FOR ONE TO GRASP. TELL ME, OH TELL ME, MR. DUNK, WHAT DID *YOU* THINK OF IT ALL?"

Mr. Dunk (deliberately, after considering awhile). "VERY NICE!"

A ROUNDEL OF JULIA JOURNEYING.

WHEN JULIA motes, with keen delight
Divinely in her car she floats;
She vies with swallows in their flight
When JULIA motes.

Yet no "tempestuous petticoats"
Half show, half hide her ankles slight,
Upon whose grace her lover dotes;
Ulstered and muffled like a fright
Her hideous disguise he notes,
And shudders at the uncouth sight
When JULIA motes.

OUR Mournful Philosopher, after reading the recent opinions of Lord KELVIN, Professor RAY-LANKESTER and others as to the "creative power," has come to the conclusion that "the eternal problem of the universe" is—no end of a cell.

OPERA NOTES.

Saturday, May 23, *and Thursday, May* 28.—*Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Vivat* ROSSINI! Where's your Wandering WAGNER now? Here's the classic comedy set to sweetest music, not a dull minute in the whole score, with an occasional dear old-fashioned recitative or "speaking through music," just "giving us pause" between the melodies, and then "on we goes again!" The cast excellent. Performance quite up to promise. As *Rosina* Fraulein WEDEKIND was in every way charming: her high notes clear as a bell, always tuneful, but she dwells too long in these airy heights, so that her audience become as nervous as they would be when watching some new and over-bold acrobat poised a-tiptoe in air on invisible wire. Fräulein WEDEKIND, alighting safely after her wonderful aërial venture, is of course received with tumultuous applause, every one heartily congratulating the accomplished little lady on her return to *terra firma*. In the lesson scene she sang admirably "a little thing of THAUBERT'S" entitled "*Ich muss nun einmal singen.*" This was enthusiastically encored, and the encore was taken in the same spirit in which it was offered. "So 'veddy kind' of her!" says the unabashed WAGSTAFF. Signor BONCI was, in acting and appearance, very nearly a first-class *Count Almaviva* with a patent of nobility; his singing, however, leaving nothing to be desired. That clever French artist, M. GILIBERT, would have contented our hearts as *Dr. Bartolo* had he not made up his face rather in imitation of the Christmas pantaloon (admittedly the very ancient original of this *genus* of character) than of the real *Dr. Bartolo*. And, by the way—this in their "ears polite"—why turn so much of this genuine comic opera into mere farcical clowning? However venerable the traditions may be, they should not be slavishly followed, as undoubtedly they are not worth preserving, save as *written stage directions*, archaically interesting. Mlle. BAUERMEISTER'S *Bertha*, a small part for a little woman but great *artiste*, of course excellent; and M. JOURNET'S *Basilio*, "funny without being vulgar," is a dish served up with over-Italianised burlesque flavouring which, as a Frenchman, M. JOURNET may deem essential for the part. He sang "*la calunnia*" as well as he acted it. Mr. HAMILTON EARLE a trifle stiff as *Fiorello;* neither he nor in this case Signor BONCI levelling themselves up to the delightful humour of that scene with the over-poweringly grateful chorus. The *Figaro* of Signor PINI CORSI is just within an ace of perfection. Could he but caper lightly to his own music, and could he, in his great song, convey the idea that he was not trying to be light-hearted and light-heeled after a heavy luncheon, there would not be one single fault to find with Signor PINI CORSI'S most amusing, sly, chattering and pattering, but not capering, barber. This opera has rarely been seen to greater advantage than with its present excellent cast at Covent Garden.

Tuesday, May 26.—WAGNER with a Wengeance. Wagnerites in their thousands to hear *Tristan*. "*Tristan*," quoth Mr. WAGSTAFF, "is ever young; but unfortunately his lady — *Isolde*." WAGGY, being rebuked, subsides. Their Gracious MAJESTIES present, also the Grand Duke MICHAEL. Herr LOHSE doing his best to out-Richter RICHTER. TERNINA as *Isolde* admirable, vocally and dramatically, and VAN DYCK as *Tristan* quite up to his very best form; they were recalled over and over again. Once more WAGNER Wictorious, happy and glorious; but no matter, he shall not triumph long, as next Thursday comes the *Barber* with his airs.

Wednesday, May 27.—Royal Box occupied at Epsom, and for a wonder *La Favorita* is *not* played at the Opera. *Faust*, however, is still a favourite in the betting, or at least with the better parts of House on *Rock Sand's fête* day. "All winners." *Marguérite*, Mme. BOLSKA, in good voice, and PLANÇON, as *Mephistopheles*, quite the "*bon diable.*" SALIGNAC good but not great as *Faust*, and SEVEILHAC strong as *Valentine*, coming out stronger than ever when getting his last chance in the "death scene." Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Marthe* and as usual—which sounds as if she were doubling a part,—excellent. Mme. SCHEFF a delightful *Siebel*, and MANCINELLI the Mirthful conducting in his very best form.

PASSIVE ANARCHY;

Or, MORE "PECULIAR PEOPLE."

IT was St. Lubbock's Holiday, and eke the First of June—
I asked myself how shall I best employ this glorious boon.

I meditated long how not to waste the precious hours;
I am so conscientious that I found it taxed my pow'rs!

I do not like the strenuous life, excursions I abhor,
Museums, shows, and pushing crowds I think a deadly bore.

And then there came into my ears a lingering refrain—
'Twas wafted me from ev'rywhere, the nonconformist strain.

Just "passively resist," it said, whatever does not suit
Your inclination, creed or purse—your right is absolute!

"How true!" I cried impulsively, "I never thought of that!"
But now to all unfair demands my answer will be pat!

I am a free-born Englishman, and may not be coerced;
Of Britain's Passive Anarchists I hope to be the first!

I'll not conform to brutal law—the same which is an ass!
Tax-gath'rers and police and such I hold to be "no class."

The rate-collector calls this week—I'll make him no remark,
Since now I've settled what to do—assemble in Hyde Park!

There are so many things to which I'm strongly disinclined—
I think I'll simply camp out there and daily speak my mind!

So, if you see a passive form reclining on the sward,
'Tis no benighted dosser-out that can no bed afford.

'Tis I, determined (till moved on) to spend this Whitsuntide
In passively resisting all the laws I can't abide!

FASHIONS FOR DOGS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have just seen the sweetest thing in motor-goggles for the doggies. They fit closely to the eyes and ears, and are tied with blue ribbon. Lady MERCEDES KERR'S *Pip-pip* was wearing a pair in the Park the other day. The effect was decidedly bizarre and pleasing. Seal motor-coats for Skyes are becoming quite the rage, while I notice that for Pomeranians sable is rather fashionable.

For the forthcoming hot (we hope) weather a dainty invention comes from Paris. This is nothing less than a parasol which can be attached to your favourite's collar and so obviate any risk of sunstroke. This little article should have a ready sale, as most will wish to avoid the unhappy *contretemps* which befell the Duchess of HOUNSLOW, whose poodle fainted suddenly on Church Parade the third Sunday in June last year. I hear rumours that a patchouli respirator for our pets will shortly be put on the market, but I give this with all reserve.

FIDELIA.

THE Employment of Children Bill will, it is expected, pass through all its stages with exception of the theatre stage.

CHARIVARIA.

THE German EMPEROR continues to interest himself in the establishment of a Rotten Row in Berlin. The Social Democrats want to know why the *Siegesallée* is not sufficient.

The French Chamber of Deputies is still going strong. A M. DE DION was asked by the President to respect the dignity of the Chamber. At this a M. BINDER cried out, "Don't talk about dignity; there is no dignity in the Chamber." Thereupon a M. CHAUVIÈRE got up to argue that there *was* dignity in the Chamber; and said, "M. BINDER, you are a liar and a cad."

The *Daily Mail* recently contained an important political pronouncement by Mr. LOUIS SINCLAIR, M.P. Asked for his views on the Colonial Minister's tariff proposals, Mr. SINCLAIR replied: "SIR,—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S scheme should have most earnest consideration.—L. SINCLAIR."

It appears that Lord ROSEBERY is not actually in favour of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S Zollverein scheme, but of a similar one. Suggested motto for his Lordship:—The fence not Defiance.

It is not always easy to trace responsibility, but a contemporary published a letter last week signed, "The Author of the Ruin of Rural England."

Two orang-outangs and a chimpanzee, we learn from a cable, partook of an eight-course dinner in the New York Zoo last week. We presume this is another of the series of banquets by millionaires, of which we are constantly reading. But why do they take these quaint names?

It has been stated by the City Guardians that a pauper now costs ninepence a day. If these high prices continue we may have to dispense with the luxury altogether.

Mr. BRODRICK'S remark on first hearing of a recent Scandal is said to have been, "Blank it!"

It used to be said that if you scratched a Russian you found a Tartar. Even this preliminary is no longer necessary. In the attack upon the Jews at Kischineff no orthodox Russian seems to have received even a surface wound.

The Proprietors of the "Daily News" (discussing the Derby, in the manner of Mr. BALFOUR'S *reference to the Hyde Park Demonstration).* At Epsom, wasn't it?



NICE NEPHEW!

Tommy. "TALKING OF RIDDLES, UNCLE, DO YOU KNOW THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN APPLE AND AN ELEPHANT?"

Uncle (benignly). "NO, MY LAD, I DON'T."

Tommy. "YOU'D BE A SMART CHAP TO SEND OUT TO BUY APPLES, WOULDN'T YOU?"

THE GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

["Some of these men just come from England to 'hire out' with the Ontario farmers have brought with them cricket and rowing outfits, golf clubs and tennis rackets. And the farmer stares at the new hired man, and the new hired man stares at the farmer."—*Glencoe Transcript (Ontario, Canada)*]

THE two farmers pulled up their respective teams.

"Hullo, BILL."

"'llo, SAM."

"I hear yeh've got a gentleman farmer workin' for yeh."

"Yep."

"Where did yeh get him?"

"He was shunted off down at the station t'other night. Has big mild eyes, so I thought I 'd bring him home fer the children to play with."

"D'yer think yeh can keep him tame?"

"Sure I can. He eats out of my hand already."

"Yeh don't say. Is he an H-dropper or an A-flattener?"

"O, he 's the real thing all right. Wears the cutest little knee panties when he goes out walking on Sundays."

"Go on. Is he the son of a belted knight or has he come from a country vicarage — the youngest of seventeen?"

"I don't know. He hasn't uncorked yet."

"Well, have you taken him around the farm and introduced him to the cows and horses?"

"What for?"

"Why, if he 's a trueborn Englishman he 'll not even speak to your collie pup without first having a formal introduction."

"I ought to have known that, but I forgot. I'll see that he gets a right knockdown this afternoon."

"What 's he doin' fer yeh to-day?"

"I set him to siftin' seed corn with his tennis racket."

"That 's a good idea, and say, you 'll find them steel-headed shinny clubs fine for keeping the coulter clean when yeh 're plowin' in weeds. But I must be goin' now. Geddup!"

"So long, SAM."

"So long, BILL. Don't fail to let him see that we 've imperial ideas over here, and that no one man can be the whole bloomin' empire."

"O, I 'll tend to his case, don't you fret. So long." C. A. NUCK.

Mother. Well, DOROTHY, would you like your egg poached or boiled?

Dorothy (after weighing the question). Which is the most, Mother?

THE SERVANT PROBLEM.

"No, Sir," said PETTIFER firmly, "when they bring in a law converting every town in the kingdom with more than one house in it into a garrison town, the problem of how to get and how to keep domestic servants will be solved. But not till then. No, Sir."

TUDWAY, who, I had noticed, was looking uncommonly depressed, groaned heavily.

"I too have suffered," he said bitterly. "Yet there was a time when I flattered myself that I had solved the problem. It was a book that gave me the idea. To this day I have grave doubts as to whether I ought to have read that book. You see, the *Daily Express* called it an undoubted work of genius, but then the *Daily Mail* said that it was a meretricious tissue of nonsense, which had no value either as literature or as a human document. I took what I own was rather a bold step. I read the book with a view to forming an opinion on my own account."

"TUDWAY!" said PETTIFER in a scandalised voice.

"Yes, yes, I know," went on TUDWAY hurriedly. "But, of course, I shouldn't often do that sort of thing. But I did on this occasion; and, as I was reading, a paragraph caught my eye which seemed to me to offer a complete solution of the servant difficulty. The writer (a lady) observed: 'I have gained much of my strength and gracefulness of body from scrubbing the kitchen floor, to say nothing of some fine points of philosophy. It brings a certain energy to one's body and one's brain.' Now, I don't know if you grasp the profound import of those words, but to me it was obvious. Once promulgate the idea, thought I, that the work of a domestic servant makes for beauty, and the world will become one vast Registry Office. Our servants will not ask for wages. All that they will stipulate for will be a good kitchen floor. They will not want a day out. They will beg as a privilege to be allowed to stay in and scrub. In a few years we shall be selling vacancies in our domestic staff to the highest bidders. I tell you, the thought inspired me. I gave the thing a trial. For a whole month I stuck to it in spite of acute housemaid's knee, which even now causes me no small agony. How I worked! It was a theme for a poet. And, talking of poets—er—curiously enough, I myself——. A meré impromptu fragment, you understand. Thrown off on the spur of the moment. I call it 'Culture.' It 's rather good," he added modestly. And before we could stop him he had begun to read:—

"Oh, I wanted to be an Apollo,
A model of beauty and grace.
I sighed for a supple figure,
I longed for a handsome face.
I wished to be tall as a Horseguard Blue,
And broad as a large-sized door.
So I called for a duster, bought a pail,
And I scrubbed at the kitchen floor.

"I wanted to rival Plato.
I sighed for a mighty brain.
I yearned to be wiser than BACON
(Say half as wise again).
To be rich in beautiful, wonderful thoughts,
(At present I 'm rather poor);
So I tucked my sleeves up, doffed my coat,
And scrubbed at the kitchen floor."

"Well, then," I said, as he coughed preparatory to beginning the third verse, "but surely what you ought to do is to publish your photograph with the advertisement. 'Result of a month under our Treatment. The Apollo of Grace and the Plato of Wisdom. Look at ME. I tried it.' That sort of thing, you know. What some people want is some ocular proof of the merits of your system. Why don't you publish a photograph, TUDWAY?"

"The photograph you describe," replied TUDWAY, with pronounced gloom, "has already appeared in the daily papers."

"Ah! And the result?" PETTIFER's tones were not sanguine.

"I have advertised in this way daily during the last five weeks for three servants," replied TUDWAY, "and I am still short of that number by a matter of one cook and two housemaids."

THE NEW EXCELSIOR.

(By an Old Fogey.)

WHEN first our infant eyes surveyed
The wonders of the world,
With rattles or a drum we played,
In cradles closely curled;
But as we scaled the peaks of life
(With sundry halts and drops)
Ambition chose a pocket-knife,
And turned to hoops and tops.

In College days, when lordly down
The cheek began to tint,
On cinder-paths we sought renown,
And revelled in a sprint;
Or football made the pulses throb,
Or, rapturous of cricket,
We learned to smite the subtlest lob,
And take the soundest wicket.

But now, when years have dulled our fire,
And Autumn rings its knell;
When muscles seem too apt to tire,
And waists too apt to swell;
When youngsters reckon us as "past,"
And whisper ribald names,
Behold us qualified at last
For Golf, the King of Games!

QUEER CALLINGS.

VII.—THE RECTIFIER.

"How my money was made," said the Millionaire, "will not bear telling. Suffice it to say that we came over with the Lombards. But once it came into my hands I determined to apply it well, and, if possible, atone for my ancestors' sharp practice."

"And how have you gone about it?" we asked. "Free Libraries, of course?"

"No," he said. "My plans are on quite different lines. I believe in doing good not so much by conferring benefits as by removing abuses. For instance, advertisements. None of us like to see green fields babbling of pills. We grumble about it to one another, a few letters are printed in the outer sheets of papers with limited circulations, and the advertisements go on. I, on the contrary, take action. The farmers along the lines get so much a year for every pill-board that is erected in their fields. I propose to give them so much more to keep the boards out.

"And *à propos* of railways, I am adopting a similar method of beneficent bribery with a view of preventing innocent foreigners from confusing the names of stations with those of patent medicines. Here there is at least a reasonable prospect of success.

"But one cannot always attain one's ends. For example, I subsidised one hundred players of barrel-organs to enable them to return to their native Italy. Would you believe it, they all turned up three months later as ice-cream vendors, artists' models and operatic chorus singers. Once more I paid their passages back to the sunny south, and once more they returned, this time in the guise of wireless telegraphers.

"Then I tried to get the newspapers to combine to keep Lord ROSEBERY's name out of their columns, feeling certain that when he ceased to be talked about he would begin to do something; but they refused my terms. A fluent ROSEBERY is as good as a gigantic gooseberry to them all the year round, and cannot be surrendered."

"Have you any views on the subject of literature?"

"Yes. I have done my best to stem the tide of new books, but to little purpose. I offered a certain novelist who shall be nameless, £10,000 a year to settle in Siberia, but he said he preferred the Isle of Man! What is one to do?"

MR. TREE, finding it impossible to "cut" *The Gordian Knot*, has given up the attempt, and also the play, as hopeless. "I am not ALEXANDER," he said.

GRAVE NEWS.

AN evening paper recently expressed the wish that CARLYLE could be resuscitated for half an hour, that he might express an opinion of the London Education Bill—presumably in the columns of our contemporary. By the courtesy of the Institute of Journalists (Acheron Lodge) we are in a position to make the following authoritative announcements of similar projected revivals:—

His late Majesty HENRY THE EIGHTH will in future conduct the Courtship and Marriage column of the *Woman at Home*.

We understand that Mr. GUY FAWKES is to take up the representation of the *Daily News* in the Press Gallery after the Whitsunside recess, and will give the Government a good blowing-up daily in the small hours.

Mr. JULIUS CÆSAR is to join the *Westminster Gazette* in the capacity of Army expert, and will contribute a series of articles critical of Mr. BRODRICK'S Army Corps scheme.

Another interesting appointment of a similar character is that of M. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, who is to be attached to the staff of the *Daily Mail*. M. BONAPARTE obtained his new position through the influence of his distinguished patron, Lord ROSEBERY. It is doubtful, however, whether he will long retain the berth, as the remarkable likeness between himself and his employer is likely to lead to endless confusion.

It is characteristic of modern journalistic enterprise that, upon hearing of M. BONAPARTE'S appointment, the *Daily Express* Marconied to secure the Iron Duke. His Grace will represent his journal on Salisbury Plain.

We are informed that the *Times* has engaged the services of Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and that in future the *Encyclopædia* advertisements will be written by the "eminent lexicographer."

Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE will shortly take up a lucrative position on the staff of *Household Words*. The appointment is a concession to his frequently expressed desire for mental intercourse with Mr. HALL CAINE, to whom he has constantly referred as the Master.

Americans in London will be interested to learn that Mr. GEORGE WASHINGTON, in view of a well-known incident in his early career, is about to become a member of the staff of *Truth*.



He. "DID YOU NOTICE THAT WOMAN WHO JUST PASSED?"

She. "WHAT, THE ONE WITH THE DYED HAIR AND FALSE TEETH, AND NASTY READY-MADE CLOTHES ON, ALL TIED UP WITH RIBBONS AND THINGS? NO, I DIDN'T NOTICE HER PARTICULARLY."

TRIALS.

THE OUT-OF-DOORS CIGAR.

DINED at SWAGRINGTON'S last week, and as soon as the ladies had left the table my host gave me a cigar. It was about as long as an umbrella, but somewhat more stoutly built. I lit it, and then noticed that SWAGRINGTON was smoking one of quite a different style of architecture. Later on I could not help thinking that SWAGRINGTON "knew something."

After five minutes' smoking he said:—

"I want you to give me your opinion of that cigar. They tell me that it is impossible to get any more of them."

I was rather glad to hear this. Felt that one of these cigars, here and there (preferably there), would amply suffice me. Puffed on in silence for a few more minutes—then I let the thing go out.

My host, unluckily, noticed it, and said:—

"You want a light."

I didn't. But being of a yielding disposition I stifled a sigh, and re-lit the cigar.

SWAGRINGTON looked at me with thoughtful mien and puckered brow.

"Do you think they want keeping?" he asked.

I thought they wanted throwing away—but I didn't say so.

I smoked a little more of that cigar, and then, pensively gazing at its still massive proportions, faintly wondered if I should, in the ordinary course of things, finish it by breakfast time next morning, or whether it would last till lunch.

Ten minutes later, I began to feel rather clammy about the brow and finger-tips, and to speculate in a far-off dreamy way, as to whether I should finish the cigar or the cigar would finish me.

My host, with a deeply anxious air, began to interrogate me again, and I wished he wouldn't. Somehow or other I felt disinclined for conversation.

"I'm afraid you don't think much of it?" he said in disappointed tones.

I replied that, on the contrary, it was occupying all my thoughts.

"Perhaps," he went on, "it is only an out-of-door cigar, after all."

I should have called it an out-of-window cigar; but from politeness I agreed with him—which is more than the cigar did with me—and soon, very silently, I myself went out-of-doors—into the night.



AFTER FEEDING-TIME.

Showman of Travelling Menagerie. "NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE COME TO THE MOST INTERESTING PART OF THE 'OLE EXHIBITION! SEVEN DIFFERENT SPECIES OF HANIMALS, IN THE SAME CAGE, DWELLIN' 'IN 'ARMONY. YOU COULD SEE THEM WITH THE NAKED HEYE, ONLY YOU HAVE COME TOO LATE. THEY ARE ALL NOW INSIDE THE LION!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

["ANGELA.—Thanks so much for lovely flowers. For development of the neck and chest we should advise you to consult Mrs." (name and address supplied), "who obtains that result by wonderful breathing exercises. You cannot do better than take a course."—*Specimen taken from the "Free Lance."*]

DAINTYPET.—Poor little girlie! Your pathetic letter kept me awake all night. How tragic that an incipient excrescence should at length threaten your tender tootsicum. Your proposal to operate with your own sweet little fruit-knife sounds plucky. But is it absolutely prudent? My friend Madame CHIRO, of 906, Cornwall Street, would be so glad to offer you a consultation. She is a good woman, my dear, and the mother of a family. So many thanks for the asparagus.

ROSALIND.—You alarm me! Though, of course, it is not certain that the six small hairs shown by the magnifying glass on your upper lip will lead to further trouble, prevention is always better than cure. No, I do not like the idea of the razor treatment. Mrs. FOLLICLE, of 69, Folly Mansions, W., is quite a safe person in these matters. The new potatoes arrived safely, thank you, and are giving every satisfaction.

DOLLY DUMPLING.—By all means write to Messrs. BOLTEM AND BRISKET (their address is 2, Tripe Court, W.C.), quoting your own and Lady A.'s experience of their Anti-Indigestive Sausage Rolls. I understand that these thoughtful people have not raised the price, although their delectable dainty is in daily demand at the Duchess of D.'s and other aristocratic tables.

ELDEST MISS BLOSSOM.—Brandy and soda in the morning is certainly stimulating in this artificial society age, but having regard to the mulberry tinting you refer to it may be venturesome to persevere with so drastic a treatment. I have consulted a mineral-water specialist, Mr. FITZSPARKLET, of 43, Gazogene Grove, N.W., and he recommends modifying the treatment for a time by the absolute elimination of the alcoholic element. I understand that his firm make quite a reasonable allowance for all empty syphons and bottles. Thanks so much for promise of brace of pheasants! But are they *quite* in season?

NEWS FROM THE NEAR EAST.

(By Special Agramophone.)

["In spite of the disturbed condition of the town (Agram), Count Khuen-Hedervary, the Ban of Croatia, is taking daily walks. He is preceded on these occasions by gendarmes and surrounded by detectives."—*Morning Post*, May 23]

SAY, gentle stranger, if you can,
Who is the world's least timid man?
Is it KHELAT'S intrepid Khan,
The terror of the swart Afghan,
The scourge of bleak Baluchistan,
Whose banners wave from Ispahan
To Beersheba and also Dan?
Is it the Queen of Andaman?
Or YAMAGATA of Japan?
Or ROOSEVELT the American?
Or CAINE, the autocrat of Man?
Or Mr. PERKS the Wesleyan,
Defying BALFOUR from a van?
Or SHAW the vegetarian?
No, no, there is a braver man,
Built on an ampler, finer plan,
Compared with whom these men are
A terrible Croatian, [bran,
In point of fact, Croatia's Ban
(He has a name which doesn't scan),
Who when the streets of Agram ran
With blood, in part Dalmatian,
Turned not a hair beneath his tan,
But walked as usual to his Gran'
(A splendid centenarian),
Brave fellow! followed by a clan
Of p'lice and soldiers spick and span,
Lest any should forbid the Ban.



THE RACE OF DEATH!

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XI.

I MUST say the book looked very pretty. It had a light blue cover with little flames stamped all over it in gold, and in the middle of each little flame they had stuck a kind of spear. Then the title, *Iron in the Soul*, was printed right across in gold letters, and underneath it came the words I liked best, "by JOSHUA PASHLEY." When the parcel first arrived I opened it in a careless kind of way, just as if it might have been a new fender or a coal-scuttle, but when I saw these little light blue chaps all lying there so snug and tidy I couldn't help giving a jump. I took them out one after another and put them all round the room—on the table, on the mantelpiece and on the brackets—in fact, wherever there was room for a book, and then I went out of the room and began to walk upstairs. Half-way up I stopped, as if I'd suddenly recollected I'd forgotten something, and shouted for the girl. "POLLY," I said, "I've left my keys on the parlour mantelpiece. Would you mind hopping in and getting them for me?" She seemed surprised, but she went in and I waited outside. I wanted to see what kind of an effect it would have on her to find I'd written a real book. She came out in half a minute. "Well, POLLY," I said, all of a tremble with excitement, "have you got the keys?"

"Keys!" she said, "there ain't no keys. The 'ole place is littered up with a lot of silly books. There ain't no room for a key, let alone a bunch, anywhere. Shall I tidy the books away?"

"Don't you dare to touch them, girl!" said I, and with that I marched on and left her. But of course you can't expect sense from the lower orders.

Well, I took three weeks' holiday after that, but I didn't go away to Yarmouth or Margate. I stayed quiet at home, so as to be able to give up all my time to reading the reviews of the book in the papers. CULPEPPER said that all the writing fellows would want to review a book like that. Being poetry made it easier for them, and they liked it better. I ordered in all the morning papers and all the evening papers and all the weekly ones I could lay my hands on, and every day I spent hours in looking them through, but it was so much trouble wasted. I couldn't find a word about *Iron in the Soul*. One morning, however, I got a letter from "The Press Cutting Syndicate," or some such name as that, offering to send me all extracts relating to me or my book for so much money down. There was a bit enclosed from *The Tutbury Sentinel and Market Overton Advertiser* which went like this: "Among the publications of the week we notice *Iron in the Soul*, by JOSHUA PASHLEY. Mr. PASHLEY is, we believe, a new poet. The book contains fifty poems of varying degrees of merit, and is tastefully bound." Come, thinks I to myself, this looks like business, so I sent them in my two guineas and waited for more. On the following day I got a letter from EMILY, which I think I'd better copy out for you, just to show you how all the finer feelings (that's how CULPEPPER put it) get lost when you marry a farmer and live in Essex:—

"MR. PASHLEY, DEAR SIR,—Your book to hand and much obliged for the same. My husband and me we think it is a bit of impertinence for you to write about me like that. You had your chance and lost it, and I'm thankful I married a man who can keep me and my family in comfort and not one who forgets himself by scribbling *as some do*. If this is poetry what are we coming to next? We are enjoying fine weather and the hay looks promising. We stick to our business and others should do the same.

"Your obedient
"EMILY PADLOW."

Poor thing! I pitied her and despised her husband. Naturally you can't know about rhymes and poetry if you're always thinking of your hay crop.

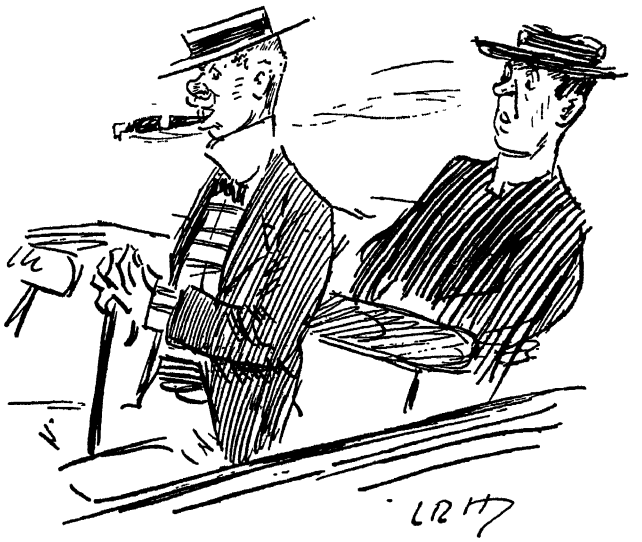
Time went on, and for a fortnight or so nothing turned up from the Syndicate. Just as I was thinking of writing to ask for my money back I got a fat roll of cuttings from them. I tore it open and read the first, and that was quite enough for me. It was from a beastly paper I'd never seen before, called the *Prospect*, and this was what it said:—

"*Iron in the Soul*, by JOSHUA PASHLEY, is without exception the most ridiculous book we have ever had the good fortune to come across. We can promise any reader of it an hour or two of rollicking fun. Not that Mr. PASHLEY is intentionally funny: he is, as a matter of fact, in grim and deadly earnest. The paradox is that, though there is no single line in the book that is not dull, there is not one that is not amusing. Listen to this, from 'An Ode to my Soul':—

'Oh Soul,
Where do you hide?
Are you really in me—in my breast
Or my head or my side,
Or in some other part of my whole
Body? I cannot say for certain, and perhaps it 's best
Not to be sure . . . .'

Obviously MILTON and GRAY and WORDSWORTH must hide their diminished heads. The whole book is on this exalted plane of merit."

I just gave a glance at the rest of the cuttings. They were all on the same line, and I just tore them into little bits and chucked them into the fireplace. I wrote to the Syndicate and told them not to send me any more of their rubbish, and I hinted pretty plainly that I considered they'd done me in the eye. They sent me back an impudent letter, saying they couldn't undertake to guarantee praise, and there the matter dropped. When I went to see HART ABRAHAMS, the publisher, a month later, he said he'd sold three copies, and began to be afraid he was going to lose money by me. Of course he wasn't in a position to hand any of my money back, but if I cared to publish anything else on the same terms he might be able to take it into consideration. However, I'd had enough of the job. Once a poet was quite sufficient for me.



ILLUSTRATED QUOTATIONS.

(One so seldom finds an Artist who realises the poetic conception)

"O, MY OFFENCE IS RANK, IT SMELLS TO HEAVEN."

Hamlet, Act III., Sc. 3.

READING BETWEEN THE MARRIAGE LINES.

(By a Recent Victim.)

ONE of the first troubles to be faced by the young wife is the difficulty of getting servants. It will be found that a cook is almost indispensable. Rather than be without one, take time by the forelock and, during the engagement, try the following advertisement (one is bound to offer additional attractions nowadays):—"Wanted, at once, a Good Plain Cook. If necessary, *advertiser would be willing to make her a bridesmaid.* Must be able to wear blue."

Or again:—"Newly married couple require Cook and Parlour Maid. *All china, glass, &c., in house new and unused and never been broken before.*"

In taking a house, remember that it is absolutely necessary to have an attic—in which to place some of the presents. It is all very well to say that they can be put in the servants' hall, but it must not be forgotten that it is now very difficult to keep servants, even under the most favourable circumstances.

You cannot be too careful in giving instructions for your house decoration. "In the dining-room I think I would like a Dado," I said one day to the paper-man. The paper-man's face turned almost white at the suggestion. "You cannot, Sir," he said in a hushed voice, "*the Dado is extinct.*" Then he explained that persons of taste have Friezes nowadays, both in summer and winter.

To avoid a rush at the end, it will be worth the bride's while to write out beforehand a large number of letters of thanks for wedding-presents. The most handy form is, "DEAR ——, We both thank you so very much for your —— present." When the present arrives you can fill in the missing word as circumstances require. On no account leave the blank.

Another happy form is, "DEAR ——, Tnank you so much for your charming and useful present. Please, what is it for?"

But beware of the following form, as some persons do not take it in the way in which it is meant, "DEAR ——, Many thanks for your present. It is very good of you to have sent anything."

Nothing looks so solidly generous in the list of presents as the vague word, Cheque. Many mean people now send as a present a cheque for ten-and-six.

A novelty at wedding-receptions, and very *chic*, is to have in the present-room, in place of a detective, a parrot which has been trained to cry out every now and then, "Put that back! Put that back!"

Another novelty is to have a stall for the sale of duplicate articles.

The custom by which the bridegroom, on the night before the wedding, gives a farewell dinner to his bachelor friends is falling into desuetude. As a consequence one sees less frequently the announcement:—"On the — instant, by the Rev. Mr. ——, *assisted by* the Rev. Mr. ——, &c."

APOLOGETICS.

[The self-styled "HOMER of Modern Times" has just published *The Human Epic*, which he describes as "the Twelfth Epic Poem of the World," the *Georgics* being amongst the other eleven. The epoch-making work, which takes as its theme the "Late History of the Earth," is graced with an introduction which is here faithfully paraphrased.]

FROM babyhood my fancy's flights
Aspired to epic bays;
I diligently scorned delights,
And lived laborious days;
For though the *omne scibile*
Is difficult to know, it
Was quite the first—*me judice*—
Essential in a poet.

I studied from the break of day
Until my lamp burnt low,
And gradually grew *au fait*
In all there is to know;
I did not suffer any part
To set me at defiance,
In turn I tackled every art
And mastered every science.

This task of many years did last
Till one of even more
Began—in epic form to cast
The sum of human lore.
But now at length the end has come,
The book is penned; indeed, it
Is published at a modest sum,
And he who buys may read it.

Twelve epics now the world can boast,
And of the stately line
I scruple not to say the most
Instructive tome is mine.
And if the jaundiced critic try
A lower place to vote it,
How can he know so well as I,
Who actually wrote it?

Old Hellas had her HOMER, and
Great Britain boasts of me;
My *Human Epic* now shall stand
Where stood the *Odyssey*.
The public are so dull and dense,
Without this plain instruction
They could not grasp the facts, and hence
My modest introduction.

AN ASTRONOMICAL TRUST.

["Professor PICKERING, the well-known astronomer of Harvard Observatory, proposes the formation of an international astronomical trust."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE cable reports regarding this latest and greatest triumph of American finance being unaccountably meagre, the public will, no doubt, be thankful for further enlightenment. The idea of an astronomical trust has been derived, beyond a doubt, from a case now before the Supreme Court of the United States. A western banker of a speculative turn of mind, being applied to for a considerable loan by an astronomer in reduced circumstances, advanced the money and accepted as security a mortgage on a comet that had been discovered by the scientist. When viewed through a powerful telescope the property seemed quite attractive, and as it was approaching our solar system at its top speed and wagging its tail in the most friendly manner there was every indication that it intended paying us a long visit. When the mortgage was foreclosed, however, it was found that the comet was travelling towards "the outer dark" as the crow flies, only inconceivably faster. The case being *sub judice* it is of course impossible to comment on its merits, further than to say that it naturally called attention to the possibility of adapting the sidereal universe to the purposes of high finance. The prospectus of the new trust presents the following attractive features:

1. The commercial exploitation of the Milky Way (with a view to superseding bacterial cow-butter and oleomargarine of doubtful chemical ancestry) on the toast and muffins of the world.

2. The management of spectacular eclipses, auroras, red sunsets, &c., by Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN, according to the most enlightened theatrical methods.

3. A proper control of the sun and moon so that people may not, like Mistress FORD, "burn daylight" without authority. Possible combination of the Standard Oil Company with stellar and solar light, together with the light that never was on sea or land.

4. The provision of proper facilities for people who wish, in EMERSON'S exquisite phrase, to "hitch their wagon to a star."

5. The provision of soft places for falling stars to light on.

It is rumoured in well-informed circles that the expenses of the initial organisation will be borne by Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, who hopes that the Company will soon be in communication with the planet Mars. He is ambitious to present a library to the Martians, so that the red planet may be known in future as the well-read planet.

THE BITER BIT; OR, THE TURNING OF THE PARLIAMENTARY WORM.

A Suggestion for Enlivening the Proceedings of Parliament. Why should Ministers only be subjected to the ordeal of "Question-time?"



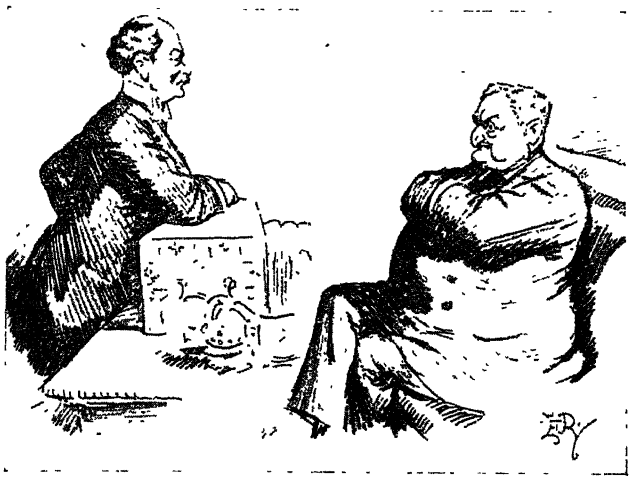
6 *Mr George Wyndham.* To ask Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL if he will kindly consent to write for the assistance of the Government a treatise in detail covering all points of order, orderly demeanour, personal dignity and restraint in a representative Irish assembly, to be entitled "Decorum in the Forum;" and to state an approximate time in which the work may be expected to be in the hands of the Government This question must not be taken as lending any colour to the rumour that the Government have a Home Rule Bill in contemplation, but merely as yet another proof of that intelligent anticipation for which Ministers are noted.



7. *Mr Ritchie.* To ask Mr. JOHN MORLEY (as a Trustee of the British Museum) whether it is a fact that the Museum authorities, fired by the sporting innovations of their rival in solemnity—the *Times* newspaper, have awarded a sarcophagus, a genuine tiara, and some Egyptian mummy-wrappings to Mr. DUDLEY HARDY for the most striking and attractively Parisian poster-design to advertise their Bloomsbury establishment; and whether it is a fact that Mr. DAN LENO and Mr. GEORGE ROBEY have been engaged at a high figure to give racy afternoon addresses on Assyrian Low-Relief and Flint Implements in the Stone Age respectively.



8. *Mr. Austen Chamberlain.* To ask the hon. Member for Carnarvon (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE) if his attention has been drawn to the continued existence, apparently in good health, of certain prominent occupants of the Front Opposition Bench of notoriously patriotic tendencies, who openly assented to operations against the KING'S enemies which can only be described as offensive. If he is now able to fix a time and place for the public execution of these gentlemen, and whether seats will be provided for Members of that House and their families from which to view the ceremony.



9. *Mr. Graham Murray.* To ask Mr. JOHN REDMOND what disciplinary punishments are now in force in the Irish Nationalist Party for the following offences: 1st, that of acknowledging by word or look the earthly existence of Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY and of Mr. JASPER TULLY; 2nd, of failing to preserve an expression of pained respectability and studied oblivion during the speeches of those gentlemen; 3rd, of neglecting to sit forward with every sign of animated and affectionate enthusiasm during the speeches of Irish landlords and Unionist Ministers; and whether he can state in how many cases these superhuman acts of self-repression may be expected to terminate fatally.

SOME EMOTIONS BUT NO MORAL.

Lady A. (*mother of pretty débutante*). Really! It's positively painful. It ought to be stopped.

Elderly Countess (*with no daughters*). Eh, what? Tooth hurtin'? Have it out, my dear. Or try mind healin'. It's very expensive, but SUSAN SOUTHWATER tells me——

Lady A. Oh, SUSAN! She's always got some bee in her bonnet. Though how any self-respecting bee *could!* But I wasn't talking about teeth. It's this wretched paper. Listen to this. "One of the prettiest *débutantes* I saw was Miss NORA ANGLEBY, whose mother, Lady ANGLEBY, was wearing nothing but a string of pearls——"

E. C. Have 'em up for libel, my dear. I wouldn't stand it.

Lady A. "—nothing but a string of pearls with her white frock, and looking so delightfully young. Everyone was saying that they might be sisters." Isn't it too silly?

E. C. H'm! I dunno. You do look youngish sometimes. As for the frock—don't you think it was a *leetle* too—for the part, you know?

Lady A. Oh, did you think so? It's the way they are cutting them this year for girls. But don't you think they ought to be pulled up?

E. C. The frocks, my dear, or the dressmakers, or the girls?

Lady A. No, no, the editors. I'm in this wretched rag week after week.

Mrs. Thrope (*also mother of pretty débutante*). So am I. It's a perfect scandal.

Lady A. Are you? I don't *see* your name anywhere.

Mrs. T. If you look—isn't there an account of the Hersham House Ball?

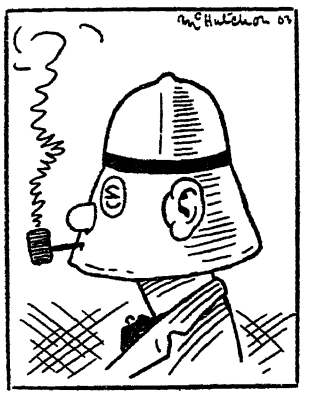
Lady A. Oh, yes, here you are. "Mrs. THROPE, who goes everywhere, was in great good looks and her well-known magenta frock." You'll have to get a new one, darling, after that. "She was chaperoning her daughter, Miss ANNE THROPE, another *débutante*, who was quite the beauty of the——" Well, really! What can it matter to anyone whether ANNE's a beauty or not, poor darling!

Mrs. T. She did look rather sweet, didn't she?

Lady A. What? Oh, ah, yes. Quite pretty, I thought. But to have it put in print like that for any DICK, TOM or HARRY to read! It does away with all the privacy of life.

E. C. Who *does* read it—besides you two?

Mrs. T. Who? The suburbs, of course. SUSAN tells me the circulation in Bayswater is perfectly enormous.



MERELY A SUGGESTION.

IN CASE PANAMA HATS ARE ALL THE RAGE AGAIN THIS SUMMER.

Of course *I* only get it to read *her* things.

Lady A. So do I. Not that they are worth reading. They always seem to me to be so *banale.*

Mrs. T. Yes, aren't they? And so absolutely without point.

E. C. What makes 'em print 'em, then?

Lady A. Oh, money, of course. Her money. It's the root of all her idylls. She'd pay anything they asked to get them published.

E. C. H'm! Did she tell you so?

Lady A. My dear, of course not. But I happen to—oh, do listen to this. I do think they might draw the line somewhere. It wouldn't be so bad if they would keep it select. But really! *That* woman!

E. C. Well, who is it?

Lady A. Mrs. JUDESHEIM! A whole paragraph about her and her diamonds. *Her* diamonds!

Mrs. T. Not the Bridge woman?

Lady A. Positively, my dear, though one would have thought after that last little *exposé*——

Mrs. T. Well, really! I wonder who they'll put in next!

E. C. Anyone, my dear EDITH—anyone who'll pay. That's the way it's done. SUSAN wants to dispose of her articles, and, accordin' to you, she pays, and in they go. Mrs. Whatshername has got daughters and she wants to dispose of *them.* So, she pays, and in *they* go. Quite simple, ain't it?

Lady A. Oh, but I'm *sure* you are wrong.

Mrs. T. I don't think you *can* be right. We haven't come to *that* yet.

E. C. *You* haven't, my dear, of course. You buy the paper because you—have to read SUSAN'S articles. Never do myself. Hate readin' articles, specially by people I know. But that's just the difference between you two and this JUDESHEIM woman. She *likes* to see her name in print. And then, her husband's a business man, and she knows the value of a good advertisement.

Lady A. I *can't* believe it.

E. C. Well, we'll ask SUSAN when she comes. She knows all about it. She ought to be—ah, here she is. How do, my dear?

Lady Susan Southwater (*enters hurriedly*). You dear people. I *am* so ashamed. I simply *had* to finish my article for next week, and it wouldn't come.

Lady A. We were just talking about your articles. I particularly liked that last one in to-day's paper.

Mrs. T. So did I. But I think—no, I don't like it quite as well as the one *last* week. That was too delightful. So witty.

Lady S. Glad you liked it. Well, are we going to cut for partners?

E. C. In a minute. But we want to ask you about this old rag of yours. Do people pay to have their names in it?

Lady S. Tradespeople? *They* do, of course.

E. C. No, no. Ordinary people like us.

Lady S. Oh, well—but what makes you ask?

Lady A. Well, the fact is, EDITH and I don't like the way they *will* put our names in, and we were just saying that; and then to read a paragraph about that Mrs. JUDESHEIM actually, and the whole thing seemed so vulgar, and we were wondering whether anyone really did pay.

Lady S. Oh, but my dear, of course they do, though only the Editor knows who. But if you like I'll talk to him about you two, and say that you would prefer not to have your names——

Lady A. Oh, please no, it *really* isn't worth it. No, as far as I am concerned personally——

Mrs. T. It seems to me it would be a pity to make a fuss about it. After all, it doesn't do one any harm. So please don't trouble, darling.

Lady S. My dear, it's no trouble. I shall be seeing him this evening, anyhow. So I'll just tell him——

Lady A. I beg that you will do nothing of the kind. I particularly dislike asking favours from people of that class. Don't you think we might begin our rubber?

Lady S. Perhaps that *would* be the best solution. Unless you like to pay him *not* to put your names in. You might do that, you know—for a change.

Lady A. You don't mean to imply——

Lady S. My dear, not for worlds! Some do, and some don't. But of *course* you and EDITH——

E. C. Don't! Let's cut.

[*They cut for partners in silence.*

OUR PARLIAMENTARY AUTHORS.

["It will be news to most people that the composing of verses is the favourite recreation of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN. The Opposition Leader, however, is modest as to his productions, and rarely permits his friends to see them." —*Evening News*]

Mr. Punch has made careful investigations, and has discovered that a large number of Members devote their leisure time to authorship.

Mr. GERALD BALFOUR has published, for private circulation only, a little scientific treatise on *How Bowls damage the Green, with a new theory as to the probable bias of Bowls.*

Lord LANSDOWNE has written a pamphlet for the Geographical Society on *The Site of the Ancient City of Bagdad.* It contains a striking refutation of the old theory that the Garden of Eden was situated in that locality.

Sir JOHN GORST has in preparation a volume of poems called *Poppyland.* We understand that it is to be dedicated to Lord CROSS and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE — "two former respected chiefs, whose soothing eloquence has often seemed to the writer to partake of the influence of that soporific plant."

Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has also taken advantage of his relief from onerous Parliamentary duties to write a small volume on botany. It is to be entitled *The Last Phase of the Primrose, a Study in Vegetable Decadence.*

Lord ROSEBERY'S recent visit to Naples has had unexpected fruit. It is hinted that the noble Earl will shortly read a paper before the Royal Society on *The Causation of Tides.* From observations on the tides the distinguished author has formed the theory that The Flowing Tide is attributable to the subtle influence of the planet Mars.

Mr. ARNOLD FORSTER is understood to be writing a diary (to be called *Pepys into the Future*) in imitation of a former Secretary of the Admiralty. A fragment picked up by a colleague on the Government Bench read, "Sir WILLIAM ALLAN spake in the most saucy, base language regarding the Belleville boiler, but I began our defence most acceptably and smoothly, and continued at it without any hesitation or loss. All my fellow officers did cry up my speech as the best thing they ever heard; which was pretty to observe."

In addition to the writers mentioned above, several members recreate themselves by contributing to the Press. Mr. TIMOTHY HEALY is understood to write the Court and Society Notes for the *Daily Mail*; under the pseudonym of "Nat Gubbins," Mr. SAMUEL SMITH contributes a weekly column to the *Sporting Times*; and it will be a surprise to many readers to find that the mellifluous columns signed "T. P." in the sprightly Society journal "*M.A.P.*" are from the pen of Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR. Mr. O'CONNOR'S friends are of opinion that he only requires more experience to make his mark as a journalist.



QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

Cottager. "WHAT'S WRONG, BIKER? HAVE YOU HAD A SPILL?"
Biker. "OH, NO I'M HAVING A REST!"

AUTOMOBILEGISLATION.

SOME statements as to the views of automobilists on motor-car legislation have recently appeared, and it is said that a Bill embodying these opinions will shortly be introduced into Parliament. There is reason to believe that the following regulations would much more accurately represent the views of the majority of automobilists:—

No person shall ride, drive, or in any other manner proceed along any public road, street, or thoroughfare whatever, except in a motor-car. Any person disobeying this regulation will be smashed, together with his vehicle, animal, or other means of conveyance. Private roads may still be used for these purposes, provided that the rights of automobilists are in no way interfered with thereby.

No person shall walk, run, sit, lie, or in any other manner be in or on any public road, street, or thoroughfare whatever, or at the edge thereof. Any person disobeying this regulation will be cut to pieces. Field paths and footways, other than those adjoining a road, may still be used, with due regard to the rights of automobilists wherever such paths may approach a roadway.

Any police constable or other person, official or otherwise, endeavouring to check the progress of a motor-car, or to ascertain the names or addresses of the occupants, shall be cut to pieces, shall be dismissed from his official position, if any, and shall be fined not less than ten pounds.

Any person who, from the shelter of a house or other substantial building, shall speak or shout derisively or abusively to any automobilist, shall be liable to imprisonment for six months with hard labour.

All country roads shall be constantly watered by motor water-carts at the expense of the ratepayers. Similarly all obstructions to rapid progress or turning of corners, such as trees, lamp-posts, pillar letter-boxes, milestones, houses, churches, farm buildings, rocks, cliffs, hills or haystacks, shall be removed at the expense of the ratepayers, or by a grant of money to be voted by Parliament if the ratepayers should become absolutely impecunious.

In return for the trifling benefit of these regulations, automobilists would be willing to make the following very important concessions:—

Any driver of a motor-car proceeding along a public thoroughfare at a greater speed than one hundred miles an hour, and thereby constituting himself a danger to other automobilists, shall, on conviction, be severely censured by the magistrates, and on a repetition of the offence, if arrested and also convicted, shall be fined a sum not exceeding half-a-crown.

No automobilist shall wilfully proceed along any public thoroughfare in such a manner as to cause danger or inconvenience to himself or the other occupants of his car, provided always that this regulation shall put no limit to speed other than that in the last paragraph.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.



FOR the latest volume forming part of the Biographical Edition of the works of CHARLES DICKENS now being issued by Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL, containing the *Collected Papers*, all Dickensians will be specially grateful, taking us back as it does to the very earliest days of his literary career, when he was writing *Sketches* of *Young Gentlemen*, of *Young Couples*, starting different series, and being illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. In this same volume are included prefaces to many of his novels, his Editorial addresses, and his article, *In Memoriam*, on THACKERAY, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* for February, 1864. This would nowadays, I suppose, be styled "an appreciation," and it was a Dickensian appreciation of THACKERAY. The task was forced upon him, as it seems to the Baron, though of course he did his best generously and loyally, as a tribute which it would be most becoming in him to pay to the great novelist whom the public considered his rival, and as a duty which he, however reluctantly, was expected to undertake. The detached papers, that go to fill up the space that unfinished *Edwin Drood* fails to occupy, are of the greatest interest, and will doubtless be quite new to many lovers of DICKENS, as also will be the *Sketches*.

Thanks largely to *Lorna Doone*, Exmoor is as attractive to the ordinary Englishman as to the Devonian it is dear. Much has been written about the Royal forest by writers whose works are more costly and less accessible than BLACKMORE'S. Of these Mr. SNELL has availed himself in preparing *A Book of Exmoor* (METHUEN). He brings to the task addition of the indispensable local knowledge and hereditary enthusiasm, without which it would be a failure. The result is a charming and valuable work, illustrated by many photogravures taken on sweet spots in and near the Forest.

In daintily-bound volumes that will go comfortably into the jacket pocket, Messrs. NEWNES publish the two incomparable Diaries, *Pepys'* and *Evelyn's;* or should we put it, *Evelyn's* and *Pepys'?* That is a matter for individual taste. My Baronite is happy with either, not wishing t'other charmer away. Thanks to the magic power of the India paper used for the printing, volumes which in the original edition were almost uncomfortably portly reproduce the whole of the matter in legible type, in size measurable by inches, and in weight by the half-ounce. *Pepys' Diary* is a reproduction of the original edition by Lord BRAYBROOKE, done at "Audley End, May 14th, 1825." It tells again how the diary, comprehending six volumes closely written in shorthand, was bequeathed by Mr. PEPYS to Magdalen College, Cambridge. Long the treasure trove lay unsuspected. Lord BRAYBROOKE'S brother being appointed Master, he looked into the volumes, had their contents deciphered, and endowed the world with one of the most priceless treasures in its literature. The *Evelyn Diary*, edited by WILLIAM BRAY, first saw the light in 1818. It was written in a very small close hand, in a quarto volume containing seven hundred pages. Its story commences in 1641, and is continued to within three weeks of EVELYN'S death, which is recorded on the 27th of February, 1705-6. As in the original edition, the quaint spelling of the time is preserved.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities (The Scientific Press) is in its fourteenth year, and is, more completely than ever, the Hospital Annual it claims to be. Information about Hospitals, at home and abroad, is given with painstaking fullness, whilst a series of preliminary chapters, containing matter wholly new, reviews the chief questions pressing for settlement in every group of the Institutions that fill the field of charity. With this volume in his possession no one desirous of distributing surplus funds in manner best calculated to benefit man or womankind can go wrong in selecting appropriate channels.

The Life of Sir George Grove (MACMILLAN) has been admirably written without fear or favour by Mr. C. L. GRAVES, and this, too, in spite of his own candid admission that, loving the man as he did, and as did everyone who had the slightest acquaintance with him, he found it impossible to "approach the task in a spirit of judicial impartiality." Mr. GRAVES is as "honest" a "chronicler" to GEORGE GROVE as was the just and generous GRIFFITH to WOLSEY. He has made excellent use of the mass of material at hand for the work, and has so adjusted the lights and shades of his picture as to bring the very man before us in his habits and manners as he lived and worked; for from beginning to end GEORGE GROVE was indefatigable, not so much working to live, though this was a necessity, but living to work and to do his very best with whatever he put his hand to. The anecdotes scattered about the book are capitally told, and we find ourselves in the best of company among most interesting personalities throughout. It is one of the very best biographies the Baron has read for many a day.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

A PASSING FANCY.

"ONLY a Nurse!" But such a pretty one,
The very kind to which to make a verse,
Demure and delicate, half rogue, half nun—
"Only a Nurse!"

And I with naught in person or in purse
By your sweet eyes am helplessly undone.
Yet those red lips were never meant to curse
My bold presumption, so, since I 've begun,
Why not be mine for better (or for worse),
And nurse me ill (or well)? No more—what fun!—
Only a Nurse!

THE COMPETITION DAY BY DAY.

THE following advertisement appears in the *Athenæum*:—

TIMES' COMPETITION, Rule 10.—PROFESSIONAL READER with Two University Degrees, is WILLING to RENDER ASSISTANCE — Write, &c, &c.

Such a lead cannot fail to produce others, such as:—

TIMES' COMPETITION. EGG QUESTION. — Provision Merchant, thirty years in Leadenhall Market, is prepared to assist competitors in the Egg Question. Eggspert knowledge.

TIMES' COMPETITION. ELECTRIC LIGHT QUESTION.—American Millionaire, with time on his hands and vast electrical knowledge, would like to assist competitors in this question for a few minutes a day.—Address, Y., Hotel Cecil.

TIMES' COMPETITION. REST CURE.—A few vacancies for INMATES are still open in one of the most highly successful and well-spoken-of of these establishments. Special wing for Competitors.

TIMES' COMPETITION. TO CHIROPODISTS.—Advertiser, a retired Chiropodist, who has since taken to literature (author of *Life of Foote; A Treatise on the Corn Laws; Bunyan Explained, &c., &c.*), is prepared once more to face the footlights as *locum tenens* of members of his late profession who are competing for the *Times'* prizes.—Address, T.O.E., Boot's Library, Runcorn.



He (dilating on his new Motor). "OH, YES, THE OTHER DAY WE RAN OVER THIRTY-FIVE MILES AN HOUR EASILY."
She. "REALLY! HOW NICE! DO YOU KNOW WE HEARD IT WAS OVER TWO POOR LITTLE DOGS AND A PIG!"

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

["In these days the writer of fiction need never lack a plot. Let him study the columns of his daily paper, and there he will find an abundance of material ready to his hand."—*From a Weekly Review*]

No author should neglect this excellent advice, the only flaw in which is the implication that he must "study" his newspaper for the purpose. This is quite unnecessary. Simply take the first paragraph that meets your eye. For instance:—

"Lord and Lady NORBITON have left Mangel Hall, and have taken up their residence at 420, Grosvenor Place, for the season."

There is the raw material. How you will treat it depends, of course, upon the class of Magazine for which your story is intended. For the highest-class literary periodical this is the style:—

I.

As May waned to its close, NORBITON became acutely conscious of a strange impulse, hard to define, which brought with it a certain weariness of body and mind. Mangel, it seemed, had lost its charm. And yet the gardens were daily more beautiful, the cows were doing uniformly well, the turkeys, as the bailiff reiterated with an air almost aggressive, were as likely a lot as ever he'd set eyes on. After breakfast one morning NORBITON sat in the library and considered the problem, balancing the while a paper-knife on the end of his nose. "'Tis the old world-weariness," he murmured, "the old satiety which the pagans of Rome abhorred . . . or perchance some recrudescence of the gregarious instinct . . . the longing to be part of the great living entity which peoples a city . . . a hungering for the stir and the stress of a crowd . . . and for fare less monotonous than this wretched cook can give us . . . yes, that is it. HUDSON!"—he ended his soliloquy with a cry—urgent, imperative, and yet with something of entreaty in it—"HUDSON!"

"My lord?" queried the appearing man-servant, dimly interrogative.

"Tell her ladyship that I wish to see her. And pack my things, HUDSON. We leave for London by the three o'clock train!"

For the *Fleet Street Magazine*, of course, you must be more sensational. This, or something like it, is the style:—

II.

"*Take warning in time.* Lord *and* Lady N. *are go . . . . Mang . . . . nor Place for the season. Why?*"

Fire had charred the precious scrap of paper which I held in my hand. Only with difficulty could I decipher this much; the rest had been destroyed by the flame. And yet it sufficed. To my trained intelligence the missing words were clear. Lord and Lady N. meant to leave Mangel. To leave, perhaps, that very day. And they were going—this was the most pregnant sentence of all—they were going to *Grosvenor Place.*

Why?

And then with a sudden flash of light I saw it all.

The ruby necklace was still in the Whitechapel fish-shop!

The rest, of course, you can easily develop for yourself.

(*To be continued.*)

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

(Second Series.)

I.—THE RESTAURANT DE LUXE.

WHEN pessimists your soul appal,
And England, in a rude decline,
Threatens to stake her little all
Upon the desperate Zollverein—

O should you ever want to know
If still the pulse of Empire beats,
Come where the countless shekels flow,
Come where the flower of London eats!

What man of nicely-balanced wit
Would deem a nation wholly dead
That night by night consents to sit
And feed at four pound odd a head –

Not just to titillate the throat,
Not to evolve superfluous fat,
But to invite the world to note
That they can pay as much as that?

Sons of a simple strenuous race,
Their fancy takes no airy flights,
In all the crowd there's not a brace
Of conscientious sybarites.

To most the *menu*'s terms are Greek;
Their orders run—"Bring on your best!"
They press a button, so to speak;
A *chef*, from Paris, does the rest.

Still wines within whose perfume sleeps
The hoarded South—they pass them by;
They like the fizzy sort that leaps
(Bubbles and price) to catch the eye.

Château Larose's ruddy bloom
May melt the cognoscente's lip,
But has it, right across the room,
An air of eighteenpence a sip?

That is the test. Your actual fare
Is but a means towards an end,
Which is to prove you do not care
One paltry fiver what you spend.

Such is our manhood, such the type
That made and keeps us what we are;
Who, then, shall say the hour is ripe
For propping up a fallen star?

Fair trade may serve some trivial need
Such as an Old Age Pension Fund,
But while we boast so brave a breed
We can't be very moribund.

And yet I feel that fiscal JOE,
By making trade a touch less free,
Might raise the standard, far too low,
Of restaurant society.

Why should the perfect millionaire
Brush feet upon the self-same mats
Or breathe at meals a common air
With struggling demi-plutocrats?

Whatever JOSEPH'S aims effect,
They should achieve this much of good—
To make our Carltons more select
By putting up the price of food! O. S.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WITHIN the space of 476 pages the *Annual Register* (LONGMANS) deals with the history of the memorable year 1902. It is supplemented by 150 pages of smaller type, comprising a chronicle of events, a retrospect of literature, science and art for the year, and, that to which we must all come at last, an obituary. The difficult task is accomplished in the skilful, lucid manner that characterises earlier volumes of the new series. The summary of the Parliamentary Session, of which my Baronite has some personal knowledge, is a masterpiece of the art of leaving things out. This provides room for the adequate record of salient points of historical value. Other sections of the work are dealt with on the same lines and with equal success. Withal the volume, printed in comfortable type, is handy, and should be accessible in all well-appointed bookcases.

Mr. WILLIAM HEINEMANN is to be congratulated on his recently published work (of which the Baron has seen the first and third volumes out of the four announced) entitled *English Literature: An Illustrated Record. By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D.*, who, as far as the Baron can judge from the specimens above mentioned, have executed what to them must have been a labour of love with most painstaking care. They have worked up their materials most successfully, and have reproduced them with a fine polish. The Baron has nothing but praise for the results, both as to letterpress and pictorial illustration, the "illuminations" being exceedingly well reproduced. The first volume, peculiarly interesting and entertaining, is by RICHARD GARNETT; and the third by EDMUND GOSSE, who, in the Baron's opinion, seems to have had less "collar work" than his partner (not that this simile is to be understood as suggestive of even the slightest suspicion of "hack-work") as dealing with a more popular part of the subject. The pair are a good match in double harness, whose united efforts will gaily carry along with them a large number of appreciative readers.

King Edward the Seventh and his Court (FISHER UNWIN) is a pretty comprehensive title. Mr. ESCOTT, in dealing with it, stretches far beyond its limits, bringing into a volume of little more than 300 pages, a review of the diplomatic circle, statesmen, clergy, parliamentarians, clubs, and London Society generally. Compression of space necessarily makes such a treatise a little scrappy. But Mr. ESCOTT has the gift of completing in a few sentences description of complex character. His range of personal information, like *Sam Weller's* acquaintance with London, is extensive and peculiar. To tell the truth he is so ebullient with personal information, bubbles forth such a rapid succession of names to which he tacks on reminiscence or criticism, that my Baronite is sometimes at fault in following the sequence. The work is, in short, what it purposes to be, a kaleidoscopic view of the men and women among whom the most popular of Princes of Wales grew to sovereign estate.

Love and a Cottage, by KEBLE HOWARD (GRANT RICHARDS), a story of a honeymoon, is full of humour. The idea of the restraint that the thoroughly happy and truly loving couple put upon themselves amid all their self-inflicted trials is so cleverly conveyed as to make the reader expect such an outburst at last as will wreck their Arcadian happiness. The storm, however, that seemed to threaten, passes away. There are a few refreshing showers, which leave the country all the sweeter and the prospect bright. Some of Mr. JOHN HASSALL'S illustrations catch the author's spirit; but that, as a rule, they do not assist any reader who prefers to form his own ideals from the author's text, is the personal and private opinion of THE BARON DE B.-W.



"LET CURZON HOLDE WHAT CURZON HELDE."

(The Curzon Motto.)

INDIA *(to the Viceroy)*. "STAND NOT UPON THE ORDER OF YOUR GOING,
BUT——*STAY!*" *Macbeth*, Act III., Sc. 4—*slightly altered.*

COMPETITION RUMOURS.

IT is not true that Mr. HERBERT SPENCER is competing for a scholarship at Girton.

A propos of Girton, we understand that the College is to be largely extended in order to meet the strain which is expected to be put on its accommodation when the *Times* Competition results are announced.

Dr. RICHARD GARNETT has recently been driven to purchase a peculiarly ferocious bull-dog to keep competitors at bay, owing to the Doctor's reputation for omniscient erudition and easy good nature.

Mr. LECKY, Sir ROBERT GIFFEN, and Mr. HOLT SCHOOLING, on the other hand, have sought safety in flight, and under assumed names have booked their passage for the Canary Islands.

Mr. LECKY, it is stated, is disguised as a wireless telegraphist, Sir ROBERT GIFFEN as a taxidermist, and Mr. SCHOOLING as a chauffeur with green crocodile boots.

A movement is on foot to exhibit all the successful competitors in Hyde Park, whither they will walk in procession. The meeting will be addressed by the Editors of *Answers* and *Notes and Queries*.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE'S absence from the Opera this season has been variously accounted for. We have the highest authority for asserting that it is solely and entirely due to his resolve to gain a higher prize in the Competition than his distinguished compatriot and brother artist, M. PADEREWSKI.

As it is expected that when the Competition is over there will be an enormous number of sets of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* lying idle, the Government are arranging to take them over and ship them to the West Coast of Ireland, where the inroads of the sea have been doing much damage.

ELEMER CZIMBALOMSKI, the notorious Voivode of Blombodinka, who recently assassinated the Primate of the Doukhobor Phalanstery at Widdin, has been released after three months' imprisonment in order to assist his uncle, Prince PLOVDIV, the hereditary Hospodar of the Koutso-Vlachs, in the *Times* Competition. In this contest it is worth noting that Archimandrites, Khojas, Hamals and Dalai Lamas are not eligible for the Girton scholarship.

Amongst recent accessions to the ranks of competitors are the ex-Crown Princess of SAXONY, Sir THOMAS LIPTON, the Ban of CROATIA, and the Duke of DEVONSHIRE.



SHAKSPEARE ILLUSTRATED.

"THE GODS CONFOUND THEE! DOST THOU HOLD THERE STILL?"
Antony and Cleopatra, Act II., Sc. 5.

A PETTICOAT TALE.

(*This ballad faithfully chronicles the experiences of* Miss FLO RUSSELL, *of Joplin, Missouri.*)

O LISTEN, ladies, while I tell
About a winsome houri,
And what a tragedy befell
In Joplin Town, Missouri.

Fair FLORA, garbed in all her best,
Outshone the lazy lilies;
A pleasing rustle did suggest
Fair dreams of silken frillies;

A glint of lace might catch the eye,
And on her tiny tootsies,
If you were lucky, you might spy
The very sweetest bootsies.

Upon a vision so divine
The sun must needs endeavour
(Or so one would have thought) to shine
Forever and forever.

But some sly god, with naughty thought
Of charms to him forbidden,
Declared those ankles never ought
To be so closely hidden.

He caught a cloud; there came a flash;
The thunder started grumbling,
And in an instant, with a crash,
Down came the rain-drops tumbling.

What course could hapless FLORA steer?
Should all her pretty laces
Be spoilt and muddied just for fear
Of Mrs. GRUNDY'S faces?

Up went the petticoats and skirt,
And Joplin saw—how shocking!—
A dainty ankle skim the dirt,
And half an inch of stocking.

A sin of such a deadly brand
Had never yet excited
The pious wrath of Grundyland,
And Joplin gazed delighted.

The youngster paused, the old man too,
And all the tide of traffic
Was spell-bound as it turned to view
A vision so seraphic.

But soon official Virtue, clad
In charm-proof suit of armour,
Laid hands upon that very bad
But fascinating charmer.

And in the twinkling of an eye
She faces judge and jury,
Who sit in solemn state to try
The maiden of Missouri.

Then had she drunk her fill of woes,
Had not an inspiration
Impelled the maiden to propose
A little demonstration.

Your jurymen are seldom steel
Against the charms of beauty,
And even judges sometimes feel,
When ankles do their duty.

The triumph of the law is short
Against fair beauty pitted.
The maiden tripped across the court;
The maiden was acquitted.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XII.

I'VE often thought about foreigners, and wondered how they managed to get on. You see, if a fellow's lucky enough to get born to talking English he can shift for himself and hold up his head anywhere, but if he's got to mouth a lot of foreign gibberish all his life, where is he? I daresay it makes a bit of difference to them when they all talk alike. They have to pretend to understand one another, I suppose, and that's what makes them talk so precious quick. Everyone's afraid that if he talks slow, so as to make it more easy, the other chaps will think he's condescending to them, and then they might catch him a crack in the jaw. At any rate, that's the way I look at it, and I ought to know, for they did their best to teach me a bit of French at school. The French master wasn't such a bad sort now that I come to think of him, but we didn't set much store by him in those days. He was a sad-looking kind of man, who wore a little low-down collar with a big bow hanging out in the front of it. He had got kicked out of France in one of their Revolutions, and the only thing he could turn his hand to was giving French lessons. Somehow his collar and his cuffs were always white, and his face and hands looked clean enough, which is a surprising thing when you consider it, for of course he didn't trouble the soap-and-water department much—none of them do. When he first came we used to wait for him round corners when school was over and shout "Frogs," or "Why don't you wash?" or "Waterloo," or things like that, but he never took any notice, only smiled to himself and walked on, so at last we got tired of it and gave him a rest. He got killed afterwards fighting against the Germans. I never thought he'd have had the pluck.

Well, anyway, he didn't knock much of his French into my head, and after I left school of course I wasn't going to waste my time learning any more of that trash. I'd got the business to attend to, and that was enough for me. Besides, I always say English is good enough to rub along with anywhere. You've only got to look at the Americans to know that's true. Of course they're foreigners all right, and they've got a country of their own, though they did get started a bit later than most of the others; but they knew a thing or two when they settled to talk English. They had their pick of all the other lingoes, and English is what they chose. Naturally they don't talk it as well as we do—that wasn't to be expected—but they make a pretty fair showing all the same, and they've got some smart notions, even if they do spin their words out through the nose.

There was a little American girl used to sing at the Imperial a few years back, and the things she said would have made a cat laugh. It wasn't so much that she was wittier than any of us, but she had a way of snapping things out sharp and pert in the queerest kind of words you ever listened to. I shall never forget once, when I couldn't make out what she was driving at, she said to me, "I guess you've got bubbles in your think-tank to-day, Mr. PASHLEY." I thought APSLEY would have died of laughing, and I was so taken aback that I couldn't find a word to say at the moment, and when I did manage to think of something it was too late. Another time, when I was talking to her about our English way of having real Church of England parsons in all our churches, and going to church every Sunday because it was a good thing to be respectable, she gave me a funny kind of look out of the corner of her eyes, and said, "Oh, take a harp, Mr. PASHLEY; you're too good to live any way. Why, where I come from in the State of New York we darsen't go to church for fear of wolves and Red Indians. That's why we don't run the camp-meeting business as much as you. See?"

It seemed a funny thing to me, but I daresay it's all right in America. We shouldn't stand it for a day, of course, but over there I suppose they can't help themselves, not having a King or a Queen or Lords, or anything of that kind. She was a nice girl, and I own I was sorry for her, but the queer thing was she didn't want to stay in England. Not a bit of it. She just pined to be back amongst her wolves and Red Indians, and told me if it wasn't for having to make money and getting the chance of making a lot over here she'd never have come away from America. I showed her the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey, and the 'buses and the policemen and all that, but it didn't change her a bit. She liked the policemen, but she said she "guessed she'd just have to live without 'em, and any way she couldn't marry more than one of 'em, and it would be hard work choosing, for they were all as like one another as her little brother JOE'S Sunday pants, so she'd conclude not to be a policeman's widow." That's the way she put it. She went back when her engagement was over, and I've never set eyes on her since.

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

No. III.—THE NEW TABLE FOR THE CABINET.

IT is impossible to overestimate the interest attaching to the new piece of furniture in Downing Street. Hitherto the Members of the Cabinet have sat round a deal table; henceforward they will sit round mahogany, the new table being entirely made of that material. Some tables are merely veneered with the wood which purports to compose them, but this is solid.

After the tree is felled it is sawn into planks, the steam circular saw having superseded the old manual saw used in sawpits (from whence the term top-sawyer was derived) these many years. The planks are then cut to the required length for the table and joined together.

Legs must be added—four, six, eight, or more, according to taste, and round or square, also according to taste. If round they are turned upon a lathe. Castors also are usually added to facilitate the moving of the table from one part of the room to another. A table without castors, it may be added, if suddenly and violently moved on linoleum or a similar substance, will emit a roar almost indistinguishable from that of the king of beasts.

At this stage in the process begins the work of the polisher, who first reduces the surface to a perfect smoothness by means of glass paper, and afterwards applies his polish. The proficients in this craft are not invariably Frenchmen, although the term French polisher is a very common one. So beautiful a polish has been imparted to furniture that a housewife will often tell you one could see to shave in it—a vivid, but perhaps rather heightened way of putting it.

The seating capacity of a table depends very much upon its size. Some tables accommodate ten persons, some fewer, and some again more. It is customary for the purchaser to say how many persons he wishes to seat, and the furniture dealer then supplies him.

The new Cabinet table is not a small one, nor is it the largest ever made. Far from it. King ARTHUR'S round table was probably far larger, being so shaped in order that every one might, if he liked, consider himself at the head or the foot. At the meetings of the Cabinet Mr. BALFOUR is of course at the head.

The room in which the table is placed, and where the famous consultations are held, is by no means an extraordinary one. It has walls, ceiling, a door and windows, and after dark is lighted by artificial light. It is not true that it is lit by radium. The table stands in the centre, and has chairs round it.



Miss Di. "OH, MRS SNOBSON, I WAS JUST COMING OVER TO TELL YOU WE ARE GETTING UP A CLASS FOR LEARNING WOOD CARVING, AND I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEND YOUR DAUGHTER."

Mrs. Snobson (who is rather deaf). "GOOD CARVING? I THINK NOT. SUCH AN ACCOMPLISHMENT WOULD BE QUITE SUPERFLUOUS FOR MY DAUGHTER. OUR BUTLER ALWAYS DOES THAT KIND OF THING, DON'T YOU KNOW!"

OPERA NOTES.

June 2, *Whit Tuesday.*—Holiday time; August weather, coming as May finishes and June commences, affects house. Out-of-door preferable to indoor amusement. Hence house not very full for our old *Faust* and the new *Marguerite*, Madame BLAUVELT, a sweet singer and a pretty one, not strong (like SUSAN of that ilk) but true, an "excellent thing" in every woman, specially an operatic artiste. A trifle nervous at first—it was her *début* here—but the sweet summer-evening air of the Garden scene refreshing her, her "jewel song" was a gem, and from that moment to the end Madame BLAUVELT was charming. M. PLANÇON and Mlle. BAUERMEISTER, as *Mephisto* and *Martha*, at their best, vocally and dramatically. In the diabolic serenade PLANÇON outdid himself; audience enthusiastic. M. SEVEILHAC excellent as *Valentine*. Chorus, like good boys and girls, gave Master MANCINELLI no trouble, and orchestra played "follow my leader" in their very happiest style.

ROSSINI'S *Barbiere* on *Wednesday, June* 3, the hit of the season up to now. Quite a score for an old Master. WAGNER "gets a look in" on Thursday, and another on following Monday is announced with *Tannhäuser*.

NEW OPERA UP TO DATE.—*Motor-Carmen.*

DRESS REHEARSALS.

THE report that Mr. F. N. CHARRINGTON has bought Osea Island, off Essex, and will turn it into a teetotal region has fired the popular imagination. As we go to press the following rumours reach us:—

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN is said to have rented the Isle of Man for experiments in Protection during the summer.

Orkney and Shetland have been secured by the Government for the purpose of trying the effects of compulsory Land Purchase and Conscription respectively.

Lancashire is to be engaged by the Automobile Club for a long-distance race, the police force being disbanded and the laws against perjury, suicide and manslaughter temporarily suspended.

It is stated that the County Council will shortly take over the management of Drury Lane Theatre for one *matinée*, during which the building will be set on fire to test the adequacy of the emergency exits.

THAT Conscience does not make Nonconformists of us all is shown in the following notice by an honest Churchman:—

REV. ——, —— Rectory, wants a HOUSEKEEPER.—Easy place, good wages, but very dull and lonely.—*Penrith Observer.*

THE PENNY PHYSICIAN;

Or, Medicine for the Million.

["It is probable that the climax of the automatic supply craze has been reached by the Company which is about to instal penny-in-the-slot machines, called 'Everybody's Doctor.' Each machine is to have twelve slots."—*Daily Paper*]

No more doctors, no more bills!
Sounds delightful, does it not?
When you want to purchase pills,
Slip a penny in the slot!

Felt a twinge of gout last night?
Give up dining? That 's all rot!
Number 4 will put you right,
Slip a penny in the slot!

Should you feel a touch of spleen,
Or perchance your brow is hot,
Try the nearest drug-machine,
Slip a penny in the slot!

If you feel you 've dined too well,
Here 's the thing to touch the spot,
Do not ring the doctor's bell—
Slip a penny in the slot!

You 've a bilious headache, say,
'Tis no matter what you 've got,
"That tired feeling" goes away,
When your penny 's in the slot!

Just one penny,—each disease—
Here are drugs to cure all pain,
When you 've finished, will you please
Kindly close the drawer again?

OUR MAGISTRATES.

["Been to Epsom?"—"Yes."
"Saw the Oaks?"—"Yes."
"I thought you looked like it. Very hot, was it not? You met with a lot of friends; they wanted to treat you, and you them? The result was that you got very drunk? Well, I hope you backed *Our Lassie!*"
Such was the dialogue between Mr. FORDHAM, the North London magistrate, and a prisoner charged with drunkenness.
The offender was fined 5*s*.—*Evening Paper*.]

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—The above conversation affords an excellent example of a practice which I should like to see become more common in our police-courts. I hold that a magistrate is too often unnecessarily brusque in his dealings with prisoners. Why should not proceedings be conducted with a minimum of unpleasantness, as in the case quoted? A visit to a police-court would then become a pleasure, and the prisoner would go away feeling that he had not wasted his morning. I venture to append a few specimen cases from my forthcoming brochure: "Affability on the Bench."

CASE ONE.

(*Prisoner charged with being drunk and disorderly.*)

Magistrate. Hullo, old chap, sorry to see you here.

Prisoner (*gracefully*). Not at all. Always a pleasure to meet you anywhere.

M. Thanks. Bit rocky last night, weren't you? What?

P. A trifle. Dinner of sorts on at the Club.

M. Quite so. Have a good time?

P. Splendid, thanks. Passable champagne, very.

M. Ah. Prefer hock myself. Well, I'm glad you enjoyed yourself. I suppose you *were* drunk?

P. Very.

M. And you *did* kick the policeman in the stomach?

P. (*with pride*). Rather. Jolly hard, too. [*Chuckles.*

M. (*also chuckling*). Wish I 'd been there. Well, look here, you know, this sort of thing 's all very *well*, don't you see, but, hang it, old man, don't you know, and so on. What?

P. Oh, I see your point.

M. (*relieved*). I knew you would be sensible about it. If you 've got such a thing as half-a-crown on you, you might hand it over, will you? Thanks. So long.

P. (*as he leaves the dock*). Teuf-teuf.

CASE TWO.

(*Prisoner charged with using profane language.*)

Prisoner. I say.

Magistrate. Hullo?

P. You couldn't hurry up this case, I suppose? I want to get back to Lord's.

M. Oh, yes, that was where you were arrested, wasn't it? Middlesex and Somerset, isn't it? Rather a good match. I see SAMMY WOODS batted well.

P. 'Myes. Don't like that uppish stroke of his, though, over the bowler's head. What I say is, that that length ball of TROTT's ought to be kept on the carpet all the way. Don't you think so?

M. No, there I don't agree with you. It 's a perfectly safe stroke if you lay on the wood hard enough, and SAMMY always does.

P. (*making a concession*). Well, perhaps you 're right. (*Looks at his watch*) I say, do you know what time it is? They 'll be starting in another quarter of an hour.

M. Why, so they will. We must hurry. What 's the charge? Profane language? Any defence? I needn't ask *you* to keep it short.

P. (*warmly*). Defence! Well, rather. Why, the man at the other end ran BRAUND out when he only wanted four to complete his century. And I 'm a Somerset man! What else could I do but say what I thought about it? What would *you* have done in my place?

M. (*hastily*). Discharged, discharged. The Court will now adjourn. (*To Prisoner*) Wait for me in the street, will you, with a cab? I want to see the finish of that match. Shan't be two minutes. [*Scene closes.*

I could give you other specimens, but these will, I think, sufficiently indicate the attitude of mind I recommend to our magistrates. Yours, &c,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

["We habitually find that crowds, and not seldom regular assemblies even, act in the mass with less intelligence than the individuals who compose them would do separately."—Prof GABRIEL TARDE in the *International Quarterly*.]

WHEN in my pensive study I,
All undisturbed, reflect
Upon the wherefore and the why,
The cause and the effect,
My mind is singularly rich
In statesmanlike suggestions,
And dazzling is the light in which
I view all kinds of questions.

The hardest problems which in vain
Prime Ministers revolve
With aching head and baffled brain,
I in an instant solve,
And comprehend in one swift glance
The inmost complication
Of Ireland, Africa, finance,
Or London education.

What glowing eloquence is mine!
As in my chair I sit,
The fire of CANNING I combine
With all the force of PITT;
I fulmine o'er the quailing foe
With Demosthenic thunder,
Till even crushed and humbled JOE
Sits mute in fear and wonder.

But when I seek the bustling House,
A change comes o'er my soul;
I sit as silent as a mouse
Which cowers in its hole;
Gone is my oak and triple brass,
Or, if I think of rising,
The glitter of that single glass
Is simply paralysing.

I used to wonder what the cause,
And often sought to con
The deep and disconcerting laws
Of this phenomenon.
Now speaks the sage: your single man
Hath wit and wisdom; masses
Are seldom any better than
The foolish race of asses.

If *Hansard* nods, as is his way,
'Tis not that we are fools;
'Tis simply that we must obey
Dame Nature's rigid rules.
Then judge us kindly; it is she
Deserves the censure, whether
My colleagues twaddle, or, like me,
Are silent altogether.

PERILLA'S PUP.

FOR ten weeks old it was certainly a promising pup. To my thinking it even promised too much, but PERILLA said not. She argued that, if a Fox-terrier and a Dandie Dinmont are the two nicest dogs to keep, a pup that promised to be both must be superlatively desirable. I let the contention pass, for PERILLA has never thoroughly grasped the fancier's point of view, and at shows can seldom understand why a dog that sits up has not received a prize. Besides, the pup was mine, I had given it to PERILLA—why should I put her out of conceit with it? Not that I could easily have done so, for where PERILLA's heart is touched her head is—well, touched too, and in the present case she had the pup markedly on the brain.

"Fetch me *Vilikins*, ADOLPHUS," said PERILLA as I took up my morning paper.

I put the paper down and sallied out, and after a brief skirmish with a riotous mob of puppies, effected an exchange—that is to say I got *Vilikins*, and his brothers and sisters got the blacking off my boots. I carried him in.

"Did he know you?" said PERILLA, who is showing an anticipation of his dawning intelligence which I am sure is keen, and hope is accurate.

"I'm not certain," I replied, "but he will next time; he has put his mark upon me." And I tucked away the muddied wristband of my clean shirt.

"Dear little thing!" said PERILLA.

I coughed.

"Put him down and see him run over to me," said PERILLA; "he is always so delighted to get in."

"Hadn't I better shut the door first?" I asked.

"Of course," said PERILLA.

I shut the door and placed *Vilikins* upon the carpet, and he started on a tour of the room.

"Take up your slippers," said PERILLA, "and move the footstool, and lift the table-cloth out of his reach, and put the wastepaper basket on the chair, and don't move or of course he'll follow you, and I want you to see him run over to me to be lifted up. Tie up that blind cord, and shut the coal-box, and keep him away from the sideboard, quick, and don't make a noise or you'll attract his attention."

I did my best. I think it cannot have been bad, for before long *Vilikins* bumped against PERILLA's dress.

"I told you so," she exclaimed triumphantly; "see how he wants to come up! Dear little thing!" And *Vilikins* attained the haven of her arms.

I resumed the paper.

"I see Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has been making another speech," I said.

"Has he?" said PERILLA. "I suppose you couldn't get him a biscuit, ADOLPHUS, to keep him quiet?"

As this appeared to refer to *Vilikins* rather than to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, I fetched the biscuit to the former.

"Let him have the paper to eat it on," said PERILLA; "he crumbles it so."

"Wouldn't yesterday's do as well?" I asked.

"But it is in the library," said PERILLA, with a note of surprise in her voice. "He won't be long. Thanks. Isn't he perfectly sweet?"

"Perfectly is perhaps going too far," I replied, "but at any rate he is creditably so, considering that five minutes ago I saw him worrying a herring-head in the ashpit."

PERILLA gave a little scream.

"I suppose you couldn't wash him now, ADOLPHUS?" she remarked, hesitatingly.

"I'm afraid I couldn't," I answered without any hesitation at all.

"Then would you mind taking him out and putting him in his box till you can?"

"Not in the very least," said I truthfully, "but it may be some time."

I was soon back. I found a portion of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S speech missing, and the rest had a garnish of chewed biscuit which somehow altered its oratorical flavour, but after all what is a speech? At best silver: silence is gold.

"Puppies are a great pleasure," said PERILLA, leaning back with a sigh of content.



SYMPATHETIC.

Toast-Master (to Chairman of Public Dinner). "WOULD YOU LIKE TO PROPOSE YOUR TOAST NOW, MY LORD, OR SHOULD WE LET 'EM ENJOY THEMSELVES A BIT LONGER?"

CURE FOR MOTOR-SCORCHERS (*suggested as being even more humane than the proposal of* Sir R. PAYNE-GALLWEY).—Give them Automobile Beans!

THE "Walking Waitresses" are not fast girls; they go very steadily. No followers allowed—except police.



Extract from Dolly's Correspondence —"I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK OF OUR CLUB. EDITH MANNERS, YOU KNOW, HAS JOINED, AND SHE RATHER FANCIES HER BATTING, BUT ALTHOUGH LEAPING BACK A COUPLE OF YARDS MAY BE EXCELLENT AT PING-PONG IT IS SIMPLY DISASTROUS AT CRICKET, AND THE EXHIBITION SHE GAVE AT OUR OPENING MATCH WAS TOO AWFUL FOR WORDS P.S —I WAS WICKET-KEEPING."

CHARIVARIA.

WITH reference to the approaching visit of an American squadron to Kiel, instructions have been issued that the men are to be treated with every mark of cordiality, and Ensign HUESSNER has been specially requested, should he be free by then, not to kill any of the sailors who may fail to salute him.

Great popular festivities in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the founding of St. Petersburg have been held. The general public was rigorously excluded.

It has been stated in the Vienna Municipal Council that a well-known English guide-book to the Continent pictures Vienna as it was in 1850, mentioning buildings that have long since been demolished. It was resolved "that steps should be taken to correct the inaccuracies." The publishers of the guide-book take this to mean that the buildings are to be re-erected.

At Bombay an absolutely new building which stood on ground owned by the Improvement Trust, an organisation created to redress the evils of jerry-building, has suddenly collapsed. The incident is considered regrettable.

A member of the Michigan Legislature has introduced a Bill to legalise the painless slaughter of all idiots. The Bill has been referred to a Committee, by whom, it is believed, it will be thrown out. Self-preservation will always be the ruling instinct.

Potsdam is boasting of a policeman who has composed several Marches. It should not be forgotten that it is to our own policemen that we are indebted for the Frog's March.

From some recently-published census statistics we learn that there are four children of the age of ten years who are editors. Either the number is incorrectly stated or else each child edits several papers.

An attempt is to be made to inaugurate a new style of book-shop with a view to stimulating literary interest. "One feature of the scheme will be sundry exhibitions from time to time, including exhibitions of local authors." This, we believe, has already been tried with some success in the Isle of Man.

The Walking Race epidemic continues, and we are now promised the extraordinary sight of English Waiters hurrying.

The War Office has devised a new head-jeer for our infantry.

"Learning to mount and dismount quickly is of the greatest importance to cavalry," Lord ROBERTS has declared to the Somerset Yeomanry. As a matter of fact, the chief difficulty that the Yeomanry recruit has to overcome is learning not to dismount.

The *Times* does not intend to sit down quietly under the expulsion of its correspondent from St. Petersburg. We learn that the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is to be at once translated into Russian.



SUNKEN TREASURE.

BOATMAN B-LF-R (*to himself*). "WONDER IF JOE WILL FIND ANYTHING IN THE OLD HULK."

(*Hums*) "FAITHFUL *ABOVE* HE DID HIS DUTY,
AND NOW HE 'S GONE *BELOW!*"

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB."

Artistic Competition concluded.



After J. T. Nettleship.



After Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A.



After R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.



After Hon. John Collier.



After Stacy Marks, R.A.



After Briton Riviere, R.A.

THE FLÂNEUR'S COMPLAINT.

ST. JAMES'S PARK is fair to view
When Flora paints her buds anew,
But fairer still when to the Mall
Goes Woman, loveliest flower of all,
And, freely bored, imbibes the air,
Dight in the newest kinds of hair.
But woe is me! for days when I
Was Fashion's chiefest butterfly,
When in the Park I used to crawl,
Holding the nursemaid's heart in thrall,
Or in the tea-shop's chaste recesses
At Beauty's shrine pay soft addresses.
A stove-pipe hat, well poised and sleek,
A fresh cravat for every week,
The waistcoat redolent of Spring,
The nicely-blended trousering—
Such were the simple arts I wielded,
And lo! the female bosom yielded.
But now a sterner task than these
Doth Fashion set her devotees,
For lo! her latest whim entails
A fashionable waist (in males),
And in Society a figure
Is now regarded as *de rigueur*.
For weeks I've tried to do her will,
Taxing the tailor's utmost skill.
I caught the corset-maker's eye
And, blushing hotly, turned to fly;
The Turkish bath, the morning run,
For luncheon, soda and a bun,
These too I've tried, but all in vain,
I never shall have a waist again!
Ah, no! a life of generous ease,
And Fortune, all too hard to please,
Observe their favourite succumb
To forty inches round the tum.
And shall a younger, slenderer race
Uproot me from my primal place?
Shall I become a source of mirth
To men o less obtrusive girth?
Rather I'll pine in solitude,
Till Fashion shift her wayward mood;
Rather in lonely chambers rust,
An exile from the Upper Crust,
And only venture in the Park
With circumspection, after dark.

SONG OF THE TRAILER.

[The cult of the "trailer" has become very popular of late Young men on motor bicycles may be seen whirling maidens along behind them in wicker chairs. Conversation under these circumstances must be a matter of difficulty, but romance seems to survive even the roughest of roads.]

MY ALGERNON is loving,
My ALGERNON is kind,
He rides upon a motor bike
A-trailing me behind.
He is my lord and hero,
In him I fondly trust,
And let him drag my wicker chair
Through clouds of rolling dust.

On Saturdays and Sundays,
When he has time to spare,
He whirls me over hill and dale
To breathe the country air.
Of course I never tell him
(It might result in tiffs)
The smell of petrol's rather strong,
And comes to me in whiffs.

And if the road be bumpy,
Why should I mind a bit?
The course of true love seldom runs
Quite smoothly, you 'll admit.
I wouldn't worry ALGY,
For he 's so very good,
But how I wish the country lanes
Could all be paved with wood!

Our loving conversation
Is limited, I fear,
For if I talk to ALGERNON
He might forget to steer.
Although a lot of matters
I 'm longing to discuss,
I do not want to be upset
Beneath a tram or bus.

So, happy and contented,
I sit discreetly dumb,
And watch the landscape whirling by,
And hear the motor hum.
My ALGERNON is perfect,
Good looks he does not lack,
I love to gaze upon his face,
But chiefly see his back.

My ALGERNON is loving,
My ALGERNON is kind,
He rides upon a motor bike
A-trailing me behind.
And till the tyres are punctured,
Or till the engine bust,
I 'll let him drag my wicker chair
Through clouds of rolling dust!

MANNERS FOR YOUNG BARBERS.

Do not give yourself up to the luxury of lathering in a dreamy automatic fashion. The sensation of drowsy content induced in the person being lathered is not contagious: no symptoms of it will be found among the customers waiting their turn.

It is perhaps as well when fixing the gown around a customer's neck to see that it does not interfere with his respiration. The less room he has for breathing the more he will have for complaint.

Uphold the dignity of your profession and do not, while shaving a customer, allow yourself so to be carried away by the music of a street organ as to mark time with the razor.

Do not be servile. If a customer talks over your head smile sardonically over his, and be curt in your replies. This keeps him in his proper place.

Should you have the misfortune to snip the flesh while cutting a customer's hair, examine your scissors with anxious scrutiny. This gives the impression that whatever injury has been done has been done to them.

Exercise the habit of self-control. In winter, if your fingers are like ice, find frequent occasion to have them in contact with the customer's skin; this, either by stroking his face to find if the razor has been efficacious, or by poking the neck-cloth further into his collar.

If a customer calls in a quiet hour have him thoroughly understand that he is by way of being an intruder, and that you gratify his wants simply as a favour. Finish the paragraph you are reading, and inquire leisurely as to his desires. Also, during frequent intervals in your labours, go and gaze out of the window, or trim your own moustache in the mirror.

It is due to your self-respect that you shall not whistle during business hours. You can, however, keep up your music by blowing a hardly audible tune into a customer's neck, or over his thinly-clad scalp.

You must, of course, never be so weak as to show interest. Be always superior to the occasion, and it is well to allow your patron to see you stifling a yawn as he launches into a disquisition on the Government. This will serve to keep his enthusiasm within bounds.

Do not encourage indolence; keep your customer awake by dropping the head-rest at unexpected moments, and upon all occasions let fly with the rum-spray as if exterminating some virulent disease.

Do not forget, if called away during a "hair cut," first to comb your customer's hair well over his brow. This will leave him staring distrustfully at himself in the glass, and should prove a source of quiet amusement to the spectators. Let your motto be always "the greatest fun to the greatest number."

Do not be over-zealous. Do not, when shampooing a customer, keep striking his head upon the edge of the wash-hand basin. If solid marble the latter may stand it, but the odds are against any ordinary customer doing so.

Do not be tempted into stropping your razor upon a customer's bald head. The razor belongs to your employer.

SECULAR PROCESSES.

(A Study in Public versus Private Enterprise.)

[On May 17, 1899, Queen VICTORIA laid the foundation stone of the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. The lowest story is now being erected Aldwych seems to be following this example of rapidity.]

I TOOK a stroll the other day
From Brompton to the Strand;
Some curious things upon my way
I could not understand.

I noticed with profound surprise
The record-breaking pace
Wherewith official buildings rise,
Adorning London's face.

The coral and the stalagmite
(So wise professors tell)
Take ages ere they reach their height
With molecule and cell.

They have a most adagio growth—
I thought 'twas hard to beat,
Until I found a case of sloth
That could achieve the feat.

Four years ago—to be exact,
The date was May Sev'nteen—
I witnessed, from a crowd compact,
Our late beloved QUEEN.

She laid right well, and truly too,
A new foundation stone,
Whereon we shortly hoped to view
Tall roofs, the Nation's own.

Since then the fabric has progressed
About a brick per week;
The State-paid workman needs his rest,
To keep him fit and sleek.

At length, when months grew into years,
A course of bricks was raised;
The builders shed collective tears,
At such advance amazed.

The years passed by, and coyly rose
A scaffold-pole or two;
One day a daring hodman chose
To mount and see the view.

And so posterity remote,
If Brompton-wards they wend,
This coral-vying task will note,
And wonder when 'twill end.

And should they reach the Strand, like me,
They 'll mark with civic pride
The place where "Aldwych" hopes to be,
And "Kingsway" seems to hide;

Where County Council sons of "toil"
Toy with the tools they hold,
And, loth a lasting job to spoil,
"Go easy" as of old!



A TIGHT FIT.

Chorus of Girls (to popular party on bank). "OH, DO COME WITH US, THERE'S *PLENTY* OF ROOM!"

THE MOTE IN HIS EYE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel I must write and tell you all about my trouble with ALGERNON. You know I'm rather fond of him, or *was*, until I overheard a conversation which convinced me there's no believing a man even when he has been trying to show you for weeks you are the only girl he has ever loved. He was talking to Captain SPARKS—that horrid motor friend of his. They were just outside on the verandah, and this is what he was saying:—

"Yes, I took her down to Richmond on Sunday; we had quite a good time going, but coming back, just out of Putney, she seemed to get a little noisy and refused to go an inch further. I took off her bonnet for a bit and loosened her belt, and finally got her to start again; but she'd no go in her, and I had a very slow time. CHARLIE took her out yesterday, and they had a great time by all accounts. She *can* be fast enough. She wants a couple of new rings, but I really can't spend any more money on her at present. I rather want to take her out on Saturday, but the question is, how much more the hub will stand——"

Oh, dear *Mr. Punch*, who would have thought it! Your distracted

DOLLY.

SKY SIGNS.

["The latest news from Arizona is that a 'large projection' from the planet Mars has been observed."—*Daily Paper.*]

MARS, our telescopes we turn
  Eagerly in your direction,
Trusting haply to discern
  Something of your new "projection."

Is it that the halo glows
  Clearly, though at such a distance,
As *your* passive martyrs pose
  In a passionate resistance?

Have you racing motors, too,
  Over-speeding, over-loading,
And can what we see be due
  To their suddenly exploding?

Have you minor poets there,
  Novelists, or men of learning,
By whose more than common flare
  Your canals are set a-burning?

Since you're all well up, no doubt,
  In our politics, who knows if
These may not be signs put out
  To do honour to our JOSEPH?

Or, since one world seems too small
  For a MORGAN'S operations,
Do adjacent planets fall
  Victims to his combinations?

Would you lure (yet once again)
  Venus to a fresh alliance,
And, forgetting Vulcan's chain,
  Bid our prudish world defiance?

Thus, then, Mars, we persevere,
  Hoping (for our own protection)
That your projects may appear,
  While we study your projection.

FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY.

(*A Tragedy.*)

I MET him in a crowd;
As if with care 'twas weighted,
His shapely back was bowed,
His brow was corrugated.
I asked him, "Why so pale?
What grief your soul has cankered?"
And gleaned his painful tale
Over a friendly tankard.

"Once," the sad wight began,
"I knew not what the blues meant,
I was a genial man,
And never shirked amusement.
I shot, I rode, I rinked,
I trod the mazy measure,
My life, to be succinct,
Was one long round of pleasure.

"In those delightful days
I do not mind confessing
That, if I had a craze,
It was for faultless dressing.
One night—it serves to show
How *labor omnia vincit*—
I tied a perfect bow;
I've not been happy since it.

"I worked with watchful eye,
With fingers swift but wary,
It seemed a decent tie,
But not extraordinary.
But when at length I gazed,
To put the final clip in,
I staggered back amazed,
Ejaculating 'Rippin'!'

"Oh, had I but the pen
That serves the inspired poet,
I'd try to picture then,
With proper force and glow, it.
The billowy waves of white,
The folds, the spick-and-span knot;
Were I a bard, I might—
But as it is, I cannot.

"Suffice it to observe
That on minute inspection
It showed in every curve
The hall-mark of perfection.
The sort of tie which you
When wrapped in sweetest sleep occasionally view;
A tie to mark an epoch.

"That night no peer I owned,
I carried all before me.
Society"—he moaned—
"United to adore me.
Whenever I passed by,
Men stopped their conversation,
Drank in that Perfect Tie
In silent adoration.

"Since then the striking feat
(Such dreams the ambitious male lure)
I've striven to repeat.
Result: completest failure.
Though toiling, as I say,
As much as blood and flesh 'll,
The bows I tie to-day
Are good, but nothing special.

"So now my fellow-man
I shun, no matter who 'tis.
As far as mortal can,
I cut my social duties.
I seldom eat or rest,
I'm gloomy, haggard, mirthless.
To one who's known the best,
All other things are worthless."

HYMEN, O HYMENÆE.

"WOULD you pay ten pounds a year to remain a bachelor?" asked PHYLLIS, looking up from the paper.

"How do you mean?" I returned.

"Well, they're going to put a tax on bachelors," she observed.

I roused myself and regarded her with astonishment.

"In a place called Kansas," she continued. "I suppose that's in America, isn't it?"

"Read it out," I suggested, and she began:—

"'A Bill has been introduced into the Kansas State Legislature providing for a tax on bachelors of fifty dollars a year, and on spinsters of twenty-five dollars a year.' It's a funny Bill," she commented

"Very," I admitted.

"But I should think it would be rather a good thing in some ways," she continued. "Suppose there is a bachelor who hasn't got fifty dollars and a spinster who hasn't got twenty-five—if they marry they will save seventy-five."

She was so pleased with her logical conclusion that I only said, "I'm glad I don't live in Kansas."

"Oh, we shall get the law here soon," said PHYLLIS, nodding her head prophetically, "so you needn't be glad. You are always saying yourself that England is becoming Americanised. And, besides, people want to be made to marry. Nobody marries nowadays till they are about eighty."

"It might be a remunerative tax," I agreed. "I daresay one of the discredited Governments will take it up. I wouldn't pay it myself though."

"Then you'd have to marry," said PHYLLIS.

"I wouldn't do that either," I returned. "I would go to prison like Dr. CLIFFORD."

"Oh," said PHYLLIS.

"What would you do?" I inquired.

She hesitated.

"I shouldn't like to go to prison, and I shouldn't like to pay the fine, and I shouldn't like to have to marry just anyone. I don't know what I should do. How long would they give us to make up our minds?"

"You'd have to decide at once," I said. "The tax would come into force on the day the Bill was passed."

"Would most people pay?" she asked.

"I hope most people would prefer to resist passively," I answered.

"The prisons would be rather full," she suggested. "Why, if all the unmarried people went to prison there would not be room for them. They'd have to build new prisons. What does one do in prison?"

"One picks oakum and makes mailbags," I answered.

"They would soon pick all the oakum, and there would be too many mailbags," said PHYLLIS. "Wouldn't the State find it very expensive?"

I assented.

"Then it would be glad to get rid of them," she went on. "It would try to marry them in the prisons and then let them go."

"How could it do that?" I asked in some curiosity. "You can't marry people by force."

"But people will soon marry each other if they have opportunities of meeting," she declared.

"You don't get many opportunities of meeting in a prison," I objected. "The system doesn't provide for it."

"They'd alter the system then," said PHYLLIS. "They'd have to give tea-parties and dances, and private theatricals and things."

"That would alter the system," I agreed. "But I doubt if it could be done."

"Then they'd have to keep all the unmarried people in prison for ever," she said. "I don't think even the State could be so silly as that. No, if the Bill is passed it will happen as I say, and prison will become——"

"A kind of matrimonial agency," I suggested, as she paused for a word.

"Yes," she said. "And I shall go there too; it will be great fun."

Mr. Punch's Proverbial Philosophy.

"WHEN the wine is in the wit is out," as the publican said when he ejected the humorous Black-Lister who wanted to be shown his own photograph.

A cynic is a man who is rude to oneself. A wit is a man who is rude about other people.

The man who waits for something to turn up generally finds that it's his toes.

Honesty is the best policy; but in default of this the next best kind can be got from a good Burglary Insurance Co.

MY WIFE'S HAT.

To see the hat you do not like,
And then to go and buy it.
(*Not*) J. K. S.

MY wife's name is BETTY—her Christian name, that is to say. BETTY, however, is something more than a mere name. She is an enigma, a problem, a paradox—in fact, all the things which novelists say the wife of your bosom is when she does something you can't quite fathom or understand.

BETTY's bee in her bonnet is her hat, a metaphor that 's none the worse for being mixed. Quite regularly every spring and autumn she grows a little paler and thinner (though there is little need for her to do either). In a novel or on the stage she would become more *spirituelle*. In real life it means, not the servants (for they, alas! are nowadays all too independent, even of the seasons), but her new hat.

A wise man, of course, buys a hat, and when it is worn out or lost, or *hors de combat*, gets another. BETTY often says that we men have the best of it—she 's so feminine that she hasn't even the fairness to admit that shaving (with its risk of punctures) is worse than back-hair. I constantly implore her to buy her hats on the manly principle of settling on a style that suits her, and sticking to it. That she firmly declares to be quite impossible, because the Young Persons in the Hat Shops wouldn't dream of allowing such a thing.

The result is that twice a year a great Hat Crisis occurs. I have long ceased to be of any assistance to her as a head-gear adviser. This is pleasant enough in a way, and gives me a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, but it hardly makes the biennial ordeal less formidable. BETTY always starts firmly convinced that her hat will be a dead failure, and no prophet is ever always wrong. Last spring, after three visits to Regent Street, she told me one evening that the fell deed was done. She had bought a hat, but was certain that it wouldn't suit her. I said I felt sure she was taking too gloomy a view, and that I expected it would prove to be very *chic*—I always of set purpose essay to play the part of Domestic Consoler. As we talked the bell rang, BETTY blanched, and a moment later one of the maids brought in a large box. BETTY vowed that nothing would induce her to try it on that night, but five minutes later it was on her head. I boldly said that I thought the hat would do capitally, though even I was constrained to hedge a little by admitting I had seen hats I liked better. But BETTY at once decided that her hat was not merely a failure, but unwearable. The nearest thing it reminded her of was a Tambourine. Her Only Sister later corroborated the verdict, and the hat was *not* worn—except on our three weeks' holiday in Wales, when it didn't matter, as I was the only person who knew her. For three livelong weeks I walked, and drove, and cycled with the Tambourine. The only oasis was the Sunday morning, when another Hat was produced for church. BETTY has been very carefully brought up, and knows better than to wear on a Sunday what she has had on all the week.



ANOTHER CASE OF "FURIOUS DRIVING" AGAINST MR. B-LF-R

I had great hopes that the Tambourine would prove to be a blessing in disguise. BETTY declared that "never again" (ominous words!) would she be silly enough to buy a hat without competent female advice. I agreed that it was not my idea of economy to pay for what you did not wear. I really had hopes that this year's Spring Hat would blow over with little, if any, commotion, especially too as My Sister had recommended a shop where the hats were "safe" and low-priced, and where no attempt would be made to "do" you into buying what didn't suit you.

One evening late in April when I got home, something electrical in the atmosphere told me that something had happened. It had. BETTY had gone to Regent Street to get some particular sort of knitting wool for her Mother. She had come back without the wool, but all in a moment of time *she had bought a hat!* She had seen one in a window that looked all right; she thought she remembered that it was My Sister's shop, and in a trice she was the proprietor of a *chapeau* (yes, it was a very Frenchy shop) for which she had paid 55*s.* 9*d.*

Over her contrition (if not over the hat) I must draw a veil. When it turned out that it was not the recommended shop, and that the shade of blue was not that of her new coat and skirt, her grief overleapt all bounds. I tendered her the 55*s.* 9*d.*, and offered to burn the hat. She said that her money was my money, and that she would not be so wicked as to destroy what had cost so much. I asked her how, after the Tambourine experience, she had shipwrecked a second time. She didn't know, but it was the most awful thing that she had ever done. I begged her to take a less heightened view of the situation; she replied that it soon wouldn't be safe for her to go out alone. And as a fact BETTY now never leaves the house unless I go with her. As we pass a hat-shop, I clutch her firmly by the arm and drag her past. It 's a difficult situation. A hat a day would not ruin me, but it is getting on BETTY's nerves, and I am not sure that the servants really believe that she 's writing an article on Hats for an American magazine. You see, BETTY's only form of literary effort so far has been a daily letter to the Only Sister.

All I can say is, that if anyone has a safe and simple cure for the malady, I shall be more than grateful. A houseful of unworn Tambourines is not exactly restful after a hard day in the City.

A BALLAD OF MIXED METAPHORS.

[The *Daily News* speaks of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's new policy as an attempt "*to break down the open door.*" The following temperate and closely-reasoned communication, which has just reached *Mr. Punch*, looks as if it must have come from the same quarter.]

THE scoundrelly Apostate braves
Our righteous wrath once more.
He bids his crowd of dupes and braves
Break down the open door.
To crush him, ere the slavish herds
Obey the base behest,
Calm, reasonable, well-weighed words
Are, we maintain, the best.

The breakfast-tables of the land
Shall trumpet the alarm.
The shadow of Protection's brand
Shall nerve the People's arm.
Lest England's hard-won loaf at last
Be stifled in the bud,
We 'll nail our platform to the mast,
And seal it with our blood.

To his position foul and base
We 'll tie him firmly down,
Resolved to hurl him from his place
Of honour and renown.
A crushing weight his record stains,
His buttress'd name shall fade,
Who launched a bait to bind in chains
The life-blood of our trade.

A SHORT VACATION VISIT.

WITH a few days to spare at Whitsuntide—just from Thursday afternoon till Tuesday morning—where shall the working scribbler seek rest and refreshment—and, we would add, change, but our experience of a vacation tells us that there is very little change to be got out of any sum, no matter what the amount, when there's a question of thoroughly enjoying a holiday.

Paris? Paris be it: *soit*. All preparations made, when a sudden change in the temperature caused us to shudder at the idea of walking about a hot and dusty town in the topper and frock of highly civilised life, and of having to face the necessity of lugging about that extra *impedimentum*—a hat-box. Besides, *tout le monde* will be leaving Paris for the seaside: the theatres will be closing, and were they all open, who would choose stuffy French theatre on a "lovely night of June" with August temperature?

Where then? Is there one place we have not visited for ever so long? There is. Not for over fifteen years have we set foot in Brighton. Hardly credible: yet so it is. Fancy Brighton being a novelty to a Londoner! Delightful. And to what Hotel? After taking the advice, at the Garrick Club, of two eminent King's Counsel thoroughly conversant with the subject, we decided on selecting, as our head-quarters, the Hotel Métropole. The thanks of our travelling party are due to the aforesaid legal advisers, as, with considerable experience of all sorts and sizes of hotels here and abroad, we may safely affirm that this same Brighton Métropole, if only it be always as we found it, is uncommonly "hard to beat," go where you will. As to prices—well, of course you have to pay, but if you get your money's worth, and something over, in real comfort, and general excellence in every department, there is no cause to grumble, especially as, on reference, we find that the tariff compares favourably with that of such hotels, English and foreign, as may have, perhaps, a greater temporary vogue.

But we write as if we had only just discovered THACKERAY'S "good Doctor Brighton." Well—to us it is new, absolutely new. What is there in London, or Paris, unobtainable at Brighton? We doubt if there be anything that cannot be had, for money, on the King's Parade. No sending to town for it. Then as a sea-side resort, here is bathing to any extent: fishing, sailing and rowing: penny trams up to the race-course, but none disfiguring the sea front as at some other marine resorts we could mention. The visitor, like the Lady of Banbury Cross, can "have music wherever he goes," and that not of the cheap out-of-tune wandering-minstrel order, but good music performed by choice orchestras, all civil and some military, whereof Mr. W. J. FLEET'S band, performing daily and nightly, to our great content, at the Métropole, is one of the very best. We confess to enthusiasm over the evening concerts in this conservatory, the *Conservatoire*, where the music is in full bloom after dinner from nine till ten-thirty. What healthfully early hours! quite appropriate for visitors who, like true musicians, wish to keep excellent time.

For those who affectionate "trips" at sea, there is the *Brighton Queen*, which will take you for a comparatively small sum, at various stated times, to Southampton, to Bournemouth, to the Isle of Wight, to Boulogne, and to, as far as we know—but Boulogne happens to be as far as we do know, and we're quite content with that. An extra fare places us aloft, among "the upper ten," where we get full value for money in the breezy freshness: and, mind you, this last Whitsuntide "breezy freshness" was a rarity only to be procured at a top price. But the *Brighton Queen*, when going the pace, has no difficulty whatever in raising the wind, even in the most sultry weather.

Then, as we became accustomed to the novelty, we "old Brightonians" pointed out to each other the site of the ancient "Chain Pier," where now the "wild waves" play; we remember Mutton's when it was the only restaurant of any note; we pass through Pool Valley, and pause before Shakspeare's—no, we mean Bacon's Hotel, looking as fresh as paint can make it; we remember dances in the Royal Pavilion, merry nights with A.D.C. Cantabs at Albion and Royal York Hotels, and revivifying plunges in the baths of Brill, still going on swimmingly; we indicate the site of *Dr. Blimber's* Academy—some of the boys we notice out walking much as they used to do in former Tootsian times; we note the ancient Theatre standing "where it did"; but there are nowadays other theatres on the piers, besides music-halls and Aquarium.

"Shows," theatrical or otherwise, were not for us *en vacance*. The sea air, and plenty of it, was what we came for, and we got it to our lungs' content. *Au revoir*, Dr. Brighton! We do not grudge you the fee for excellent prescription.

"It is my belief nobody goes abroad any more. Everybody is at Brighton." So wrote THACKERAY fifty-six years ago, when the trajet thither occupied over two hours and a half, and now the L. & S. C.'s train, from Victoria or London Bridge, does it in an hour and a quarter, express, "*on time*."



THE JOKE THAT FAILED.

Lubber. "I SAY, JACK, DO YOU KNOW WHY THEY'VE PAINTED THE SHIPS GREY IN TIME OF *PEACE*?"

Jack. "I S'POSE 'COS IT'S A *NEUTRAL* TINT!"

[*But the other didn't laugh. He intended making that witticism himself.*

ADVICE GRATIS.

THE roads which reckless motorin' 'ARRY romps on
Would be quite safe were 'ARRY HENRY THOMPSON;
For good Sir HENRY, who is hale and thriving,
Has been for many a year his motor driving,
And never yet has injured aught alive,
(*Vide* his letter to the *Times*, June 5).
From him let motorists learn: then none will lame us;
They 'll go the pace: *in pace procedamus*.



OUT OF IT.

THE ELDEST MISS BLOSSOM THINKS THAT THE PART OF DOUBLE GOOSEBERRY IS RATHER MONOTONOUS.

A LINGUISTIC PROTEST.

TO MR. PUNCH: REVERED AND VENERABLE SIR,—I appeal to you, as Censor of the King's English and Patron of the Two Pins Club, to protect the British publick from a pair of alien importations which have lately made their way into the language through the dialects of so-called "automobilism" and of Parliamentary debate.

With regard to the first, the thing (to employ a vulgarism) has come to stay, and I suggest that the sooner an English name be found for the same the better. I refer to the expression *chauffeur*, which has surely given you what I hope I may without impropriety term the "hump," when perusing the police-court news and daily list of accidents in your morning journal. May I therefore propose that one or more of the following synonyms be officially adopted by way of substitution? *E.g.*:—

Road-hog.
Dog-crusher.
Hen-flattener.
Highway nightmare.
Gogglebogey.
Yokel-chaser.
Baby-scarer.
Motor-demon.
Country-scenter.
Petrolwhiffist.
Rattlesnorter.
Horsebane.
Speedmaniac.
Juggernautman.

In the other case, *viz.*, that of *Zollverein*, the need of an English equivalent is equally pressing, at any rate until the next General Election. Perhaps one out of the list annexed may serve:—

Toll-union.
Union-knell.
Cabinet-solvent.
Ministry-buster.
Joe-boomer.
Balfour-baffler.
Rad-rag.
Antifetish.
Seddon-soother.
Teuton-teazer.
Canada-balsam.
Yankee-purge.

I submit, Sir, the above to your sense of linguistick propriety, and trust that you will use your best efforts to rescue our beloved mother-tongue from foreign defilement and contamination.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your devoted and humble servant,
SAMUEL JOHNSON.

Fleet Street, at the Sign of the Cock.

SATIATED!

[It has become, says the *Court Journal*, an affectation to decline to drink champagne. There must be hundreds of very young men who make it a rule to refuse it for the sole reason that there is the suggestion of a rumbustious "past" in so doing.]

I FEAR I cannot say with truth
I loathe the wine I loved in youth.
I still would like to feel, you know,
Its fine exhilarating glow;
But while the youngsters' pulses dance
With nectar from the grapes of France,
I sit with *ennui*-haunted soul
And play my lone ascetic *rôle*.

I watch with knowing glance and grim
The bubbles winking at the brim;
But, when politely asked to drink,
I, like the bubbles, simply wink,
And hint of boisterous days of yore,
When magnums perished by the score;
Of nights of revel, feast, and noise,
Such as would kill most modern boys!

Thus, having set all eyes agog
Over so desperate a dog,
Whose lusty youth 's the sole defence
For ostentatious abstinence,
I prove how prodigals decline
On simple drinks like cowslip wine,
Until, at twenty-one, they drop
To lemonade and ginger-pop!

"WHERE THEY DO AGREE . . ."

A LIBERAL LEADER ADDRESSES HIS TROUPE.

"SHEEP of my heart," the shepherd cried,
"Flock that I hold in solemn charge,
And often on my fence astride
Have watched careering round at large,
Each, in obedience to his private whim,
Cropping the pasture which occurs to him—

"Now dawns at last the promised day
(Which I, with other seers, foretold),
That finds you after some delay
Consorting in the self-same fold;
Your varied past, I understand, is done,
And out of quite a number you are one.

"White sheep and black, or blent of hue,
No more you butt each other's brows;
The Leaguer ram and Home Rule ewe
Freely exchange marital vows;
The Cleric wether and the best Welsh mutton
Care for their former battles not one button.

"What magic change has on us burst
To make you, now you *do* agree,
Exhibit, wholly unrehearsed,
Such startling unanimity?
The wolves are out on one another's track!
And there 's a chance to pulverise the pack.

"Gentlemen! (lest I overwork
A figure of the rural kind,
Whose country flavour tends to irk
Your non-bucolic cast of mind)
'Into the breach! into the breach!' I 'll say;
Our motto—*Divide et Impera!*

"Come where ye see my white plume whirl
Above the whirling falchion's hilt!
Come where ye hear my pibroch skirl!
Come where ye mark my streaming kilt!
Come where the banner flames behind my head,
And on it printed clear—THE PEOPLE'S BREAD!

"Our business is to force a fight,
Not leave our foes the hour to choose;
This parley-space which they invite
Might modify the nation's views;
Its present attitude might grow relaxed,
It might *prefer* to have its tummy taxed!

"Quick, while the people's heart is sore
About the bigger loaf's decline;
Quick, while their dazèd wits deplore
Outlandish words like *Zollverein;*
Press, while our chance is still a rosy pink,
And *don't give anybody time to think!*" O. S.

OUGHT ENTHUSIASTS TO BE REGISTERED?—A lady has very nearly inflicted serious injury upon the German EMPEROR. As he was driving through a crowd at Frankfort she threw a bouquet at the imperial carriage, and, worse than that, struck the imperial helmet, and—it was a very large bouquet. The lady of course was very properly arrested. This story, coming concurrently with the almost daily rumours of prominent Polish musicians being smothered by feminine admirers in the wilder parts of America, makes *Mr. Punch* think that something should be done. As we are also engaged in safeguarding ourselves against the motormaniac, perhaps we might legislate for the two evils together. These things could be prevented if excessively loyal and enthusiastic persons were required to be registered and wear a conspicuous number on their backs.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Virginia of the Rhodesians (HUTCHINSON) is obviously founded on admiring study of the works of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, a quatrain from whose pen serves as its motto. CYNTHIA STOCKLEY does for Rhodesia what has long been accomplished, chiefly by women, for English society in India. She evidently knows it thoroughly, and describes it with exceedingly free hand. The impression conveyed to simple minds like that of my Baronite is not wholly attractive. If the historian and commentator is to be trusted there is a decidedly unwholesome flavour in the social atmosphere of one of the latest jewels added to the lengthening train of Empire. A wife or a husband seems, as a rule, openly to belong to a domestic establishment other than that in which she or he originally set up. The hero of the book, premier because he is the most utterly scoundrel, is one *Anthony Sumarez*, of whom it is admiringly recorded, "they say he has run away with every kind of woman in his time." He very nearly ran away with *Virginia* herself. That he happened to be married added only to the piquancy of the situation. She was actually packing up over-night, just as a London lady might prepare to spend a few days with her aunt at Brighton or Eastbourne, when enter another lady who, though known to Durban society as *Mrs. Ffollett*, confessed that she was really *Mrs. Anthony Sumarez*, and would be rather hurt if *Virginia* eloped with her husband. This was not all true, her relations with the ascetic *Anthony* not having been regularised by marriage. But the lie served its purpose, creating a really dramatic scene in a sketchy book.

Under the capable editorship of Mr. E. V. LUCAS, Messrs. METHUEN are issuing what promises to be the most complete edition of *The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb* with which a grateful country has yet been dowered. Some of the chapters contain matter for the first time bound up with the better known works of the genial essayist. The first volume just issued, numbering over five hundred pages, contains all LAMB'S prose, with the principal exception of the *Elia Essays*. These, with his Books for Children, his Dramatic Specimens, his Poems and Plays, and his Letters, will follow in five volumes. My Baronite knows his CHARLES LAMB pretty well. But it comes as a pleasant surprise to find he left behind materials for six handsome volumes on the scale of the one now to hand.

Anyone interested in *Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad* will find all about it in a volume issued by Messrs. NEWNES, under the editorship of Mr. WALLIS MYERS, who counts among his contributors, H. S. MAHONY, H. S. SCRIVENER, G. W. HILLYARD, Mrs. STERRY, and other authorities on a game whose popularity has stood the test of years. The task Mr. MYERS set for himself is to present votaries of the game with knowledge, conveyed by pen and picture, of the conditions under which it is organised and contested throughout the civilised world. The value of the book is augmented by reproduction of countless photographs. Many of these being snapshots present the curious, apparently contorted, always graphic result peculiar to that process. Among the many portraits of famous players is one of the Brothers ALLEN, in the matter of personal resemblance surely the most complete coincidence seen on earth since the *Brothers Dromio* served in the households of *Antipholus of Ephesus* and *Antipholus of Syracuse*. One ALLEN is E. R., and the other C. G. Which is which my Baronite doesn't know, and doubts if C. G. does. THE BARON DE B.-W.



BEYOND HIS POWER.

RUSSIA (*to the "Times"*). "I'LL TEACH YOU TO CALL ME A BEAR! OUT YOU GO!"
TRUTH. "AH, YOU MAY EXPEL *HIM*, BUT YOU CAN'T GET RID OF ME!"

[On the 28th of May, Mr. BRAHAM, the *Times* Correspondent at St. Petersburg, was expelled from Russia at eight hours' notice, extended subsequently to three days, by order of General VON WAHL, Assistant Minister of the Interior. "The vague charges brought by the Russian Government against our Correspondent are purely formal charges, which they do not even venture to press home against him, much less to support by any specific evidence."—*Times*, May 30.]



MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

"JUST GIVE THAT BIT O' LEAD A BITE ATWEEN YER TEETH, WILL YER, MATIE?"
"AIN'T YE GOT NO TEETH OF YER OWN?"
"I GOT SOME, BUT THERE AIN'T NONE OF 'EM OPPOSITE ONE ANOTHER."

A THEME WITH VARIATIONS.

[*The Theme:* "Lord and Lady NORBITON have left Mangel Hall, and have taken up their residence at 420, Grosvenor Place, for the season."]

ACTING, you will remember, upon the advice of a weekly review, which counsels the young author to seek material for his stories in the newspaper, we showed in a previous number how the prosaic sentence quoted above could be utilised. We made it the basis of a tale, first for a high-class literary periodical, and then for the *Fleet Street Magazine*. But it can be treated in other ways also. For a really "smart" piece of fiction you will begin as follows:—

III.

"Broke!" ejaculated Lord NORBITON, jingling two halfpennies and a farthing in his pocket.

"Bridge?" asked his wife laconically.

"Bridge it is, DODDLES. Clean scuppered. Not a bloomin' tanner left, s'elp me. Old Lady BARBARA my partner last night again. Pink-eyed rat that she is! Hooted her under the table, too, I did; might as well have kicked the blessed poker. Wouldn't understand the simplest signal—so here we are. What's the lay, DODDLES?"

"London," said Lady NORBITON decisively.

"Oh, rats!" protested her husband, with real feeling in his voice.

"Yes, London. Better chance there. Buck up, old pal, and don't look more like a silly shrimp than you can help. I'll go and see about getting our blooming traps put together."

And so on. This will make your readers believe that you are intimate with the very best society.

If, however, you really happen to be a Viscountess or a Marchioness, you need not take so much trouble about grammar and construction. You will send your story to the *Ladies' Kingdom*, and it will be written in this fashion:—

IV.

So then when it was beginning to get a little tiresome in the country, and which because of its dulness Lord NORBITON could not endure, Lady NORBITON felt bound to reluctantly make a move and to go to London to get into the house in Grosvenor Place they had heard of. *Caelum nonne animum*, however, as the old Greek proverb hath it, which is more reliable than a proverb in most cases are wont to be. However, they left Mangel next day. Lord NORBITON was silent in the train; "who shall I ask to cheer him up?" thought his wife as station after station was whizzed by—a question it was hard to successfully find an answer to.

Finally, if you can't make a successful story out of the theme, turn it into a rhymed satire. You need not trouble about polishing the lines overmuch. Send it to Albemarle Street, and, with any luck, it will appear in the most massive type. This is a sample of the style required:—

V.

The tavern gossip of the *Mangel* clown
Reports that NORBITON has gone to town;
Ready to suffer for his country's sake
(Like RODNEY, GRENVILLE, FROBISHER and
DRAKE—
Immortal names!). He will endure, no
doubt,
The indigestion of the diner-out,
And add to dinner—so exceeds the
upper
Class of so-called "Society"—a supper;
What time her ladyship in Paris dress,
Etc., etc.

Nothing can be easier to write!

GUY BONO;

OR, FOR THE GOOD OF "GUY'S."

Being some account of a famous performance in aid of Guy's Hospital, given at His Majesty's Theatre, June 8.

AN appeal for assistance towards a charitable object, whatever that object may be, is never made in vain to the members of the theatrical profession. It was therefore a foregone conclusion that a performance given—emphatically "given," as not one penny would actors and actresses take for all their labours, culminating, after many previous weeks' conscientious rehearsals, in this one single night's well-nigh faultless representation—in aid of the funds for endowing in perpetuity a bed in Guy's Hospital, to be named "His Majesty's Theatre Bed," should yield an exceptional result, and that Mr. TREE, himself the donor to the fund of all the expenses of the show, should have been able to state publicly that "Guy's" would benefit, by this one night's performance, to the tune of two thousand one hundred pounds, an announcement, it is needless to add, received with the heartiest cheers. So were the last words of the "tag," admirably given by the generous Manager (he was giving everything that night, without, of course, giving himself away), in which he expressed a fervent hope for the future of the Hospital under the patronage of the King and the Presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of WALES, who, with the Princess, occupied a box on the first tier. Turning towards the Royal Box on the pit tier, Manager TREE, with graceful inclination (bows come quite naturally to a TREE), thanked the KING and QUEEN for their most gracious presence on this special occasion.

What a house it was! Two liberal benefactors had secured about half the pit for the fresh-coloured, bright-eyed hospital nurses, who were "all there" (though some had to remain at home, as the patients were not allowed out for "one night only"); but, fortunately for the susceptible males among the audience, the nurses were so deeply interested in the proceedings on the stage that the idea of "setting their caps" at anyone never for one moment entered into their heads.

The house was crowded, and had any accident happened to anyone there were Guy's doctors, Guy's surgeons, Guy's nurses, all ready to attend on the spot. One surgical operation was felt to be absolutely necessary: the first piece wanted cutting. The operation must be performed if it is again to be presented with any chance of success. Laureate ALFRED AUSTIN knows, perhaps, less of the stage, practically, than did even ALFRED the Great, Lord TENNYSON, and he knew little enough.

Handsome Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER, as *Lady Heron*, and Mr. FRED TERRY, made up quite prettily as *James the Fourth*, musical monarch of Scotland, with "harpy thoughts" and no strikingly tuneful power of expressing them; Mr. HENRY AINLEY as amatory *Donald Grey;* gentle Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, as the "adopted orphan," looking rather like a hospital nurse of the period—probably intended as a compliment to "our friends in front"—and Mr. OSCAR ASCHE as the robustious *Earl of Surrey*, all did their best for the author, who can scarcely be said to have done his best for them. Their efforts were acclaimed, and the one single dramatic situation was accepted with gratitude as a sample of the piece "that ought to have been."

In fact the programme consisted, first, of the piece that wasn't, and probably never would be, and, secondly, of the piece that was—decidedly successful. *The Man who Was*, fairly well dramatised by F. KINSEY PEILE from KIPLING'S story, gives, in *Austin Limmason*, a part that suits Mr. TREE perfectly. His make-up was wonderful, and his acting equal to his make-up. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE'S *Colonel Dirkovitch* was a remarkably clever performance. Miss CONSTANCE COLLIER'S *Millicent Durgan* was strikingly effective; and to Mr. FISHER WHITE as *Colonel Durgan*, to Mr. COOKSON as *Captain Basset Holmer*, and to Mr. DAWSON MILWARD as *Little Mildred*, the greatest praise is due. As this very stirring one-act piece is before long to form an important part of the regular evening bill at His Majesty's, it will have to be dealt with fully later on. At present it is only to be here set down that, in spite of certain weak points in the dramatisation, Mr. TREE has scored one of his most marked successes, a veritable *tour de force*.

But as it is probable that the opportunities of seeing so great a dramatic treat as the Laureate's *Flodden Field* will be rare, it is as well, for the fleeting moment, to record how there is in it a veiled ghost, a kind of *White Lady of Avenel*, or sort of tame *Castle Spectre*, impervious to the sword of *James the Fourth*, King of Scotland, who, having been warned by the ghost as to what he oughtn't to do, at once obstinately goes and does it; that there is a "Castle Interior" for the two Acts, with our good old friend "the Seneschal" complaining that he can't go out and fight (old humbug!), but must stop at home while the battle of *Flodden Field* is going on—it is, apparently, always going on—and burnish his master's armour; and how there is a charming orphan, played by Miss MIRIAM CLEMENTS, with whom a nice young man, by name of *Donald Grey*, represented in the nicest young-mannish manner possible by Mr. HENRY AINLEY, is deeply in love; how there is any amount of kissing, pressing, and hugging carried on by all the principals generally, much to the distraction of amorous swains in front of the house, perhaps too of the pretty nurses in the pit, and of coy maidens in all parts of the auditorium; and how Mr. ASCHE, as the bluff *Earl of Surrey* (Theatre and of ancient transpontine melodrama), goes out to join in the battle, and, having come safely out of the fray without the slightest scar, and free from any damage whatever to his spick-and-span new costume, cuts up rusty, rushes out of the house never to re-appear, but to send "*per* bearers, this side up with care," a body of convincing evidence in the form of the corpse of *James the Fourth*, still Mr. FRED TERRY, or Mr. FRED TERRY still; and how *Lady Heron*, in disgust with the failure of her attempt at pleasing *Lord Surrey* with what she had considered a really good practical joke played on the unfortunate monarch, stabs herself, and so brings down the curtain,—all these are the main incidents forming the action of a blank-verse drama which, but for the prosiness of "the cackle," might yet succeed as a fair specimen of a curtain-raiser in an evening's programme.

But the two thousand one hundred pounds clear profit for Guy's was the chief success of this night, which will be memorable in the Hospital records kept by the Patron, His Gracious Majesty the KING; by H.R.H. Prince of WALES, President; as also in the memoranda of the entire Medical and Surgical Staff, which includes such names as Sir SAMUEL WILKS, FREDERICK TAYLOR, and a list of distinguished names too numerous to be here individually mentioned, and, above all, in the accounts kept by the indefatigable H. COSMO BONSOR, Treasurer of Guy's Hospital.

Another Hospital, the London, had a real good turn done it last Thursday by their kindly MAJESTIES' visit, when Whitechapel, to quote the *Times*' report, was "as gay with flags as the dripping state of these flags permitted," and this display, the outburst of a loyalty anything but "flagging," occurred in spite of His MAJESTY'S having caused it to be understood "that he would far rather see money given to the Hospital than expended in frippery of any sort."

It is due to the eminent surgeon Mr. FRIPP to explain that "frippery" was in no sense an allusion to his particular work, as he has nothing to do with the London Hospital, only with Guy's.

THE HAUNTED TRAM.

[A gentleman recently wrote to the *Daily Express* alleging that several times mysterious footsteps have been heard on the top of a South London tram at night, accompanied by the rattle of a conductor's chain and (probably, though he does not say so) a whispered request for fares. And no conductor was visible!]

GHOSTS of The Towers, The Grange, The Court,
Ghosts of the Castle Keep,
Ghosts of the finnicking, "high-life" sort
Are growing a trifle cheap.
But here is a spook of another stamp,
No thin, theatrical sham,
But a spectre who fears not dirt nor damp:
He rides on a London tram.

By the curious glance of a mortal eye
He is not seen. He 's heard.
His steps go a-creeping, creeping by,
He speaks but a single word.
You may hear his feet: you may hear them plain,
For—it 's odd in a ghost—they crunch.
You may hear the whirr of his rattling chain,
And the ting of his ringing punch.

The gathering shadows of night fall fast;
The lamps in the street are lit;
To the roof have the eerie footsteps passed,
Where the outside passengers sit.
To the passenger's side has the spectre paced;
For a moment he halts, they say,
Then a ring from the punch at the unseen waist,
And the footsteps pass away.

That is the tale of the haunted car;
And if on that car you ride
You won't, believe me, have journeyed far
Ere the spectre seeks your side.
Ay, all unseen by your seat he 'll stand,
And (unless it 's a wig) your hair
Will rise at the touch of his icy hand,
And the sound of his whispered "Fare!"

At the end of the trip, when you 're getting down
(And you 'll probably simply fly!)
Just give the conductor half-a-crown,
Ask who is the ghost and why.
And the man will explain with bated breath
(And point you a moral) thus:
"'E 's a pore young bloke wot wos crushed to death
By people as fought
As they didn't ought
For seats on a crowded bus."

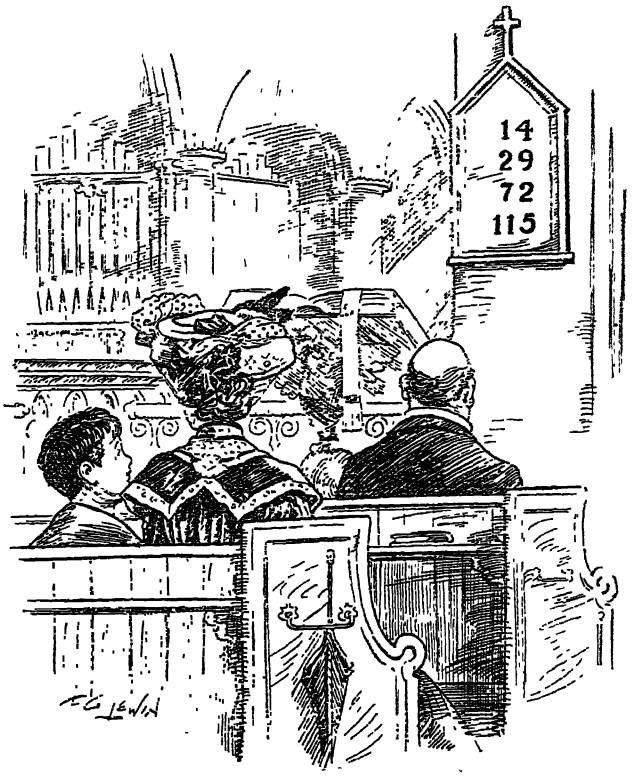
OPERA NOTES.

Tuesday, June 9.—Herr VON ROOY, as *Hans Sachs*, is "aboot as pairfect, ye ken, as any single mon representing *Sachs* could be," says the Wee MACGREEGOR, expressing the "opinion of us all." *Die Meistersinger*, though with Sachs-full of melody, is, it cannot be denied, a somewhat weary business considering what it is intended to be—a comic opera. *Beckmesser* is an eccentric part, and Herr GEIS does it justice in every way. Frau GLEISS is a charming *Eva*, and Frau DEPPE delightful in the small part of *Magdalene*. Prolonged applause at finish. Everybody, being called, cheerfully obeyed the summons.

Wednesday.—Miss COVENT GARDEN as *Juliette*, SALIGNAC as *Roméo, et toute la boutique* as before. Cannot well be improved upon.

Thursday.—Première de MELBA. House crowded. KING and QUEEN present. PUCCINI's delightful opera, *La Bohême*. *Prima donna* never in better voice. Mme. FRITZI SCHEFF, as frisky *Musetta*, excellent. The only slip in the opera was made by *Marcello* and *Colline*, Signor SCOTTI and M. JOURNET, in attempting to carry off aforesaid frisky young lady. Hearty calls before curtain smilingly accepted. M. DUFRICHE as good as ever in representing "two single gentlemen rolled into one," namely, *Benoit* the grim and *Alcindoro* the gay. Mr. BELLEW's well-trained chorus of Hulla-bellew Boys was first-rate; they thoroughly enjoyed all the fun of the fair. *Habitués* missed M. GILBERT as *Schaunard*, but were contented to accept Signor PINI CORSI as his substitute in this *rôle*. Meritorious MANCINELLI conducting. Mellifluous MELBA's *Mimi* better than ever.

Saturday's entertainment will be accounted for in next week's notes.



A 'CALCULATING BOY."

Tommy (in audible whisper). "MUMMY, THEY'VE ADDED IT UP RIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME!"

WAHL, WE NEVER!

[*From the Evening Post, New York, June* 9.—"The Russian semi-official Press now takes the cheerful view that the recent expulsion of the *Times* Correspondent from St. Petersburg was a proof of Russian friendliness!"]

The *Times* correspondent who recently received such sudden "notice to quit" St. Petersburg may adapt the old song to the occasion, and justly observe that:

"Perhaps it was well to dissemble your love,
But—why did you kick me down stairs?"

But what can you expect from the Russ in his own *urbe?* As the immortal Dr. WATTS hath it,

"It is his nature to!"

And, this being so, General VON WAHL, Assistant Minister of the Interior, only acted "like a bear." So the trusty correspondent crosses the Tartarean border and bids "Good-night" to Russia, adding, "All's Wahl!"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

THE IRON HAND.

["The Government of India *has been pleased* to sanction the infliction of a fine, &c."—*Official notification.*]

To such as read with careless eyes,
  My present theme affords
But little scope for enterprise
  In buttering one's lords;
"Fines," they would urge, "have always
  Largely to Those that rule, [bulked
Seeing that every man They mulct
  Brings something to the pool."

But ah! my friends, it isn't that;
  Their proud pre-eminence
Rests on the nobler ground of flat,
  Cold-blooded truculence;
Others have done the same ere now,
  But only men of steel
Would have the stomach to avow
  The pleasure that They feel.

Here is the Iron Hand that builds
  Our realms beyond the sea;
No *suaviter in modo* gilds
  Their *fortiter in re;*
Here you will find no velvet glove
  Upon the fist of fear:
None of your guiding hand of Love,
  None of your hogwash here!

No. From Their home amid the stars
  They glower athwart the land
Inplacable, with "eye like Mars
  To threaten and command";
With Them to hear is to obey
  With no more questioning;
They make no bones about it—They
  Are *pleased* to do this thing.

Blind to the victim's mask of woe,
  Deaf to his poignant howls,
No pity stirs Their hearts, and no
  Reluctance wrings Their bow'ls;
By prompt and ready cash alone
  Their wrath shall be appeased,
Who pile it on like gods, and own,
  Like men, to being pleased.

DUM-DUM.

THE PROFESSIONAL CHEERER-UP.

["Among the latest acquisitions of the Women's Exchange in New York is a worker known as the cheering-up lady."—*Daily Paper.*]

NEW YORK now possesses a clever lady, Miss SOPHIE STRY, who spends her time in passing from house to house transforming, by her bright tongue and merry magnetism, Dumpy JAMESES into Sunny JIMS, and Dreary ELIZABETHS into Laughing BETSIES. We have ventured to imagine the course her methods might take with certain English melancholics.

WITH A DEPRESSED CRICKETER.

"Come now, my dear Sir; after all, what is a duck? One cannot make a hundred without adding two ducks to a paltry one! But *per se?* Oh, well, *per se* it is, perhaps, a little discouraging, but who is free from them? Even FRY makes several every season, and the bowling must be considered. You were bowled by a clinker. It is better to make a duck against good bowling like that than a hundred against tosh. I doubt even if the KING would make a score against LOCKWOOD. Look at the symmetry of it, too—round, smooth, compact, self-contained. Compare it with a sprawling 57, say, or 94. The egg, the symbol of life!—how charming! To add one more to Nature's store of eggs — that is work, indeed. The universal mother is on your side, if your captain isn't."

[*At this point the* Cricketer *presses a large fee into* Miss SOPHIE STRY'S *hand and breaks away, determined never to do anything so banal as make another run.*

WITH A PESSIMISTIC AUTHOR.

"And they won't read your book? Why, what could be better? To be admired by the many-headed mob; to have a bookstall circulation like the writer you have just named?—surely your heart should be dancing to have escaped such a fate. How much finer to be select, to number one's true appreciators by tens, nay, by units, than to slay thousands with SAMSON'S weapon, like Dash and Blank! I envy such rare unobtrusiveness. This is an advertising, gulping age—you stand aside, a prophet of the unique, the unpopular.

"Not reviewed! Another triumph. To keep one's name pure and unsullied by mention in the democratic sheets—that is real success. To know but to be unknown, what equals such a fate as that? To write, but to refuse to publish! How I envy you such a power! 'No,' you can say, turning the key on your MSS., 'no, there they shall lie. You might have read them, but would not; now you shall not. Thus do I take my revenge.' My dear Sir, you are superb. The attitude is worthy of TIMON. We do not know our greatest men."

[*Here the* Literary Man *abandons all thought of suicide, and dedicates his young life to the agreeable task of denying the world the joy of reading his next romance.*

WITH A DEJECTED GOLFER.

"So you're off your drive? A mere passing weakness, I assure you. Why, look at the Duke of DUFFINSHIRE! He was only 65 when he took to the game, and when he had his first lesson from BEN SAYERS he missed the ball completely six times running. Even now he often slices his drive into the tee-box. They're going to put up your handicap from 2 to 4? Why, how old are you? Only 28? Why, CHARLES HUTCHINGS didn't begin to play golf till he was over 30! Think of all the years you've got before you to pull it down. And look at the Duke of DUFFINSHIRE again! Only last month they reduced his handicap from 36 to 34. You say you lost six new Haskells at Woking in one round? Well, that was rather trying, but think of the pleasure you have given to those who found them. And, besides, you surely remember the historic case recorded in the lines:

'There was a young man of St. Ives
Who lost ten new balls in ten drives.'"

[*Exit* Depressed Golfer, *in a transport of pantisocratic benevolence, firmly resolved that the next time he misses the globe he will give his caddie half-a-sovereign.*

WITH A DISAPPOINTED "TIMES" COMPETITOR.

"So you set your heart on winning the £1,000 prize and failed? Well, well: there are other good things in the world besides money. Besides, if you had invested it carefully you would only have got about 2½ per cent. return, and if you had gone in for a flutter it would have been probably swallowed by some wild-cat company promoter. But don't fret about the money. Try to realise the splendid intellectual advantages you have reaped from your exertions—the mental gymnastic, the concentration, the wonderful mass of miscellaneous information you have assimilated in the course of your studies: the statistics of the oleo-margarine trade, the reason why camels have humps, the place to buy second-hand silk hats, the difference between a sprocket pinion and a carburetter, the age of Madame SARAH BERNHARDT. Think how much better equipped you are for the battle of life, and thank Heaven fasting for the altruistic enterprise of Printing House Square."

[*Disappointed* "Times" Competitor *dries her eyes, embraces* Miss STRY, *and makes a note to send a Christmas-card to* Mr. G. E. B-CKLE.

"RETURNED WITH THANKS."

"RETURNED with thanks," and "much regret":
At such rejection who could fret?
  Acceptance scarce had had more grace:
  Nay, one can admiration trace,
But thinly veiled in etiquette.

Ah, little, little chansonnette!
"Not without elegance," and yet—
  Just for a trifling "want of space,"
    "Returned with thanks!"

To think: if one had only met
His aunt at dinner—played a "Set"
  With some sweet cousin of his race,
  It lacked but that to change the case:
Not then, for answer, should we get
    "Returned with thanks."

RONDEAU OF FASHION.

In "gauging" and in "piping" go
Those ladies strictly *comme il faut.*
In "spiderwebs" of lace they 're seen,
With "herring-bones" disposed between,
And "stoles" are *chic, en boléro.*

And "yokes" above have dropped below,
And "ruffles" out, or nearly so;
Le dernier cri, a "pelerine,"
In gauging.

Why, why this strange variety-show
Of frill and "flute" and furbelow?
O dainty maids of winsome mien,
In dimity or "*crêpe de chine*"
Or *any* wear you are, you know,
Engaging!

CHARIVARIA.

THE War Office has decided that officers may show one-eighth of an inch of white collar with the service dress. The notice of the authorities has been drawn to the delay in mounting guns in the fortifications of naval bases and defended ports, and the matter will receive attention in its proper turn.

In future, soldiers who have lost teeth on active service are to be provided with a free issue of false ones, but not until the commanding officer is satisfied that the applicant has made a thorough search on the battle-field for the missing articles.

The expenses of officers' dress are said to be constantly increasing. Perhaps that is why, to judge by recent courts-martial, so many officers appear in rags.

An international motor-car race from Moscow to St. Petersburg is to take place early in August. Every precaution will be taken for the public safety, and none but the CZAR'S Jewish subjects is to be allowed on the course.

It is none the less satisfactory to learn that the English protests on the subject of the recent Kischineff massacres will not be treated with contumely by the Russians. Criticising the comments in the English papers, the *Novoe Vremya* says, "Contempt is the reply of honest people to their shameful outbursts."

The *Daily Mail* is publishing a series of remarkably sane articles on Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals. A note is appended drawing attention to the fact that "the articles must be understood to express the opinions of the writers, and not necessarily those of the *Daily Mail.*"



"FOR THIS RELIEF——?"

"I'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR WIFE IS SUFFERING FROM HER THROAT. I HOPE IT 'S NOTHING SERIOUS?"

"No, I DON'T THINK SO. THE DOCTOR 'S FORBIDDEN HER TO TALK MUCH. IT 'LL TROUBLE HER A GOOD DEAL, I EXPECT, AND SHE WON'T BE HERSELF FOR SOME TIME."

We hear that, in view of recent startling political developments, a mass meeting of the leaders of the Liberal Party will shortly be held.

France has not a high opinion of her own sailors. To ascertain whether it is possible to occupy the lower turret while firing is proceeding on the battleship *Henri IV.*, four sheep were tied up to represent the French gunners.

Last week's issue of *V. C., a Journal of the Brighter Side of Life*, contained an article entitled "Hunted by Elephants."

Lamb is now in season. It is to be had cheap both from Messrs. METHUEN and Mr. DENT.

A Scalloway merchant, while in a sailing boat, has encountered the sea-serpent. After noting that it was about thirty feet long and had a huge flapper-like head, he made straight for land and is now a teetotaler.

At Christmas Mr. TREE will produce *The Darling of the Gods.* It is announced that he will not fill the title *rôle* himself. This is characteristic of one who declares he never plays to the gallery.



Mistress. "JANE! JANE! YOU *MUST* BE MORE CAREFUL EACH OF THOSE TUMBLERS YOU'VE BROKEN COST HALF-A-CROWN!"
Jane. "LAW, MUM! NOW I SHOULD 'AVE PUT 'EM AT EIGHTPENCE!"

MR. PUNCH'S SPECIAL ARTICLES.

(*With acknowledgments to the "Daily Mail"*)

No. IV.—THE CULT OF THE BROWN BOOT.

No serious student of dermatology can have avoided noticing the enormous increase in the use of brown boots in the last quarter of a century. In 1879 a clubman would no more have thought of walking down Pall Mall in brown boots than of flying. But now even archdeacons frequent the Athenæum Club in that ubiquitous footwear.

Necessity is probably the mother of invention, as Lord AVEBURY has pointedly remarked, and the introduction of the brown boot is due, according to a well-known Bond Street maker, to the exigencies of a retired General, who, finding it difficult to get his boots adequately blacked at his chambers, suggested, as a solution of his embarrassment, that it might be possible to devise a form of boot in which blacking could be entirely dispensed with. The example at once provoked imitation, and now it is estimated by Dr. NICHOLSON ROBERTS in the *Bootman* that in London alone 1,250,000 pairs of tawny-coloured footgear are sold in the year.

Boots, it may not be generally known, are made from the hides of various animals, terrestrial and marine. The skin is removed after the animal has been slaughtered, not before, and is then subjected to a variety of preliminary processes of a mollifying character, of which the most important is that of tanning. Tan, or tannin, as it is more correctly called, is a substance of a friable texture and a highly pronounced but hygienic odour. It is principally found in Indian tea, whence it is extracted by machinery especially designed for the purpose, and stored in tanyards. It is also occasionally used to deaden the sound of traffic and provide equestrians with a substratum calculated to minimise the wear and tear of their horses' hoofs. Dogs of certain breeds are also technically described as being "black and tan."

The process of bootmaking, of which the headquarters is at Nottingham, will be familiar to all who have attended the performances of WAGNER'S opera *Die Meistersinger*. It involves the use of powerful cutting instruments, cobbler's wax, needles, thread, and other implements, and the principal terms in its somewhat extensive terminology are vamp, welt, upper leathers, and nether sole. Bootmakers, like tailors, commonly sit cross-legged at their work, and hold pronounced political views; hence the term freebooter. But it has been noted that the makers of brown boots incline to Liberal Unionism. Their patron saint is Giordano Bruno, and in theology they affect latitudinarianism.

The term "brown boots," it should be noted, is often a misnomer, as it includes shades of yellow, orange, and russet. Army men affect the latter, while stockbrokers and solicitors prefer the former.

In conclusion it may be worth while to record certain established rules, the disregard of which may have untoward consequences. Black laces do not harmonise well with brown boots, nor is it *de rigueur* to wear them with a frock-coat, or when in evening or court dress.



"FOILED!"

"Birmingham Joe," the Highwayman, fails in his attempt on the Free Trade Coach.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 8.—House resumed after Whitsun recess. The gathering small, proceedings in Committee, save for one incident, humdrum. In Lobbies, in Library, in Reading-room, wherever two or three Members are gathered together, there is Rumour in the midst of them. Men recognise with bated breath the imminence of crisis. Some say Government will resign before the week end, others limit that grave step to DON JOSÉ. HARRY CHAPLIN, literally big with the fate of Ministries, stalks about Lobby, wearing his eye-glass with even more studiously close resemblance to manner of another Dictator. ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, back after long absence, blacker and grimmer than ever, restlessly takes the Lobby to and fro in five strides. Mr. PATRICK O'BRIEN, elate with consciousness that the Irish Whip holds in hollow of his hand the fate of strongest Ministry of modern times, enviously watches legs of ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, wondering how he does it. As for JEMMY LOWTHER, he is making a book; from time to time retires to corner near Post Office and liberally uses the national stock of telegram forms in working out how he stands on the double event. The atmosphere is charged with electricity. Over all broods a dark cloud, which men instinctively feel may suddenly break, involving the Empire in fumes and smoke more terrible than those *Dante* nightly sniffs as he walks the stage at Drury Lane.



AN AUTHORITY ON FEEDING-BOTTLES.

"I was struck by the extreme simplicity of my hon. friend the Secretary to the Treasury."—*Sir E. Grey's Speech.*

Mr. Arth-r Ell-t.



QUITE SO; BUT HOW LONG WILL HE STOP THERE?

"I am quite prepared to go into any labourer's cottage and say to him, 'Now this policy, if it is carried out, will cost you so much a week more than you are paying at present for your food.'"—! ! !—*Mr. Chamberlain's Speech on Preferential Tariffs.*

And it is at a time like this that WILLIAM CECIL NORTON, Member for West Newington, late Captain of the Fifth Royal Irish Lancers (recreations: skating, cycling), selects to seize a feeding-bottle pistol-wise, and hold it at the head of harried Government. It was in Committee on Civil Service Estimates. On vote for salaries and expenses of Customs Department STRACHEY moved to reduce salary of Chairman of Board of Customs by £100, with intent to coerce him into furnishing names and addresses of persons who import to this country foreign milk. ARTHUR ELLIOT, in charge of Civil Service Estimates, pleaded this was really inviting a paternal Government to go outside its legitimate sphere of influence. Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, whose weather eye comprehends view of boundless empire without overlooking the interests of domesticity, said a few words; which, in truth, he often does.

Then up-gat the gallant ex-Royal Irish Lancer, and, feeding-bottle in hand, rode down on the trembling Treasury Bench.

"In these days," he said, "when the majority of the rising generation are unfortunately bottle-fed, we are justified in asking His Majesty's Government to trace to its spring every half-pint of foreign milk foisted on the country."

Prince ARTHUR, who had just dropped in, faintly blushed. What were feeding-bottles to him, or he to feeding-bottles, that the Member for West Newington should thus pointedly address him? The Financial Secretary to the Treasury, a married man, was more competent to deal with the subject. To him the Premier left it, withdrawing from the range of NORTON'S levelled feeding-bottle with perturbed alacrity that greatly tickled Chairman of Committees. The OVERFLOWING LOUGH, of all men, coming to rescue of the Government, the feeding-bottle and the amendment were both withdrawn, and Ministerial crisis temporarily averted.

Business done.—Voting supply.

Tuesday night.—Making history to-day. The House, after its manner, instantly adapts itself to occasion. Gone is the languor of yesterday; crowded are the erstwhile empty benches; breathless the interest with which succeeding episodes are watched. A great deal has happened since ST. MICHAEL last spoke in Parliament. Then he rose from the Treasury Bench, and stood at the Table exponent of the policy of a united Cabinet. To-day he presents himself from the corner seat behind the Treasury

Bench, a historic quarter, whence, since the days of W. E. FORSTER and before, Ministers cast off by rapid rotary movement of Cabinets have found refuge.

Below him, on the Treasury Bench, PRINCE ARTHUR, reverting to a long and familiar habit, literally sprawled. Sixteen years ago, when answerable for Law and Order in Ireland, the Chief Secretary, nightly attacked from benches below Gangway opposite, was wont to lounge on Treasury Bench with ostentatious effort to appear at ease. With his long legs stretched out till they touched the Table, his hands loosely disposed in his trousers pockets, his head brought so low that it might rest on the cushioned back of the seat, he intimated to whom it might concern that if it gave them pleasure to heap abuse on the Irish Secretary, ARTHUR BALFOUR didn't mind a bit. It pleased them and didn't hurt him.

To-night he unconsciously reverts to this old manner, whilst from the back bench a former Cabinet colleague, amid jubilant cheers from the Opposition, floods with lurid light the downward path that, hand in hand with DON JOSÉ, he is treading, and holds him personally responsible for the burden of expenditure under which the nation staggers.

And where is DON JOSÉ? Last time financial policy of the Ministry was discussed on eve of Whitsun holidays, Colonial Secretary and Premier, as is their wont, sat shoulder to shoulder in smiling confidence, following and supporting each other in debate, exchanging cheery commentary as it was carried on by others. There is this afternoon plenty of room on either side of the Premier if a fond and faithful comrade yearns for his companionship. DON JOSÉ sits alone at the obscurer end of the Treasury Bench, where, in the shadow of the Speaker's chair, Under-Secretaries foregather. With folded arms, closed eyes, countenance of stony impassivity, he sits and listens as if they were talking about someone else.

To a proud spirit accustomed to command, the minutes stretching into long hours must have been the bitterest known in a life of storm and stress, for the most part victoriously overcome. DON JOSÉ has seen something like it in years gone by. Having staked his all on Home Rule, Mr. GLADSTONE one night sat on the same bench in an equally crowded House, watching the Thanes flee from him, recognising that for the time at least the battle was lost.

"Had Zimri peace who slew his master?" It is DON JOSÉ's turn now. He has played a card not less momentous to national interests than was Home Rule in his old chieftain's hands. Like him, after seeming to carry all before him, there comes a day when, suddenly, fortune turns, friends fall away, and a structure boldly designed, carefully built up, apparently ready for prosperous occupation, suddenly crumbles.

It was sharper than a serpent's tooth to sit and hear RITCHIE—him of all the



MAROONED; OR, THE MAN WITH THE IRON MASK.
"Sharper than a serpent's tooth to sit and hear Ritchie."

Cabinet colleagues!—read a deliberately prepared, presumably unanimously endorsed, renunciation of Protection and all its *aliases*. Worse still was to hear the fierce jubilance of the shout of triumph that went up from the throng opposite, long accustomed to feel the lash of his contumely and scorn.

"All very well, TOBY *mio*," says the MEMBER FOR SARK, looking over my shoulder as I write; "you describe the scene at the moment fairly enough. It is quite true DON JOSÉ has suffered an unexpected, resounding, blow. They have played check to the king; but don't suppose the game is over yet. If anyone offers you odds that DON JOSÉ, at present in a minority of two in the Cabinet, has abandoned his financial scheme, or abated one jot of determination to carry it, you take him freely, and when you are roping in the money don't forget a little commission for the tipster."

Business done.—DON JOSÉ's; *for the moment.*

AN IDYLL.

WHEN I asked my dear EDWIN to shave
I'd never a thought of denial;
He'd been such an absolute slave,
I put his devotion on trial.
But his eye threw a sinister dart,
His features grew dogged and grave.
Still—I hardly expected to part
When I asked him to shave.

He refused, and seemed eager to jest,
Till he saw my determined expression.
A moustache, he said, suited him best,
And helped in his budding profession.
"What! like *yours!*" I replied with a sneer;
He smiled when my temper grew hot,
And when I indulged in a tear
He said, "Certainly not."

'Twas enough, and I said what I felt,
Indignant and adamant-hearted,
On some of his drawbacks I dwelt—
He took up his hat and departed.
I expected him back, but in vain;
Disconsolate, haggard and white,
I wrestled each day with my pain
Till Saturday night.

Then I wrote and confessed I was wrong,
My hand with emotion was shaking,
I prayed him to come before long
To the heart that was his and was breaking.
Three terrible hours did I wait;
He came—and my reason was saved.
Then I saw what had made him so late—
My EDWIN had shaved.

"FIRST AID FOR THE INJURED."

WE met in Kensington High Street, and HILDA informed me that she was on her way home from an Ambulance Class that was held every week at Lady MACGREGOR'S.

"Every woman ought to know how to render First Aid to the Injured," she said, with gentle decision.

I assented warmly, and asked for particulars as to the method of procedure at these valuable gatherings.

"First, of course, we have tea," said HILDA, "and then we all go into the library and sit round the table, with the doctor at the head and the skeleton at the side."

"And can you see the skeleton from your seat?" I inquired.

"Quite as much as I want to!" replied HILDA, firmly. "We were a little late in beginning to-day," she went on, "as Mrs. DE WINTON had forgotten the time of the class, and of course we could not begin till she had had her tea."

"And what was the subject this afternoon?" I inquired.

HILDA turned reluctantly from the shop window she was contemplating.

"Fractures!" she said, importantly. "There are eight signs and symptoms of fractures. I can only remember one—crep—crep—it sounds something like *crêpe*, because when the doctor mentioned it I remarked to GERTRUDE how strange it was that one saw so little *crêpe-de-chine* this season, when it was all the rage last year. Oh! I know—crepitus! And that," she added thoughtfully, "is the one thing you are *not* to try and discover



THE MOTOR AGE.

(Some little distance after Albert Dürer.)

for yourself. It is *very* important to remember this."

"And what is the treatment to be?" I ventured, much impressed.

HILDA'S face assumed a pitying tenderness, beautiful to behold.

"Keep the poor dear warm and comfortable till the doctor comes!" she said, evidently quoting from a little manual she was holding in her hand. "You see it isn't likely you would be carrying splints and bandages about with you, to say nothing of the book, and it is really safer not to attempt too much! Though of course we have all learnt to bandage. We have a boy on purpose at 6*d.* an hour."

"Wee MACGREEGOR?" I suggested.

"No," said HILDA, seriously, "RONALD wouldn't stand still long enough. We have a little fellow from the Boys' Home."

"And when is the next class held?" I asked.

"Well," said HILDA, puckering her forehead, "that is rather a difficult thing to settle. You see there is always someone away, and the best thing to do is to arrange to have the classes when as few as possible are absent. This afternoon, while we were at tea, Lady MACGREGOR had a telegram from two of the members to say that they had been kept so long at LIBERTY'S that they were positively obliged to have tea at FULLER'S, and they didn't see how they could possibly be in time, and it would be such a pity to disturb the class."

"And what about the examination?" I asked, sternly. "What will you all do when the time of reckoning comes?"

"Oh, well," explained HILDA, "if you are absent more than once from the lectures you are not eligible for examination. There have been two lectures so far, and we have all been absent once, and I really don't see how we are to avoid being absent again. So we shall *none* of us be eligible for examination," she concluded cheerfully. "However, we shall have the *knowledge*, and that is worth more than any amount of certificates, isn't it?"

A SPLENDID PARADOX.—The *Courier* (Dundee), complaining that a recent motion was not pressed to a division, says:—"The result is that the Opposition has been unable to cement the wavering in the Government ranks by the formal cleavage which a division would have entailed."

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XIII.

WELL, as I say, I never thought very much of foreigners, but I own I got my eyes opened a bit once. Not that I changed my opinions about them, taken all round—I never was one for changing my opinions—but I got to see that if you don't look precious sharp they can sometimes get the better of us. I suppose it is because we're so generous and open-minded, and all that kind of thing. We know we're top of the tree and bound to remain there, and so perhaps we're apt to get a bit careless, feeling that we're sure to be all right in the end when the account day comes and they strike the balances. It was this way:—We had done a bit of business in Germany, cheap goods mostly, and there was a man in Berlin we had had some dealings with. He was in a small way, I understood, but he was a good payer, and the business was easy and brought us in a good bit of money one way and another. We heard one day that this fellow was sending his son to England to study business, so as to learn the latest tips and take them back to Germany with him, and we made up our minds to give him a good reception and show him all that was to be seen.

"Of course," said ROGERSON, "he'll be only too proud to associate with Englishmen for a bit and get some decent food for breakfast and dinner, let alone a decent pipeful of tobacco. These Germans are a grubby lot mostly, and it's precious little they get to fill their bellies with when they're at home. You'll find him quite easy to deal with when you've made him understand how to behave at table."

ROGERSON knew a lot about Germans. He had been over to Flushing by steamer two or three times during his holidays.

I got my first startler when I went to the station to meet young SCHUMACHER. That was his name, though why he spelt it in that outlandish jaw-cracking way I never could make out. Anyhow, I always called him "Boots" for short. When the train came in at Charing Cross I was looking out for someone who was poor-looking and dirty, and badly turned out in the tailoring department. I went up to one chap of that kind, who was standing gazing about him in a puzzled kind of way, and I said to him, "Is your name SCHUMACHER?" He turned round on me quite savage, and said, "No, it ain't. Is yours Gingertop?" I was just thinking whether I oughtn't to push his face in for him, when the German himself came up to me and introduced himself. He wasn't a bit in the slop-shop line, or dirty or miserable looking. On the contrary, he was as tidy as you'd want a man to be, and he was a big man too, with a fine pair of shoulders and a chest like a portmanteau for size. The way he stood himself up straight, as if he'd swallowed a poker, and clicked his heels together and took off his hat when he spoke to me fairly gave me the shivers—it all looked so military and polite and fierce. Thinks I to myself, he's a bit of a toff, so I put on all the polish I knew, and I flatter myself I gave him as good as he sent in the bowing and hat-touching line, till a porter ran a truck into my legs from behind. If the German hadn't caught me I should have fallen on to the platform.

Of course that wasn't a good beginning, but there was worse to come. One thing was, he talked English pretty near as well as I did, rather slower perhaps, and not so many neat little touches about it, but it was good straight English all the same. At first, being on the polite line, I was all ready to help him out, but it didn't pay, so I chucked it. He didn't take the help, and so it was no use offering it. For instance, he said one day: "My friend PASHLEY, what above all things in this great city makes me to marvel is when I look at you and see how beautiful your—" here he stopped for breath, and I put in the word "face," thinking he wanted to pay me a compliment; but he went on quite calm, "No, not face, though that too is beautiful in a way quite its own, which is not the classical way naturally; but I think the beautiful thing is that you, who are so great and proud, are yet so kind and so full of nobility as not to laugh at strangers."

This was a bit thick, for we had all been laughing at his way of bowing to ladies and talking to them as if they were duchesses, and I was half afraid he must have noticed it. Then there was another thing about him. You couldn't tell him anything he didn't know. The whole business was a game to him: he seemed to know it all before he started, and he gave me a tip or two about placing goods on the market that I'd never thought of before. Besides, he knew all about English history and the Tower of London, and Westminster Abbey and Richmond Hill, not forgetting the Star and Garter. In fact, he was a fair wonder.

Well, to cut a long story short, he went back to Germany after a month, and that was the end of our German business. We never did any more over there, for we found his people were underselling us everywhere. He had found out all he wanted, and then gone in and cut us out. He pushed into the Colonies too, and we couldn't keep him out. Three years afterwards he came back again a very rich man and married MABEL TAPLING, a girl ROGERSON had been sweet on for a long time. She told me, when I spoke to her about going away to a hole like Germany, that the fact was she couldn't take ROGERSON, he was so vulgar, and German men had a fine way with them that you couldn't get over. I'm not sure she wasn't right.

LINES TO AN INFANT ALIEN.

["At Birmingham, during the visit of the Wild West Show to that town, a Red Indian baby, with black hair, was born in the Indian camp. STANDING BEAR, the interpreter of the band, was the proud father, and he named the child BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR, out of compliment to his birthplace."—*Daily Paper*. The voice of Birmingham welcomes the youthful B. S. BEAR in the subjoined stanzas]

INNOCENT imp of Redskin race,
Child of the raven hair,
You have been born in a lively place,
BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR!

BUFFALO BILL is a big, big chief—
Birmingham owns it—still
There is a lord, in her belief,
Greater than even BILL.

Though we may come in our crowds to sit
Watching the Wild West Show,
We have a West of our own, and it
Largely belongs to JOE.

Birmingham's Pride has flung the fat
Into the fire, dear child;
And it is widely whispered that
Some of *his* West is Wild!

* * * *

BIRMINGHAM BEAR, observe the strife,
List to the loud abuse;
Do not embrace a public life;
Politics are the deuce!

Plug your opponent through the heart;
Treasure his scalp with care;
Choose, in a word, the simpler part,
BIRMINGHAM STANDING BEAR.

A POINT OF "VIEW."

[An agreement has now been arrived at between the London County Council and Sir J. WHITTAKER ELLIS by which only a single house shall be built on Sir WHITTAKER'S land opposite Richmond Hill.]

SIR ELLIS was as goode a knyghte
As c'er was sung in songe,
And what Sir ELLIS did was righte,
What others did was wronge.

Broad landes Sir ELLIS had and fayre
Where Thamys' waters flow,
And certaine of his neighbours there
Had fayre broad landes also.

But mercenary wights were these,
With lust of lucre filled,
Who scrupled not to fell their trees,
And houses vile to builde.

Up spake the goode Sir ELLIS then
In bonnie Richmonde towne—
"It is a shameful thynge that men
Should cut this timber downe.

"If you permit these trees to falle,
As soon, methinks, they wille,
You will destroy, for goode and alle,
The view from Richmonde Hille.

"For shame!" the goode knyghte cried,
"For shame!"
And laid his hande on hilt,
"Farewell to bonnie Richmonde's fame
If villas here be built."

The burgesses of Richmonde frowned
To hear him speak so bolde,
For if they bought the miscreants' ground
'Twould cost them muckle golde.

The men of Richmonde turned away
What time he made this rout,
And nothynge the goode knyghte could say
Would draw their shekels out.

With righteous wrath Sir ELLIS burned,
With grief his heart did ache;
To London's Council then he turned,
And thus he sternly spake:—

"Fayre Sirs, I have a plot of ground
For red-brick villas fitte,
And I could gain full many a pound
By building upon itte.

"'Tis full in front of that greene lande
On which the goode trees falle,
And where, eftsoons, on every hande,
Shall rise up villas talle.

"'Tis yours such vandals to withstand,
And therefore I design
That you should buy that piece of lande
Whyche fronts this plotte of mine.

"If this you do, I promise you—
And it shall be fulfilled—
That I will not upon my plottte
A single villa builde."

The Council thought the offer grande,
And sent the goode hatte round,
And ultimately bought the lande
For seventy thousand pound.

But when his neighbours' lande was bought,
Sir ELLIS changed his tone,
And, ere a year had passed, he thought
'Twas time to sell his owne.

Himself he could not build on itte,
His word was pledged to this,
But if the purchaser thought fitte—
The fault was none of his.

The Council met and tore their hayre,
And swore till all was blue,
But stoute Sir ELLIS didn't care,
And what were they to do?

So when the Council plainly saw
Sir ELLIS tooke no heede,
They hied them to the Men of Law
To help them at their neede.

The Men of Law they drew their pleas,
And drafted them with care;
The Men of Law they drew their fees,
A thumpynge sum they were!

And there had been a suit, I ween,
Fought out in grimly wise,
Had not the knyghte declined the fighte
And made a compromise.

Then glory to the Council bolde
Who tooke the sword in hande
And would not lette themselves be solde—
With goode Sir ELLIS' lande!



A MATTER OF OPINION.

Dealer (to old gent, who is trying a somewhat playful cob). "AH, NOW THAT 'S A NICE LIGHT-'ARTED LITTLE 'OSS, AIN'T 'E, SIR?"

SOCIAL GARDENING.—Cultivating an acquaintance.

TRIALS.

II.—"IN VINO——?"

SWALLOWBY, with whom I dined a few nights ago, placed a bottle of wine on the table, with a certain air of mystery. He then slowly filled my glass and his own, and, holding the latter up to the light, invited my opinion on the vintage.

"This is a very, va—ry curious wine," he observed with knitted brows.

I tasted it. It *was* a very curious wine; but after that first sip, strange to say, I felt no farther curiosity with regard to it. It failed to attract me.

He sipped, rolled the liquor over his tongue, and continued:—

"Frankly, my dear boy, if you were staying a week with me, I shouldn't give you that wine every night!"

SWALLOWBY is a very good fellow and merciful withal, and I felt grateful to him for this assurance. But I struggled on and swallowed another glass.

After a prolonged pause, my host said:—

"I see you think something of this wine."

I was thinking a good deal of that wine. As a matter of fact, I was calculating the amount of internal suffering likely to accrue to me if I consumed my share of the bottle.

"Am I not right?" he continued.

I wondered how long *I* should be? Already I had misgivings.

Lowering his voice, my host said:—

"What do you think this wine cost me?"

"Well, about one-and-three at the grocer's round the corner," I almost blurted out. But I shut my teeth with a snap, and merely gave a dreary, far-off smile in reply.

"Have another glass?" he broke in abruptly. "Now the bottle has been opened, we must finish it."

A weak little groan escaped me. Then, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential manner, I said:—

"Funny thing, my dear SWALLOWBY, my taste seems completely out of order to-night. Do you know——" (as a sharp twinge reminded me that I was but mortal), "I think, if you'll excuse me, that I will not drink any more of this wine—which I quite agree is a curious, most curious product of the Junip—Spanish vineyards, I mean—it would be actually wasted on me. Cork it up, and try it on your next guest—but if—if you'll just give me a small glass of old Cognac, I—oh, my dear SWALLOWBY!—excuse these unmanly tears—I will bless you with my latest breath!"



ASCOT WEEK RACING NOTE.

GOING IN FOR A SWEEP.

THE NEXT INVASION.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,—Greatly stimulated and encouraged by the kindly spirit of hospitality in which you received my projected Society drama, I venture to submit to you some notes in connection with a novel which I now have in hand. When an editor rejects a manuscript of mine, I send that manuscript to another editor. When he accepts one, I send another manuscript to that editor. This is the strenuous life. The purpose of my romance is to revive the type so popular a few years back, in the manufacture of which there has lately been something of a lull. I refer to the Inspired-Prophecy kind of novel, in which England is overrun by invaders until the last few chapters. In my style, and especially in my strict regard for the probabilities, I shall follow as nearly as I can the example of my great predecessors.

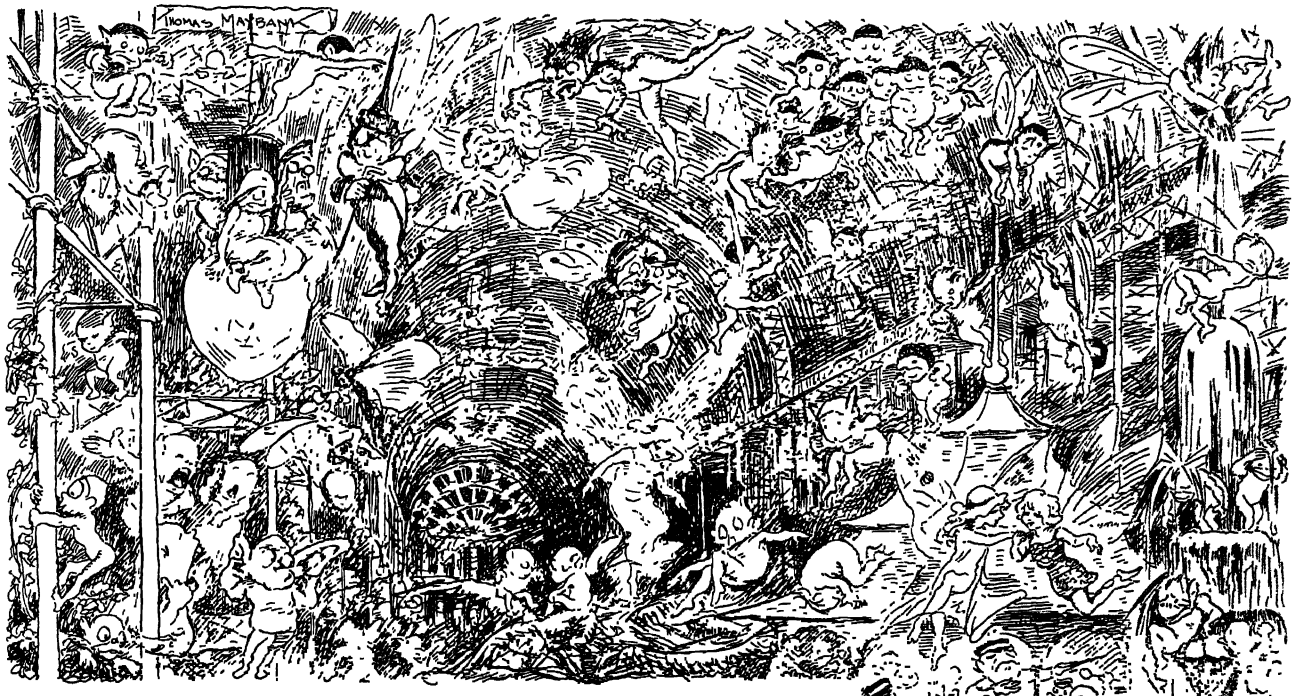
After years of secret preparation, France, Germany, Russia, Spain, Turkey, and Monaco suddenly declare war on England. England is totally unprepared. She always is in novels. Also, by the ingenious device of sending the admiral in command a bogus telegram to say that his aunt is ill, the Channel fleet is got out of the way. A vast consignment of assorted invaders sails up the Thames, and lands at the Docks. The authorities there have grown so accustomed to alien immigrants that they see nothing peculiar in these manœuvres, and, Sir HOWARD VINCENT being away, no obstacle is offered to the invading force, which proceeds to occupy the town. This is an easy task. The example of the Stock Exchange pedestrians has long ago been followed by every branch of Society, and the day chosen for the invasion is also that fixed for the various contests, with the result that London, with the exception of two bank clerks, the bookstall young man at Waterloo, three waiters, and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, is totally empty. The Stock Exchange is down at Brighton, the Guards at Cane Hill, and everybody else either at some distant spot or walking to it. The bank clerks and the bookstall young man are speedily overpowered. The Garrick Theatre, though strongly held by Mr. BOURCHIER, is subjected to the unfair criticism of large shells, and demolished, and the three waiters welcome their compatriots with shouts (and bottles) of Hoch. London is in the hands of the enemy. End of Book One, to be called *Blue Ruin*.

In Book Two, *Wake up, England!* there are thrilling accounts of battles and so on, and the shocking goings-on of the invaders generally. There is very little damage for them to do in London, for the L.C.C. have recently been at the streets, but they do all they can, and when the feelings of the reader are worked to the proper pitch by my vivid descriptions, I bring in my grand climax. One night Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL and the Editor of the *Daily Mail* (on whom the command of the British forces has naturally devolved) receive a visit from a mysterious stranger with a strong German accent. It is Herr JULIUS SEETH. In consideration of being allowed a monopoly in performing lions for the space of his natural life, he offers to bring his peculiar methods of education to bear on the Strand rats, mobilise them into an Army Corps, and send them against the foe. The chapter descriptive of the final struggle between the trained rodents and the invaders is one of my most powerful bits of work. The hair of the reader will shoot up like a rocket. The rats win and the war is at an end. That, I think, is all to-day.

Yours, &c.,

HENRY WILLIAM-JONES.

DREAMS BEFORE DAWN. EARLY FAIRIES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



OPERA NOTES.

Saturday night, June 13.—As *Gilda*, the unfortunate heroine of VERDI'S *Rigoletto*, Madame MELBA was at her very best. In that most effective scene of her exit from the balcony, "Sister Mary Jane's top note" was not in it with the uppermost, long-sustained, clear-as-a-bell-like note of Mme. MELBA. Signor SCOTTI, as the Court Fool "with the hump," was excellent, while Signor BONCI as *Il Duca*, The Magnifico for whom everyone makes way in the Palace—*omne ignotum pro Magnifico*—was magnificent. Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, with her beautiful rich contralto voice, sang the music of the gay *Maddalena* as perfectly as she enacted the part. Full house. Enthusiastic audience. "Waits" too long. Do away with them,—till Christmas.

Tuesday, June 16.—After the recent deluge of rain, ordinary frequenters of Ascot regard the first day of that race-meeting askance and—take another course. They stay in town and, unfatigued, repair to the only Garden that can be visited with pleasure in such an uncertain state of meteoro-illogical affairs as prevails at present. Well are they repaid by hearing Madame MELBA singing (and, ye gods, how she can sing!) her very best, and acting the part, too, with animation at first, and then with gentle pathos, as *Mimi*, the grisette heroine of *La Bohême*. As *Rodolfo*, her lover,

"Le petit bonhomme tout petit que ça"

Signor BONCI is admirable. Little DAVY GARRICK when possessed by tragic passion was "ten feet high," and Signor BONCI as *Rodolfo*, when expressing his lasting and deepest love for *Mimi*, reaches the highest sustained notes possible to a tenor, and is applauded to the echo. On two occasions *Mimi* and *Rodolfo*, making their exit arm-in-arm, as fond lovers playing at being a happily married couple, prolong the final notes of their duet until they are well out of sight. Then, on both occasions, the recall was long and loud. All shared in the exceptional success to which all had contributed. The excellent cast remained the same as on Thursday, the 11th, only that M. GILIBERT reappeared in his old *rôle*—and *with* his old rolls, which he brings on for the Bohemians' poor meal in the last Act—and joins his friends Signor SCOTTI as *Marcello*, and M. JOURNET as *Colline*, in their life-like reproduction of the *Quartier Latin* artists belonging to the early Louis Philippe era. Madame FRITZI SCHEFF'S *Musetta* "is a frisky *chef-d'œuvre*," says the unspeakable *Mr. Wagstaff*, emphasising the "f" so as not to allow the point of humour to escape the hearer—"Jocose that, *n'est-ce pas?*" he adds; but we will have none of it. As spirited as ever is the scene in front of the *Câfé Momus* on the night of *Le Jour de l'An*, the merry young choristers being well led by *Perpignol*, the tenor toy-seller, capitally played and jigged by Signor MASIERO.

Nor must the busy little *garçon* be forgotten in the bill. We have seen him as courtier, as soldier, as brigand, and we know not what besides, but always good. He deserves a *pourboire* of praise from the audience in addition to what he receives from *Alcindoro* the gay old beau connected with the *Benoit* family of curmudgeon landlords in the person of M. DUFRICHE, who, taking both characters, is a living example of a "*double entendre*." Signor MANCINELLI, in the orchestra on the highest seat, and in the highest spirits—as who could help being with such a splendid audience at his back?—conducts in his most impressive style; and if we do not see *La Bohême* once again this season, we shall remember this performance to-night as even more excellent than the first.

Thursday.—Otello. In "the book of words" it is rather Wagnerishly described as "*A Lyrical Drama in Four Acts (founded on Shakspeare's Tragedy) by Arrigo Boito, music by Giuseppe Verdi.*" To-night M. ALVAREZ is a grand *Otello*, full of (Arrigo) beans, and going the whole *tenore robusto* with a vengeance. Tunefulness not so much an object with him as dramatic force. His energy tremendous! In appearance, with his blackened face, and with crisp curly wool "where the wool *ought* to grow," and gleaming eyes, he appears as a "Golliwog" gorgeously arrayed in crimson dressing gown. When the Golliwog becomes frantic, worked up to a pitch of shouting frenzy, then trombones, violoncelli, and double basses of the deepest dye, are not in it with him. M. ALVAREZ dominates these instruments of vengeance, much as, in the final tableau of the Third Act, *Iago the Ancient* (well played and sung by the clever Italian-Highlander, Signor SCOTTI) dominates *Otello* lying prone on the stage, on whose body *Iago* places his foot, exclaiming "(*with horrible triumph*), See here, the Lion!" Far more appropriately *Iago*, with sardonic humour, might have insisted upon the resemblance between his attitude and that of the grouse-shooter in August when he first sets foot on the Moor.

Mlle. PACQUOT enlists our dramatic sympathies for her *Desdemona*, but her voice reminds us of the prophet of Khorassan, who was "veiled." Mme. KIRKBY LUNN, by her singing and acting, gives importance to *Iago's* wife *Emilia* M. FOSSE, Signor MASIERO, M. JOURNET, and Mr. LAURENCE REA, as *Cassio*, *Roderigo*, *Lodovico*, and *Montano* respectively, all do well. Stay! who is the gorgeous person in crimson, a person of the utmost importance, who should be either "Doge" or "Duke," but who is not in the bill as representing either? There is a character styled "a Herald," it is true, but this distinguished party cannot hold both offices, any more than one dignitary can be both Archbishop and Beadle. Yet in singing and acting he takes a most prominent part, though no mention of his *rôle* is made in the book. True, the entrance of "the Herald" is chronicled, and "the Duke here" is politely alluded to by *Otello;* but, according to the librettist, these personages are mute. This must remain a mystery.

The stage arrangements are admirable, and most true to nature is the conduct of the chorus of men and women (in the first Act), who are so affected by the sight of a vessel in distress on a wild and stormy sea that they turn their backs on the dreadful spectacle and content themselves with graphically describing their feelings to Signor MANCINELLI, the Æolus directing "the wind," and to the sympathetic audience which might have enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the terrible scene of shipwreck if it hadn't been "for the chorus in between." As we issue forth not a few *habitués* talk of TAMAGNO and MAUREL in days of yore—but, there, some people are never satisfied.

FOR THE KHEDIVE ON HIS VISIT TO LONDON.—"An Englishman's house is his—Cassell."

LE MONDE OÙ L'ON S'AFFICHE.

(Second Series.)

II.—THE LITERARY PARASITE.

He lives within the public eye
Immune from all investigation
Of how he came to occupy
That eligible habitation;
I hear of no accomplished feat
From which he takes the rank of writer,
Yet almost everywhere you meet
The name of Mr. BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

His novel, *'Neath a Woman's Spell*,
His book of poems, *Past Repealing*,
Those *jeux d'esprit*, *Half-hours in Hell*,
That trifle, *Round my Study Ceiling*—
All these are in a harmless vein
And leave suburban bosoms lighter,
But cannot possibly explain
The splendid vogue of BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

No merely adventitious aid
Helped him to hit the social target;
His early life is lost in shade,
I think he went to school at Margate;
Cambridge has housed him at the "Bull,"
And Oxford only at the "Mitre,"
And so the praise is due in full
To just himself—to BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

How does he do it? I respond—
"By sitting down with men of letters,
'Author,' 'Omarian,' 'Vagabond,'
He gets confounded with his betters;
A member of the great O P.,
A fixed and resolute first-nighter,
In all accounts of such you see:
'We noticed Mr. BERTRAM BLIGHTER.'"

At what he calls his "five o'clocks"
You may assist where genii jostle—
The newest Rage in Paradox,
The final form of Art Apostle;
His knowledge of his guests is slight
And theirs of him is something slighter,
Yet virtue in a steady flight
Streams from them all on BERTRAM BLIGHTER.

A moon amid refulgent orbs,
A bee among a bed of roses,
Their light and sweetness he absorbs
And as his own elsewhere imposes;
So, swarming up the rungs of fame
With ever surer grasp and tighter,
He bears his undisputed claim
To be "the well-known BERTRAM BLIGHTER."

O. S.

"SHE will soon be forgotten," said the elder and wiser of the two.

"Never!" protested the younger, enthusiastically, "I shall plant quite young trees about the tomb. What sort shall they be?"

"I should select," answered deliberately his more experienced friend, "slips of memory."

THE Stage Society, said the *Pall Mall Gazette*, have adopted the Elizabethan stage method, and so are enabled to present the entire play (*Twelfth Night*) "as written in little over two hours." SHAKSPEARE was a very rapid writer.



THE KING-MAKER.

[On June 11, King ALEXANDER of Servia and Queen DRAGA were brutally assassinated by the military leaders of a conspiracy that has placed PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH on the Throne.]

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

PRELUDE (*which may be omitted at discretion*).

Midnight. King JAMES *discovered emerging on to a broad parapet outside Linlithgow Palace. Music. Laughter. Heads of* Court Ladies *appear and disappear at open windows.*

James. Good night, fair ladies, good night; good night, all! And let the music of soft-shading eyelids See you to bed—if at all possible. But *do* be careful not to wake the Queen!

A Veiled Apparition (*enters*). War not with England. If you find you *must*—Then 'ware the glamorous wiles of downy woman!

James (*to himself, shrewdly*). I'll take my oath that this is merely one Of England's crafty emissaries, who Is trying to frighten me by dressing up! I'll make a ghost of *him* (*draws sword; Apparition stalks slowly through him, and vanishes*). He's going *too* far! . . . *Was* it an emissary, after all?

ACT I.

SCENE—*Gallery at Ford Castle.* MARGERY "*doing the flowers.*" Seneschal *looking out of window.*

Sen. From here we'll have a comfortable view Of the great fight on Flodden's famous field.

Marg. Oh, will they bring it off as near as *that?* How kind of SURREY and the SCOTTISH KING!

Sen. Nothing like War for danger and delight! I'd fight myself—were I a shade less stiff! The way this war has come about was thus:—Our English HAL (the Seventh of the name) was followed by a younger HARRY, who——

Marg. (*cutting him short*). I know. I've read all that in Mistress MARKHAM. At what o'clock do they commence the fray?

Sen. The official programme is not published yet. Here's DONALD GREY with all his armour on, As though for martial purposes attired, So probably *he'll* know the time they start.

[*Enter* DONALD.

Don. As Captain of our yeomen troop at Ford, At Duty's call, and much against my will, I fare to fight at Flodden—presently. For even War must wait young Love's convenience, So, while my budding heart bursts into bloom (*to* Sen.), Sir, will you kindly leave us for a space, That I may have my love scene while I may? (*Exit* Seneschal.) I've quite forgotten what I meant to say. . . . Ah, *I* know now I—love you, MARGERY!

Marg. This is so sudden, DONALD! Still, I own I long for *someone*, only—is it *you?*

Don. Take it from me, it *is*—or, if it's not, I beg that henceforth you will *make* it so.

Marg. I wish you were not going out to fight. Perhaps to die! Oh, *mind* you are not killed!

Don. (*firmly*). If I can *help* it, that I shall not be! For Love has frightened all my fears away, And I am game to face the riskiest fray! [*They embrace. Exit* DONALD.

Enter Lady HERON.

Lady Heron. Round but the hour—if you know what I mean—And then He will return, I know him well!

Marg. Do you refer to SURREY—or the KING?

Lady H. SURREY, of *course!* Though I'm expecting *both.* When friends are fighting just outside one's gates, 'Tis mere civility for each to call. But SURREY is the warrior for *me!* And he will come afresh, red-hot, ablaze, Ere he begins his battle, to these arms, And on Love's anvil beat his burning breast——

Marg. (*gently*). Forgive me, lady dear, but is that *quite* The language for a well-conducted matron?



OUR VILLAGE.

THE GOLF-CLUB IN FULL SWING.

Lady H. Babe! How Spring-fresh you are! Did you not know *All* married women carry on like this?

Marg. Then that of course explains it—but I gathered That you expect the Scottish King as well. (*Timidly.*) Will not that rather complicate affairs?

Lady H. I took precautions—trust a woman's tact. My minions have strict orders not to show One in until the other has departed. And when JAMES comes, I have a little plan For fooling him too late to fight, and so My birth-right sceptred SURREY wins, hands down!

Marg. I could not set such subtle snares as *that.* But deem you that 'tis acting on the square?

Lady H. There's an old saw that I have somewhere heard, That *everything* is square in Love and War. Go to the tower, like Sister ANNE, and see If your young eyes can spot my SURREY's coming.

Marg. (*sensibly*). How shall I know him ere he loom in view?

Lady H. Why—if you should observe the air divide, And a stray god walking with high-pranced steps, Whose charger (should he hap to be on horseback) Fans him assiduous with its wing-like hoofs—*That* will be SURREY!

Marg. 'Twould be strange indeed, If I should fail to recognise him *now!*

[*Exit, as* SURREY *enters from opposite direction.*

Lady H. SURREY? My SURREY! Ere the appointed hour! How *did* you manage to get here so soon?

Surrey. We've had to put the battle *on* a bit. I can't stay long—I only just dropped in——

Lady H. To spend a cosy hour alone—with *me?*

Surrey. H'm—that was the idea—to some extent. The self-same stone will serve me to bring down The Bird of Pleasure and her mate of Business. Your tower here affords a bird's-eye view Of the surrounding district, which, perhaps It might be just as well to scrutinise, Ere I attack the foe—

(*proudly*)—a prudent General Seldom omits to scan the field beforehand.

Lady H. And will you to the tower first—or last?

Surrey. Oh, *last*, I think, because if I went *now*, I might see that would call me back to camp. We warriors gather roses while we may, And snatched reposefulness is doubly sweet!

Lady H. But are you *certain* you are going to win? Tell me you are—you are—you are—you *are!*

Surrey. I'm *practically* so, bar accidents. For I have noticed that the God of War But seldom smiles on either dolts or laggards. But now, to talk of some more soothing topic. What have *you* been about since last we met?

Lady H. Wailing for *you*—and well-nigh bored to death!

Surrey. I *say!* But you've a husband somewhere. What? A prisoner of JAMES'S, isn't he? Look here, suppose I ransom him for you?

Lady H. He isn't worth it. Do you know King JAMES?

Surrey. Only by name as yet. With any luck, We're *bound* to meet before the day is done. Poetic sort of chap, I understand. Writes verses, and recites 'em—if he's pressed.

Lady H. I'm sure that *you* write poetry as sweet!

Surrey. Me? Bless you, *I'm* no Poet, though I once Did hammer out a battle-song, of sorts. I'll hum it you—let's see, how does it go? (*Hums.*) "Now, Bowmen, Now, Yeomen, Come, tackle the Foemen; Look sharp, don't be slow, men! Up, up, from your blankets, turn out for the fray! Small stout men, Tall slim men, Untidy men, Trim men, Good-looking men, Grim men, Sour men, "Sunny Jim" men, No time to kiss women, For Battle—not Bussing's—our business to-day!"

Lady H. It stirs the blood like some fresh saline draught! And you have really made it up yourself?

Surrey (*modestly*). It was quite easy. Simply sit and think—And soon there comes a singing in your head.

Lady H. And can you sing as fluently of Love?

Surrey. Love is but very little in my line. With women I'm a perfect simpleton. *I* never know what they are driving at.

Lady H. SURREY, you know too *much!* None but a rake Could make such hay in this Autumnal heart!

Surrey (*embarrassed*). I'm sorry, but I fear I must be off. For Flodden must be fought *some* time to-day!

Lady H. Nay, fly not yet! Stay but a little while. (*Enter the Troop, led by* DONALD GREY). See, here comes DONALD with his gallant band, To bid good-bye before they start for Flodden. You'll say a few brave words to cheer them up?

Surrey. I'll do my *best.* (*Clears his throat.*) Captain, brave Border Striplings! Entirely unaccustomed as I am To public speaking, yet I rise to make A very few remarks.... Speech, so to speak, Speech is the craft of Peace, and Peace is——well, A rather different kind of thing from War. Not that I wish to run down Peace: I am A man of Peace myself—that is, with Honour. But when you're in for War, why there you *are!* (*Here he perceives that* DONALD *and the troop have disappeared.*) They *might* have waited till I'd done my speech!

Lady H. Your martial words fired them with so much ardour That they were all impatience to be off.

Surrey. I'll follow, then. When battle's dread array Is duly marshalled, it would look but ill Were the Commander not upon the spot.

Lady H. One moment! See, you've got your sword on wrong. It should be on your *left* . . . . There—*now* it's right. Farewell, and, when the battle's o'er, you *will* Come back to Ford for tea?

Surrey. That must depend On the direction that we drive our foe. But, ere I go, accept this little sprig Of milk-white heather. Superstitious Scots Believe it brings good luck, though upon what Precise authority I cannot say. And now I really *must* be off at last. [*Exit Surrey.*

Lady H. (*watches from window as he departs*). There goes my Hero to the tented field! How he *must* love me, since he quite forgot To take that survey from Ford's topmost tower! F. A.

End of Act I.

THE OPEN MIND.

(*A Forecast.*)

From our Parliamentary Correspondent:—There was much excitement in the lobby yesterday in connection with Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S great speech at Birmingham. Many Members, who are usually reckoned firm supporters of the Unionist Party, are of opinion that in thus frankly avowing his preference for a republican form of Government, the Colonial Secretary has gone too far. In any case, they point out that the speech of an individual Minister, however distinguished, cannot bind the Government as a whole. Other Conservatives, however, demur to this view. In their opinon Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S use of such phrases as, "I am firmly convinced," and "My policy is a simple one," does not by any means negative the idea that he was speaking for others as well as for himself. In the meantime Mr. JESSE COLLINGS and Mr. KEIR HARDIE have assured Mr. CHAMBERLAIN of their staunch support. The leaders of the Opposition are considering what course they shall adopt.

Cable Message from the Government of the United States:—This Government has noted with pleasure declarations of British Government in favour of republican institutions. Presuming that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will be first President, we cordially congratulate him on elevation to great position, and assure him of sympathy of one hundred millions of free Americans pledged to observe Declaration of Independence.

From our Parliamentary Correspondent:—A great deal of comment has been aroused by an incident that took place in the House of Commons at the evening sitting. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who had been absent from the debate on the Old Age Pensions Bill, came in quite suddenly with a Phrygian cap on his head. The right hon. gentleman was greeted with loud cheers by the Ministerialists, and ironical cheers by the Opposition. It was afterwards noticed that Mr. COLLINGS wore the same headgear. Mr. KEIR HARDIE, however, continues to wear his usual cloth deer-stalking cap. In any case, it is evident that the Colonial Minister intends to pursue his campaign with vigour. Mr. BALFOUR'S statement in to-night's debate is awaited with much interest.

Message from Mr. Seddon:—New Zealand butchers, assembled to the number of 10,000, unanimously endorse Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S policy. Shall refuse to send any more mutton unless Great Britain consents to revise constitution.

Extract from Report of Debate in House of Commons:—Mr. BALFOUR: . . . . What is the position? My right honourable friend the Colonial Secretary has illuminated with his genius the obscure parts of our constitution. (Mr. CHAMBERLAIN: Hear, hear!) In his great speech he stated—I quote his words—that if the Empire was to be maintained in all its glory we must refuse to be bound any longer by unmeaning constitutional shibboleths. By adopting the republican ideal we should, he said, conciliate the United States, and bind our self-governing Colonies to us by an iron bond, whereas if we persisted in our present path we should become a dying nation. What is there in that to arouse apprehension? I am asked if my right honourable friend was expressing the mind of the Government in making this statement. Sir, the Government has no mind. (Sir HOWARD VINCENT: Bravo! Laughter from the Opposition.) How can you predicate mind of such a



SCENE—*An Indian Station, on the Eve of a Fancy Ball*

Globe-trotting "Bounder" (newly arrived). "YOU 'RE RUNNING THIS BALL, AIN'T YOU? IS FANCY DRESS *DE RIGUEUR?*"

Choleric Colonel (who is Ball Secretary). "FANCY DRESS, SIR, IS NOT *DE RIGUEUR*, BUT AN INVITATION IS!"

combination of individuals? (Mr. LLOYD-GEORGE: We don't.) These interruptions are unmannerly. Who ever heard of a corporate mind? It is a contradiction in terms. For myself, I can only say that I do not prejudge this matter. Honourable gentlemen opposite may do so, but theirs is not an example I care to follow. We are inquiring, first of ourselves and then of one another, and in due time the results of this inquiry will be laid before the country. In the meantime, it would be absurd on my part to pretend that I have any definite opinions on the matter. In the state of flux in which we are necessarily living a definite opinion would be a monstrosity. Our watchword then is inquiry, and by that we are content to abide. (Loud Ministerial cheers.)

Extract from leading article in the "Times:"—After last night's debate, there can be no further misunderstanding as to the position of the Government with regard to the interesting question raised by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Birmingham. Mr. BALFOUR'S speech made it clear to all, except the more jaundiced members of the motley gang that masquerades as an Opposition, that the Government, far from being, as its detractors prematurely supposed, divided on the matter, is absolutely and entirely united. Even those members of the Government who do not see eye to eye with the Colonial Secretary on the large question of the superiority of republican to monarchical institutions, are firmly convinced that an inquiry can do nothing but good. That, in the meantime, is all that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has asked for. As he has himself said, in a passage marked by all his statesmanlike breadth of insight, "we cannot continue for ever to turn a blind eye on the demands of our Colonies. If they act without us, we shall have to act for ourselves. If we act with them, we shall all be acting together. Which is the better part?" The question may well be asked of those factious spirits who pretend, for their own purposes, that the question cannot be discussed without detriment to our loyalty and our attachment to the Throne. In his Birmingham speech Mr. CHAMBERLAIN declared himself emphatically a loyalist. For all but extreme partisans such a declaration is amply sufficient.

SEASONABLE STANZAS.

IN June, the month of roses,
The North Wind nips our noses,
And in the chimney moans a mournful tune.
Ah! sadly we remember
The breath of blithe December,
As we huddle round the fire in leafy June.

Oh, who would sit and shiver
On the stormy wind-swept river,
With both its banks nigh blotted out with rain;
Or wallow at the wicket,
In wild tempestuous cricket,
When the blazing hearth invites him to remain?

Or who would go a-biking
With the drops like duck-shot striking,
And the wheels well under felloe in the mud?
'Twere pleasanter and drier
To sit before the fire,
And go to sleep and dream of NOAH'S Flood.

Then let us slay yon turkey
That is strutting proud and perky,
And warm our souls at least with Christmas cheer;
Or that gosling yonder cackling,
And set the chestnuts crackling,
And wreathe the walls with "ivy never sere.'

FREE TRADE OR PROTECTION.

A Chorus of the Living and the Dead.

WITH the laudable view of providing persons—Prime Ministers and others—who have no settled convictions with guidance on the burning question of the hour, *Mr. Punch* has obtained from a number of expert witnesses succinct expressions of their opinion as to the feasibility of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals.

Sir CLEMENTS MARKHAM, the President of the Royal Goegraphical Society, writes:—"As soon as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has doubled Tarifa Point we intend to elect him to this Society, under Rule XIII, as the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table."

Mr. GEORGE ROBEY writes:—"The probable result of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S policy on the condition of the working classes is only too evident. If the price of food is raised the consumption of victuals will be diminished. Now the less you eat the hungrier you are, and the hungrier you are the more you eat. Therefore, the less you eat the more you eat. Q. E. D."

Mr. WATTS-DUNTON writes:—"Mr. SWINBURNE is unable to comply with your reverential request that he should enshrine his thoughts on the subject of Preferential Tariffs in a brand-new ballad, but desires me to refer you to the well-known quatrain in his *Atalanta:*

"'Time turns the old days to derision,
BRIGHT'S gospel no longer survives,
And the quartern's minute subdivision
Makes barren our hives.'"

Mrs. C. N. WILLIAMSON writes:—"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S declaration comes most opportunely, as I had already decided to make the plot of my next novel but three hinge on a strike in a great industrial centre, and it is more than probable that the dislocation of trade brought about by the new policy will supply me with splendid opportunities for realistic description. On these grounds—and what could be better?—I proclaim myself a whole-hearted supporter of his splendid scheme."

The Manager of the Army and Navy Stores writes:—"We are entirely opposed to any form of Retailiation."

Mr. EUSTACE MILES writes:—"I welcome the proposal with the greatest satisfaction. The higher the price of food the greater the inducement to all sensible people to give it up altogether and live, as I practically do, on nothing a day."

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN writes:—"Though my journalistic associations incline me to cast a favourable eye on the abandonment of the fly-blown phylacterics of Free Trade, yet as a poet and a lover of the Beautiful, the Sublime, and the Ideal, I cannot contemplate with equanimity the substitution of a War of Tariffs for the older and more heroic arbitrament of the sword. The matter, however, is receiving my most careful attention, and will probably form the theme of my next drama."

The Ghost of JOHN BUNYAN telegraphs by Messrs. MASKELYNE and MANDERS' Anti-Marconigraph:—"I view with the utmost alarm any pressure on corn."

Mr. HERBERT CAMPBELL writes:—"I intend to give Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S proposals my fullest consideration."

Mr. GILLETTE writes from the Bachelor's Club:—"Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has my most cordial support. I am arranging to give a special lantern lecture to the dear duchesses on the advantages of the dear loaf."

The Ghost of Mrs. CARLYLE writes from Cheyne Row:—"I should welcome Protection from anyone."

Mr. SIDNEY LEE writes:—"I hail with the utmost enthusiasm a tax on Bacon."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. R. C. LEHMANN'S latest book of verse is called *Crumbs of Pity* (BLACKWOOD AND SONS), which is simply the title of the first poem—a very pretty one, by the way,—which to some extent conveys a hint of the nature of some, though by no means the majority, of the poems that follow. R. C. L.'s verses to children are delightful, and the sentiment in those inspired by love for his ancient University is hearty with a manly tenderness. In eccentric rhymes he can compete successfully with any contemporaries in the same line of business, and can give points to such past-masters in the art as COLMAN, BARHAM and HOOD. Mr. LEHMANN'S address to "The Backs" will delight many a Cantab who since leaving has come to the front, but who

"Must walk in Fleet Street now, or ride upon a bus;
No avenue of rustling trees makes melody for us"—

Certainly not, if absolutely condemned to be perpetually in Fleet Street, and never permitted to seek the broad walks and sequestered nooks in the parks, nor the forest of Richmond, nor the gardens of Hampton Court Palace. The longer poems, entitled, *The Lives of Great Men*, are vastly amusing, especially that concerning the *Duke of Donnybrook and Bow.* Altogether a capital vacation rambling book, and a most entertaining companion.

No scandal about Queen ELIZABETH. But there is a good deal about the Carlyle household in the slim volume just issued by LONGMANS, in which, as in a voice from the grave, JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE frankly discloses and comments on his *Relations with Carlyle.* It is the most painful thing my Baronite has read for some time. The narrative, composed in Cuba sixteen years ago, was found written in pencil in a notebook, stored in a despatch-box in pathetic contiguity to a copy of CARLYLE'S will. We all deplore the assumed necessity for its publication. But we all read it, recognising the interest of a human document. Some are disposed to condemn the dead writer's children for reopening wounds Time might have healed. With the French poet, commentating on the habits of the walrus, they say,

Cet animal est très-méchant;
Quand on l'attaque il se défend.

But it is the way with men as well as with walruses, and who are we that we should judge of what is due to the reputation and memory of other people's fathers?

In Mr. L. RAVEN-HILL'S *Indian Sketch-Book* (*Punch* Office, 10, Bouverie Street) we have a set of spirited drawings which perhaps may be best described as a kind of "Happy Thought Series" of pictures made "while you wait," or "while you didn't wait," for the finishing touches The "snapshotty" character of the "studies" impresses the spectator with the genuine instantaneousness of the work. It is as if the artist—inspired by the memorable example of *Mr. Wemmick*, who exclaimed, "Hullo! here's a church. Let's go in!" and "Hullo! here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"—had from time to time cried out, "Why, here's a Fakir; let's sketch him!" or "Here's the Jam of JAMAGAR; let's pot him!" and had straightway made game of both and bagged them in his note-book. "So, uncle," quoth the artist, quoting *Hamlet* with his private "tablets," "there you are!" Some of these sketches are especially realistic, such, for example, as "The Toy Seller," "The Fakir at his Toilet," and "A Little Trouble with the Palki." Those who know India will be greatly delighted with these reminiscent pencil notes, and those who do not will be immensely entertained by the drawings, and will thank their lucky stars that they have not to journey Eastwards, among "ring-tailed monkeys on the Rail," yellow-bodied

swordsmen of Kotah, grim vultures on trees, and scorpions as Night Companions of the Bath! Seeing these we are contented to remain *chez nous*, and take our artist's word for the plain tales from the (RAVEN) HILL country of "Injyable Injia."

THE BARON DE B.-W.

CRICKET UP-TO-DATE.

OWING to certain changes in the character of the English summer, the M.C.C. proposes to issue an entirely new code of the Laws of Cricket for next season. The following extracts are taken from an advance copy:—

1. The game shall, when possible, be played by sides consisting of eleven men each. Should any player be drowned before the conclusion of the first day's play, a substitute shall be allowed for the remainder of the match. Should, however, vacancies occur from this cause on the second or third day, they must not be filled. Should there be no survivors on either side, the game shall be declared a draw.

5. Should a batsman strike the ball in such a way that, owing to its being in deep water or buried in mud, it cannot be found, six runs shall be scored.

6. A batsman shall be out

(*a*) If a ball shall strike his lifebelt when the latter is in a line with the wicket. ("Belt before wicket.")

(*b*) If he shall intentionally splash mud or water in the eyes of the fieldsmen or bowler. ("Obstructing the field.")

(*c*) If, sinking in the mud between the wickets, he shall be unable to complete his run. ("Run out.")

(*d*) If, the wicket having disappeared beneath the water, the bowler shall send the ball, in the umpire's opinion, immediately over the spot where it was last visible. ("Morally bowled.")

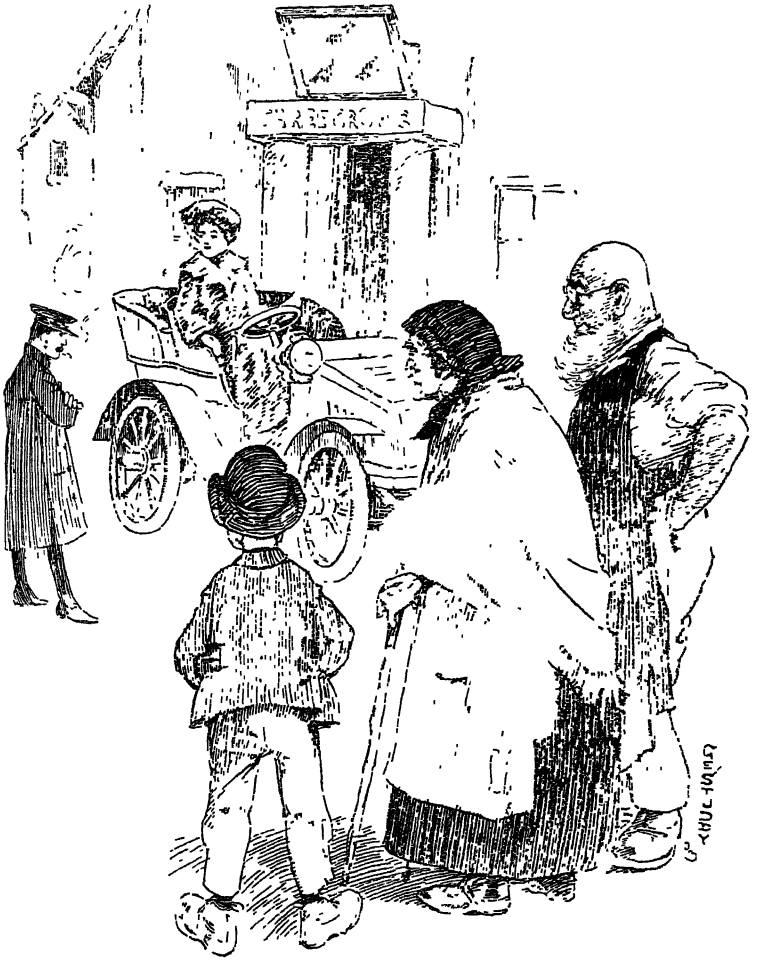
15. It shall be the duty of the club on whose swamp the match is being played to provide each umpire with (*a*) a punt, (*b*) a life-insurance policy, (*c*) a set of apparatus for resuscitating the apparently drowned.

17. If the bowler shall swim or float to the crease, in place of running or walking, the umpire shall call "no-ball."

21. Unless otherwise arranged, play shall commence at 11 A.M. Should, however, the water on the ground be tidal, the captains of the opposing sides shall have liberty to make other arrangements.

22. The control of his side, and of all matters connected with its innings, shall be vested at the beginning of the match in the captain; with succession, if necessary, to his heirs, executors and assigns.

25. Should any of the ground on which the game is played become actually dry, the umpires shall pronounce it unfit for modern cricket, and the match shall be considered drawn.



SORROWS OF A "CHAUFFEUR."

Ancient Dame. "WHAT D'YE SAY? THEY CALL HE A 'SHUVVER,' DO THEY? I SEE. THEY PUT HE TO WALK BEHIND AND SHOVE 'EM UP THE HILLS, I RECKON."

THE NEW HIDE AND SEEK.

THE Editor of *Tit-Bits* having hidden 500 sovereigns in a public place, the exact position of which is to be disclosed in a serial story now running in his columns, other enterprising persons are following suit.

Thus, a great furnishing firm in the Tottenham Court Road has issued a manifesto stating that: "A charming bijou villa, within the eight-mile radius, has been furnished throughout and is ready for occupation. Every purchaser of any article, however small, at our Emporium during the next three years will receive a clue to the house's whereabouts. The successful reader of these clues will be able to identify and claim it."

In House-agents' lists may shortly be expected such alluring items as this:

"To be Let or Sold.—Eligible residence with large gardens, in which we have good reason to believe the *Tit-Bits* sovereigns have been buried."

A firm of tool manufacturers at Chesterfield is putting out in large quantities a new implement known as

THE ROSEBERY SPADE

Invaluable for digging up the *Tit-Bits* sovereigns,

while the following notices are, we understand, being extensively posted on Sir GEORGE NEWNES'S various estates throughout the country:—

"Trespassers with spades seeking to dig up 500 sovereigns will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law."

PROBABLE.—New book, *The Girl and the Tenner*, by the author of *My Lady of the Bass*.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

Rescuer "HOLD ON A BIT! I MAY NEVER GET A CHANCE LIKE THIS AGAIN!"

AUREA FAMA.

["According to the *Financial News* the scale of prices for advertisements in the *Morning Post* for 1903, circulated to advertising agents, invites the insertion of paragraphs announcing "marriages, arrivals, and departures" at 21*s.*, so that for this very reasonable charge anyone may figure in the news columns of that paper as a person whose movements are matter of public interest"—*Sun*]

O YE dowagers of Dulwich and ye wives of Eden Rise,
Would ye figure any bigger in your jealous neighbours' eyes,
Would ye see your names commingled with the upper ten and boast
That your doings, weddings, wooings, are reported in the *Post*,
Come to me and I will show you how 'tis possible to run
Such a passion for Dame Fashion at a modest one-pound-one.

It is needless for a lady to give dinners and champagne,
Or expend her income slender on a mansion in Park Lane;
She may live at Upper Tooting, be as dowdy as she will,
Do her shopping down at Wapping, and be fashionable still,
And she only has to forward, that this wonder may be done,
A remittance—just a pittance—for a modest one-pound-one.

If she gives a "small and early," if she takes a friend or two
Down the river where they shiver while the Zephyrs cut them through,
If she holds a Penny Reading, if she sells at a bazaar—
Be it ever her endeavour that the *Post* shall have a "par,"
And she'll find her name is basking where the peers their titles sun,
In that solemn, holy column, for a modest one-pound-one.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

WE are enabled to announce that a third Lamb is about to enter the field in addition to the new editions now being issued by Messrs METHUEN and Messrs. DENT. It will be edited by Mr. SEDDON, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN will contribute a preface, and it will be known as the New Zealand or Cold Storage Edition. It will have a saucy dedication to the Master of the Mint.

Messrs. SHORTMANS are about to issue a pamphlet by the late J. A. PLATO, entitled, *Socrates and Xanthippe*. This is, of course, a counterblast to the preface to the recent edition of *Xanthippe's Letters* by a celebrated Athenian physician.

Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX'S new romance, entitled *Three Glass Eyes* is, it is whispered, the first of a series. It will shortly be followed by *The Papier-Mashie Nose* (a golfing story), and *Two Little Wooden Legs*.

Amongst forthcoming volumes in the Tudor translations we may note *Elizabeth's Mother*, by FRANK T. BULLEN: *Elizabeth's Stepmothers*, by Mrs. PARR: and *Elizabeth's Premier*, by Lord HUGH CECIL.

We are authorised by Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH to state that he is not the author of *Juicy Joe*, just published by Mr. GRANT RICHARDS.

"TANTÆNE CŒLESTIBUS!"—See recent correspondence in *Times* between Professor TURNER and Sir FREDERICK BRAMWELL, wherein the former gives the latter "a Rowland for an Oliver."



FIDGETY JOE.

PAPA (D-KE OF D-V-NSH-RE).
LET ME SEE IF JOSEPH CAN
BE A LITTLE GENTLEMAN;

MAMMA (ARTH-R B-LF-R).
LET ME SEE IF HE IS ABLE
TO SIT STILL FOR ONCE AT TABLE.

Struwwelpeter adapted.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 15.—Idle to attempt to allege that House of Lords, regarded as a public resort, is



"Grand Cross" once more "thinks he hears a smile."

entertaining. Not in it, for example, with the Hippodrome, much less the House of Commons. In the latter place, however dull the scene may be at given moment, there is ever chance of outburst either of tragedy or comedy. Noble lords are persons apart, and behave as such. They rarely cheer; they never laugh. Sometimes Grand CROSS, infusing the atmosphere for an area of five feet with quality of supreme wisdom, thinks he hears a smile. Often it is merely a flash of memory, lighting up days that are no more, when he was plain RICHARD CROSS (the adjective is of course used in a Parliamentary sense without personal reference), and sat in another place.

One distinction of Peers is that they conduct debate in a Chamber whose acoustical properties are so faulty that only one out of fifty is heard when he speaks. On top of this great discouragement comes the icy indifference of their lordships to what a man may be trying to say. The late COLERIDGE, L.C.J., not an incurably bashful man, happily described personal experience when addressing House of Lords as akin to that of a gentleman discoursing to the tombstones in a churchyard on a moonlit night. The simile will stand examination. Between rows of tombstones and benches of noble lords there is the resemblance of rigidity of attitude, stoniness of countenance, high respectability, and occasional venerableness.

This said, it must be admitted that in the matter of first-class debate the House of Lords, like TODGERS'S, "can do it when it pleases." On the occasion of discussing a momentous question the level of debate, in respect of weight and force, rises above the level of the Commons. Subject to the fore to-night admirably suited to bring out best qualities. Had nothing to do with the Church nor (at least, not directly) with land. Those topics, it must be said in sorrow rather than anger, reveal the unsuspected fact that Marquises, Dukes, and a' that are, after all, human. A question of Imperial interest, such as the fiscal policy of the country, lifts Peers high above personal considerations. Four speeches made to-night by men widely differing in personality were about as good as they could be. Only JOKIM, long schooled in the House of Commons, attempted anything like oratorical flight. For the rest, LANSDOWNE, SPENCER and COUNTY GUY dealt with the intricate critical question with the method of business men and in the spirit of statesmen.

For the life of him, COUNTY GUY couldn't be in time for the opening of debate. A little hard this on JOKIM, who in preparation prefaced his speech with a personal appeal to the Leader of the House. Arrived, the DOOR sat it all through, rarely yawned, and when his turn came after the stroke of eleven delivered a weighty address, struck and maintained on a high note absolutely free from personal prejudice or partisan spirit.

Pleasant to see what simple manner, honest purpose, and strength of character do, even in apathetic assembly like House of Lords, in way of establishing



THE HIGHER FLIGHTS OF ORATORY.
"This, my Lords, is a gamble with the food of the people."
(Lord G-sch-n.)

pre-[illegible]. COUNTY GUY does not [illegible] charm of oratory. He is of the class of debater whose speeches are better to read than to listen to, espe-



"Toby looked on from a tall bench hard by, one beaming smile."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

cially when delivered in such sepulchre of speech as is the House of Lords. But Peers and Commoners—the latter to-night packed in the Galleries—await his judgment with keen interest, knowing it will be directed by shrewd intellect, inspired by sound commonsense, warped neither by fear nor favour.

Business done.—Debate on DON JOSÉ'S scheme of Preferential Tariffs.

Tuesday.—In its proper place, the playground, the exuberance of youth is pleasant to see. Quite another thing in sedate assembly like House of Lords. That young fellow WEMYSS, rollicking in anticipation of his eighty-sixth birthday, this afternoon stopped public business for fully ten minutes. Wanted to know whether there are precedents for Bills being proceeded with in Parliament concurrently with inquiry into subject by a Committee or Commission.

"If there is such precedent, or a score of them," said the Young Fellow airily, "they ought to be disregarded."

Secretary for Scotland having made grave reply, WEMYSS up again with evident intention of making a speech. This too much even for House of Lords, where rules of procedure are shadowy things. "Order, order!" cried the few Peers present. The Young Fellow regarded them scornfully, his eyes the home of silent invitation to come outside in the courtyard and say that

over again. The LORD CHANCELLOR timidly interposed.

"Always delighted," he said, "to hear the noble Earl. But I think he is now exceeding licence of debate."

CAMPERDOWN, who happened to be sitting at further, safer, distance from Cross Bench whereat the Young 'Un still defiantly stood, got behind a pillar and suggested that someone should move that the noble Earl be no longer heard. All very well for CAMPERDOWN, safe in laager. But if motion were made it would have to be put from the Woolsack, which WEMYSS might reach in two strides. Appealed to for ruling on the point, LORD CHANCELLOR, his ordinarily ruddy countenance sicklied o'er with pale cast of apprehension, said, "Ye-as, quite so. But wouldn't it be a little discourteous?"

CAMPERDOWN, from behind pillar, understood to say, "Not at all."

Things growing awkward, when the Young 'Un, having had his lark, sat down.

Business done.—Irish Land Bill in Committee in the Commons.

House of Commons, Thursday.—Arranged last week that Irish Land Bill should be taken daily in Committee till run through. PRINCE ARTHUR, when announcing decision, forgot that this is Cup Day at Ascot. As TIM HEALY, K.C., truly says, the only business that can be taken on Cup Day is Scotch Votes in Committee in Supply. Ascot has no attractions for Mr. CALDWELL. As for Member for Ross and Cromartie, as Mr. Justice DARLING says, he is not even a-Weir that this is Ascot Week.

Three days given to Irish Land Bill, and already serious hitch occurred. The Union of Hearts established between Irish Members and Treasury Bench thus early ruptured. Having got their twelve millions down, and involved British taxpayer for another hundred millions, they want more. WYNDHAM stands by his bargain. They gather together, and weep over his apostasy.

"Everything going on so nicely," they say. "Ireland really pacified this time. Landlord and tenant having fallen out with those they love, kiss again with tears. Why should hard-hearted CHIEF SECRETARY spoil Elysium by obdurately refusing just a little more? Only yield on this point, and Irish Members will ask for nothing else—till next time."

"Tuppence more, and up goes the donkey," TIM HARRINGTON pleads in tone of pathos that would move the stoniest heart.

T. W. RUSSELL brings fresh tears to moistened eyes by telling melancholy story about a tenant on the De Freyne estate, where, as Colonel SAUNDERSON puts it, there is a resident landlord and an absentee tenantry. "This poor woman," shouts T. W. in thrilling tones of indignation, "is in possession of a holding consisting of a house, two acres, a hen and a cow."

"A feminine cock-and-bull story," is the Colonel's commentary.

TIM HEALY, K.C., not to be outdone in these barn-door reminiscences, chips in with the narrative of another hen—not the one on the De Freyne estate—which, by perhaps not unaided exertions, redresses the balance between landlord and tenant created by Clause 1 of the Land Purchase Bill. It was the case of a £10 holder, mulcted to the extent of five per cent. by the iniquity



NOT TO BE HUSTLED.

"Wyndham stands by his bargain."

of the Government. Five per cent. on an annual rent of £10 is not much to plutocrats, helots of Park Lane. To the struggling Irish farmer it is all the difference between solvency and bankruptcy. The hen in question, overhearing remark that disclosed the difficulty, straightway set itself, as TIM put it, to "laying ha'penny eggs" till its master's credit was re-established, and family of young children delivered from the pending fate of being cast out on a world where the rainfall in June has exceeded record.

Even this touching narrative, told in that faltering voice TIM, K.C., has at his command for rare occasions, did not fetch the Chief Secretary. He insisted on fighting the Irish amendment, and in House of close on four hundred Members, Ministerial majority was run down to forty-one.

Business done.—In Committee of Supply. Cheerful sitting with Scotch votes and Members.

"TONGUES IN TREES."

[An amusing calculation is made by the *Scientific American* of what it calls the tree-value of the modern novel. Basing its estimate on the fact that timber is now an important ingredient of paper, it concludes that 4,000 trees enter into the production of nine popular novels]

ALL in an idle mood I strayed
Adown a pleasant woodland glade,
And as I wandered, lo!
A murmur through the foliage ran,
And straightway every tree began
To tell its tale of woe!

The Walnut, weeping, cried, "From me
Men wrought the chair and the settee,
To sit on at their ease;
Now, when I make a book of rhymes,
I shall be sat on still, sometimes,
If critics I displease."

The Aspen whispered as it shook:
"To think I must be 'brought to book'
My spirit sorely grieves;
It hurts a self-respecting tree
When of its ancient dignity
There 's nothing left but *leaves!*"

"Leaves," said the Fir, "which maids will turn
In breathless eagerness to learn,
While hearts go pit-a-pat,
How, *Harold* being quite out-classed,
Fair *Muriel* weds the *Count* at last,
And stupid things like that!"

Blustered the Birch, "I used to make
The idler quail, the dullard quake,
With my persuasive arts;
I helped the pedagogue to goad
The loitering youth o'er Learning's road,
But now my fame departs!"

Last spake the Oak, with angry lips:
"From me men fashioned mighty ships
To brave the sea's abyss; [BLAKE,
I fought with NELSON, and with
For England, home, and beauty's sake,
And now to come to *this!*"

FROM SHANNON SHORE.

WE extract the following momentous announcement from the *Western Daily Press* of June 15th:—

"An Irish Member tells me that the motor craze is causing a revival of the Limerick lace trade. This particular kind of lace is, it is said, the best protection that a lady can have for her complexion when she is engaged in breaking the speech limit."

The information must be authentic, for there is no authority like an Irish Member where the "speech limit" is concerned.

SO SWEET OF HER!

Lady (recently married, in answer to congratulations of visiting lady friend). "THANK YOU, DEAR. BUT I STILL FIND IT VERY HARD TO REMEMBER MY NEW NAME."

Friend. "AH, DEAR, BUT OF COURSE YOU HAD THE OLD ONE SO LONG!"

AFTER THE OTTER.

(By our Confirmed Grumbler.)

THE visitor gives his cap a hitch to one side to indicate the sportsman, grasps his hazel walking-stick (white crooked handle and spike complete for eighteen-pence), and prepares to dash off in any direction in which the otter may show himself. There is a pause. He waits. He continues to wait.

"No," says a grizzled follower of the chase, in answer to a question. "Hardly think we shall be starting just yet. You see, the chief point about an otter hunt is the lunch. Your true sportsman has discarded the otter's pad as a club badge. He now wears the legend 'Never lose sight of the lunch,' conspicuously embroidered on his cap. Before a hunt can be begun, elaborate instructions must be given to the driver of the provision-van. He must be told exactly where luncheon is to be taken, and that sort of thing, don't you know. What?"

"Ah," says the visitor, "I suppose so."

Time speeds on, and at last the menial with the van has a vague idea of what is expected of him, and drives off. The noble Master and all the Members of the Hunt, in picturesque, if slightly sudden, suits of blue and red flannel, adjourn to the Inn for a modest quencher. Otter-hunters may be said to be inverted semi-teetotalers. No meet without drink is their motto. At last, the M.O.H., a man of energy, suddenly remembers that his hounds are waiting in the road outside, and, over the remains of a fifth whiskey-and-soda, suggests a start. The hunt, pure and simple, has begun.

Ladies, wearing short skirts bound round the edge with leather, and carrying bamboo poles, now leave their carriages and push their way through the crowd. Children, sternly resolved to get wet, find the deepest puddle and stand in it. Young men with ash-poles, upon which long rows of notches gleam, having manifestly been cut only that morning, rub a little damp earth into them and blush to find it fame. Old men buttonhole acquaintances, and tell them anecdotes of the sport they used to have fifty years ago, at five in the morning, m'boy, five sharp, and sometimes even earlier.

In short, things begin to move.

At last the river! Obviously as stiff with otters as the Irishman's swamp was with snipe. The cavalcade moves silently along the bank. A wild cry of "Yoicks!" from a weedy youth in a stentorian Norfolk jacket and check cap. The M.O.H. stops the hounds, and turns back to see what has happened. Youth points with enthusiasm to a terrier's track which he has discovered under a culvert. Enters into a lengthy argument on the subject, but fails to convince the noble Master that there is not a substantial difference between a four-toed and a five-toed track. The sight of lunch is as oil on troubled waters, and for an hour the hunt may be described as a thorough success.

The last bottle of champagne has exuded its fascinating contents. The last cold chicken has been dismembered. The hunt is up again.

A sudden and very inconvenient increase of pace on the part of the hounds indicates that they have got on the drag of an otter. The pace is kept up for two miles, and many stragglers are left behind. Then a halt is recommended, and an anonymous individual in the crowd is surreptitiously cheering hounds on to a stray moor-hen, when somebody stumbles upon a wasps' nest, and matters for the first time become really exciting. The hunters become the hunted, and fly across country in a record-breaking manner, behaving like semaphores. The dogs snap and dive. Finally, the survivors foregather again half a mile down stream. "I rather think," says the M.O.H., making his only really popular observation of the afternoon, "that we'll be goin' home now." The hunt is at an end.

"Well," said the visitor to the grizzled sportsman as they walked back, "we have had a very pleasant stroll, but—tell me, is this the sort of thing that always happens?"

"Well, no," replied the grey-beard; "not invariably. But it is a curious pastime, and the only person who has nothing to find fault with in it seems to me to be the otter. Perhaps the hounds are kept for his benefit. Hullo, here's the old chap who asked the hounds to come. Perhaps we shall have some sport after all. He seems excited."

After which the "old chap" explains in a breathless manner that it's all right now, your lordship, and he had meant to tell him afore. As he was coming back from mowing that morning, out jumped the otter from a ditch right at his feet, and he cut him in half with a scythe.

"Well," said the visitor, thoughtfully, feeling his swollen features, "I have no doubt that otter hunting is a noble sport, but what I say is—give *me* rats."

IF, as BYRON has written, "The Tocsin of the Soul" be "the dinner bell," what is the "anti-toxin?" The dressing bell? Oh, don't bother. G'ong wid yer!

RIVER NOTES.

(What we may expect next June if the floods are repeated).

THE Inner Circle River season may be said to have begun last week. The beautiful reaches of Baker Street, Portland Road, and that more select part of the river in the neighbourhood of Sloane Square were at their best. Sir ALBERT and Lady Gate have rented the South Kensington signal-box and have fitted it up as a house-boat. The window-boxes, full of rare fungi, give it a cheerful and bright appearance. At present it is moored near Gloucester Eyot, and has for its neighbour the dainty little *Lu-Lu* belonging to Sir H. CAMPDEN-HILL. The river at this point is thickly wooded, as most of the sleepers are at present floating about on the surface. Yesterday, a great many of the "upper ten" (or upper "circles" perhaps we should say) were disporting themselves on the water. Lady TURNHAM-BROWNE was looking particularly sweet, dressed in a biscuit-coloured aquascutum, caught in at the waist by an *eau de Nil* life-belt. She was with her own husband. She is an expert punter, and it was quite a treat to see her making her way deftly among the myriads of gay pleasure craft which lined both sides of the tunnels.

It is noticeable that the rough element is conspicuous by its absence in the Earl's Court part of the river; but the lower reaches, such as Walham Green, afford them ample opportunities for their love of horse-play. We believe that rat-fishing is greatly in favour with the class of person who patronises this portion of the pearly stream.

The refreshment buffet on Victoria Island has been entirely re-decorated, and to those who are not lucky enough to own private signal-boxes, we can recommend the 10*s.* 6*d.* lunch basket (including a half-bottle of "Vin ordinaire," 1902).

A light glass and iron roof has been thrown across the river at this point, and it is always delightfully cool in this hot weather.

Some enterprising riparian owners are trying the experiment of introducing salmon trout just above Mark Lane Lock, and the result will be eagerly anticipated by all true followers of ISAAC WALTON.

LETTER FROM FRIENDS STAYING LAST WEEK AT AN INN-UN-DATED.—"True, the weather is awful!! 'Water, water everywhere!' We don't want it. It is almost, as London theatrical managers say, 'overflowing houses.' How should we get along at all but for our 'Bridge!' Thus it happens that few of us who *can* play (well enough) are at a loss."

"THE FLOWING TIDE;"

Or, a Point that was Missed.

[The *Times*, in its leader of June 18, commenting on Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S speech on the Government's fiscal policy in connection with Sir JOHN SEE'S exposition of the views of New South Wales, compares the Leader of the Opposition to "a child on the seashore asking why the nasty tide rolls up over the sand castle in which he is comfortably playing his little games."]

Disgusted and Overtaken Infant cries:—

WHY can't you let my castle be,
Though built of sand, you horrid tide?
This nasty, surging, surjohn SEE
Prevents my playing games inside!

[*Exit to a more conservative and stationary part of the landscape.*

CHARIVARIA.

A PRECEDENT which might be followed with advantage by many German bands has been made by the Municipal Band of Rome. On reaching London it was discovered that all the instruments and music had been left behind.

A compromise is being arranged in regard to the Motor-car Bill. The automobilists will offer no opposition to the proposal that each car shall bear a number, and in return for this the speed limit is to be abolished. It will then be possible to travel so fast that it will be impossible to identify the numbers.

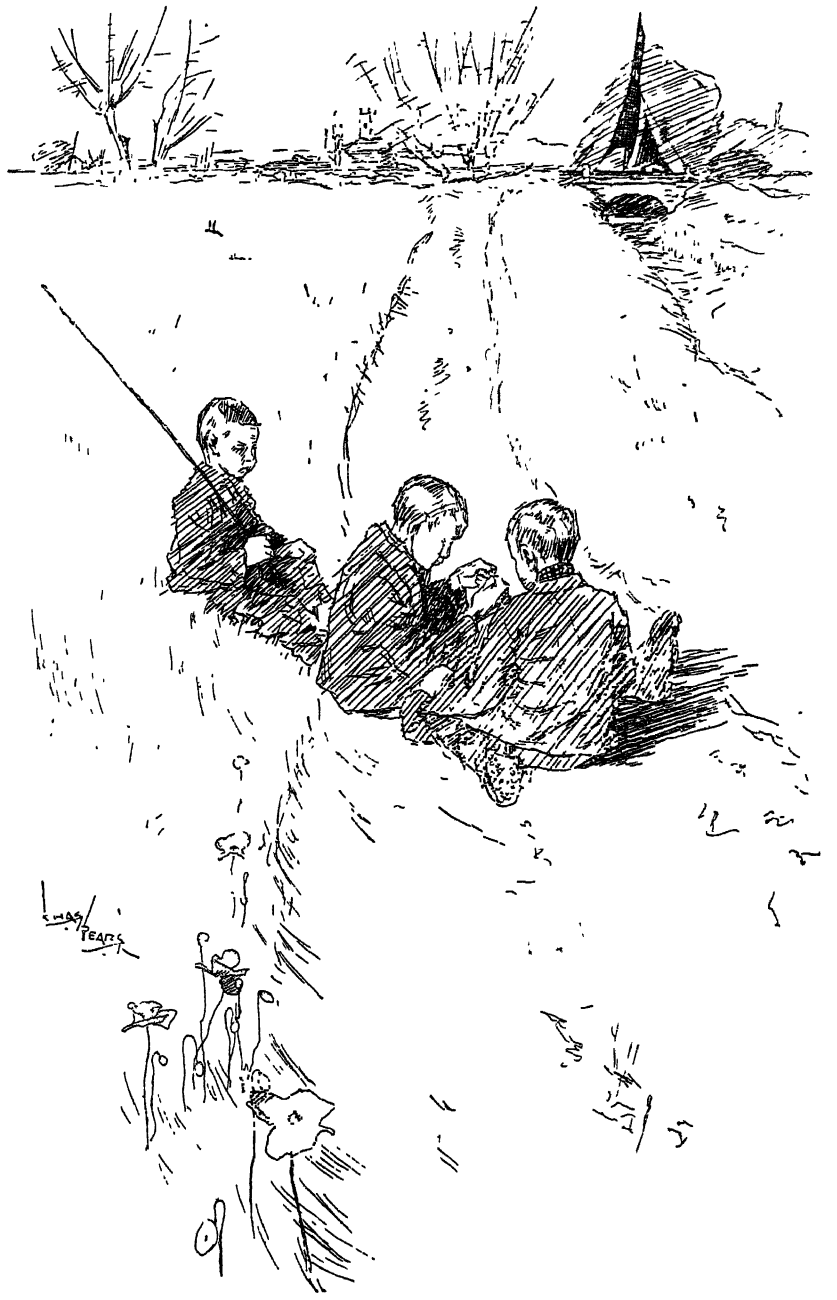
The statement that most ladies are in favour of Free Trade is, on the face of it, untrue. They are, of course, one and all, Fair Traders.

The littleness of our little Brodricks has at last been officially acknowledged by the War Office. A memorandum to commanding officers from the Inspector-General of Recruiting draws attention to the fact that "a number of regiments are at present considerably under their establishment of boys."

Close upon the statement that never have so many weddings taken place in June as this year comes the announcement that twenty-seven double stars have been detected at Capetown Observatory.

The *British Medical Journal* declares that men of genius are always unhappy in their marriages. Several popular novelists write to us denying this, and declaring they are most happily mated.

The heavy rain on Saturday last puzzled people until it was learnt that that was the day fixed for the inauguration of an open-air theatre at Port Sunlight.



THE RECENT FLOODS.

"BILL, WAS EVERYTHING DROWNED WHAT DIDN'T GO INTO THE ARK?"
"YES, OF COURSE." "WHAT ABOUT FISHES?"

By the by, we have no wish to fan the flames of jealousy, but we cannot help pointing out that on the Monday the *Daily Mail* published a strongly-worded leader on the subject of the weather, but the rain continued. On the Tuesday the *Daily Express* published a leader on the same subject. The rain then ceased.

Cormorants have destroyed such large quantities of young fish in West Country estuaries that they have been removed from the list of Protected Birds by the Devon County Council. Many think they should have been cautioned first.

General KUROPATKIN, the Russian Minister of War, has been visiting Tokio. While he was being officially fêted there the Japanese Minister of Marine was rudely inspecting all the naval ports and testing their efficiency.

At the bookstalls on the Underground Railway "Solidified Perfume" is now offered for sale. We understand this is a local product.

IN CAP AND GOWN.

WONDERFUL institution the A.D.C. at Cambridge! "Patron His Majesty the KING." *Vive le Roi!* Revisiting scenes of earliest amateur Dramatic Stagehood, nursery and pupil-room of the Dramatic Player's and Dramatist's art, its Founder found the club going stronger than ever. Rooms crowded nightly, as he was informed—though he can personally answer "for one night only"—with audiences that include University Magnates and Magnatesses, virile visitors, fair forms from town, country and University, friends, cousins, sisters, aunts, tutors and governors, of the bright Thespian youths who form the *dramatis personæ* of the entertainment given, for several evenings, on the excellent little stage of the A.D.C., where for several nights was performed PINERO's droll farce of *Dandy Dick*.

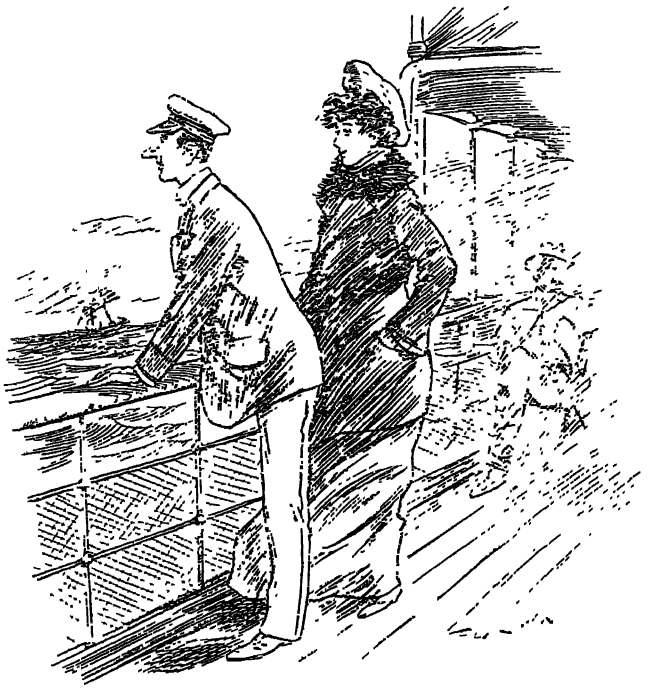
The greatest credit is due to Mr. WALTER DURNFORD, Master of several Arts—of the art of stage management in particular—for the neatness and dexterity with which he has handled the University troupe, as well as to the President, Mr. OLIVER LOCKER-LAMPSON, a martinet for rehearsals, and himself one of the leading actors, enacting, most amusingly, the part of the *Dean of St. Marvell's*, who, as everyone knows, goes in for horse-racing, and suffers a martyrdom at the hands of the rough and reddy, or ruddy, policeman, whose hard humour was capitally interpreted by Mr. GRIMKÉ-DRAYTON.

The A.D.C. performances retain their Shakspearean and Early Elizabethan character, for the "Spindle Side" is still represented by College Youths, as it should be at a University where almost everyone wears cap and gown. So it came about that Messrs. C. LAURENCE and T. P. SCAUGHT were the very clever representatives of the Dean's two daughters, *Salome* and *Sheba*, whose costume and *minauderies* were perfect, and whose voices were so well modulated that only very rarely would it strike the attentive and interested listener that one of the ladies is a trifle husky, and that the other might be suffering from a slight *extinctio vocis*. To make *Hannah Topping*, the Irish cook, a success was a veritable score for Mr. J. T. QUILL—quite a soft Quill, and not without broad points; while in the leading lady's part—a most arduous one—of *Georgiana Tidman*, Mr. W. A. BOLTON achieved a triumph highly appreciated by an enthusiastic audience.

As the two Hussars, gay but diffident, Messrs. L. M. EARLE and C. G. AGNEW were excellent; Mr. W. F. CHALLENOR was full of "go" as the sporting Bart., *Sir Tristram Mardon;* Mr. T. D. BARLOW gave a really life-like study of the Dean's highly respectable butler; while the performance of Mr. HANS SAWYER, as *Hatcham*, a groom, was so realistic that, but for our being aware that "he was only purtendin'," he might, for aught we had known to the contrary, have been the genuine article just stepped up from the stables of the Hoop Inn, close at hand.

The scenery was most effective, but the name of the artist did not appear on the bill; nor did those of the two performers on the piano placed on one side, in a line with the orchestra which, in the absence of instrumentalists, was so tastefully arranged as to represent a bank of "flowers that bloom in the Spring, tra-la!"

We trust that long ere this short notice appears the gentlemen on either side of me—both JAMES and GEORGE (Dr. MONTAGUE JAMES, "of King's"—how right royal this sounds!—and Mr. GEORGE LYTTELTON) may have quite recovered from the exuberant fits of laughter into which the drolleries of the actors threw them, and are all the better for the enjoyment of an exceptionally delightful evening. "*Esto Perpetua!*" Evergreen A.D.C.! All compliments to your "Perpetual President," J. W. CLARK, M.A., who, on this occasion, to our great regret, was perpetually invisible.



NEARING THE ENGLISH COAST.

Jones (returning to England). "WE ARE QUITE FIFTY MILES FROM THE SCILLY ISLES, MISS BROWN. THEY SAY THE ODOUR OF THE FLOWERS THEY CULTIVATE THERE TRAVELS THAT DISTANCE OVER THE SEA. I CAN DETECT IT DISTINCTLY NOW—CAN'T YOU?"

Miss Brown (from America). "I GUESS IT HASN'T *QUITE* REACHED ME YET, MR. JONES!"

Shakspeare the Ever Ready.

(Clown's song adapted to this year June.)

"WITH a hey, ho,
The Wind and the Rain,
For the Rain it raineth
Every day!"

(N.B.—*If the wet continues the Farmers will sing,* "*With no Hay!* ho!! *Habsit Homen!*")

SOMETHING LIKE A STREET.—In an advertisement which appears in the *Scotsman* of the 15th inst., tenders are invited for the decoration of the streets of Belfast on the occasion of the Royal visit in July. The notice continues: "The names of the streets cannot be given at present, but may extend from four to six miles, and may be done in sections." Gallant little Wales, with her fifty-syllabled names, must look to her laurels.

CORRECT CARDS.—A paragraph in the *Times* last week contained the official announcement of the "Election of Bridge-master." No information, however, has as yet appeared giving either the course of instruction in the game, or the fees to be charged for the lessons. Schools and Universities will no doubt soon follow suit with Whist-masters, Cribbage-masters, Piquet-masters, and so forth. Most useful.

A LITTLE girl in Staffordshire coming out of the fields told her mother, who was at the cottage door, that she had just seen a snake twenty feet long. Her mother took it all in, and swallowed it.

BALLADE OF THE SOUSAPHONE.

WHAT breathes upon the stilly night
Some sweet, but not assertive air,
Of "*Annie Laurie*," or "*The Flight*
Of Ages," or "*Rienzi's Prayer*"?
What whispers of the false *Adair*,
And lifts a wild elusive moan
For "*Ailsa*," moribundly fair?
It is the sad, sweet Sousaphone.

Full well I wis, some soulful wight
Thus seeks a short surcease from care;
Indeed, I know the man by sight,
A foreign gentleman with hair.
Beneath a gas lamp in the square
He stands, unfriended and alone,
And wrings a penetrating blare
From out the sad, sweet Sousaphone.

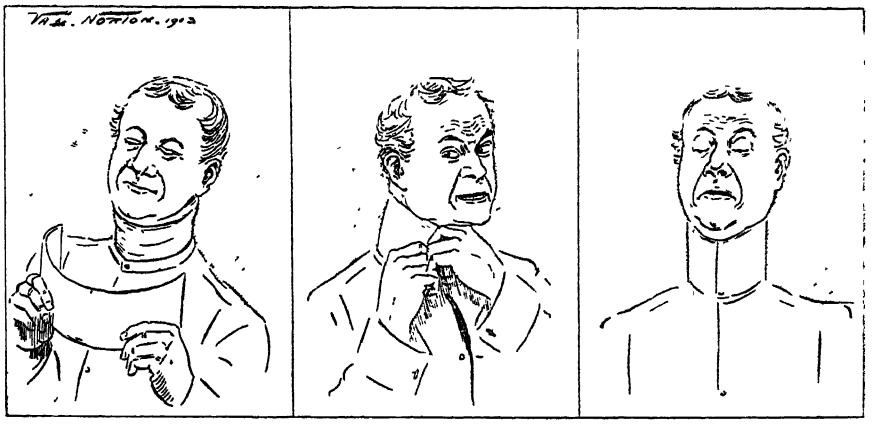
He entertains, if I am right,
A lively hope that here and there
Some passer-by may mark his plight
And give him sixpence or a pair
Of faded boots the worse for wear;
And yet, if all the truth were known,
Such guerdons must be passing rare
To players on the Sousaphone!

Minstrel, I conjure thee, forbear!
That instrument, profusely blown
Would make a Christian Brother swear;
A murrain on thy Sousaphone!

UNDER the heading of "The Police Courts," last Friday the *Daily Telegraph* stated that there had been "1,600 oysters condemned." Not without trial, of course, for this is the Land of Liberty and the right shop for Justice. *But who tried them? Where is he now?*

HOOPING THE HOOP.

(A Study in Expressions.)



ENTERING IN THE MIDDLE. THROUGH.

THIRD QUARTER.

(From "Young Moore's Almanack for 1903")

JULY.

A MARRIAGE will take place at the end of this month which will have a great influence on the lives of two people. Several streets will be up in London, and many horses will be down.

Variety will be the keynote of the weather.

AUGUST.

The first few days of this month will be a period of great excitement in London. The Banks and nearly all the shops will be closed on August 3, and hundreds of families will hurriedly leave town. Many will take refuge in the theatres, which will be open, but YOUNG MOORE is glad to say that by the end of the week the people will nearly all be back and business resumed as usual.

This month we may look for very different kinds of weather.

SEPTEMBER.

YOUNG Moore would not be surprised if Death were to visit Glasgow this month, and it is just possible he might call at Edinburgh on his way South. Several men will be recruited for the Army, which will cause great satisfaction in military circles.

The weather might be fine at first, but YOUNG MOORE thinks that "Varied" is the word for this month.



LAST PERFORMERS AT THE GAIETY THEATRE WHO BROUGHT DOWN THE HOUSE.

AD MÆCENATEM.

KING ARTHUR, of the CECIL breed,
Pride of my party which you lead!
Some love to test the motor's power
At five-and-twenty miles an hour,
As onwards to the Clouds they ride,
With something more than human pride.
One, when his money-bag expands
Enriched by "Afric's golden sands";
At plaudits from the fickle crowd
Another smiles, elate and proud.
No lure, though rich, can wheedle back
The lonely ploughman from his track.
The merchant, leaving rest deferred,
Fits straightway forth *Shamrock the Third*.
The connoisseur of choicest wines
Nowhere save at the C—— dines.
Many defy the cold and damp,
And do a week or so in camp.
Some sigh for summer to be gone,
Again the huntsman's coat to don.
I, who the keener air have smelt
Of "the illimitable veldt,"
Leaving such vulgar tastes alone,
Strike out a programme of my own,
Which, if no misadventure mars,
I hope will raise me to the stars.

SHOULD THERE BE MUSIC DURING MEALS?

OPINIONS OF EXPERTS.

"If music mates with love of food, play on."—*Bacon.*

HERR RICHARD STRAUSS writes:—"The employment of orchestras at meal times opens up endless new vistas to the writer of 'programme' music. I have just completed a new suite entitled, '*Hebe and Ganymede*,' occupying two hours in performance, each movement of which is contrived to coincide in length and treatment with a fresh course. Thus in the soup section the wooing of the turtle is suggested by a passage for four flutes, and the 'bird' is richly scored with *bravura* passages for the oboes and piccolo. An expressive *tremolando* for violins heralds with an anticipatory shiver the advent of the ice pudding, and a strepitous *coda* in the Finale greets the arrival of the coffee and liqueurs."

Sir HUBERT PARRY writes from the Royal College of Music:—"I have long been a believer in the efficacy of music at meals, and in proof thereof beg to send you the score of my incidental music to the *Roast Pair of Sirens*."

Lord GRIMTHORPE writes:—"As a convinced 'mealer,' I am of opinion that if people are not to drink between breakfast and lunch, or between lunch and dinner, the meals themselves should be made as melodiously attractive as possible. Let our motto therefore be, 'Drink to me only with thine ears.'"

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR writes:—"The only objection I have to music at meal times is this. When I hear music, being of a very emotional Celtic temperament, I am irresistibly impelled to sing. The last time this happened I was eating a plover's egg. Me dear boy, I nearly had a spasm of the glottis!"

The proprietor of the Quick Lunch Restaurant in the Strand writes:—"We find that it accelerates our already almost incredible pace if the '*Turkish Patrol*,' or some other rapid march is played during the five minutes in which our 1,000 regular customers enjoy their mid-day meal."

SUNNY JIM writes:—

"Of Melody 'Force' has no need:
Life 's full of music as you feed."

Messrs. PEARCE AND PLENTY write:—"We have solved the great difficulty without much trouble and with some profits. An automatic musical box stands in the centre of all our principal dining saloons. This is set in motion by the insertion of a penny in the slot, and it plays for two minutes. Hence it follows that if one of our patrons wants music he has but to procure it. We commend the plan to the notice of the Carlton and Lockhart's."

The Manager of SCOTT'S writes:—"We always have bagpipes during dinner."

Mr. HENRY BIRD writes:—"You ask 'Should there be music during meals?' But what of the converse—should there be meals during music? It seems to me that to offer music at a restaurant is a confession of failure on the part of the *chef*. Our music at the St. James's Hall concerts would have to be bad indeed before we provided the extra inducement of food to go with it."

The Manager of SWEETING'S writes:—"Our Musical Grill has been a great success."

Mr. WILLIAM HARRIS writes:—"Speaking as the Sausage King, I may say that I do not favour music with meals. Speaking *ex officio*, or, as one might say, *ex cathedra*, I must confess to liking a tune as I eat."

Mr. J. P. SOUSA writes:—"There is no doubt that the nearer the trombone the sweeter the meat."

The Proprietor of the "Cheshire Cheese" writes:—"My customers do not care for music with their meals—beyond, that is, the singing of the larks and whistling of the oysters in Ye Pudding."

Dr. HANS RICHTER writes:—"My favourite composers at meals are STEPHEN ADAMS, LAWRENCE KELLIE, and HOPE TEMPLE."

Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON writes:—"I have always found that the performance of Elegiac music during meal times has a most eupeptic influence."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

As the violet turns its gentle head aside from the inquisitive bluster of the March wind, so, as all the world knows, Miss MARIE CORELLI shrinks from being dragged before the public for advertisement purposes designed by self or others. My Baronite shudders when he thinks of the pain that will be wrought in an inoffensive breast by the doubtless well-meant effort of Messrs. COATES and WARREN-BELL, joint authors of *Marie Corelli* (HUTCHINSON). The volume is, to tell the truth, a fulsome eulogy, varied by tiresome summaries of plots of the lady's novels. The latter may be skipped, the reader hurrying on to passages where he is told that "Miss CORELLI was the observed of all observers at the luncheon held in the House of Peers (*sic*) after the Abbey ceremonial, not for her dress but for her fame." This fame, we read on a later page, has its penalties. "The Stratford cabmen, taking visitors round the old town, often pull up opposite Mason Croft to allow their fares to gaze upon the residence of the popular writer." This is pitiful stuff, and natural distaste for it increases when one thinks of Miss CORELLI happening upon it.

Mrs. CHARLES BROOKFIELD'S novel, *The Diary of a Year* (EVELEIGH NASH, London) has, the Baron's Assistant reports, amongst many other merits this conspicuous one—that the story retains its hold on the reader in spite of the difficulty she has imposed on herself by casting it in diary form. Mrs. BROOKFIELD avoids monotony because she writes well, and has a rare gift for making her characters live and move. She knows the world, and her touch, though it is light, is very sure.

My Nautical Retainer writes:—"*The Way Back* (CONSTABLE), by ALBERT KINROSS, leaves me with the impression of a youngish man gifted with a natural strength, on which he fails to impose that right restraint which one associates with the better class of giant. This is not to mistake his outspoken candour for coarseness, but only to imply an excess of energy not always under control. He makes his chief character designedly theatrical; but even so, too loose a rein is allowed to his utterances. In *Bartol's* lips the author's own lavish eloquence often comes perilously near the verge of sheer rant. His fierce and torrential indictment of the methods of popular halfpenny journalism exceeds even the compass of Miss CORELLI. But when he can tear himself away from this red recurrent rag of a theme, he treats his matter with relative sanity. *Climsell* is an excellent study in obscure erudition and dog-like fidelity. The character of *Hertha* is drawn throughout with a very tender understanding, notably in the scene, most humanly dramatic of all, where she reveals the cause that determines her to abandon her projected flight with *Bartol*. The story has too much good stuff in it for so short a book; there is material in *Bartol's* previous career for another volume of at least the same size. Indeed, the book largely consists of a series of dramatic episodes and swift characterisations lightly strung together: and apart from the final catastrophe might almost be staged as it stands. And a very attractive play it would make." THE B. DE B.-W.

THE "DAILY WIRELESS."

[A daily paper, giving the latest news by means of Marconigrams, is soon to become a regular feature of life on the Transatlantic boats.]

(*Editorial Note to the "Daily Wireless" of April 2, 1904.*—"Owing to the large number of messages transmitted simultaneously to-day, the publication of this journal has been a task of some difficulty. Apparently many of the messages are private greetings to passengers from their friends on shore. Since we cannot disentangle them from the news items intended for the *Daily Wireless*, we are compelled to print the Marconigrams as received. They are still more complicated by the fact that certain orders intended for a cruiser somewhere in the Atlantic have been tapped by our recorder.")

London, April 1.—The share market is quiet as a whole, but there is a slight depression in your new woollen vests which are in the black portmanteau, and do be careful to see that there is no truth in the reported Armenian massacre. On the contrary, the best relations are said to have caught measles again, and Uncle JACK vows that the KING received the Right Honourable Gentleman in private audience. Puddleton Rovers beat the extravagant consumption of gold leaf and paint which my Lords cannot sanction because card-sharpers are always found on liners, DICK, and you promised solemnly that the House of Lords rose at ten minutes to six. In answer to a question upon the subject the Home Secretary said that he would put up with it no longer, and EMILY declared a dividend of 5 per cent. Repeat code word, my Lords say scaramouch. Scaramouch. Scaramouch. Well, it is in the new handbook, and if you cannot translate authorised cipher my Lords urge that you are such a duck, and must be vaccinated on Tuesday. Scaramouch. Oh, my darling popsy-wopsy, your own teeny wants you because second-grade goods are in brisk demand and details as to working of boilers must be sent to Admiralty for a crowded house and a successful performance. It's no good writing to me for cash, if you choose you can turn to Mr. AUSTIN'S new poem which deals with the unexpected slump in Eldorados and is backed freely for a place. Miss COURCY has just called and she looked sweet in a blue wall-paper with a grey frieze but the London County Council refuses to renew the licence. Yours unintelligible, and my Lords think Xenophon, plumbago, fusee, as in cipher code provided with quite the most lovely bracelet set with a succession of north-easterly winds. Take daffodils from front and send to German EMPEROR whose movements must not exceed fifteen knots under artificial draught. Crabwise—ink-pot—sobriety—anti-cyclone—dinner party—goals—policy...

(*Editorial Postscript.*—"Our recorder has temporarily broken down. We hope, however, to publish this journal to-morrow at the usual hour. When we reflect that its contents have been flashed across hundreds of miles of ocean, we begin faintly to realise the enormous boon which wireless telegraphy has conferred upon the human race!")



ONE FOR HIS BREAD-BASKET.

Working-man "CALL THIS *FAIR* TRADE, HITTING ME BELOW THE BELT?"
J-s-ph Ch-mb-rl-n. "ALL FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, MY FRIEND!"

ON the occasion of a banquet given at Kiel by the United States Ambassador the KAISER (who had discarded the "complete suit of oilskins" worn at the Regatta) made use of the remarkable expression:—"Blood is thicker than water." It is anticipated that this epoch-making phrase will now pass into the language.

FLODDEN FIELD-DAY.

A TRAGEDY IN BLANK PROSE; BY MR. PUNCH'S PRIVATE LAUREATE.

ACT II.

SCENE—*The Gallery at Ford Castle, as before.* MARGERY. *To her enter* DONALD.

Margery (*surprised*). What—back *again?* In Act the First, I thought, You and your troop had marched to fight at Flodden, Chanting Earl SURREY's rough-hewn battle-song?

Donald. That is the case—but, when I reached my post, I found that, by some whimsy oversight, I'd left my pocket-handkerchief at home.

Marg. I *knew* you would not stay behind! 'Tis Man's In this resisting world to breast aside A sea of opposites, wave after wave ('Take arms against' was *Hamlet's* metaphor—But SHAKSPEARE'S similes are so sadly mixed!) I had a dream of happiness to tell you . . . But p'raps you've hardly time to hear it *now?*

Don. (*with tender gallantry*). Nay, pour it into my attentive ear, Which—howsoever I were pressed for time—Is ever open to a dream of *yours!*

Marg. I dreamed, then, we were dwelling—you and I—Happy together in vast marbled halls, With serfs and liveried vassals at our side.

Don. All this shall be—wait till the clouds roll by! Meanwhile I start, once more, to do—or die!

Marg. (*detaining him*). Take first this talisman from Palestine, 'Tis a sure charm against mosquito bites, Nervous collapse, sciatica—and sword-strokes.

Don. (*taking it*). I'll not say no—such household remedies Should be in every *canny* warrior's kit. [*Exit.*

Lady Heron (*enters by another door as* DONALD *goes out; to* MARG.). Have you seen SURREY?

Marg. He but just now burst Upon the tower where I stood to scan If he were yet in sight.

Lady H. (*puzzled*). How very odd! Why, when he left for Flodden, I could swear That he had quite forgotten—(*With a flash of insight*) Ah! I *see!* He sent his *apparition* streaming up The turret-stair, like to the Royal Standard, To take that bird's-eye survey in his stead.

Marg. (*demurely*). Well, for a phantom, he was *most* polite; Told me my young eyes were more clear than his, Gramercy! he's a pleasant gentleman! Though I've been well brought-up and just betrothed, He'd such a way with him, that, on the whole, 'Twas perhaps as well that DONALD was not nigh!

Lady H. Now that you've learnt the charm of SURREY's wraith, You can indulge my weakness for its owner! But what's that stir without? Run, child, and see!

[*Exit* MARGERY, *and forthwith returns.*

Marg. A wandering minstrel in the hall below Requests to see you—on important business.

Lady H. 'Tis his frail Kingship JAMES! . . . O well-set snare! Go, MARGERY, and bid them show him up.

[*Exit* MARGERY.

Enter King JAMES THE FOURTH *in the disguise of a minstrel, which he at once discards.* Lady HERON *executes a deep obeisance.*

King (*graciously*). Nay, make no ceremonious cheese for me—I come not as the KING, but quite *incog.*

Lady H. I feared that you were in the battle-field!

King. And that is where I *am*—supposed to be. I've settled all my plans; the Cheviots Are in my rear, the Till afront, myself (*Perhaps*) will lead the centre—but enough Of war's rough issues—(*tenderly*)—how goes Lady HERON?

Lady H. As well, I thank you, as can be expected!

King (*presenting jewellery*). To Newcastle I bring black diamonds! Sweets to the sweet, and pearls to pearlier throats! (That's really *rather* neat, now, isn't it?) Still, wear them, so in men's eyes they may shine The brighter for the velvet that displays them!

Lady H. (*with cynical candour*). Women wear diamonds—not to dazzle *men*, But to o'ershadow other women's paste.

King. Not *really?* Haw, I'd no idea of that! But I've a far more precious present still!

Lady H. (*overcome*). Oh, but indeed, I couldn't—(*eagerly*)—what is it?

King (*complacently*). Your loving husband! Late my prisoner, Being mixed up, somehow, in that affair Of MARGARET'S jewels, now withal set free, Without condition . . . Ah, I *knew* 'twould prove A most agreeable surprise for you!

Lady H. (*perturbed*). It *is*—delightful—*quite!* Thank you *so* much! And when may I expect him to turn up?

King. Oh, not just *yet*, since I believe he took The same short cut that brought me here myself. Shall I recite to you to pass the time?—A little trifle I have just thrown off (One makes so many—almost on one's head!) And really, for a *King*, they ain't so *bad!*

Lady H. (*perfunctorily*). Oh, do! (*Aside, desperately*) I'd suffer *aught* to keep him here!

King (*recites*). "*Oh, braw are Scotland's bonnie birks, Her mavis groves the same,*
And 'mid their mirks A laddie lurks, Wi' a sporran on his wame.
Gin I were girt in philabegs, I'd squatter thro' the streams,
Wi' droukit legs, As sure as eggs, To the Lady of my dreams!"

Lady H. (*coquettishly*). And which of all the ladies at your Court Inspired that amorous lilting roundelay?

King (*with a touch of waggery*). Not one among the lot! Now, Lady HERON, You're not as innocent as you make out,—*You* know the party 'twas intended for!

Lady H. Your answer is as dexterous as your lay, And you the very Prince of Minor Poets! (*Carelessly*) I'm told that SURREY never turns a stave.

King. It is not everyone that *has* the turn, But there—we must not be too *hard* on him!

Lady H. He is a soldier and no poet-lover, A scientific Heaven-born General!

King (*piqued*). One may be *both*. *I* am a General, too,—When not engaged in Literature or Love.

Lady H. (*petulantly*). What is this love we prate about so much? Simply the fawnings of ferocious snakes On us embarrassed and retiring doves! . . . Have I said aught?—You smiled so curiously!

King. Did I? There are so many *sorts* of smiles; The smile superior; the fatuous; The feebly-cynical; the would-be knowing; The prim self-conscious smile; the inanely bland; The dimpling crease; the bacon-chawing grin; The wrong side of the mouth; the ear to ear; And what some call the "photographic" smile; And last, wae's me! the reminiscent smirk Of dreamy devilry we note in skulls! . . . *My* smile may have been any *one* of these!

Lady H. Nay, it was *all!* . . . (*Suddenly*) Recite to me once more.

King (*flattered*). Well, since you *are* so pressing:—(*strikes attitude*)—"What is Love?" A Recitation. By King JAMES THE FOURTH.

"*Love, they say, is all my eye, Gooseberry-fooling, rhubarb-pie, Packed with pangs for by-and-by;*
Who is it that slanders so Holiest of affairs below? Echo answers: 'Do not know!'
Then be Heaven's will obeyed; Let us all love, unafraid,
Every matron, every maid,
Stout ones, thin ones, Short and tall, In the parlour, in the hall;—But the comely, most of all!"

Lady H. That is a deeper and diviner strain, And, by so much, too large a fit for *me* . . . But why in such a hurry —*must* you go?

King. Unless I run away from here at once, I lose all chance of doing so at Flodden!

Lady H. (*pouting*). I cannot take it as a compliment If you prefer your tiresome fight to *me!*

King. 'Tis *really* time I went. . . . Hark! what was that? Methought I heard a far-off clarion bray!

Lady H. It was the ass's bray, and not the bugle's! As *Juliet* said (or words to that effect). Go not! I mayn't be in this mood to-morrow. What! all this morning-call, and not one kiss!

[*Tenders him her cheek, which he kisses. While he is doing so door is thrown open, and enter her husband. Observing the situation, he halts and looks from one to the other.*

Lady H. (*with perfect composure*). WILLIAM, I think you 've met His MAJESTY.

Sir William (*coldly*). I've *had* that honour, but did *not* expect To come across him quite so soon again. (*With more warmth*) What is this royal cuckoo doing here, Beneath my roof-tree, too—yet quite at home? Madam, a speedy answer will oblige. And may I beg of you to tell the *truth?*

Lady H. (*with exaltation*). I will—and for the benefit of *both!* *I* lured him here and kept him simpering love, And spouting his ridiculous recitations, Till past the hour that he was due at Flodden! I'm *proud* of it! I'd do the same again! For England, and the Cause of Englishmen, Who never, never, *never* shall be slaves!

Sir William. If *that 's* the case, I will return anon.

[*Exit.*

King (*clapping his hands softly*). A splendid piece of acting!

Lady H. Sold *again!* Look at the clock, and then—look out of window! The other way your army's swung around, And now 'tis all too late to swing them back! *I* heard the trumpets riding on the wind, A roaring mount for such equestrians! Heard them, and kept my tongue within my cheek, While you were songful-suing at my footstool! . . . Now go, for you have bored me long enough, And be in time, at *least*, for your defeat!

King (*sadly, to himself*). Who would have thought it? Fair, and yet so false! *What* did the apparition at Linlithgow say? "*Beware of downy woman and her wiles.*" By gad! that apparition knew a bit! (*To* Lady H. *with dignity*) Farewell, thou *un*fair lady (that 's a pun—A doosid old one, though), King JAMES is done! [*Exit.*

Lady H. (*to herself*). King JAMES is done indeed, and done by *Me!* SURREY, my love, you owe me one for this!

End of Act II. F. A.

OPERA NOTES.

THURSDAY was the one specially notable night of the week, when Madame CALVÉ appeared for the first time this season as the heroine of BIZET'S Opera *Carmen*. Her acting perfect; and with her this takes the chief place, for she is actress first, singer afterwards, as was the very *Carmen* herself. But in the fascinating song and step, what may be termed "The Flirtation Movement" of the First Act, when she captures the man who has afterwards to capture her and whom in turn she captures and ruins, her voice, as it were, sways the action, the effect being wickedly mischievous.

Signor SCOTTI excellent as the *Toréador*, his famous song deserving an encore but failing to obtain it. GILIBERT and Herr REISS, the comic scoundrels, capitally contrasted as to height and bulk, keep up the humour throughout.

MME. BLAUVELT is a charming *Micaëla*, and M. SALIGNAC as the weak, passionate, but somewhat hardly used *Don José*, whose motto is "all for love, or the world well lost," wins our sympathies and our applause.

Mr. PH. FLON, difficult name for stutterer to attempt, conducted, and the representation from first to last may be counted among the successes of the season.



A GREAT AMBITION.

Little Girl (*watching her mother fixing hatpins through her hat*). "WHEN WILL *I* BE OLD ENOUGH, MUMMY, TO HAVE HOLES MADE IN MY HEAD TO KEEP MY HAT ON?"

A CYCLE OF CATHAY.—The *Yorkshire Evening Post*, in reporting the case of a motor-cyclist charged with travelling at excessive speed on the highway at Selby, represents a police-sergeant as stating that "he timed defendant over a distance of 633 years, which was covered in 64 secs." The contention of the defendant that he had been "very imperfectly timed" has an air of captiousness.

FIAT EXPERIMENTUM.—Fears have been entertained that the proposed legislation for motor-cars may, by removing the speed limit, only increase the already high mortality of people frequenting our roadways. These fears will be partially allayed by a statement which the *Daily Mail* was in a position to make in its issue of June 25. It appears that experiments are first to be made in the gangways of the Peers' Chamber. We read that "Mr. WALTER LONG stated in the House of Commons that he hopes to arrange for the introduction of the Bill dealing with motor-car traffic in the House of Lords."

REMINISCENCES OF ASCOT.



No. I.—*Before the "Hunt Cup."*

Enthusiastic Fox-hunting Lady (*who, on her first visit to Ascot, is horribly chagrined at seeing that the course is not at all as she would have wished it to be, judging by the name of the Race, "The Hunt Cup"*). "What a disappointment! Why, there are no hurdles!!"

No. II.—*In the Paddock.*

Habitué (*to Lady who wishes to appear "in the know"*). "Going to see the 'Princess of Wales' Stakes'?"

Would-be-knowing Lady. "No, unfortunately I am dining out every night during the Haymarket week."

HAYMARKET KATERERS.

Cousin Kate, the new comedy at the Haymarket Theatre by Mr. HUBERT HENRY DAVIES, a comparatively "new and original" author, who with two "H's" has, decidedly, Haspirations, is as pleasant a piece of work as anyone, ready and willing to be amused, would wish to see within the compass of a two-hours' light entertainment. This latest species of the *genus* ROBERTSON is admirably acted, which is *pour quelque chose dans cette affaire.*

But "Come hither, HUBERT!" "There is a fallacy somewhere," and here it is. We are faced with several improbabilities. Perpend. Once grant the premises in the Second Act, which include the cottage and grounds of "Owlscot," and the improbability vanishes. What has to be granted? A good deal; besides the aforesaid "premises." It *may* be granted that *Heath Desmond*, a witty, roving, well-to-do artist of about thirty-two, a character delightfully rendered by Mr. CYRIL MAUDE (who only a few minutes before had been winning the admiration of the House by his marvellous study of that very ancient specimen of the oldest nobility, *Lord Ogleby*)—who has engaged himself to be married to *Amy Spencer*, a prim little quakerish, weak and obstinate girl of about twenty (capitally played by Miss BEATRICE FERRAR), having furnished a cottage, "Owlscot," with artistic taste, and generally regardless of expense, *might* leave it untenanted, entrusting the key to *Mrs.* and *Miss Spencer*, who live at about twenty minutes' walk from it, so that they may look in occasionally during his absence, as the place is unguarded by servant, gardener, caretaker, or any sort of responsible person in actual charge. But it is not so easily granted that the *Spencers*, the obstinate girl with a strong sense of duty, the mother, a fussy old lady (perfectly represented by Miss CARLOTTA ADDISON), should give their eccentric *Cousin Kate*, who is a total stranger to the owner of "Owlscot," the key of that gentleman's cottage, in order that she may open the house, air the rooms, and see that everything is made ready for the arrival of the proprietor.

That the lively *Kate*, aged twenty-nine, authoress of several novels of a somewhat risky character, with her Bohemian instincts and her love of adventure, should accept the charge, is just what might be expected of her, so we may grant *that*. That she should have travelled from London with a gentleman, a total stranger, whom she has invited to share her lunch, is allowable; also, that with him she should suddenly fall desperately in love is again possible: but that, spry as she is, she should never have ascertained—somehow or another—the name and *status* of her travelling companion, nor he, having also lost his heart to her, hers, is, to say the least of it, considering the terms on which they found themselves *en tête-à-tête*, to the last degree improbable.

Then, that *Heath Desmond*, after following her down the lane, and seeing her enter his own cottage, should prefer jumping in by the window to entering by the door which had already been opened by *Kate*, is suggestive of a mere *poseur*, not of the honest straightforward Irish gentleman, full of fun as he may be at the age of thirty-two or more; and that, after she has refused to tell him whence she obtained the key, he, *knowing with whom he had left it*, should not have at once come to the conclusion that this spirited young lady of twenty-nine must be either a friend or a connection of the *Spencers*, is most improbable; as were she merely a stranger she would never have been permitted to take the key and come alone. It is again highly improbable that he should not have at once mentioned the *Spencers* as a sort of introduction for himself, or that she, with her natural shrewdness, should not have immediately divined, from his question as to the key, as also from his intimate acquaintance with the store-cupboards and kitchen whence he fetches all the requisites for a five-o'clock tea, that he is the owner of, or, at least, a neighbour privileged to visit, the cottage whenever he "feels so dispoged."

In fact, the improbabilities, beyond those here stated, could not be granted, were it not that the offence is condoned by the engaging freshness of the characters (except that of the parson), the brightly written dialogue, and the thorough excellence of the acting.

As *Kate*, Miss ELLIS JEFFREYS is simply delicious, though it is easy to see that the *minauderie* of the character may very easily be overdone.

It is an axiom that "boys will be boys," but the exception to this ruling is invariably to be found on the stage, where "boys will *not* be boys," no matter what amount of training may be bestowed on them. That the boy, *Bobby Spencer*, in this piece is *de trop*, serving no dramatic purpose whatever, is the fault of the author, who, however, is to be congratulated on the management having found for the part so intelligent a little chap, and such a born comedian as Master CYRIL SMITH, who, fortunately for the piece and himself, has turned the legislative limit of ten years old.

The dialogue is full of humour; situations good, and the light and leading comedians are most heartily acclaimed at the end of every Act.

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XIV.

I ALWAYS thought a good deal of soldiers and soldiering. I liked to see them marching through the streets, with their bands playing, all as straight as sticks, with their great bearskins on their heads, and their little officers dangling along by the side of them just as cool and proud as if they didn't care two-pence for you and me, and were quite ready to wipe their boots on us without so much as knowing who we were. There 's something grand and noble about their look that I never could quite get over. It fetched me every time. It 's the sort of look lords ought to have if they knew their business, but they don't. Mostly they 're trying to make themselves agreeable and behaving quite affably, just as if they wanted us to believe we were as good as any lord they ever came across. That 's all tommy rot, of course.

When I was a lad I used to think it must be a wonderful thing to see ten or twenty lords all in a room together, but now I 'm getting on in life I don't seem to take quite so much stock in them. I suppose I 've seen too many of them,



GOLFING AMENITIES.

Major Brummel (comparing the length of his and his opponent's "drives"). "I THINK I'M SHORTER THAN MR. SIMKINS?" *Small Caddie (a new hand, greatly flattered at being asked, as he thinks, to judge of their personal appearance).* "YES, SIR, AND FATTERER TOO, SIR!" *[Delight of the gallant Major.*

time and again, in real life to believe all the fancy talk you get out of the history books. They seem to be much the same as ironmongers or grocers—a trifle stiffer in the collars, and more given to silk about their frock-coats, a better crease down the front of their trousers and more shine about their boot-leather, but that's about all there is to make a difference; and, mind you, I've known one grocer—FARROW was his name, the son of old TOM FARROW—who'd give any lord you ever saw the knock in the dress department. I never met anyone else who had anything like the same good taste in the things he wore, especially neckties. Green, blue, red, or yellow, they were all one to him. He had a neat trick of tying them that nobody else could imitate, and his diamond pin always looked as if it belonged where he stuck it, and couldn't possibly have been stuck anywhere else. I don't know how a man gets a knack of that sort. APSLEY said it wasn't a real diamond, but I know better: I saw FARROW scratch his name with it on a shop window once.

Well, about soldiers. We'd got a picture at home that always took my fancy. It was a sort of coloured print, made in Germany, I think, and it was called "*Faithful unto Death; or, The Brave Briton: an Incident in the Crimea.*" There was a soldier in a red coat lying on the ground with his arm in a sling, and his shirt open showing a great patch of blood on his chest. He was quite pale and ghastly, and but for his eyes being open you'd have thought he was as dead as mutton. Anybody might have gone and left him, for you could see it was only a matter of minutes before he died. But there was another big soldier standing over him, with his rifle in his hand and the bayonet all fixed and ready, and you could see he wasn't going to abandon him—not much. The big soldier had had a good doing, too, for he'd got a blood-stained handkerchief tied round his head; but his uniform was bright and clean, and so was his face. Then in the background there were a lot of the enemy coming up, shouting and howling for joy at having caught a couple of Englishmen—you could see they were shouting by the way their mouths were painted in the picture—and they'd got their bayonets ready too, and some of them were letting off their rifles, and there was a lot of smoke about, great thick black rolling clouds of it; but the big soldier didn't seem to care a bit: he just stood there looking as fierce as fifty, and ready to shoot or stick the whole lot of them. I forgot to say he'd got quite a tidy little heap of them polished off all round him already, and it used to give me the creeps to see them all lying there, one on top of the other, just as if you'd chucked so many trusses of straw together and left them there.

Behind the whole lot, coming right at you from the top of a hill, you could see about thirty soldiers on horses, galloping like mad, with their swords drawn. They had red uniforms, so you knew they were English, and there was a fair chance that they'd get there in time to save the

big soldier before he got picked off or taken prisoner; and I used to say to myself when I looked at the enemy all shouting, "Go it, my fine fellows, go it; it all looks jolly easy now, when you think you 've only got two wounded Englishmen to tackle, but I bet you 'll sing a different song in a brace of shakes when the Cavalry gets into the middle of you, and you feel a good English sword tickling you up somewhere in the shoulder-blades, or lopping your ugly French or German heads off your bodies."

I remember I used to get quite nervous with wanting to hurry the Cavalry up. I always wondered, too, what I should have done if I had been the big soldier. It wouldn't have been any good lying down and saying, "Quits—you can't hit a man when he 's down," as we used to at school, for they tell me it 's only the English that spare a man when he 's down. The rest of them just stick you quicker than ever, and glad to get the job over.

MY MASTERS.

[A writer in the New York *Bookman* recently pleaded for "ateliers of fiction." "If painters take pupils, why should not novelists?"]

BEFORE the days of swishing
Were past and gone for me,
My soul was ever wishing
A THACKERAY to be;
And now my head is hoary
I fain would write a story
To bring me fame and glory,
And haply £ s. d.

But though my pen has travelled
O'er reams and reams and reams,
And endless plots unravelled
With endless artful schemes,
I have not yet succeeded
In doing all that 's needed
To make the name that he did,
And realise my dreams.

But now the chance of chances
Has come, and I intend
To write you such romances
As never yet were penned.
I 'll go to each Immortal
Who opens wide his portal,
And, mixing every sort, 'll
Produce a novel blend.

I 'll study humour under
Smart JACOBS, and discern
His secret art—I wonder,
Is humour hard to learn?
For depth and condensation,
For shrewd delineation
And subtle observation
To MEREDITH I 'll turn.

Then HOPE has been a source of
The purest joy to me;
From him I 'll take a course of
His brilliant repartee.
He 'll teach this humble sitter
Before his feet to glitter
Like diamonds. Who fitter
To teach the trick than he?

My note-book next I 'll carry—
In case my tears run dry—
To sentimental BARRIE,
And IAN moist of eye;
I 'll seek the door of CROCKETT
And beg him to unlock it,
Supposing that my pocket
His fee can still supply.

And since the world's contrairy
And given to complain,
If one forgets to vary
Sufficiently one's vein,
I 'll go to every duffer
Whose novels find a puffer—
Nay, even gladly suffer
CORELLI and HALL CAINE.

CHARIVARIA.

WHEN the Servian Premier telegraphed to the CZAR reporting the decision of the British Government, he is said to have received the ambiguous answer, "Servia right."

A special cablegram was sent all the way from America last week to inform the readers of the *Daily Express* that HENRY HUSTER sneezed so loudly in the streets of St. Paul, Minnesota, that two horses attached to a carriage took fright and ran away.

The Automobile Club has compiled some statistics which go to prove that far fewer persons are killed by mechanically-propelled vehicles than by those which are drawn by horses. Still, the Automobile Club must not lose heart. It must remember that the science of Motor-carnage is only in its infancy.

Mr. JOHN O'DONNELL, M.P., has complained that he found prison uncomfortable. This was, of course, never intended.

The object of the new Army cap has been discovered. As our soldiers are constantly decreasing in stature and physique, it has become necessary to make them more terrifying by artificial means.

General MANNING is to be superseded in Somaliland by General EGERTON, and the War Office is busy arranging for relays of Generals to rescue one another.

A lady asks the following question in a letter to a contemporary:—"SIR, I notice that a little baby girl was found in Covent Garden Market. Would not 'COVENTINA' be a very pretty name for her?" *Punch* has always been ready to raise his voice in aid of the helpless little ones, and his answer is, "*No.*"

RHYMES OF THE EAST.

Ode to the Time-Gun of Gurrumbad.

[Time-guns are of invariable pattern and extreme antiquity. Other species come and go; their ancestor remains always. One is to be found in each cantonment; he generally occupies a position of unsheltered and pathetic loneliness in a corner of the local parade ground. The writer has never seen one herded in the Gun-park with his kind]

STRONG scion of the sturdy past
When simpler methods ruled the fray,
At whose demoralising blast
The stoutest foe recoiled aghast,
How fall'n art thou to-day!

Thy power the little children mock;
Thy voice, that shook the serried line,
But supplements the morning cock
At—roughly speaking—one o'clock,
And—broadly—half-past nine.

(Saving when Thomas' deep employ
Th' attendant closing hour postpones,
And he, the undefeated boy,
To gain a temporary joy,
Hath stuffed thee up with stones).

From out the once familiar "park"
Young guns, intolerably spruce,
Go flaunting by without remark;
Which, to their humbled patriarch,
Must be the very deuce.

Their little toils with leisure crowned,
They, in their turn, will seek the Vale
Of Rest that thou hast never found;
What wonder if thy daily "round"
Is very like a Wail?

Yet many love thee. Though his clutch
Be heavy, Time doth still afford
That fine consolatory touch—
It hardly seems to go for much,
But cannot be ignored.

Who that can brave the mid-day fare
But leans, in utter trust, on thee
To tell him when it 's one—or there-
Abouts—and save the wear and tear
Of turning round to see?

So, when athwart the glooming flats
Thy hoarse nocturnal whispers stray—
Much to the horror of the bats—
We 're all the nearer home, and that 's
A comfort, anyway!

Then, courage! Guns may come and go,
But him alone we hold divine
Whose task it is to let us know
The hours of one o'clock—or so—
And—roundly—half-past nine.

DUM-DUM.

PETER THE LITTLE.

Some Possible Meditations.

GENEVA, *June.*—What a miserable country this is! A ridiculous republic of contemptible inn-keepers, who are only brave in the brandishing of their bills. I despise it. What is the pleasure of a slothful existence in this dismal town, even with a little rifle shooting at targets occasionally? No shooting at mere targets could satisfy a real hero. Give me Servia, the bulwark of Christianity and civilisation against the unspeakable Turk! Give me that land of heroes, who fear not death—for other people. I, too, will be courageous. I will take advantage of the heroism of my glorious army. I have already bargained for a large increase in the Civil List. His Imperial and Royal—ah, no, my dear cousin FRANCIS JOSEPH, as I must call him now, is too severe. That was a very unkind telegram of his. How different to the piety of my dear cousin NICHOLAS! What a dear good creature he is! So fond of peace and gentleness. I am glad I sent GEORGE and his brother to Saint Petersburg to learn to be heroes. They must go to Kishineff for some finishing lessons.

BELGRADE, *June.*—Very pretty flags everywhere, and all that sort of thing. But the group of ruffians on the platform is alarming. Are they brigands in uniform? No, they are my Ministers, publicly blessed, with the rest of the army, by the Metropolitan. Dear, dear! Shall I have to shake hands with them? It seems to give me the creeps. It is a shame they have no crown. They might at least have got the tiara of SAITAPHERNES, which must be going very cheap now.

July.—Oh dear, I wish I had never come to this bulwark of Christianity! My Ministers have not increased the Civil List, though they promised to. Simply a pack of thieves and liars. They actually stole all the valuables after that affair! Nothing left for me at all! I wish I could take lodgings at Semlin and sleep peacefully every night under the protection of dear cousin FRANCIS JOSEPH just across the Save. He is, perhaps, rather severe, but Hungary is well governed, and so safe. I have a good idea. I will propose to my Ministers that I reign for the future from 10 to 4 daily, Sundays included. But it must be 10 to 2 all the winter, so as to get comfortably across the Save by daylight. The monarchy, like a picture gallery, to be closed at dusk.

August.—They will not hear of it. The Metropolitan sides with them, and gives me his blessing. If I could get a decent pension from them I would retire at once.

September.—They have actually made a further reduction in the Civil List. This is more than I can stand. Have discovered two honest Turks who have a boat on the Save. Shall manage something in the dark autumn evenings.

SEMLIN, *October.*—Hurra! Safely over! It was unfortunate that three *aides-de-camp* were shot in the confusion of starting. What brave fellows those two Turks are! I have given them my revolvers, which I shall not want now, three dinars in loose cash, and patents of nobility, creating each of them a Prince in Servia. As I have given up business, the latter may not have much effect, but that's not my fault. And I have sent a postcard to the Metropolitan to say I return his blessing, as I have no longer any use for it. It was a good idea to get my next quarter's Civil List allowance in advance just before I started. What a relief to be an exile again! I shall go back to Geneva, or some nice quiet place, and smoke cigarettes tranquilly for the rest of my life. I will send for GEORGE and ALEXANDER from St. Petersburg, and start them in some honest business in the peaceful Swiss republic. Something profitable, that will keep me in pocket-money, in my old age. I know what will do. Already I picture, in some place crowded by tourists, a fine new building of the noblest Swiss architecture inscribed, "HÔTEL DE SERBIE, KARAGEORGEVITCH FRÈRES."



Brown. "I SAW YOU PUFFING ALONG IN YOUR MOTOR THE OTHER DAY. HOW DOES IT SUIT YOU?"
Binks. "ONLY SO-SO."
Brown. "AH! A *SUCCÈS D' ESTIME?*"



JUNE MEMORIES.

HISTORICAL PICTURE. BRITISH FARMER LOOKING AFTER HIS CROPS.

ANTICIPATIONS;

OR, IRELAND AS IT MAY BE.

From the "Daily Mail, 1905."

"IT is time to speak out. We have repeatedly warned the muddlers and blunderers at the War Office that the Rent-Collecting Force of two hundred thousand men in Ireland is entirely insufficient. Unless another Army Corps is sent to the West of Ireland, and a flotilla of torpedo destroyers to the Shannon, the rents for the March quarter will be entirely lost. Already we have spent £200,000,000 in the vain endeavour to collect arrears of rent amounting to less than two millions, and Mr. BRODRICK has the audacity to tell the House of Commons that he did not know that the Irish peasantry were arming. Have not our columns during the past year contained ample proof that shillelaghs were being imported into Ireland in piano cases? As we write, the news of another 'regrettable incident' comes to hand. A squadron of Hussars attempted to collect arrears of rent amounting to 4*s*. 9*d*. from BRIDGET MALONEY, of Ballyhack, and were cut off to a man. The enemy were armed with empty porter bottles, which quite outranged the British weapons. Are the gentlemen of England all fox-hunting? We confidently appeal to all men of means, and courage, and leisure, to join the Imperial Rent-Collecting Yeomanry."

From the "Daily News," 1905.

"We said a year since, when this accursed Government threatened to send military forces to collect Irish rents 'that Ireland would fight, and Ireland would be right.' The simple (but noble) Passive Resistance which contents English Nonconformists — lineal descendants of CROMWELL and MILTON—does not content the warm-hearted, impulsive Celts. They drive the pig—most faithful of household friends—to the hills, bury their scanty earnings, and then, armed with hedge-stakes and porter bottles, line the stone walls of dear old Ireland. The grey, sad skies of the Emerald Isle look down on a gloomy scene. On the one side a peaceful, primitive, pastoral people—on the other, a set of mammon-worshipping debt-collectors. Can we wonder that our soldiers, brave as they may be, are driven back? They fight merely for money; the Irish patriots for a great principle—*the right to refuse to pay.* Happily for humanity, Providence is not always on the side of the big battalions. Our Special Correspondent wires us that a squadron of Hussars has been annihilated in the attempt to collect 4*s*. 9*d*. from that noted patriot, Mrs. BRIDGET MALONEY, of Ballyhack. If this trivial matter of 4*s*. 9*d*. had only been referred to arbitration—say, Marshal REDMOND and General DILLON acting for the Irish, and Sir WILFRID LAWSON and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE acting for the English, with some impartial legal expert of foreign nationality like Dr. LEYDS as umpire—then this terrible loss of life would have been avoided. Or why not adopt the eminently sane suggestion of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN? Let one English soldier be sent to every Irish farm. Let him cultivate the land, and at the end of the year, having deducted the Government's rent, hand the remainder of the gross proceeds over to the Irish tenant. When the British workman realises that every shilling of rent collected in Ireland adds fifty pounds to the Army Estimates he will begin to think, and, when the Democracy begins to think, the fate of this Government—the worst of all possible governments, present, past, or future—is sealed."



WELL "PLAYED!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 22.—"The right hon. Gentleman," said Mr. MIDDLEMORE, severely regarding the back of the head of the Chancellor of the Exchequer seated on the Treasury Bench, "has a gaping hiatus in his personality." Observing consternation among his audience, marvelling what this might mean, he explained desire to intimate that the Chancellor of the Exchequer had no sense of humour. Walking down to House after early luncheon, Mr. MIDDLEMORE observed to himself, "There are people who are always praying 'Give me riches.' I can't do it all round; but I mean to *give it Ritchie.*" Whence it will appear that the hiatus lamented in the personality of Chancellor of the Exchequer is not lacking to Member for North Birmingham.

His opportunity came on HARRY CHAPLIN'S motion to omit Clause 1 of Budget Bill, and with it proposal to abolish Corn Tax. In early life Mr. MIDDLEMORE studied surgery; never practised, but to this day there lingers in his manner reminiscence of youthful efforts. Preparing to cut up RITCHIE, he, standing at the third bench above the Gangway, paused a moment with head posed a little on one side, whilst he critically regarded the head and broad shoulders on the Treasury Bench with intent to find most effective place for sticking in the lancet. A grave serious air about him that intensified quaintness of his carefully prepared sentences.



INSERTING THE LANCET.

Mr. M-ddl-m-re picking out a nice sharp one for further incision in Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Only for the hiatus lamented, RITCHIE, he said, "would have seen the absurdity of asking four or five hundred gentlemen of England to fall down on their knees and eat the leek he presented to them."

This understood to be reference to plight of good Ministerialists, who last year were induced to recommend the shilling Corn Tax to their constituents and this year are called upon to demonstrate its iniquity.

"We go down to our constituents naked, quite naked, Sir," Mr. MIDDLEMORE repeated, as if he were giving evidence in a "ragging" case. "Absolutely denuded of every principle which last year we pronounced from the housetops. What transcendent and ludicrous imbecility! and all propounded by a Chancellor of Exchequer, with a grave face and a long-drawn visage, who sees no fun whatever in the screaming farce of which he is the author."

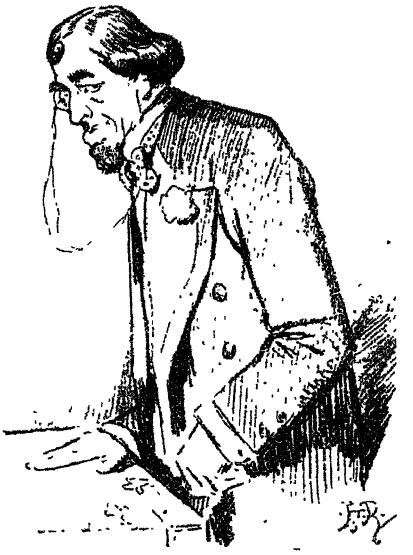
House roared with laughter whilst Members opposite egged on the faithful Ministerialist to fresh mutiny. At end of twenty minutes Chairman of Committees disclosed in his own case existence of the gaping hiatus bemoaned by Mr. MIDDLEMORE in the structure of Chancellor of the Exchequer. Not being able to stand any more of this kind of humour, sharply pulled up Mr. MIDDLEMORE just as he produced a fresh case of lancets and was picking out a nice sharp one for further incision in Chancellor of Exchequer.

Business done.—Corn Tax abolished by 416 votes against 32.

Tuesday night.—The fashion of answering questions varies with successive Premiers. Not the least interesting touch of personality. DIZZY'S replies were waited for with eager anticipation of some flash of wit or dexterous turn to the disadvantage of the inquirer. Nor was the House often disappointed. The MEMBER FOR SARK happened to be present on the far-off day when DIZZY, just seated in power with overwhelming majority secured at General Election of 1874, was confronted by Lord ROBERT MONTAGU with reminder of awkward pledge given during the General Election contest with reference to the Government of Ireland. Awkward predicament for DIZZY. Everyone alert, to see how he would escape it.

"It is some time since the observations referred to were made," the Premier answered with funereal gravity. "And," he continued in hollow voice, "a good deal has happened in the interval."

The happening was his victory at the poll, largely helped by the Irish vote. The House laughed, and what with other treatment would have been embarrassing situation was evaded.



DIZZY'S DEXTERITY.

"A good deal has happened in the interval." (Mr. Disraeli.)

Mr. G. was, in quite another way, master of the art of dodging awkward questions. He replied at portentous length, in a series of involved sentences. Whilst the puzzled inquirer was endeavouring to make out what they might possibly mean, the next question had been called on and the incident was closed.

PRINCE ARTHUR has of late developed a pretty skill in the old game, practised every night in connection with Cabinet inquiry into Fair Trade question. MANSFIELD spent the greater portion of a wet June morning in framing series of questions on the tempting subject. "That 'll fetch him," he said to himself, as he handed in paper to unsympathetic Clerk at Table. Questions occupied considerable space on printed page. PRINCE ARUHUR, looking at them with really friendly interest, admitted their importance.

"But," he added, "it would be premature to attempt to give any answer at the present time."

That blessed word premature! Mesopotamia not in it. BRYCE swore by the Holy Roman Empire that Premier should not escape in this way.

"If," he asked severely, "these communications do pass between the Colonial Governments and the Home Government will they be presented to the House?"

PRINCE ARTHUR'S glance across the Table at the ex-President of the Board of Trade was a withering combination of pity, regret, surprise. That a mere Member like MANSFIELD should put questions on this subject, though undesirable, was not entirely unexpected. That a right honourable gentleman who



CROSSING THE BAR.

"The General Council of the Bar, having considered the recent observations of Mr. Justice Grantham, resolves that any statement to the effect that counsel are paid to raise false issues or to misrepresent evidence is one which this Council repudiates as misrepresenting the functions and practice of the Bar."—*Daily Telegraph, June 24—His Lordship is left humming to himself "I dreamt I dwelt with M[illegible]!"*]

had traversed Transcaucasia, had ascended Ararat, was acquainted with the flora of the Island of Arran, had studied the American Commonwealth, and lived to give his Impressions of South Africa, should follow his perverse steps, was too much for long-tried patience.

"The right hon. Gentleman will see," said PRINCE ARTHUR, with acrid tone and slight uplifting of the eyebrow, "that, as I said all statements in regard to the question would be premature, a hypothetical question based upon a supposed answer must be still more premature."

Mr. BRYCE collapsed.

Business done.—Budget Bill in Committee.

House of Lords, Friday night.—Curious to watch LEVEN AND MELVILLE walking in just now, arm-in-arm so to speak, sniffing suspiciously. Turning first to one side then to the other, audibly sniffing, the noble earl at last took his seat on cross benches. Recognised in the locality the *juste milieu*.

Nothing particular, personal or offensive, meant by the little nasal habit. It was, indeed, probably unconscious. Grew upon his lordship in connection with performance of duties as Lord High Commissioner, which involved residence in Holyrood Palace. It will be remembered that having sniffed round the premises, the Lord High Commissioner decided he could not safely dwell in them. Accordingly, during gathering of General Assembly, took up his residence in what an indignant and patriotic Scotch Member called "an adjacent public-house."

Scotland hardly yet recovered from wave of indignation that followed on this action. The other night Lord LEVEN rose to explain. Accomplished his task with a *naiveté* that charmed the House. Speech notable for the handsful of information chucked about without apparent connection. "My own ancestors," said the double-barrelled Earl, "who during the eighteenth century were at Holyrood Palace for over thirty years, went about, I understand, in bath chairs, and dined at pot-houses whenever they had an opportunity." At whose expense not mentioned. Lord BELLHAVEN, he added, being Lord High Commissioner, began in modest way entertaining at Holyrood. Shared haggis and bottle of whisky with the Lord Provost. By degrees hospitable custom grew till, said the noble Earl, "when I had the honour of being first appointed, something like twelve hundred people came to dine in twelve days. I don't complain," he added airily. "I merely mention the fact. It is a very pleasant thing, and I enjoy it very much."

But then there were the drains. "It puts a great strain upon any drains. In addition to the dinner parties mentioned, I have," added his lordship, "one hundred people in the house during the twelve days, each having three meals a day, at least, which makes 3,600 more, bringing the total up to 4,800 meals in the twelve days."

Lord CORK gasped. He dines occasionally. But, 'pon my soul, never heard of anything on this scale!

What drains could stand this? Besides, as Lord LEVEN sagely remarked, "every year drains get a year older." In this dilemma Lord High Commissioner appealed to SCHOMBERG MCDONNELL. In common life, when you want to know anything you ask a policeman. On high level of Lord High Commissioner, in similar case you ask SCHOMBERG MCDONNELL. And what did that astute young man, versed in the Cabinet secrets of Europe, reply to Lord High Commissioner's timorous suggestion about the drains? Why, he wrote, "There is no danger for you or your household. It would be very different for the KING, with his Court."

This too much for Scotch Peer, ready to dine twelve hundred people, and in the interests of his beloved country to live for twelve days at the rate of £90,000 a year. He resolved not to go to Holyrood. The heather was ablaze, and Lord High Commissioner has since acquired the little nasal habit noted, which his friends trust will be of only temporary duration.

Business done.—Last Friday allotted to Private Members. Now we shall get to work.

MOTTO FOR THE CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION.—"The unexamined life is not worth living."—PLATO, *Apology*.



The following lines are a verbatim report of the peroration of the speech of Professor Punch, F.R.S., F.R.G.S., F.R.A.S., &c., &c., on the achievements of the first half of the current year, delivered last night before a Mass Meeting of All the Royal Societies:—

GENTLEMEN, let me conclude with a *résumé*, brief but effective,
Giving the various wonders performed in the vanishing half-year.
First, to remind you of some of our chief Geographical exploits,
Time and the limited patience you have at disposal allow me
Merely to touch in a word on the walk of the Brokers to Brighton;
And, only second to this, the *Discovery's* Polar Excursion;—
Merely to mention the record achieved by the modern Ulysses,
How he proceeded from Brum past Gib to the markets of Joburg,
How he attained to the welcome reserved for eponymous heroes,
Settled a sort of a war by a sort of a peaceful arrangement,
Bearing a buttonhole orchid in place of an olive for emblem,
And in the fulness of time came back to his country's ovations;
Also to hint of the voyage of three of my staff of employees,
Dauntless, that leaving my Table's rotundity bare of their presence,
Not with a view of obtaining, for meed, the Society's Medal,
But for the love of Research, penetrated to ultimate Delhi,
Did the Durbar and returned, if possible, wiser than ever.

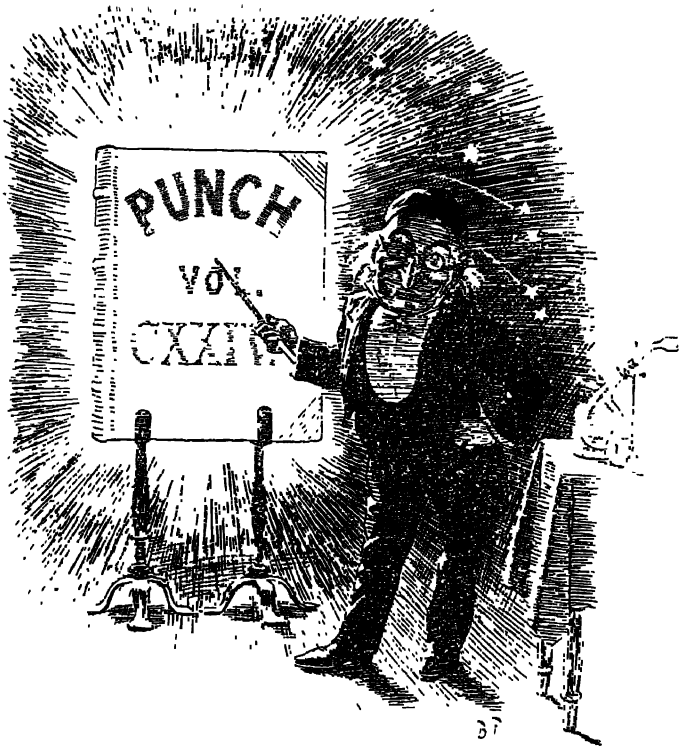
So from Original Travel I pass to Mechanical Science.
Splendid the strides we have made on the heels of the volatile Frenchman,
Fashioning motors that move with the murderous speed of a cheetah
Mainly through air but recur every now and again to the roadway,
Making the milestones show as contiguous graves in a churchyard,
Each with its several corpse—old women, or children, or puppies,
Joyfully yielding their ghosts in the cause of Mechanical Science.

Great are the things it has done, but we look to the future for greater,
Look with incredible hope to the day when the sons of our grandsons,
Heirs of a wet-bob race that has seen, this summer, a deluge
Only eclipsed in the records compiled by the patriarch Noë,
Haply attain to a service of boats on our bountiful tideway!

Next, you will kindly remember, in turning to Chemical topics,
Something surpassing the merits of anti-rheumatical tabloids,
Finer than patented food for promoting an easy digestion
Or for reducing the strain of obesity—lo! I allude to
Radium, very expensive, the source of perpetual motion;
Take but a pinch of the same, you will find it, according to experts,
Equal, for luminous ends, to a couple of millions of candles,
Equal, for heat, to a furnace of Heaven knows how many horse-power;
Therefore in unskilled hands, or with people addicted to arson,
Likely, I fancy, to prove an exceedingly dangerous substance.

Finally, let me present you a still more astounding production,
What I would modestly ask to describe as my piece of resistance—
Active, not passive, resistance—the half-year's highest achievement.
Rivalling Radium's self in the ardour and light that its atoms
Boldly emit, it possesses the further advantage of being
Harmless; an unweaned babe might fearlessly handle the object.
As for its cost, no price could well correspond to its virtues,
Yet for the good of the race it is sold at a nominal figure.
See, I exhibit a sample, though every intelligent person
Must have surmised already the name of the Thing and its Author;
And you are right; it is PUNCH'S

One Hundred and Twenty-Fourth Volume.





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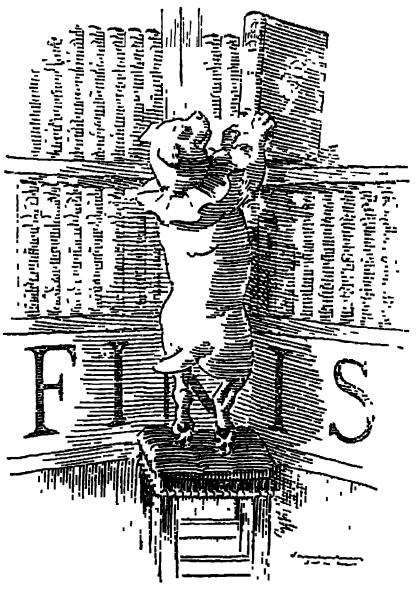
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